

The Albany Register.

ALBANY, OREGON, DECEMBER 26, 1879.

NO. 13.

VOLUME XII.

BUSINESS CARDS.

KEEP YOUR



On this Space Four Weeks.

TOAST—GLEAN

Something

NEW

Coming!

N. R. HUMPHREY, Agent.
v11n33

JOHN BRIGGS

TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INFORM his friends and the public generally, that he is now settled in his

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,

on the old stand next door to P. C. Harner & Co., where can be found as great an assortment and as large a stock of

Stoves and Ranges

as can be found in any one house this side of Portland, and at as

LOW A PRICE.

—ALSO—

Pumps & Pipes,

Castiron, Brass & Enamelled

KETTLES,

in great variety. Also,

Tin, Sheet Iron, Galvanized Iron, and Copperware,

always on hand, and made to order, AT LIV- ING RATES.

Call on Him.

Albany, October 22, 1873-v18

CITY DRUG STORE.

Corner First and Ellsworth sts., ALBANY, OREGON.

R. SALTSMARSH,

Has again taken charge of the

City Drug Store,

having purchased the entire interest of C. W. Shaw, successor to A. Carothers & Co., and is now receiving a

Splendid New Stock,

which, added to the former, renders it very complete in all the different departments. Feeling assured that all can be satisfied in both

Quality and Price,

he cordially invites his old friends and customers to give him a call.

PRESCRIPTIONS,

will receive immediate and careful attention at all hours, day and night.

For Free Wine and Liquors for medicinal purposes.

R. SALTSMARSH,

Oct. 26, 77-v10

CITY MARKET:

First street, 3 doors west of Perry, ALBANY, OREGON.

HOLACHER & GERTZ, Prop's.

HAVING purchased the City Market, I will keep constantly on hand all kinds of Meats—beef, pork, mutton, etc.—and all other articles of the market. I will strive at all times to meet the wishes of all who may favor me with their patronage. The public generally are invited to call at my shop when in want of meats. The highest cash price paid for FURK.

New Goods! New Departure!

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

MRS. O. L. PARKS.

HAVING PURCHASED THE MILLINERY Store lately owned by Mrs. C. F. Davis and having just added thereto a new inventory of choice Millinery, Trimmings, Bonnets, Hats, etc., in great pleasure in inviting the ladies of Albany and vicinity to call and inspect for themselves. All goods will be sold at prices that defy competition. Having secured the services of a first class

Dressmaker!

I am prepared to cut, fit, and make dresses in any style desired, at short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

For Making Clothing for children especially. Store on north side of First, east of Ellsworth street. You are invited to call.

MRS. O. L. PARKS.

27, 1879.

Infallible Indian Remedies.

A Sure Shot For FEVER & AGUE.

DURING A LONG RESIDENCE AMONG the Indian tribes of the coast and the interior, I have had the good fortune to discover, from the "suffering" men of the several tribes, and from other sources, a number of remedies for diseases that afflict this country, consisting of roots, herbs and bark, and having been used by many persons on this side, who have been cured, I have concluded to send them to the public, and to reveal the efficacy of them in disease. These remedies are the same for me, I take this means of announcing to all that, during the past season, I have made an extended tour through the mountains and valleys, and have secured certain of these remedies which are a sure cure for

Fever and Ague.

This is a sure shot for Ague who desire to be cured, can have orders at Mr. Strong's store on First street, where I will furnish the remedies, or send a medical certificate or I will send no charge. The medicines cost up to \$1.00 per box.

For further particulars, apply to Mr. Strong's store on First street, Albany, Oregon.

W. S. HALL, Albany, Oregon.

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THE MAN WHO IS A CLOTHIER.

U

NEVER SAW A BETTER STOCK OF CLOTHING.
NEVER HEARD OF LOWER PRICES.
NEVER NEED TO LOOK ANY FARTHER.
NEVER CAN BE BETTER PLEASD.
NEVER WILL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE.
WHAT, N V R! NO, NEVER!

L. E. BLAIN,

"Bound to Please" Clothier and Gents' Outfitter,

OF ALBANY, OREGON.

SAND.

CHAPTER I.
MOUNTAIN BROW, CAL.,
June 3, 187—.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—I can not, at this moment, recall the date of my latest letter, yet I distinctly remember that I did write to you at some period of time not strictly prehistoric; but whether it was that I penned my epistle in answer to something, or desiring that something should be answered, I know not, and, indeed, do not care; because, as I look upon it, the antiquity and proximity of our friendship is equal to a waiver of ceremony. If I long ago, among the bowlders and pagit of Squally Flat, I had not learned by heart that you were one of God's own in every depth of good friendship, save the expression of it, I should think you were turned cavalier, and prone to ride by your old friend on your successful money-getting hobby; but my head, which is rapidly taking on the gray thatch of declining life, tells me that you are a nature no more to be spoiled by wealth than daunted by poverty. When I think of you I can not fail to recall poor old Rockyweller (you do not forget him?), or rather his pet speech when he was speaking on Squally. You cannot have forgotten how he used to come to his cabin door on the hill-side, in the early morning, and address the general camp in these words, shouted at the top of his voice: "Whoop! la! God hates a coward, sir, and you can't hurt a Christian. Never try to crawl when you're broke, nor to fly when you're flush, sir, and you may be happy yet, sir. Amen, sir!" After which Mohammedanized Christian salutation to the morn, he softly closed his cabin door behind him, and carefully walked down the trail to the saloon for his earliest libation. You always seem to me to be an embodiment of Rockyweller's creed. And now they tell me you are the master of millions of dollars. How strangely romantic is real life! To-day we weep upon our mother's breast and take her parting kiss, close behind us the humble gate of home, and gazing through unusual tears, bid old familiar scenes farewell; to-morrow and to-morrow stretch before us on the road, all we travel into manhood and its trials; then the early grave for one, wrecked life for another, quick success for a third, and so on, up and down, the line of registry runs, till at length one of a thousand astoundeth himself and everybody else by becoming renowned for wealth or wisdom. Strange—strange indeed, and the more I dwell upon it, the more strange it seems to me! I never expected that you, among all the boys who crossed the plains in 1850 in our train, would be famous for anything; but at the same time, also, people were not looking to Saugeon County, Illinois, for a President of the United States. The wisdom which seeks to forecast the career of a life is less reliable than the baby's is. Prophecy, to use a neat vulgarity, is played out. Nothing is more novel than reality. Success is always surprising. Having said this much about you, and it is, I assure you but a slight installment of what I have been frequently thinking, I will proceed with your leave, to talk of myself, and my belongings.

I am not at all glorious, or in any way distinguished; but I may fairly say, that take my circumstances altogether, I am happy. We—that is, the other goodly half and myself—we jog along; and to me, likewise, as I fully believe, also to her, each new day that we are permitted, by the great goodness of Divinity, to continue together is an additional collage from the mint of solid satisfaction. I have not, as you know, much wealth—never was meant to be that way—but my children, though rather numerous, are greatly satisfying to me. I think, moreover, and really hope, that I am not declining in the esteem of my neighbors. You, with the other "boys" in our claim on Squally Flat, used to think I was a brilliant fellow. That was a mistake. Brilliant people rarely wear well, while, on the contrary, I seem to find that I ripen slowly, but surely into public favor—in my small way. So far as I can observe, none of my children are defective in any way—they are all shapely, lithe, supple, quick of foot and of apprehension. Their mother guides them without good or rein, and I curb them with a look or shake of the head, and nothing pleases them better than to hear me decant upon.

"The days of old—the days of gold—
In the days of forty-nine,"
In which stor ies you, yourself, mine ancient pard, sometimes figure as the hero.

My eldest boy, who is now a man, seems to take deep and particular interest in the old times. Query—Can it be that a parent may begot his impressions? Is it a reality that the sour fruit in the mouth of the parent sets the teeth of the unborn upon edge, and *vice versa* as to sweet fruit? Well, well! However this query may be answered, there is another query which I must soon essay to answer. My boy wants to plunge into the tide of life and strike out for himself; and but for the shadow on his mother's brow and the quiver on her lip, when the matter is spoken of, I could be well satisfied to launch him, and let him go. I cannot guide him further, you know; and I feel sure that he will pursue quite as virtuous a course while the earth is under my feet as he will with part of it under my head. And now that I think of it, I will give you a brief sketch of his accomplishments and traits, so that mayhap and God willing, you may see some place that he will fit into. He is neither

tall nor large, is very neat in his person, is said to have a handsome face, with earnest dark brown eyes, like his mother's. He is every way shapely, save and except that his arms are a trifle long, and his hands, though elegantly shaped, are about one or two sizes larger than a strictly aristocratic taste would desire. His voice is soft and very clear, his enunciation distinct and deliberate. He is less of a talker than his father, though he is a better talker when stirred up to it. His manners are grave and quiet for one of his years; he can sit or stand perfectly still in any company, and listen without embarrassment; that, you know, has always been one of my tests of gentlemanliness. He has good English and good commercial education, with a large fund of miscellaneous information. His penmanship is round, smooth and characteristic of controlled and controllable nerve force. His morals, I believe, are good, and I know that his courage is, and ever from infancy was, undoubted. He is ambitious, and hopes to make his way into some line of business which has a future to it. From my long experience as Clerk of the Court, I had hoped my oldest son would be a successful lawyer during my lifetime; but he shows as yet no taste for law. I, however, have other sons, perhaps to comfort my "old age." Of course, you will know that I desire you not to embarrass yourself in any way on account of old times, and if my boy does not seem to fit into some place now open, I ask you as an old friend, to drop the matter right there, and we will say no more about it.

Although this is a long letter, I do not feel weary with writing it, and entertain a hope that you will not weary in the reading of it. I could tell you many things about domestic politics, but such things no longer hold a first place in your attention, or indeed in the attention of strong, active natures all over our great Union, and I must add with a seeming slang phrase, "that's what's the matter." But, even if I do not write politics or send you important news, I think of the old school should still, from time to time, drop each other a letter, because the day is not a long way off when we will not be able to reach each other by mail or telegram.

Let me hope, however, that when that day comes we will be blissfully near enough to need no artificial communication for evermore.

My wife and nest of little ones, like the four and twenty blackbirds when the pie was opened, are ready to sing before your majesty if you will accept my oft repeated and always standing invitation to come and see us.

Give the love of us all to all there is of you and yours, and permit me to remain, in the homeliest way
Hearty your friend,
NORMAN MAYDOLE.

In answer to the above there came, in due time, the following brief epistolary dash:
S. F., Cal., June 18, 187—.

VERY DEAR OLD PARD:—I read your letter to my household. We all enjoyed it. Write often. God bless you every one. We ought to be more personally intimate; but you're too proud to visit the house of what you call a rich man, and I'm too busy to go anywhere off the treadmill. Send that boy to me right off. Tell his mother we will be good to him.

In haste, yours to command,
HOLTER.

Mrs. Maydole was a good mother, and, although she had a deal of regular and miscellaneous mothering to do, still preserved to herself that quiet way which wise mothers have of appreciating character among her offspring.

Norman Maydole, Jr., her eldest, differed enough from Norman Maydole, Sr. and differed in such manner as almost, if not quite, to fill in her heart the vacant margin unfilled by the, to her, shortcomings in the character of Norman Maydole, Sr. She thought she saw in her son the ideal manhood which floated through her love-lit fancy when she was Martha Allen. She knew that in this boy was a nature stronger than his father's—a nature which might, perforce of circumstance, serve faithfully, but which must ere long rue or ruin for itself; she at once trembled inwardly, and secretly delighted in the developing, but not to all manifest, power of her boy.

With loving haste, yet with tears in her eyes and voice, she made him ready for his departure, and grew firmer in purpose as the hour drew nigh to bid him farewell. She did not burden his parting moments with prayers or advice; but held up to his kiss all the little faces of the house, and finally, after all, she came to embrace him softly and quietly, and kiss him good-bye.

Norman Maydole, Jr., will never be able to say precisely what he thought as he sat with the driver on "the outside," and consoled away down the mountain road. Yet he did a deal of thinking one way and another; but he could not realize that home for him would stop right there, and never more grow from that point; while, of course, he could not comprehend his changing future; and yet it was this home and the future which were dancing incomprehensible quadrilles through his head.

It was a cool, beseeching morning in a climate where the seasons are inextricably mixed after sundown, and often not entirely defined in broad daylight. Just such a morning as that in which the average coach-horse nips the nose of his span-fellow, and prances out of town in a manner at once arch and stive, which seems to say to the admiring school-boy who "creeps lazily," "Ha, ha! Little fellow, couldn't we give these passengers a merry fright, if we chose to take into our teeth these paltry bridle-bits?" This is the time when the driver arranges and hefts his lines, poses and balances his whip, pushes his brake-lever back and forth with his foot, looks down at the double-tree then back over the top of his coach, then hefts his lines again, and says:

"Yait!"
And away they go in gay style—no sprawling.

Norman knew this driver; not as many village boys did, by hanging around the stable watching the rubbing down of the stock, and longing to take a hand at the house for or with passengers; and the driver had, with stage driver's horsey observation, measured the young man, and put him down in his mental note-book as a "high toney, 'way up young teller," and this driver, when off duty, had met Norman in the village escorting some of the most beautiful, elegant, well bred young ladies in the county, and if there is anything that at once swes and wins upon a horse man, it is his acknowledged superior among the ladies. Indeed, one is prone to judge that no man can be a Methodist minister, or a professional stage driver, without possessing a deep and abiding admiration for the fair sex. Nothing but this great motive could reconcile a rational human being to a life so exciting, so nomadic, so ill requited.

"Go in' to kullidge, young man?" queried the driver, as the team was slowed down to climb a grade.

"Not at present," Norman responded.

"Go in' down to the Lay?"
"Yes."

"There's whar you see something," and he was emphatic on the "see."
"I suppose so," said Norman, dryly.

"Gals! Ooh-oo-oo!" and the driver hefted his lines again, crossed his legs, and gave his long whip-lash a twirl of great facetiousness, ending with a light, humorous snap—a sort of audible wink.

Norman being a young man naturally and habitually scrupulous in the weight of language, and never having had any experience in such a descriptive phrase as "Ooh-oo-oo," carefully held his peace.

"Go in' to be one o' them spy young fellows whar skeels 'round for a broker's office, 'phaps?"
"I think not."

"Well, excuse me, young feller; I don't want to dig into your private biz, I'm only talkin' for sociable."
This mark of respectableness was instinctively accepted and responded to by Norman.

"I do not know what I shall do in San Francisco I'm going to seek my fortune."
"What! Row with the old man?"
"No; nothing of that kind."

"I might 'a' knowed that, if I wasn't a damn fool. Your father's a gentleman—he don't row with nobody."
"Thank you," responded Norman, with more interest than he had before manifested.

"Lord, yes, I've voted for your father, and he's swore me in court. You recollect that?—time Jim Clem cut Fancy Irvin, what used to drive the dapple grays."

Norman did not remember the trial, because trials at law were too numerous in the clerical life of his home to demand special remembrance; while with the driver it was different, as the most distinguished epoch in his career was his appearance as prosecuting witness in the State of California *versus* James Clem.

The coach was not heavily laden, having only six "insides," and one on top; so the team bowled merrily along through leafy canons and over dusty summits, up hill slowly, and down hill rapidly, till the growing day, warmed by the cloudless sky and strengthening sun, suggested to Norman to draw off his overcoat, and as he was so doing, the driver, having observed the action, remarked:

"D'ye allow go heeled?"
"Very seldom," answered Norman, placing his hand upon his hip as if making

sure that the matter of being "heeled" had not been displaced by the change in his dress.

"I used to pack one o' them things," said the driver; "but 'saint me, me, me, pack 'em if ye don't use 'em."
"No," said Norman, with a sort of far away look in his soft, dark eyes, "No, no; if they are not to be used, when needed."

"Well, I alwus noticed it, that unless a feller is right dead on the shoot, he never needs a shootin' iron till he gets wher'ther'mighty little slow to draw."

Norman nodded his head in assent.

"When I come on the old overland line," continued the driver, "I had a first-rate six-shooter, and as I was gettin' up on the box the first mornin', sez the agent to me, sez he, 'Whar're you goin' t' do wi' that?' 'Oh, nuthin', sez I, and I looked over my shoulder kind o' cute as I tuck up the lines. 'Well, sez he, 'I bet two to one you don't use.' 'Oh, no,' sez I, 'it ain't me whar'll one o' them things—it's some other feller.' Well, dern me, if I wasn't overhauled by the road-agent in less'n two hours, an' I didn't use it; and whar's more, if ye hear my gentle voice, they tuck it away from me, went through the passengers and the express box, and I ain't never carried no tools of that kind since."

"Why did you not use it?" asked Norman, very gently.

"Use it! How in hell's a man to use a shooter when he's got both hands full of hoss lines."

"I see," said Norman, and then gravely asked: "Did no one try to defend the stage?"

"No!" answered the driver in a tone that was a sort of indignant snarl, which may be written, *No-sow*; "been drivin' 'ur ten year on this come, and been gone through three times by road-agents, an' I've heard lots o' talk among passengers about fight, but I never seen none of it. Talk's cheap, but it takes the samt to fight stage robbers."

No remarks from the young man.

"D'ye reckon you'd stand in if three or four masked men was to come into the road out o' these yet bushes, with cocked double barreled shot-guns drawn on me, and holler to us to 'halt and put up yer hands'?"

"I think I should," said Norman.

"Well, ye wouldn't. Ye caw but yer life ye wouldn't."

"Perhaps not," said Norman.

At this moment the stage was winding slowly up the graded side-hill road, out of the canon, toward the open upland country. Up the hill-side the slim red branches of the madroons and the white stems of the buckeyes shone out among the live oaks and straggling pines, while below the road, and down to ward where the gurgling stream meandered among the rocks; the pines arose tall and serene. It was a quiet scene, save for the chirping of small birds, the chatter of blue-jays, and the occasional whirr of the quail. The situation and the conversation, in some unconcious way, had caused Norman to rest his hand upon his arm and as he looked quietly about him. At the summit of the grade the woodland terminated, and gave way to a long view of open country, through which the road was to be seen for miles of distance. Arriving at the edge of the woodland, the driver was about gathering his lines more firmly in hands for a splendid gallop, when, as if by magic, there appeared in the road three men, with guns and masked faces; one of whom shouted:

"Halt!" and then added, looking through the holes in his rude mask at Norman:

"Hold up your hands!" To which Norman replied by putting a bullet-hole through the mask immediately above the two holes which had eyes behind them.

"Drive on," said Norman, quietly, but firmly, as he sent a ball in dangerous nearness to the head of the masked fellow in front of the horses.

"Drive on, rapidly," and again he fired upon the fellow in front, while a load of buckshot went minging a dangerous *salotto* over his head from the fellow on the right.

"By—!" exclaimed the driver now thoroughly in for it, and ground to the merits of the case, as he sent the silk into his leaders and whirled away to the open country, followed by another discharge of shot and a millide of revolver balls.

For the next two miles the driver had business of importance on his hands (Concluded on fourth page.)