

Albany Register.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1880.

The Two Outsides.

The clerical-looking gentleman and the bearded borderer were the only passengers on the Carson stage, seven hours out, en route to Bodie.

"When I was there," the clerical gentleman was remarking, "the vineyard was in a deplorable state."

"The vineyard?" interrupted his bearded companion.

"Yes; the Lord's vineyard, I mean; the weeds were—"

"Hold on a minute, stranger," exclaimed the other, hitching in his seat, and turning so as to face his companion—"hold yer hosses. I ain't much on this parable palaver, an' I come mighty near giving ye the lie on that vineyard bizness cause, ye see, there ain't no sech 'thin five mile o' the camp. Maybe there's a few down to Salt Lake, but nobody was ever fool enough o' speculating in vineyard's round my neighborhood. But it's all right now; I've cottoned to the right o' the case, an' I'm drawin' my sights on to Lord's vineyards."

"As I was saying," resumed the other, "outside," "I found the field of labor in a deplorable condition. The weeds had long since choked the wheat, and tares were flourishing with a luxuriance that might well sadden the heart of the husbandman. Human sacrifices were frequent in the interior, and barbarous executions for the most trivial offenses were of weekly occurrence along the coast. I attended one of those executions, and if I am not too tedious in my narration I will relate the circumstances in connection with the horrible affair. Are you agreeable?"

"Go ahead, o' man, I'm listenin'." I like to hear a man tell a good one while he's at it, and the bearded passenger hitched back to his former position and asked the driver for "a claw o' that right heel."

"Well, it appears that the unfortunate man was condemned to death for poaching on the King's preserves. They had adjudged him guilty, and sentenced him to be beheaded, and a more pitiable wretch it has never been my misfortune to contemplate as he passed out of the prison into the open court where he was to be executed. He was made to kneel and bend his neck, after which the executioner dipped his hand in a tub of water, and drawing his middle and forefinger through the sand upon which the doomed man was kneeling, applied them to the naked neck of the shivering wretch, leaving a broad and distinct mark at which to strike. He then raised his great double-edged sword, and with one blow the head fell from the trunk, while the great stream of blood crimsoned the sand."

"The clerical gentleman paused in astonishment. His fellow-passenger was staring at him with a strange expression upon his sun-browned features, which the narrator at first imagined was the result of intense interest, but which he gradually observed was produced by a disgusting disbelief in the statements which he had just been making. He cut himself short for the purpose of allowing his hearer an opportunity of relieving his overcharged mind, knowing full well that if he did not the bearded man would explode, and render the situation decidedly unpleasant, to say the least. The man of the bowler made a great effort to control himself, and in a tone plainly indicating that he forced a calmness he was far from feeling, simply to "clinch" the man who sat beside him, and prove to the grinning driver that no man could with impunity "put up a josh on him."

"That's the frozen truth, is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Every word I have uttered is the truth. I witnessed the sickening spectacle in the broad glare of a tropical sun, and I did not lose a single moment in the barbarous tragedy," answered the other "outside."

"What's your line?" abruptly asked the man with a beard.

"My profession?"

"The same."

"I am an evangelist—a missionary."

"Ob, you're a preacher, eh?"

"A minister of the gospel—yes."

"What shop?"

"Shop?"

"Yes; which track are ye travelin'—how's yer baggage checked?"

"I don't believe I understand you."

"No? Well, what church are you swearin' by?"

"I am a Baptist."

"Good enough; Baptist goes. You say you was on the missionary racket we'en you saw all this?"

"I was engaged in the task of attempting to convert the heathen from blindness, and teaching him the path he should follow to obtain everlasting glory."

"Heathen is good, too, but wait a minute, an' I'll tackle a remark. What I want to know, was you givin' these heathens, ez you call 'em, the true bizness on the ten commandments?"

"I was inculcating the divine law which Moses received amid the thunders of Sinai."

"Kerrect; an' maybe ye give 'em the bizness about liftin' a man we'en he calls ye a liar?"

"I don't counsel violence under any pretext whatever; on the other hand, I taught them that fighting was sinful."

"Kerrect again, stranger; yer workin' 'round to my side o' the shanty, an' I guess I'll fetch ye into camp purty soon. Ye told 'em lying wasn't a squar game?"

"I told them that a liar could not hope to be saved."

"Tol' 'em a liar couldn't hope to be saved? You saw that duck git down on his marner bones?"

"I saw the criminal kneel down—yes."

"Ye saw the other 'ith a two-edged sword made mud, an' plaster the back o' the doomed wretch's neck?"

"I did."

"Ye saw the sword-sharp chop his head off?"

"Yes."

"Say, stranger, look here. I reckon I've got you tighter'n a Mexican cinch. I'm thinkin' you've tangled yourself up in yer own lariat. What year was you out thar, anyhow?"

"I went out in 1874; but, my friend, I can't see what you are endeavoring to accomplish by this question and cross-question."

"I'll show ye afore I git through 'ith ye. I'm agoin' to prove to this yer driver o' this yer stage that you can't show down the hand yer claimin' ye hold. I'm goin' to show that yer givin' me a game."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"No? Well, s'pose I give ye dead away on the sword racket, fust? S'pose I was to say that ther ain't nothin' bigger'n a sixteen-inch bowie in the hull camp? S'pose I was to come down to cases, an' said ye lied about that mud bizness? S'pose I was to bring proof that no man in the camp ever hed his cabesa cut off below the ears? S'pose I was to bring a hundred men to back me in the statement that hangin' was all the go, we'en it was a vigilante racket, an' that nobody ever died out thar 'ceptin' from hot lead an' col' steel? S'pose I was to do all this, what kind of a game would ye gi' me then? I tell ye, stranger, I've been thar, an' I'm posted, I am. I'm the best posted man this side o' Deuver, an' ye can't play it very low down on me, nuch?"

"Do you doubt my word, sir?"

"No, I don't doubt yer word; but of ye'd put a little more solid stuff into what yer sayin' I'd be more likely to take stock in yer yarns."

"My friend, I fear you are attempting to beguile me. I fear that you are imposing upon a stranger in a strange land. I am not accustomed to your peculiar manners and customs; and you should not take advantage of me in this abrupt and unceremonious way."

"I thought ye 'lowed ye'd been thar."

"Where?"

"In Snyman."

"Cheyenne! Not at all. I never saw the place. I thought you understood from the first that I was a missionary to Siam."

"What! Siam? Well, I swear, I take it all back, stranger; I throw up my hand. Shake, stranger, an' we'll call it squar'. Snyman—Siam. They do sound alike, don't they?"

An astounding discovery.

If the latest discoveries which the eminent philologist, Dr. Rudolf Falb, claims to have made during his linguistic researches in South America should prove to be well founded, we shall have to interchange the titles which we are giving at present to the two hemispheres, America, according to Dr. Falb's hypothesis, is the "Old World," Europe, Africa and Asia

really constitute the "New World."

We learn from his own summary of his researches, communicated to the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, that the languages spoken by the Indians in Peru and Bolivia (especially in Quichua and Admara) exhibit the most astounding affinities with the Semitic languages, and particularly with the Arabic—in which tongue Dr. Falb himself has been skilled from his boyhood. Following up the lines of this discovery, Dr. Falb has found (1) a connecting link with the Aryan roots, and (2) has ultimately arrived face to face with the surprising revelation that "the Semitic roots are universally Aryan." The common stems of all the varieties are found in their purest condition in Quichua and Admara, from which fact Dr. Falb derives the conclusion that high plains of Peru and Bolivia must be regarded as the point of exit of the present human race. So Adam was an American—Globe.

Driving Rats Away Without Poison.

We know of three methods. First, the old French plan. This is followed, chiefly in Paris, by men who make it a special business. They take a deep tub, with water on the bottom and a little elevation in the middle like an island, on which is only a place for just one rat to sit. This trap is covered, and has a large balance valve opening downwards. On the middle of this valve a piece of fried pork or cheese is placed, and when the rat walks on to it to get the cheese the valve goes down, drops the rat into the water and moves back into position. A road is made by means of pieces of board rubbed with cheese, so as to make the walk more attractive for the rats. In the course of the night some ten, twenty, or even more rats may go down, and if the island was not there, they would be found most all alive in the morning, quietly swimming around; but the provision of the little island saves the trouble of killing them, because their egotistical instinct of preservation causes them to fight for the exclusive possession of the island, on which in the morning the strongest rat is found in solitary possession, all the others being killed and drowned around him.

Second, the New York plan, invented by one of the Friends. The floor near the rat-hole is covered with a thin layer of the most caustic potassa. When the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; they lick with their tongues, which makes their mouths sore, and the result is that they shun the locality, not alone, but appear to tell all the rats in the neighborhood about it, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the houses around are full of rats.

Third, the Dutch method. This is said to be used successfully in Holland. We have, however, never tried it. A number of rats are left to themselves in a very large trap or cage, with no food whatever. Their craving hunger will cause them to fight, and the weakest will be eaten by the strongest. After a short time the fight is renewed, and the next weakest is the victim, and so it goes on until one strong rat is left. When this one has eaten the last remains of the others it is set loose. The animal has now acquired such a taste for rat flesh that he is the terror of all ratoon, going about seeking what rat he may devour. In an incredible short time the premises are abandoned by all other rats, which will not come back before the cannibal rat has left or died.

At a recent dinner party at St. Petersburg at which the Turkish ambassador was present, in the course of the conversation a young Russian diplomatist ventured somewhat rashly in an attempt at pleasantry upon the subject of Turkish harems, assuming in a jocular manner that in the Ottoman eye they might be accepted as evidences of morality while to the outer world they were not. To the hot-blooded Ottoman this taunt at the sacred teachings of a Mohammedan was sufficient to immediately arouse his ire, and began a fearful tirade against Christian immorality, concluding his remarks with more earnestness than grace, contending that he had four wives but had never paid any attention to any others, and challenged the company to produce from among them a single example who dared to tell him that his relations with the fair sex had been similarly restricted. And the poor husbands felt exceedingly troubled, but considering the source from whence the challenge came, did not regard it worthy of notice. Oh! the bad Russians!

The editor of the Walla Walla Statesman, who recently suffered disaster from fire and was postponing the procurement of an additional insurance upon his office and machinery until the first of January, finds comfort in the thought that he can not be accused of having fired his office to secure payment of the insurance.

The Roseburg Statesman says: It is reported that a practicable route is known, and that a company of men started this week to cut out a trail to Coos Bay, by the way of said route, to commence at the lower end of Coles Valley and go 12 miles down the Unquappin, and then leave the Unquappin and go almost direct to Coos river.

R. W. Mitchell, of the Walla Walla land office, returning recently from a visit to Spokane, speaks of the country in terms highly complimentary and expresses the belief that within 35 miles southwest of the Spokane Falls lies the future wheat shipping point of Eastern Washington.

The Widow Oliver will lecture in Jersey City for the benefit of Memphis. This will tend to divert sympathy from Memphis to the more terribly afflicted northern city.—Boston Post.

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Advertisement for Weekly Register, featuring the text 'WEEKLY REGISTER' and 'NOW IS THE TIME TO'.

Advertisement for 'The Boss' Journal, featuring the text 'THE "BOSS" JOURNAL' and 'EVERY MERCHANT, LAWYER, FARMER & MECHANIC'.

Advertisement for 'King of the Blood' medicine, featuring the text 'King of the Blood' and 'SCROFULA'.

Advertisement for 'The Best Advertising Medium in the Central Valley', featuring the text 'THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE CENTRAL VALLEY' and 'THE WEEKLY REGISTER supplies the wants of all'.

Large advertisement for Helmbold's Buchu, featuring the text 'HELMBOLD'S BUCHU' and 'A Specific Remedy for all the Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys'.