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FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1880.

The Stone by the Roadside.

(Concluded from first page.)

"You are a good boy," she said, "and I'll see that your grandfather does the right thing by Sallie Miller."

"Here you are sir," I shouted, coming into the old man's presence, and placing the package in his hands.

"Thank heaven," he devoutly exclaimed. "I had given it up, my boy. Did you have much of a search? Where did you discover it?"

"Just where I said you lost it. On the spot where we broke the shaft."

Grandfather examined the package and found it all right. Then he hugged me, and pulled my ear, saying:

"Now, you scamp, you can marry Sallie Miller. Bring her home here for she no doubt, requires a good deal of instruction in housekeeping, and your grandmother will make her fit to keep your house from running to waste."

Reader, these things happened many years ago. All the landmarks about the farm have long since passed away; but there is still a large flat stone by the roadside, as one rides out from the town of Randolph, and I never gaze upon it without recollecting how intimately my destiny and that old rock are connected.

Awfully Forlorn.

As might be expected, the following is the product of that lively camp, Folie, and the Standard is the authority for it:

A tall, limber-jointed, freckled face young man, in a blanket overcoat, walked gingerly into Judge Peterson's court room the other day, with a rather portly red-haired girl, dressed in a red and black shawl and a Roman nose, on his arm. He announced in a mysterious manner that he and Sary were from Owen's River country and wanted to get spliced. The Judge did the job, and when it was over, the groom leaned across the table and whispered:

"Say, Judge, can't you date this thing about three months back—an extra \$5 haint no object?"

"Why, what do you want it dated back for?" asked his Honor.

"Why, said the Benedict, hesitating and scratching his head, "You see, the climate down our way is awfully forlorn."

The Judge informed him that it could not be; that the license would give him away. At this the groom's face fell, and catching the bride's arm with "Come, Sary, less go," went out.

Legend of Arizona.

To one of the pioneer explorers of this region the Zunia Indians gave the following account of their origin as preserved in their tradition. Their legend relates that in the beginning a race of men sprang up out of the earth, and plants arise and come forth in the Spring. This race increased until they spread over the whole earth, and after continuing through countless ages passed away. The earth then remained without people for a great length of time, until at length the sun had compassion on the earth and sent a celestial maiden to repopulate the earth. This young goddess was called Arizona, the name signifying maiden queen. This Arizona dwelt upon the earth a great length of time in lonely solitude, until at a certain time, while basking in the sunbeams, a drop of dew fell from heaven and rested upon Arizona, who in due time blessed the world with twins, a son and daughter, and these became the father and mother of the Zunia Indians, and from the tribe arose all other races of men; the black, white, olive, and all other clay-colored men being merely apostate offshoots from this original tribe, and the Zunias being the only pure, original stock, children of the sun, now lie upon the earth.

The god of the ancient Philistines has been resurrected by some Holy Land explorer. He should be turned over to Bob Ingersoll for proper theological instruction.

The fashionable ladies of London are excited on the subject of cookery. So long as they do not become the cooks of men, the change from ordinary frivolities may be beneficial.

The Dayton Soap Works have been closed by attachment.

The Jovial Judge.

The proclivity in joking in courts of law is homage paid to a deep human instinct. People like justice best when it unbends a little, and injustice itself may be soothed by ingenious judges who conciliate the loser with an irresistible jest. Even among a grave people like the Turks this love of humor often overpowers complaint. There is a story in the East of a pasha who had received a present of two fat geese. These succulent birds were very scarce at the time, and the great man called a feast of his intimates, where roast geese, stuffed with pistachios, was to form the central dish. But a rival magnate who greatly wanted a goose for dinner, had offered the cook 500 piastres for a bird, whereupon that too venal officer repaired to the Cadi and said: "If I give your worship a goose will you see me safe, supposing any one complains about the other one?" The magistrate winked and took his bird—the other also disappeared—and at the banquet when the eagerly expected dish should have been produced there was an awful disappointment. The cook being summoned protested with many protestations that the geese had " flown away."

"Recover them," the infuriated pasha cried, "or I will have thee before our Cadi for the bastinado." The guilty cook rushed madly along the high road wondering what to do, when he was met by a donkey driver, "in the name of Allah," to help him lift his beast, which had fallen. He forthwith pulled at the donkey's tail with such thoughtless fury that it came off in his hand, and the cook rushed on more frantically than ever, pursued by the cries and curses of the driver. A little further on he ran in his blundering haste against a Christian, and knocked the man's pipe-stick into his eye, destroying it. Yet a little further, still wildly hurrying, he came round the corner full tilt against a very fat and ugly Bulgarian matron, who, being in an interesting condition, was so upset that she then and there suffered miscarriage. Being chased by the husband and some Zaptiehs, the miserable man ran up the steps of a minaret, and when the mnezzin would have seized him, leaped down to the earth in his desperation, from the first platform, killing a Greek who chanced to be sitting with his brother below.

Such a situation as that presented in the above narrative, it must be confessed, was embarrassing to the humor and resources of the Turkish Judge. To the original sin of the goose were now added four separate misdemeanors, and the spectacle presented shortly afterward before the Cadi was one great hubbub; though the prisoner exhibited a strange confidence, which proved not unfounded. First came the Pasha, who told how the sinful cook had pretended that geese plucked and drawn, could fly away. "Dost thou then doubt brother," said the Judge, "the power of Allah to call the dead to life? Let us not limit the divine might by our foolish disbelief—it may have been so! Go in peace." Next the donkey man held up the left tail of his beast and cried for justice; but the Cadi said, "Give him the donkey, my son, to feed and use till the tail has grown again; then he shall restore it to thee." The Christian followed, pointing to his missing orb, and clamored for punishment. "It is written," said the Judge, "that one eye of a believer equals two of an infidel. Do thou, therefore, suffer me to put out thine other eye, and then it will be right that I should order restitution by removing one from this abominable cook." The Christian departed, and was succeeded by the injured husband, who told his woes. "By the Prophet's beard," quoth the Cadi, "I see no way in this save that thou shouldst divorce the lady and marry her to the cook. Afterward, if it be Heaven's will that she come again into the same state, let him send her back to thee, and all will be well." This suitor also declined to proceed to execution, and there was only the Greek, who vociferated for retaliation on the slayer of his brother. "Inshallah!" said the Judge, "truly, 'hurry is of the devil,' as the wise say; the cook shall suffer for it; this is but just. Get thou therefore on the top of the minaret and jump down on the offender, whom I shall place below, and it shall be that it thou slayest him none shall complain." Hereupon the Greek also left the Court like the others, amid acclamations from the bystanders, who were loud in praise of the Cadi's wonderful decrees; but that functionary was presently heard to whisper to the cook, as he quitted the Court, "Never you send me any more geese, my friend."

A French Yarn About Aimee.

According to the chronicler of M'Il-lustration, Mlle. Aimee was adored by a Mexican director of a diamond cutting establishment, who occasionally

A Ghastly Story.

Captain Sands, of the schooner Paulina Collins, who brought such pleasant news concerning the triumphant passage of Behring's Strait of Nordenskjold's Arctic steamer, the Vega, relates another tale full of ghastly horror.

The St. Lawrence Island is in the Behring Sea, and until recently has been uninhabited; but nearly the entire population have perished from starvation. A party from the Collins which landed on the island found 250 corpses in one field, the dead being carried out by the living, who returned only to die. This terrible mortality was brought about by the want of food and the scarcity of food was caused by the Intemperance of the Islanders. Nearly every "trader" goes to the Arctic loaded with rum, which is sold to the natives. As long as the liquor lasts the people will not go out after fish, and when they do it is too late. Having depopulated the island, it remains to be seen what the "traders" will do now. Perhaps they will stock it anew with people so as to keep open a market in those regions.

A Loaf of Bread.

Among the many super-stitions of which a loaf of bread has been the basis, one of the strongest is that which in more than one European country attaches itself to the turning of the loaf upside down. In Scotland this is accounted for by a legend that Sir Walter Monteth, the betrayer of Wallace to the English, made this action the signal of an attack, where the reversing of a loaf in the presence of a Macmillan was considered so deadly an insult as to cause more than one fatal duel in the old fighting days. The same belief in Germany is explained by a story of a Bohemian king, who happening to reverse his loaf, was warned by a soothsayer that it presaged the overthrow of his kingdom, which speedily came to pass. The Russians hold this superstition so firmly that you have only to hold a loaf upside down in any native village to see the whole company dash at it and reverse it, explaining that when the flat side is exposed the devil comes and seats himself upon it, and is not to be dislodged without a victim of some kind.

River and Harbor Improvements in Oregon.

Senator Slater, on the 6th, introduced bills proposing appropriations for river and harbor improvements in Oregon as follows: For the Columbia river canal at the Cascades, \$500,000; Coos bay, \$50,000; Coquille river, \$50,000; Yaquina bay, \$50,000.

Also bills authorizing the Astoria and Wiamum railroad company to construct bridges across Young's bay and Lewis and Clark's rivers, and appropriating \$5,000 to pay for losses of private property of officers and enlisted men and landresses of the 2d regiment, artillery, by the wreck of the government transport *Torment*, at Cook's inlet, Alaska, in 1858.

The statistical part of a memorial recently presented to congress praying aid to complete the canal at the Cascades, gives succinctly, some of the possibilities of the country east of the Cascade mountains, tributary to the Columbia river. It represents that there are in the six counties of eastern Washington, 318 surveyed townships, equal to 9,109,920 acres. One-fourth of this area in wheat, at 20 bushels per acre, would give a product of 45,849,000 bushels, or 1,375,400 tons. The six counties in eastern Oregon, have 1,016 surveyed townships, equal to 15,405,040 acres. One-fourth of this area in wheat, at 20 bushels per acre, would produce \$2,453,200 bushels, or 2,247,496 tons. Bearing in mind that there is a large amount of unsurveyed land in the said basin of the upper Columbia river, it is impossible to estimate, with any degree of certainty, the grand aggregate of this vast country of unsurpassed productive capacity. The transportation of such products would require 9,625 steamboats, each carrying 400 tons, to convey it down the river. This estimate is only for tonnage one way. The imports, to the interior, of lumber, coal, iron and merchandise of all kinds, would equal in value, if not in weight or measure, the exports. These figures reveal the productive power of the upper Columbia basin and the importance of the Columbia river itself, as a highway of commerce.

They still cremate a body occasionally at Washington, Pa. The last contribution to science in this way consisted of the remains of a young gentleman who only weighed eighty-five pounds and had the consumption for two years. He was sent back to his sorrowful relatives in a tin box eighteen inches square. The next step should be, by means of the concrete process, to transform a man into his grave-stone, stamped with a complimentary epitaph. There is no limits to the achievements of science.

James A. Garfield received the nomination for United States senator of Ohio by the Republican caucus. This was as predicted, only instead of there being a contest for the honor all other candidates were withdrawn and the nomination conferred by acclamation. Garfield, although one of the most prominent men of the United States, is not committed on the presidential contest, and his nomination cannot be taken as an index of the coming contest for president.

The Mormons manifest no disposition to relinquish polygamy, or to respect any laws prohibiting it. The President of their Church has sufficiently spoken on this point and the rank and file of the sect appear to echo his sentiments.

There has been organized in the city of London what is termed the salvation Army. Its members march through the streets to the sound of trumpets, and they call their church a salvation factory.

It is absolutely asserted that the secret of making diamonds has been discovered. It would be impossible to make diamonds without making money.

A Russian army of 500,000 men is said to be massed in close proximity to the German frontier. The report is probably without foundation.

Nudity and Crudity.

It was a lady with a check shawl, a reticule and a squint who flounced out of the art rooms yesterday afternoon with a remark that "It's outrage that them there figgers ain't got no clo's on." Her husband, a stoop shouldered man, with a low-crowned, wide rimmed soft hat, a ruffled necktie, long coat, short "pant's" and a beard under his chin, remonstrated: "Don't make a foolyself right afore folks," said he. But the dame was angered. "It's a sin an' a shame," she persisted, and her off eyes twitched further out of true in the excess of her true indignation.

"It's an insult to every woman that comes here, an' what they've got on is wuss'n though they didn't have nothin'." "Will you keep still," mildly pleaded the old man. "No, I won't," said she. "An' the sooner you take me out o' this Sodom an' Gomorrah the better for both on us, I guess."—Chicago Journal.

Splitting Paper.

It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product—paper—that it can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a sheet of the *Illustrated News* thus divided into three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible; yet it is not only possible but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate glass and place it on a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity, the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the paper to be split. When dry, violently and without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to another. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach the one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing ink is somewhat duller; otherwise, the two pieces present the appearance of the original if again brought together. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers gratuitously.—B. and O. Printer and Stationer.

Oregon and Washington Territory.

Oregon is very nearly one-half greater in area than Washington Territory, and in 1870 had just four times as many people—92,000 to 23,000. What the population of the Webfoot state now is cannot be positively stated, but if it still continues four times greater than ours it must fully be 200,000 to-day. The most devoted Oregonian, however, does not claim more than 160,000, and an accurate census return will probably be under rather than over that figure. Our territorial assessment for 1870 amounted to \$31,021,882, while their state assessment amounted to \$46,370,674. Their assessment was very little more than double ours, and estimating the population in the same way we may calculate on having very nearly or quite one-half as many people as they.—Seattle Intelligencer.

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