

The Albany Register.



VOLUME XII.

ALBANY, OREGON, JANUARY 16, 1880.

NO. 16.

BUSINESS CARDS.

KEEP YOUR

On this Space Four Weeks.

Something

NEW

Coming!

N. B. HUMPHREY, Agent.

JOHN BRIGGS

TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INFORM his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a large stock of

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,

on the old stand next door to P. C. Harper & 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, 1873-5-8

CITY DRUG STORE.

Corner First and Ellsworth sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON.

R. SALT MARSH,

Has again taken charge of the

City Drug Store,

having purchased the entire interest of C. W. Shaw, successor to C. W. Shaw & 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.

—Pure Wipes and Liquors for medicinal purposes. —

CITY MARKET!

First street, 3 doors west of Ferry.

HOLACHEE & GETZ, Prop's.

HAVING purchased the City Market, I will keep constantly on hand all kinds of meats—the very best to be obtained in the market. I will arrive 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 and cheapest prices paid for pork. 5170123

New Goods! New Departure!

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MRS. O. L. PARKS,

HAVING PURCHASED THE MILLINERY Store lately owned by Mrs. G. P. Payne, and having just added there a new invoice of late Choice Millinery, Trimmings, Bonnets, Hats, &c., takes 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.

Dressmaker!

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

—Making clothing for children a specialty. Store on north side of First, east of Ellsworth street. You are invited to call.

MRS. O. L. PARKS,

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 "Medicine" men of the several tribes, and from other sources, a number of remedies for diseases incident to this country, consisting of roots, herbs and bark, and having been solicited by many people of this valley, who have tried and proved the efficacy of them in disease, to procure the same for sale. I take this means of announcing to all that, at least through the mountains and valleys, and have secured certain of these remedies which are a sure cure for

Fever and Ague.

Those suffering from Ague who desire to be cured, can leave orders at Mr. Strong's store on First street, where I will furnish the remedy, warranting a radical cure or I will demand no pay. W. S. JOHN.

Remedies done up in 41 packages. 12-1

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DESIGNING A SPECIALTY.

Rooms 6 and 7, Parrish block, corner First and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon.

D. G. CLARK,

SUCCESSOR TO J. B. WYATT,

Dealer in

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

Iron, Steel and Mechanics' Tools,

First door east of S. E. Young, ALBANY, OREGON.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

ALBANY, OREGON.

MRS. C. HOUK, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE has been thoroughly overhauled and renovated, and placed in first class condition for the accommodation of its guests. Good Sample Room for Commercial Travelers. General Stage Office for Continental, Independence and Lebanon. Free Coach to and from the house.

WILLETT & BUSCH,

Manufacturers of

Kindness and its Reward.

Alice sat in front of the little table, washing the breakfast dishes, a bright haired girl, with large, wistful blue eyes, whom you would never suspect to be a cripple until you saw her seated on a wheeled chair, by means of which she propelled herself back and forth. Yet, although she herself was the only servant of the establishment, the floor was daintily clean, the windows shone like sheeted diamonds and the curtains were white and neatly darned. For little Alice, at eighteen, was a born housekeeper, and took as much delight in the details of her homely, domestic life as if she had been a child playing with a doll's house instead of Moses Haywood's crippled daughter.

"It is puzzling sometimes," said Alice wrinking her pretty brown brows over the housekeeper's book; "because there's only just so much money and the expenses have got to be met; and if you get the least little bit in debt, there it is, hanging around your neck like a millstone to the end of the year. But then, again, if there weren't any difficulties in this style of housekeeping what would be the credit?"

And then Alice would shake her bright brown braids, bite the end of her pencil, and begin again with the troublesome array of figures. But upon this particular day the color burned more feverishly than ever in her cheek; the teacups clinked nervously together as she rinsed them out.

But Moses Haywood, a white haired, prematurely old man, sat over the "Classical Dictionary" at the other end of the room and only smiled quietly.

"Fifty pounds," said Alice. "It's a deal of money, father, dear, and you've been years saving it up."

"You are right, my dear," said the schoolmaster calmly, "it is a deal of money. But what is money worth if we can't use it to help our fellow creatures with?"

"And I dare say he's ever so much richer than you, father," pursued Alice. "He is my wife's cousin, Alice," said the old man, "and he is in sore need. He comforted, my child, it is only a loan."

"Only a loan!" repeated indignant Alice. "Father, you'll never see it again. People are always borrowing and nobody ever thinks of repaying money."

"Gently, daughter Alice, gently," chided the old man. "It is best to be charitable to all men in thought as well as in deed. It is true that I had anticipated laying this fifty pounds out in a few books for myself, a new dress for you, and in a carpet for our sitting room; but never mind. We shall do very well as we are, and if Mr. Watkins really needs this money"

"I don't believe he needs it half as much as we do," burst in Alice. And she wheeled the chair across the room to give the linnet his fresh seed and water, while Haywood, frowning upon the fifty-pound note which had been the bone of contention, placed it in an envelope and walked away.

"It is too bad of father," thought Alice, left alone by herself. "I do believe he would give the coat off his back if any one asked for it. But he ought to think of himself and he ought to think of me." And a few unconscious tears splashed down on the linnet's glass water cup as Alice thought of the long treasured fifty pounds.

Just a week subsequently Mr. Walter Watkins sat in his back parlor, a wrinkled old gentleman with light blue eyes like staring marbles and a curious upward sweep to the curves of his mouth, while on the table in front of him lay a pile of letters.

"Now we'll see," said Mr. Watkins to himself, what all the ties of relationship are worth. I've written pitiful letters to my six cousins, and I'll be willing to wager the biggest diamond in my ring that there isn't a penny in all these answers. We'll see."

The first letter, as it transpired, was from the Rev. Theodore Talkington who inclosed a tract entitled "Return, ye sinners," recommended a course of prayer meetings, and stated that the Rev. Theodore was quite unable to help his Cousin Walter except by good advice.

"I thought so," said Mr. Watkins. The second was from Mrs. Callista Jones, the wife of a prosperous merchant.

"My dear cousin," it said, in little spider-webby characters, "your letter fills me with surprise. Such necessity

can only have its source in dissipation or speculation. With neither of these can you expect me, a Christian matron, to sympathize. Under the circumstances I must beg to decline further postal communication with you. Respectfully, etc., etc., etc."

The upward curves around Mr. Watkins' mouth lengthened themselves out into the nearest approach to a smile in which the caustic old gentleman ever indulged, as he neatly labeled and docketed this letter also, and opened still the third, in which Mr. Benjamin Courtenay regretted the straitened state of his financial affairs, and bluntly recommended some public charitable institution as the best refuge for his cousin's declining years.

"Humph, humph!" muttered Mr. Watkins. "So he would pack me off to the poor-house, would he? Very kind and considerate of him, very."

Mr. Peter Dilks was a stage less censorious than others.

"Did his cousin Watkins think he was made of money? Did he think it was his business to supply every old pauper! In that case Mr. Watkins would find himself terribly mistaken, and so no more from his to command."

The fifth epistle from Mrs. Millionaire was excessively civil and as hard as granite. She begged to call Mr. Watkins' attention to the fact that she, Mrs. Millionaire, was but his second cousin after all, and she really wondered at his audacity in expecting her to patch up his ruined fortunes. She inclosed a card to an employment office, and hoped to be troubled no more with such useless applications.

Mr. Watkins silently folded this letter and opened the one directed in Moses Haywood's clerical calligraphy. To his surprise, when he broke the seal, out fell a post office order of \$50.

"My dear Cousin Watkins," wrote the school master, "I grieve deeply to hear of your financial distress, and hereby inclose all I have on hand. It is not much—but I beg of you to accept it in the same spirit in which it is given."

Old Walter Watkins brushed his wrinkled hand across his shaggy brows. "The poorest, most obscure of them all," he said. "The one of whom I expected least. Well, wonders will never cease." And taking up his pen he wrote back briefly—

"COUSIN HAYWOOD:—I thank you W. WATKINS."

"Father, are you sure you are well enough to go back to school?"

Alice had drawn up her wheeled chair close to the lounge on which old Moses had dragged himself into a sitting posture.

"Yes, child, yes," he said, drawing his hand across his forehead; "I must be well enough! The children's parents are getting impatient! I shall lose my scholars if I don't go back into harness to day."

"Father, father," cried poor Alice, piteously, "if we had but that money you saved so long and painfully—that money you gave to old Mr. Watkins—it would have brought you health, strength, repose now."

"My daughter," said the old man mildly, "all that is past considering now. And remember, he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

He was in the school that morning trying to accustom his whirling head to the clamorous voices of the little ones when there came a loud rap at the door and a well-dressed, bluff-looking stranger walked in and looked unconcernedly around him.

"Is this Moses Haywood, the schoolmaster?" he asked, with outstretched hand.

"That is my name, sir," said the old man.

"I congratulate you," cried the stranger, nearly wringing poor Moses' hand off.

"Sir?" said the schoolmaster.

"You're a rich man!" roared the stranger.

"I—I think I must be dreaming," said Moses, patting his hand to his head.

"Not a bit of it," said the stranger; "not a bit of it. 'It's your wife's cousin, Walter Watkins, of—'"

There's a string of names down in his will for ten shilling each, because, as he states, they wouldn't lend him as much as that when he asked for it—a lot of cousins, you know—and it's all left you as the only one who responded generally to his call. I say, sir," with another overpowering shake of the hand, "I congratulate you, with all my heart!"

And the Autumn-tide of Moses Haywood's life is passed in the sunshine of wealth and prosperity, and Alice has her hot-houses, her aviary and her books.

"Father," she says, slyly, with her cheek against his wrinkled hand, "you were right, after all, and I was wrong. Kindness is sure to find its reward."

The Stone By The Roadside.

Where the town of Randolph now carries on its busy traffic, Egbert Bacon's farm was once located. Egbert Bacon was my grandfather. His farm covered more than 700 good acres and he considered himself wealthy, as he undoubtedly was. He started in life a poor boy, and his honest accumulation was the result of his toil.

Grandfather was a very peculiar man. Many persons considered him penurious, but he was really liberal; and from the fact that his charities were given in secrecy, people supposed that he never contributed to good works. It was in his old age (and he lived to a great period) that a company of speculators bought his land, because of the fine water power that ran through it, and as soon as they erected the mills the place began to go forward until Bacon's farm was a thing of the past. I recollect when the first mill was built and I well remember my boyish curiosity in watching the mechanics who worked upon it.

My grandmother was about the same age as her husband. She did not long survive his death and I missed a good friend and counselor when she left me. Grandfather expected me to be a farmer but as I never had any taste for hard work my thoughts and inclinations went another way. Of course he was not at all pleased with my stubbornness but my good grandmother always stepped between me and his wrath and shielded me from his displeasure.

The old gentleman was a sturdy man at 70 years. He was invariably dressed in brown clothes and wore so broad a brim to his low crowned hat that he might easily have been taken for a Quaker at first sight. But get him angry once (for his irritability was easily aroused) and he would let fly such sharp and vehement sentences that it was sometimes difficult to imagine that they were not profane.

I was 10 years old and was deeply in love with Sallie Miller, the young lady who played the organ at the Cross Roads Church and was the finest dancer among all the girls in the country. Grandfather had conceived a dislike for Sallie because she was a musician. He had no ear for music and was not "moved by concord of sweet sounds," and nothing so quickly excited his ire as to scrape a violin within his hearing, or to strike a cord upon the piano.

Much against my grandfather's inclination he permitted me to enter the law office of Mr. Smart, as a student. Had it not been for the offices of my grandmother I should not have had the wish of my heart gratified. But she smoothed the way for my grandfather's consent. But he never ceased to ridicule me for my pretensions and positively refused to give me his consent to marry Sallie Miller. It would not have been a wise thing in me to cross the old gentleman's whims, for I was his heir; and he could have found another without much difficulty, so I never urged my case, but humored him in every way I could think of.

"What are you thinking about, father," my grandmother inquired. She always called him by that name.

"I was thinking," he slowly replied, taking the pipe from between his lips and dropping both hands upon his knees, "that a few years hence, and one won't see good old hickory logs burning on the audirons. Stoves and grates, and that infernal coal that makes gas enough to suffocate a household, will supply the place of our old fashioned fires."

I ought to have held my tongue, for he was not speaking to me, but I wanted to show off some of my smartness, and so I replied:

"Oh! my dear sir, there is really no occasion for having a stove which permits the gas to escape. We have now

gas consuming stoves, and one is not troubled in the way you suppose."

"Pray, Mr. Smartness, permit me to inquire how long you have been possessed of this valuable information? I have known it for some years, or rather have heard it said that these stoves were gas-burners, but it's all a lie; there's not a word of truth in it. I've known them to send out as much gas as would kill an ox, if he were confined in the atmosphere. Now, sir, don't you feel like a fool?"

"Come, now, father," replied my grandfather, "don't be so severe on the boy." (She called me a boy to the day of her death). "He only told you what he heard, no doubt, and of course every one is liable to make mistakes, especially about such matters."

"That puts me in mind," continued my grandfather, "of asking you how you are coming on with your piano-playing friend?"

"I scarcely see her except on Sundays."

"Humph!" returned my grandfather, clearing his throat.

I did not like the ejaculation. I had often heard it before, and I regarded it with the same apprehension that a mariner does an ugly cloud that rises up to the windward.

"Humph!" he continued, blowing a column of smoke toward the china ornament on the mantle-piece, "what are you good for?" He looked very squarely at me as he asked the question. He evidently expected a reply, so I answered by saying that as yet I did not know.

"That's caudid, at all events," he replied. "I've been thinking a good deal about you of late, and it occurred to me that you might make a poor lawyer after all. And you know what a poor lawyer is. You remember Simmons, the man who used to board about upon the farms during the Summer time? Well, he was what they termed a poor lawyer. He hadn't brains enough to make his profession support him, and was ready to do writing or saw wood to help eke out a livelihood."

"How unreasonable you are, father," suggested my grandmother.

He did not appear to notice her remark, but continued:

"Can you turn a somersault?"

"I never tried," I replied.

"Then you are not as expert as a clown. For the life of me I can't see what good you are going to do in the world."

"And I can't see," said my dear old grandmother, "what occasion there will be for the boy to mend clocks or turn somersaults. To hear you talk, one would think you had nothing to leave him but your advice, and that is not of the most encouraging nature."

"A young man should rely upon himself, returned my grandfather. "Riches take wings. I've managed to hold my property together pretty well, but how do I know he will do so when you and I are gone? He'll marry Miss Miller. What sort of a wife will she make him? Smart with her heels, no doubt. Nimble with her fingers at the old organ, but these won't serve to keep a family from going headlong to destruction."

"Sally Miller is a very prudent and useful girl," replied my grandmother. "I don't see what you find amiss in her."

"Don't you?" he replied. Then he relapsed into silence, and smoked and looked into the fire.

By and by he got up and walked out of the room, and then my dear old grandmother took my hand and held it within her own, and told me not to fret, that she would bring my grandfather to think better of my sweet heart.

I thanked her ever so much, but I had little hope that she would ever be successful.

About this time my grandfather was selling some property in the town where I was reading law, and it became necessary for him to go there to sign the deed for the sale. At his request I accompanied him.

It was nearly evening when his business was finished, and we set out on our return home. Four thousand dollars, the proceeds of the sale, my grandfather carried in bank notes on his person, as it was too late to make a deposit in the bank. The old gentleman was in good humor, and talked pleasantly as we drove along. My mind was full of schemes just at that time, as to how I was to support Sallie Miller if I married her before my grandfather died.

I little dreamed that ere we got home a way would be opened to me. We were going down a steep hill and it was now quite dark, when the horse stumbled and fell and in an instant a shaft was snapped in twain. I sprang out of the wagon, and grandfather quickly followed.

The horse in his fall had become entangled in the harness, and lay helpless upon the earth. The moon was just rising, and gave but an uncertain light, for the sky was full of fleecy clouds, but still it was light enough to perceive grandfather drop the package of four thousand dollars as he stooped down to free the horse. There it lay at my feet, and he was unconscious of his loss.

Another instant I picked it up and was holding it behind me, irresolute how to act. You will understand that I did not mean to steal it, but somehow or other I had an indistinct idea that I could make the occasion serve my aims. There was a large flat stone by the roadside. I had trapped a rabbit there once and I knew there was a considerable cavity beneath it. An instant later and the \$4,000 was deposited in the hole.