

The Albany Register.

VOLUME XII.

ALBANY, OREGON, APRIL 9, 1880.

NO. 28.

BUSINESS CARDS.

KEEP YOUR... On this Space Four Weeks.

Something NEW Coming!

JOHN BRIGGS

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,

Stoves and Ranges

LOW A PRICE.

Pumps & Pipes,

KETTLES,

Sheet Iron,

Call on Him.

CITY DRUG STORE.

R. SALT MARSH,

City Drug Store,

Splendid New Stock,

Quality and Price,

PRESCRIPTIONS,

R. SALT MARSH.

CITY MARKET!

SOLACHER & GOTT, Prop's.

Having purchased the City Market,

NEW GOODS! New Departure!

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

MRS. O. L. PARKS.

Infallible Indian Remedies.

FEVER & AGUE.

During a long residence among

Fever and Ague.

LEGAL.

FENN & CHAMBERLAIN, Attorneys at Law.

J. K. WEATHERFORD, Attorney at Law.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE DIFFERENT

D. N. BLACKBURN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

B. H. MONTANE, Attorney at Law.

C. H. HEWITT, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE DIFFERENT

D. M. CONLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

DR. H. J. CHURCHILL, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

J. SURMAN, M. D., (SUCCESSOR TO DR. BREWER.)

B. M. SAVAGE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

C. C. KELLY, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

B. Y. BALLARD, M. D. J. M. POWELL, M. D.

JUNIOR F. WHITING, ARTIST, Fresco, Sign, Scene, and Pictorial Painting.

D. G. CLARK, successor to J. S. WATZ,

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, ALBANY, OREGON.

TITUS BROS., Jewelers, Albany, Oregon.

REGULATING TIME-PIECES & REPAIR

Jewelers, Albany, Oregon.

REGULATING TIME-PIECES & REPAIR

A Cosmopolitan.

My wife wears a Normandy bonnet— It becometh the style of her face;

The summer was drawing to a close. There were autumn tints on sky and river,

Alice stood beside the window with Peace's yellow curls against her breast,

Peace stirred uneasily, opened her pensive eyes, and looked up.

Alice's heart gave a great throb of fear. For a week Peace had been unwell.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, running up to Alice, and seizing her hand in an eager, excited way.

"I have no power to keep him here," Alice Heath answered, bitterly.

"My darling, my little Peace!" he cried, and caught her in his arms, his face wet with tears.

"Oh, papa, don't go!" she sobbed, putting her little arms about his neck.

And still the woman at the window never stirred. She heard his steps

go down the hall, and the closing of the door, and saw him going up the road.

Leonard Heath had married Alice Carle six years before. For a while the current of their new life flowed smoothly.

The summer was drawing to a close. There were autumn tints on sky and river, warm, blue, and strangely suggestive of that saddest season of the year,

Alice sat beside the window with Peace's yellow curls against her breast, and thought of many things.

Peace stirred uneasily, opened her pensive eyes, and looked up.

Alice's heart gave a great throb of fear. For a week Peace had been unwell. She seemed to be fading as a flower does.

"I have no power to keep him here," Alice Heath answered, bitterly.

"My darling, my little Peace!" he cried, and caught her in his arms, his face wet with tears.

"Oh, papa, don't go!" she sobbed, putting her little arms about his neck.

And still the woman at the window never stirred. She heard his steps

to go on and complete the question.

"Oh, papa! papa!" cried the child, stretching out her hands toward him.

"I'm going to die, papa," Peace said, presently. "Mamma'll be lonesome when I'm gone, and you must not go away."

"I'm glad you won't go away," Peace said, by and by. "When I'm gone I'll think that you and mamma love each other, and I'll know you won't be so lonesome because I am dead."

"We have no one left but each other now," her husband answered. "Peace is an angel; but be Peace between us to the end."

Arthur Berkley, the prisoner, had married Edith Granger, a wealthy heiress, whose father had died, leaving her his whole fortune, to the exclusion of the profligate son, whom he had disinherited and driven from home.

Mrs. Berkley died within a year after marriage, leaving an infant, a feeble little creature, requiring constant and assiduous care.

One of these nights, the doctor, as he afterwards stated in his evidence, after retiring to bed, feeling solicitous about his charge, got up and stole softly to the nursery to see that everything was right.

He found the door ajar and a dim light burning within. As he advanced he distinctly saw Arthur Berkley standing by the table, holding to the child's mouth a bottle from which it was accustomed to receive its food.

Not a little surprised at these movements, the doctor approached and laid his hand on the child's face, which he found in violent convulsions, which were followed in a few seconds by the sudden stillness of death.

On this evidence Berkley was arrested and indicted for murder; and there was not a dissenting vote as to his guilt.

so mercenary, should excite the deepest indignation.

Berkley's previous character had been good. He had always appeared gentle and kind; had been a devoted husband, and during the brief period of its life had showed the tenderest attachment for his child.

Of course his statements, in the face of proofs so damning, weighed but little. He had no confidence in them myself.

Dr. Baldwin was the first and chief witness. He told his story clearly and methodically, and it was very easy to see it carried conviction to the jury.

The Doctor had only recently settled among us, but his conduct had been so exemplary that he had made many friends. He had especially won the confidence of the prisoner. I interrogated him as to his past career, but brought out nothing to his discredit.

"I have brought the nurse here," he said, "but as she was asleep when the prisoner entered, her evidence is unimportant. I thought it my duty to have her here, however, to afford the other side the opportunity to call her if they desire."

"I will call the witness," I said. She was a middle-aged woman, of not unprepossessing appearance. Her agitation was visible; and I noticed that in taking the oath she laid her hand beside the book and not upon it.

"I ask that the witness be sworn with her hand on the book," I said calling attention to the omission.

"Answer the question," replied his Honor.

"I felt that my questions thus far had only served to draw the halter closer about my client's neck. But I had gone too far to retreat.

My client's life hung on the answer of the next question! The silence of the court room was death-like. I dreaded

ed to break it. The sound of my voice startled me when I spoke.

Her lips moved, but no sound came. Her agitation was fearful to witness. She shook from head to foot. A deadly pallor overspread her face.

Then in quick, wild accents, she went on to tell that on finding himself discovered by reason of her waking, the culprit, who was no other than George Granger, was Mrs. Berkley's profligate brother, and disclosed to her that his purpose was to secure her inheritance by putting out of the way those who stood between him and it.

George Granger, said Dr. Baldwin, would have left the country, but an officer was ordered to arrest him; and when his disguise was removed, though he had been absent for years, there were many present who could testify to his identity.

The Riverside says: Saturday the railroad surveyors came to Dallas, and on last Monday started for the end of the track for the purpose of locating the road.

The Gazette says: More than two hundred days work has been already subscribed for mending the Yakuna wagon road, in addition to the appropriation made by the county court.

The Star says: C. C. Manning, U. S. surveyor, arrived in this city on Wednesday's train. This gentleman is to survey the military road between here and Camp Stewart for the purpose of ascertaining the places where money appropriated for the improvement of the road can be most advantageously expended.

The Utah Northern railroad is still six miles in length. On the 8th March its first rail was laid in the territory of Montana. There was quite a demonstration in honor of the event.

The republican of California will hold their state convention at Sacramento on the 29th April, to elect delegates to represent the state in the Chicago Convention.

The steamer Josephine came in last night from the Skagit, says the Seattle Star, bringing two miners who came through from the mines. They report that the snow has settled one or two feet, and that snow slides are frequent.

Mr. W. O. Hooker, one of our most enterprising men; says the Hillsborough Independent, left for Seattle some time ago, where he has been employed as inspector of railroad building material. Mr. Hooker is a thorough mechanic and received the handsome salary of \$125 per month.

Pacific Slopers.