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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1879.

Sand—Continued from 1st page.

—his team was "running away," or at least fully believed they were, and they "meant it" too; but a stage horse knows the road, and a good driver knows how to let them take it on occasion.

Norman quietly watched the receding road to the rear, while the driver kept an eye to the fore, but neither said anything to the other. By and by, as they neared the station and a small village, where a change of horses should take place preparatory to entering upon a more inhabited country, the driver succeeded in getting his team to a gentle trot up hill.

"Are you hurt?" asked Norman, still keeping his eye upon the rearward road.

"I don't know. Hain't had time to find out, but there's a place on top of my cabs that turns like the devil. I can't slack up on these yer lines to keep 'em steady."

"Let me look," said Norman, taking off the driver's hat, and softly manipulating the cranium it had covered. "There's no blood, and I think there's no new hole in your head."

This being the first remark of a young man of familiarity on Norman's part, during the brief but eventful acquaintance, seemed very facetious to the driver, particularly as the young man had gone "away up" in the driver's estimation—and we are all pleased at the familiarity of the hero.

Norman next examined the driver's hat, and, holding it before the eyes of that worthy, pointed to opposite holes across the crown thereof.

"I knowed it was a cussed close call," said the driver, clinging to his lines the while, but smiling a very pleased smile as Norman replaced the hat. "That rooster on the right gave me that. Ain't you hurt, nowheres?"

"Not much," said Norman; "there is a wet place on my shoulder, but it does not feel very painful. Can we not stop now and look after the people inside?"

"No—can't hold 'em," meaning the horses. "Holler over the side to 'em," meaning the passengers. "We'll soon be in town."

Norman leaned down the side of the coach, and asked:
"Any one hurt inside?"

"I believe not," answered a male voice.

"No, no, nobody hurt," said a pleasant female voice, "but oh, so terribly frightened—and are you sure it is all over?"

"All over," said Norman.

"Well, I'm so glad for I was sure we would all be killed. Are you gentlemen on top hurt?"

"Yes, the driver's hat is mortally wounded in two places."

"Oh, if that is all, it must have been a miraculous deliverance."

Then Norman took his seat again by the driver, and proceeded to reload his pistol.

The stage drove up to the porch of the little country inn with foaming, panting horses. The passengers got promptly out, seemingly for no particular object other than to make sure that peace was fully assured and danger no longer threatening. Norman got quietly down from his high seat, and entered the inn without speaking to any one. As the driver threw the lines right and left to the hostler, one of those worthless remarked, as he cast an experienced eye upon the team:

"You couldn't 'em through, Curly?"

"Yes," said Curly, as he swung down from his seat to the inn porch; "poppin' the word, an' I've had about enough of this."

By this time some whisper of the affair had reached the inn, and a passenger making miscellaneous remarks, as the bar while fortifying his courage, and throwing a small amount of the driver's way to the place where the things were had proceeded him.

"What's the matter, boss, Curly?"

head as he stood among the inquiring crowd, who looked first at the hat and then at the head.

"Have you been rowing with that young feller that was on the box with ye?" asked the hostler.

"No. Where is he?" looking about for him. "No; that young feller's a particular friend of mine, and he's got the sand—he hez—he's a fighter from Bitter Creek," by which mention of location the driver only desired to refer to that place on the old overland stage road which became in its time noted as the roughest place this side of ortho-lox damnation.

"You bored them holes with a gimlet," said the incredulous hostler, passing the hat back.

Before the driver had time to reply to this insulting insinuation, the crowd suddenly rushed to the rear of the coach, where an elderly fat male passenger, with spectacles on nose, was pointing out certain small holes in the boot-leathers, as well as in the highly varnished wood-work of the body of the coach.

"If you'd a been where this hat was when them holes was made," said the driver, placing the hat on his head, "there'd a been one less leadin' man at the performance what they call capitol punishment. I'm goin' to irrigate. Come in, and take something, hossy. You needn't hurry up with the other team. We've got biz to settle before we pull out of here. Come, and take a drink, both of ye—all hands—everybody!" and under the pressure of the excitement of the crowd, hostlers and all, entered the bar-room of the inn.

Here, glass in hand, Curly related his adventure to all save the second hostler, whose duties required him to hastily swallow his drink and go back to the panting team, leaving hostler No. 1 to receive the story for retailing at second-hand in the stable.

Curly told his story simply enough, without unusual exaggeration as to his own part in it, but with great praise for the courage—"said," he called it—of the "young feller." According to him, the robber on the left fell dead at the first fire, and he was satisfied that the robber in front was wounded, and he thought from the way the "boss kep' shakin' his head, and goin' with it turned 'up sideways," that one of the leaders was "plugged" about the butt of the off ear, but the robber on the right, whom the driver cursed most vigorously, was not hurt at all.

"Is the young feller hurt any?" asked the barkeeper.

"He thinks he is, in the shoulder," answered the driver. "But where in thunder he's gone to? I want to see him. I want to tell out to him for life or good behavior. I can't buy him, I know; but I'll sell it he'll buy; an' I'm goin' to do it. Where is he?" and the driver started toward the door as if to look him up.

"Gone down town long 'go with the landl'rd," said the barkeeper.

"Well, I'll wait for him, it's a week. You needn't bring out no team till he comes back—not for me to drive—for I don't move nary a first step till the young feller gives his orders. He's the boss passenger that ever went over this line."

By and by Norman returned, coming up the street with the landlord on one side of him and the village doctor on the other, all conversing pleasantly, and as they stepped upon the inn porch the driver nodded Norman:

"Well, boss, shall we roll out?"

"As soon as you please, I am ready," answered Norman.

"All right; away we go!" and he started toward the stables; then immediately turned on his heel, and asked:

"Oh, I say! Boss won't you have something to drink?"

"No—thank you—I have no occasion."

"All right," and he turned again toward the stables, muttering to himself, "don't care a hoot he never drinks with me—he's got the sand."

By this time, through the piecemeal detail of the driver and passengers, it was pretty thoroughly known among the crowd that the "down stage" had been stopped by road-agents "at the summit, this side of Buckeye Caason," but that the robbers had been repulsed by Norman, and detained by the driver; that Dr. Minnis had extracted a ball from Norman's shoulder; that the stage showed marks of the bullets; that the driver's hat had had a ball through it, which had singed a furrow through his curly hair, and that the "right leader" had a ball hole in the lower part of his ear; and the conclusion was arrived at that all this scare and damage must have been done by "Cochos Pizan" and his pals, because somebody had seen Cochos lately in the neighborhood.

As the horses were being brought and buckled on in his proper place in front of the stage, there was a sort of public reception on the inn porch. Dr.

Minnis, being an old-time acquaintance of Norman's father, was acting as voluntary grand marshal of the occasion, and pleasantly introducing Norman to his fellow passengers, male and female, and such of the citizens as had, like the stage passengers, expressed a desire to be made acquainted with, as they termed him, "the gallant young fellow."

So Norman was introduced to everybody, and they all congratulated him on his "gallant conduct." All of which he took quietly, pleasantly, and with modest, almost bashful, demeanor. When it is said that he was introduced to everybody, that does not include the driver, because it was somehow, yet for so fair cause, taken for granted that he already knew him. Perceiving the oversight, Curly, who knew the doctor slightly, approached that person and said confidentially, "Doc, I know the young feller—I'll never forget him—but he don't know me only as 'the driver'; now I want you to introduce me on the square—up an' up ye know."

"Certainly," replied the doctor, stepping over to where Norman stood near the coach, talking to the crowd. "Mr. Mayo'de, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Talman Reese."

Curly lifted his hat and bowed after the manner of "salute partners," and grasped Norman's hand, remarking as he did so: "You do me proud, Mr. Mayo'de." Then turning away to his business without another word, he mounted the box, and shouting, "all aboard," gathered his lines, released his brake-lever and put his foot on it; then, as Norman sat down by his side, the landl'rd closing the coach door upon the insiders with a snap, saying "all right," at which words the horses began to dance up on the bit, he remarked over his shoulder as follows to the crowd:

"This town isn't worth a rap if ye don't give us three cheers for the boss passenger."

The cheers were given with a will. Curly "let 'em go"—meaning the horses; Norman waved his hat to the crowd, and the excited, fresh team bowled the stage away on its route—out of sight and out of sound.

Upon the road once more, and away from the excitement save the exhilaration of the ride, Norman fell into silent reflection upon the events of the morning, which state of silence the driver respected, if he was not himself in the same state, and neither spoke to the other for some miles. At length Norman remarked:

"Do you really think I killed that highwayman I first fired upon?"

"I'll bet my pile on it. Didn't you see him fall?"

"Yes. I saw him fall; but men sometimes get up again. Do they not?"

"Yes, they do, sometimes; but not when they fall like he did."

"I do not like to think he is dead."

"Well, I do, damn him."

"But you didn't shoot him."

"No, I didn't, but I wish I had shot him. I hain't got no conscience about me for him or any of his kind. An' if you'll take my little advice, you'll just consider yourself in big luck for gittin' the drop on him instid o' him gittin' it on you."

"Well, well," said Norman hastily, and the subject dropped for a while.

"Was that a bad job in your shoulder—gittin' out that ball?"

"Painful, but not dangerous—it was soon done."

"Glad of it."

Then there was another long silence broken in time by Norman:

"Mr. Reese?"

"Sir! to you."

"If we go on reporting this matter down the road, will we not raise an excitement and cause people to gather together and turn out for a hunt after these robbers?"

"Well, that'll be a bally good thing."

"But then, if they find a dead body, we are all liable to be detained as witnesses before the coroner."

"I'm agreeable to that?"

"Yes, I know. Your position as driver makes it not inconvenient or troublesome to you, but with a passenger bound upon his urgent business, it is different."

"It is some different; but the business sort is to be attended to—ortn't it?"

"Yes; certainly. But we all could give no better evidence than you can. There is only the fact that the robbery was threatened by unknown parties and the shooting took place. You can swear as to that; and the ball holes in the coach, and in your hat, and in the horse, will corroborate you. All the rest is guess work. We cannot identify any of the men. I wish to see the law enforced in this and in all cases, but do not desire to be detained from my own affairs for an attainable end."

"Well, if you say it, I'm in it," said Norman now on, as far as I'm in it."

they find it's into their hands to lay low."

"Will you mention it to them at the earliest opportunity?"

"I will that. But if that fellow you plugged is Cochos Pizan, and I reckon he is, you needn't hev no worry about no kerraner a settin' on his body; there's greasers enough in the foot-hills—saying nothing of other cut-throats—to keep his carkus away from any iniquity."

"Thank you," rejoined Norman; and thereafter the ride proceeded to its end with the usual ordinary line of incident, the relation of which is not vital to this narrative.

J. W. GALLEY.

The Coming State Fair.

The board of managers of the Oregon State Agricultural Society met in Salem last week, and among other business transacted ordered that no more liquor licenses be issued in the future. It also reduced the price of entries in the Mises and ladies' department from 20 to 10 per cent., and children under 12 years of age are to be admitted free. The following purses are to be offered for trials of speed:

Trotting—Purse \$500, free for all mile heats, three in five; first horse, \$400; second, \$100.

Purse \$100, free for stallions owned in the State, Washington and Idaho included; single dash of one mile.

Post and chace—Three heats, 2 1/2 miles, half forfeit, \$300 added by the association.

Purses of \$250, for horses that have never beaten \$10, mile heats, three in five; \$75 to second.

Purse \$200, for 2 1/2 class, two miles and repeat; \$250 to first, \$100 to second, and \$50 to third horse.

Running—Purse \$300, free for all Oregon, Washington and Idaho bred horses, \$200 to first, and \$100 to second; mile and repeat.

Purse \$300, free for all, 1 1/2 mile. Post stake for three year olds, \$30 entrance, half forfeit, \$300 added by association; first horse, two thirds of stake; second horse, two thirds of balance; and third horse the remainder; free for all other than thoroughbreds; entrances closes May 1st, 1880.

Purse \$300, free for all Oregon, Washington and Idaho bred horses, three-quarters a mile.

Purse \$500, free for all, mile heats, three in five, \$400 to first horse, and \$100 to second.

Purse \$300, free for all, two miles and repeat; \$400 to first, and \$100 to second.

The board decided the fair shall commence on the first of July and continue until the 15th of August. It is appropriated the sum of \$100 for a grand celebration to be given on Monday, the 5th.

Geo. S. Downing, Esq., was re-elected chief clerk for the coming State Fair. The following additional proceedings are noted: A. L. Lillie was elected marshal of the pavilion; M. Wilkins, J. F. Miller and E. M. W. were named executive committee; T. L. Davidson and John Minto, committee on printing.

A resolution was passed prohibiting smoking in the park or in the grounds of the fair, and the marshals are instructed to strictly carry out this rule. This resolution will meet the hearty approval of the ladies. It was adopted unanimously.

Yazoo's Best Citizens.

Interesting details continue to come to hand concerning the way Mississippi was kept "solid" for the democratic party. As information comes entirely from the democratic journals of Mississippi, it will not be possible to dispose of it by the familiar process of branding it as a "pack of frauds." In the counties of Rankin, Jasper and Yazoo the "best citizens" filled themselves with whisky and marched up and down the streets by the polling places yelling like madmen and firing their revolvers in the air. The Brandon Journal says: "In Brandon, we acknowledge it with shame, the streets were filled with the most outrageous drunkenness. In Jasper county, in some precincts, drunkenness reigned supreme. In Claiborne, the ballot box was kicked out of the house by desperadoes; at Cook's Mills, independent tickets were arrested in the hands of a white man; the man's jaws slapped, and the life of his son threatened; in Paulding, a negro was beaten down in the streets, and reported dead on the roadside some distance from the town the next day; and at an early hour of the day following the election, a crowd of countrymen, numbering ten or a dozen, came to town on a full gallop on horseback, armed with double barreled shotguns and clubs, yelling like hyenas and dismounting, stacked their big game and guns at the court house, ready to see that the nominated ticket was elected."

What a delight it must be to the northern democrat to know that all this fun was allowed to go on without the interference of the "shadow of a Federal bayonet" on a free and untrammelled ballot box!—N. Y. Tribune.

A Boy Highwayman.

About 12 o'clock last Wednesday night as the stage from San Luis Obispo was bowling past Oak Grove, about two miles from Soladad, the driver, Jim Myers, noticed a line stretched across the highway by a white handkerchief tied in the middle. He had no sooner pulled up his horses, than some one cried: "Throw out that box," and the boys, standing in the shadow of the chaparral by the roadside, a camp-fire glimmering through the brush indicated a probable highwayman's camp, and the boys were thrown out without further ceremony. The line then dropped and the stage proceeded. The box contained \$107 in money and a check on a San Luis Bank for \$140 and other papers. Sheriff Frank of Monterey County went to work on the case and found that a boy by the name of George Adams had left Soladad that night. He next heard of him in Salinas, where he displayed considerable money, and traced him to this city via Watsonville. Learning that he had taken a companion with him, he found the companion and through him captured Adams last night on Sacramento street near Taylor. Adams at once admitted his guilt. He is a boy of nineteen, and says he had no thought of stopping the stage when he left Soladad. He had to weapon whatever, and was on the verge of muting away a smart driver, when the box. He had no money, he said, and was going to Salinas for a job which he had obtained at \$35 per month. After having open the box, and getting the money he walked to Salinas, paid to his companion and came to this city. He is a pleasant spoken young fellow, and says he never has been arrested before for any offense.—S. F. Chronicle of Dec. 10.

The grand jury of Polk county ignored the charge of attempt at rape against Henry Zolger. It turned out to be nothing more than improper language. The Zolger is righteously indignant, and says: "This case has cost the taxpayers about \$200 and kept the young man in idleness during the busy season, when a good drubbing by the parent of the child, would have served the offender better and entailed no expense upon the county."

The Graphic says it is understood that Gould, Russell, Sage and some other New York capitalists, are bidders for the construction contract of the Texas and Pacific railroad, to extend the road at \$25,000 per mile. They agree to take stock and bonds in equal amount in payment. This will give them \$5,000,000 of the stock of the company, and in case they complete their contract within two and a half years, that will give them the control by a stock vote. This offer will probably be accepted within a few days.

In a talk with a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat ex-Senator Cameron is said to have referred to political affairs in Pennsylvania as follows: "That, so far as Pennsylvania was concerned an early convention would be held, and the delegates would be instructed for Gen. Grant, thus leading off in the movements, preliminary to the presidential contest. That, in his judgment, it mattered little whom the democrats nominated; that the people were not yet ready to allow the south to take possession of the government and would elect Grant with a swell."

A correspondent writing to the Columbia Chronicle truthfully says: "People who come to this country and expect to find every comfort and convenience of an old and established community will be sadly disappointed. Such immigrants are comparatively few, yet now and then one wanders out here, but soon leaves disgusted. But to the new comer who comes here with the determination to make the best of it, this country offers inducements equal to any on the globe. If he is the right kind of a man his life will not be one of unrelenting drudgery. There is a pleasure in the same wild life that every well constituted man will enjoy."

The San Francisco Chronicle asks some pertinent questions. It says a very popular impression is to the effect that no Mexican army would stand a ghost of a show in fighting with a force of Americans. It might be well to carefully consider whether this idea is correct or not. When our well trained regulars come in contact with the Indians and escape being massacred in short order the public generally experiences a feeling of relief. On the other hand, a hundred Apaches recently crossed the Mexican line on an unstranded expedition and only twenty of them got back with unimpaired skins. They met some Mexican troops. How is it that troops inferior to ours accomplish practical results that ours do not?

A St. Petersburg letter states that on the same day that the czar arrived at St. Petersburg the revolutionary committee issued a most violent proclamation, which is being distributed daily, and in which they avow that the late attempt on the czar's life was made by their order, and though the attempt failed they are not discouraged but are ready to try again.

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