

# The Albany Register.



VOLUME XII.

ALBANY, OREGON, APRIL 23, 1880.

NO. 30.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**KEEP YOUR**

**On this Space Four Weeks.**

Something  
**NEW**  
Coming!

**JOHN BRIGGS**  
TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INFORM his friends and the public generally, that is now settled in his

**NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,**  
on the old stand next door to F. 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.**

**Pumps and Pipes,**  
Cast-iron, Brass & Enamelled

**KETTLES,**  
In great variety. Also,

**Tin,**  
Sheet Iron,  
Galvanized Iron,  
and  
Copperware,  
Always on hand, and made to order, AT LOW PRICES.

**Call on Him.**  
Albany, October 21, 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, succeeded by A. Carothers & 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 suited in both

**Quality and Price,**  
he cordially invites his old friends and customers to give him a call.

**PRESCRIPTIONS,**  
Will receive prompt and careful attention at all hours, day and night.

**Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.**  
**R. SALT MARSH.**  
Oct. 26, 77-3/10

**CITY MARKET!**  
First street, 3 doors west of Ferry,  
ALBANY, OREGON.

**HOLACHER & 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 cash prices paid for F.O.K. My 11/11/11

**New Goods! New Departure!**  
**MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.**  
**MRS. O. L. PARKS,**  
HAVING purchased the MILLINERY store lately owned by Mrs. T. E. Davis and having just added there a new inventory of 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. Having secured the services of a first class Dressmaker! I am prepared to cut, fit and make dresses in any style desired, at short notice and in a satisfactory manner. I am also prepared to make dresses for children a specialty. Store on north side of First, east of Ellsworth street. You are invited to call.  
MRS. O. L. PARKS.  
27, 1879

**Infalible 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 "Me Haino" 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 validated by many months of this valley, who have tried and proved the efficacy of them in disease, to remove and offer the same for sale. I take this means of announcing to all that, during the past season, I have made an extended tour through the mountains and valleys, and have secured certain of these remedies which are a sure cure for

**Fever and Ague.**  
Persons suffering from Ague who desire to be cured, may have orders at Mr. Strong's store on First street, where I will furnish the remedies, according to a radical cure, or I will demand no money until cured. W. S. JONES.  
Remedies done up in \$1 packages.

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G. E. CHAMBERLAIN,  
**FLINN & CHAMBERLAIN,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**  
ALBANY, OREGON.  
OFFICE: In Foster's new brick block, first door to the left, up stairs.

**J. C. POWELL,**  
W. H. BLYE,  
**POWELL & BLYE,**  
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OFFICE: Up stairs, over John Briggs' store, on First street. 11/11/11

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**DR. H. J. CHURCHILL,**  
**Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,**  
OFFICE: In McDevitt's block, Albany, Oreg. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. Can be found at my office at all hours, the day or night, when not professionally absent. 11/11/11

**J. SURNAN, M. D.,**  
(SUCCESSOR TO DR. BREWSTER)  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, on Second St., near Albany Engine Co. No. One's engine house. Albany, Oreg., Jan. 3, 1880-12/11/11

**B. M. SAVAGE, M. D.,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**  
Frothingham's Block, up stairs,  
First street. Albany, Oregon. 11/11/11

**C. C. KELLY, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.**  
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OFFICE: IN McLEWAIN'S BRICK BLOCK, Residence—One door north of Brown Street, Lyon Street. 11/11/11

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**Fresco, Sign, Scene,**  
AND  
**Pictorial Painting.**  
DESIGNING A SPECIALTY.  
Rooms 6 and 7, Ferry 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 Mechanic Tools,  
First door east of S. E. Young,  
ALBANY, OREGON. 11/11/11

**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 Rooms for Commercial Travelers. General Stage Office for Corvallis, Independence and Lebanon. Free Coach to and from the house. 11/11/11

**PROTOPLASM.**

**Hans Jorgensen's Strange but Fatal Discovery.**

In September 1879, the schooner *White Wave* sailed from San Francisco bound for the North Pacific, there to shoot sea otters and seals. The souls on board were few, consisting only of the Captain, Richard Williams by name and an Englishman by birth, although he had become a naturalized citizen of the U. S., three sailors, a cook and two sharpshooters, one named Seth Mitchell, a native of Connecticut, and the other called Hans Jorgensen, a Swede. The *White Wave* was built to stand weather, and was as stout a craft as ever came off the New Haven stocks, but she had occasionally to cwn that the elements were her superior. The up trip was made in good time, and the fishing, or rather sporting grounds of the island of St. George were reached without accident or even encountering a rough day. About the end of the month, however, a furious gale sprang up suddenly from the southwest and drove the schooner across to within a few leagues of the Aleutian Islands. According to the Captain's log-book, which has been placed at the disposal of a *Chronicle* reporter, it appears that on the 28th of September, being then or about 52 degrees north latitude and 168 degrees west longitude, he sent a boat on shore to one of the Islands which was quite new to him, to look for water, the boat's crew consisting of two sailors and Hans Jorgensen. Whilst on shore the Swede, who had his rifle with him, started in chase of a fox. The gale was now blowing due west, and as the Captain found himself drifting, he made urgent signals for the immediate return of the boat. Jorgensen had not come back, and the sailors, after deliberation, rowed to the schooner with some difficulty to acquaint Captain Williams of the fact. The Captain was, as may be imagined, excessively irritated, and was in much doubt what to do when the wind settled the difficulty by raising in sudden fury and driving the schooner still farther westward.

**THE RETURN OF THE SCHOONER.**

Four days had passed away before Captain Williams was enabled to return to the spot where Jorgensen had been left, and it was with much pleasure that the Swede was found alive and well, although changed in appearance to an extraordinary degree.

Jorgensen had a strange story to tell. The fox had escaped notwithstanding the Swede's marksmanship, but so exciting was the chase that he must have wandered miles in pursuit before he gave up the busby-tailed game and thought of returning to the boat. The country was of the most bleak and desolate description, chaotic masses of volcanic rocks lay around in confusion, and not a shrub or tree of any description broke the desolation. Here and there were crevasses, or rents in the earth, at the dark bottom of which small but rapid streams worked a tortuous course along their rocky beds, and beside these streams there grew huge masses of lichen, such as Jorgensen had never seen before. From other ravines or cracks in the earth's crust there arose heavy volumes of steam, impregnating the air with a sulphurous smell. Jorgensen was a man of limited imagination, though a good shot, yet so impressed was he with the horrible surroundings that he declared it seemed to him as if he were looking upon a piece of the earth as it must have been before any living creature put foot thereon. Progress even of matter had not visited this spot, which retained the ghastly desolation of the pre-Adamite world. It was not surprising that among the irregularities of such a country he should find such difficulty in keeping his way, for though by climbing to the height of some escarpment he was enabled to see the sea, almost as soon as he descended from his lookout he became lost in a maze of bold, strewed canyons. When at length he reached the shore, struggling against the gale that shrieked over both land and sea, he saw the *White Wave* with startle and sail flying to the westward. He took in the situation at once and was confident that Captain Williams would return for him as soon as the storm abated.

**A WEARY WAIT.**

There was nothing to do but wait; and when after a supperless night's camping out, he woke to find no signs

of the schooner, and a gnawing at his stomach, it became necessary to look for something to eat. The search on the near land was entirely fruitless, and he did not dare to go far from shore for fear of missing the schooner. Shore and sea seemed alike unproductive in this desolate region, and Jorgensen was beginning to fear death by starvation when a strange chance provided him with food. Weakly crawling to the summit of an eminence which rose about a half-mile in-shore, and which he had been accustomed to use as a lookout, he was overcome with something like a fainting fit, and fell backwards, rolling down a gulch which lay on the land side. When he recovered consciousness he found that the stock of his rifle, which he had involuntarily retained hold of, had struck against one of a number of rebbly-looking objects which lay around, and in so striking had broken it. The broken object lay within a few inches of Jorgensen's head, and he could see that the pebble was in reality but a slight shell or lime or sulphur or something—he was not geologist enough to say what—covering a quantity of jelly. It looked like jelly, anyhow, to the famished man, and raising himself on his hands and knees he took up a piece of the broken object and examined it closely. This closer inspection of the contents of the lime-shell showed the jelly to be of the consistency of molten glue, to be of a light rose color, and to be possessed of a rather acrid smell. What surprised Jorgensen was, to notice that although at first sight the jelly looked to be a plain uniform body, the substance was in reality composed of an infinity of minute cells, like, he thought, the roe of fish which through-out its body stretched a number of ligaments like the softest floss silk. The Swede touched the gelatinous matter with his finger, took up a small quantity and put it first to his nose then to his mouth, and preferring the chances of succor or death by starvation to the possibility of death by poisoning, very gingerly applied his tongue to the jelly. It had by no means a pleasant taste, and what Jorgensen swallowed would, he imagined, not have killed a cat. Throwing the half shell and its contents aside, with an expression and splutter of disgust, Jorgensen climbed to his post to watch for the *White Wave* and lie.

**A QUERER SENSATION.**

Some hours were passed in this waiting, when overcome by weakness he fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by a sensation which, he said, was almost precisely like that which he had experienced as a boy when re-suscitated after having been pulled out more than half drowned from one of his native fjords. The acute tingling sensation was once more felt, and it seemed as though the pains of a new life were upon him. What astonished him so much as anything was to find that the hunger-cravings had entirely gone; he felt strong and refreshed. At first he was inclined to be suspicious of this release of pain and new vigor, thinking it to be but the glow of the spark before extinction; but when he found himself enabled to walk miles without fatigue and was troubled with no more inconvenience from his long fast, he became convinced that his hunger had been appeased. In searching for the cause he naturally could but think of the gelatinous matter which he had tasted. To imagine, however, that the infinitesimal quantity of this remarkable substance, it indeed he had swallowed any at all, could have produced such astonishing results, seemed highly absurd. The next day, after having wandered up and down the bleak country and along the desolate shore without any symptoms of weariness, he again visited the gulch where he had found the gelatinous deposit.

**A SECOND TASTE.**

The supposed pebble which had been broken in its fall lay there as he had left it, but the contents had altered in condition and were now but a dry, viscid film. Jorgensen was shrewd enough to put this change down as due to the action of the air, and saw that if he wished to experiment he would have to do so with a freshly-broken pebble. Selecting one of the chalky-looking stones, he carefully broke the crust and found it to contain a small quantity of the rose-tinted jelly which he was in search of. With characteristic caution, he again but touched his tongue to the matter and then gathered

the remaining pebbles together and placed them under a projecting ledge for safe keeping. The results of the second taste were equally astonishing as those which attended the first. Again came a deep sleep, from out of which he was awakened by an intense tingling in every nerve of his body. This exquisite pain having passed, Jorgensen lay where he had slept, as though in a half dream, thinking illly of his adventure. He felt no hunger, but rather a state of mental and bodily ease. The only explanation that he could arrive at concerning the mysterious food of which he had partaken was that it must have been something prepared by the native Indians for sustenance during long journeys, and that he had accidentally discovered either a cache of such material or a store of it which had been overlooked.

**A SURPRISED MAN.**

A new surprise was awaiting him, for when he rose to shake the sleep from his limbs what was his astonishment to find his clothes so tight upon him that he moved with difficulty in them. His great sea boots seemed a few sizes too small, and the sleeves of his knitted cardigan jacket were almost up to his elbows. Ruefully contemplating this shrinkage of what he had hitherto considered good material he stooped down to pick up his rifle, when he was thunderstruck to find that it too had shrunk. At any rate his good Henry, which before he had gone to sleep, reached just up to his armpit, was now scarcely chest high. Moreover, it seemed as light in his hands as a feather. Jorgensen was bewildered, and for a moment imagined himself crazy. Then the old Norse superstition took hold of him and he imagined himself bewitched. Taking his jack-knife out to cut a few holes in his too snugly fitting shoes he found it to lie in his hand like a lady's penknife. Then he knew that the metal and fabric had not dwarfed, but that he himself had stretched and grown under the influence of the wonderful food. His physical strength kept pace with his increased bulk, and he amused himself, as he confessed, by breaking off large fragments of rock and hurling them into the sea. It was whilst engaged in this Cyclopean pastime that he saw the *White Wave* bearing down the coast and signaling with the little brass piece she carried. Jorgensen replied with his rifle and then lastly ran to where the peculiar pebbles lay, loaded his pockets with them and was back on the beach in time to direct the boat's course to where he stood.

**ASTONISHED SHIPMATES.**

We pass over the establishment of his shipmates at his extraordinary appearance and at the story of Jorgensen, but quote a few of the Captain's words, because they are brief and to the point: "When Jorgensen went on shore," said Captain Williams, in conversation with the writer, "he was a short, spare man, of about five feet seven, with a bald head, a thin, straw-colored mustache, and looked all of his age, which he said was forty-seven. When he came on board he was bloated or swollen or something so much that he looked to be about six feet high; was grown so stout that he had burst all his clothes; had a new crop of fluffing hair over his face and head, and had aged about ten years. Why, sir, his own mother wouldn't ha' known him, and I weren't surprised that his mates thought they had struck the wrong man when they see that object on the beach." Jorgensen told his story, which Captain Williams at first utterly discredited, but which he afterwards wrote out in full, attesting its genuineness by the line that—

The above was as near as we could recollect the statement made by the said Hans Jorgensen before us as witnesses thereto.

**RICHARD WILLIAMS,**  
(Master of schooner *White Wave*.)  
**SETH MICHAEL,**

It is from this statement that the above narrative has been taken; indeed, except in the matter of some necessary corrections of spelling and alternations of expression, there is no material difference between the two. It was, in fact, at Captain Williams' request that his story has been, as he styled it, "fixed up."

**LEAF FROM THE "WHITE WAVE'S" LOG.**

It is with his permission, however, that the following extract from the log of the *White Wave* is literally transcribed:

October 3, 1879.—Latitude 57 degrees 47 minutes north, longitude 144 degrees 10 minutes west. Jorgensen is dead and I don't know what to make of it. Ever since he came aboard from the island his

health have been good, but the remarkable swellings have gone on until yesterday he was obliged to bring him upon deck, as he had grown so fat that I was afraid we should not be able to get him through the companionway. I was sitting beside him when he died, and had just asked him how do you feel now. He said, all over pins and needles like. I said, no pain besides? He said no, but I feel like as if everything was stretching and growing inside of me. I guess I'm poisoned. I said I guess so, too. Just then I hear a crack inside of him, then another and another, three in all. He clapped his hands to his heart and chest and his stunk, gave one groan and died. For curiosity I measured him and find he is six feet five inches long and big in proportion. October 4, 1879.—Latitude 54 degrees 25 minutes north, longitude 144 degrees 50 minutes west. Have just buried poor Jorgensen. When I went down to pick up his kit I found in his bunk as many as a dozen, I should think, of them damn stones or whatever they be, which he had brought on board with him from the island. Three were cracked open, and I have no doubt that he had eaten some of the gummy poison, which he must have got a taste for, and which had brought on the swelling that killed him. I pitched a handful of the cursed things overboard, and was about to send them all to the fishes when the idee suddenly struck me that I would keep part of a broken one and send it to Ferris, the first time the rummest case I ever came across."

This Mr. Ferris, the Captain explained, was the son of the property owner in England on which he (Captain Williams) had been born and was a gentleman who had given himself up to science and philosophy. Captain Williams had already sent him some queer odds and ends gathered in his various travels, and considered that a fragment of this strange article which had played such an important part in poor Hans Jorgensen's career would be acceptable. Mr. Ferris will doubtless be recognized by the *Chronicle* readers as the celebrated Professor Michael Ferris, F. R. S., author of "The First Principles of the Cell Theory," and one of Tyndall's most promising disciples.

**WHAT MR. FERRIS HAD TO SAY.**

The article was carefully packed and sent to Professor Ferris, who in acknowledging its receipt, wrote the following letter, which we are permitted to publish:

142 PARK ROW CHELTENHAM, }  
January 22, 1880.  
My dear Williams: The box with its contents came to hand safely enough, but what an unsatisfactory fellow you are. You should have written me every detail concerning your late friend Jorgensen's adventure described his appearance minutely at the time of his death and told me all the facts concerning the affair, even if it had kept you awake a whole season. Above all, you should have sent me all those precious deposits instead of piling them like a heathen into the sea. I don't know if you are aware of it, but Captain Williams, but when you throw those "cursed stones" into the Alaska Sea you throw away my chance of becoming immortal. In revenge, I have a grandminded idea to tell you in the most language I can think of what those "cursed stones" contain. Are you aware, sir, that they had been long ago, during the time of the great ice age, when you know, that the elements of life from which cycles of years before Adam was born the first living things sprang into existence? Do you know, sir, that if it had not been for some volcanic action whereby those masses of jelly were imprisoned in their siliceous shells, from which would have sprung the beginnings of a life which, is going on from stage to stage, from embryo to perfection, might in time have people all over the world? Do you know, Captain Williams, that there lay in those "cursed stones" a collection of energies of the vital order in which forces would have been able to make the discovery which brought Jorgensen to his death? Do you know what Jorgensen discovered. Captain Williams? He discovered the beginning of cosmic energies, he discovered a priceless microcosm, it was Protoplasm that he tasted, and he tasted enough to stock a province, with anything from a tadpole to a man. It is no wonder, I think, that Jorgensen died and it is no wonder either that I sign myself

Your grievously disappointed friend,  
**MICHAEL FERRIS.**

**Woman's Suffrage.**

The following is a copy of the speech delivered by Assemblyman Gotely recently at San Francisco on the question permitting women to vote on educational matters. It will repay perusal:

Mr. Speaker—Had I the genius of the Oregon poet or of the Sweet Songster of the Sierras, I'd twine to night a chaplet worthy the brow of woman, for I see her as a brilliant star whose fustre for the present, dimmed by the dark cloud of man's prejudice, but occasionally swinging from her accustomed orbit, smug madly to the front—pass over the political firmament, dwarfing in her brilliancy of intellect the mighty mind of man; then for want of room to display her mighty genius, express, leaving behind emblazoned upon the pages of justice, truth and reason in burning letters—"Behold me thus expire by man's perfidy and his ire." [Applause.] But, Mr. Speaker, in the absence of these God given gifts so lavishly bestowed upon the brows of our western poets, allow me to repeat a few lines written under inspiration while contemplating this grand and meritorious subject, entitled, "An Apostrophe to Woman."

Mr. Del Valle (interrupting), I move the gentleman have leave to print his apostrophe. [Laughter.] And like the comet's flash o'er heaven's blue, She springs to life a meteor's light— In knowledge and in goodness too, And lo! a planet bright by her flight Grew dim amid the gorgeous line Of wisdom's chaotic which she drew, And as the new found star appears, Beyond the millions of its peers, Glimmering there as though constrained To hide the brilliancy it contained, Then to the front on wheels of fire I wish there only to expire.

Typical of this brilliant star, Mr. Speaker, is a woman. Why Mr. Speaker, to my mind there is naught on earth more beautiful and intelligent than a woman. On her brow is written calm and holy purity—beautiful as thoughts of Eden spheres, while on her cheek glows the spirit of Divinity. [Loud applause.] Amid the jarring discord of life, her voice is like the sweet tappings of a silver lute. Around her angel brow clustering glories of glossy ringlets ripple in sunny waves around her pleasant face, like sea billows around a beautiful isle. Mr. Speaker, the man who could conscientiously oppose this mixture of our best society in the pantheon of politics, would be guilty of taking his lemonade without sugar or a stick in it. Yes, the man who would oppose this righteous measure would oppose his wife from attending a temperance lecture, and compel her to remain at home to sew agate buttons on his dirty shirt. I am in favor of woman's suffrage, Mr. Speaker, the eminent and gifted orator, Mr. Lane, of the 12th, to the contrary notwithstanding, who is so anxious for an opportunity to sit upon it with so ponderous a corporation. May the Lord have mercy on his soul, for the women of our State cannot. When years have fled, and those luxurious locks of mine have mingled with the gray, and pre-lance, too, I may be bald by piety and virtuous ways, it will be my proudest plume not that I never, but that I ever assisted woman from a hell physically to a heaven politically. [Applause.]

As Mr. Gorley is perfectly denuded of hair on the top of his head, this last reference to his plume was extremely ludicrous.

**Scraps.**

Something to grin about—The mouth. Catching the train—picking up the end of a lady's dress. Another good man gone wrong. He tackled the "fifteen puzzle." A hoarse shoo never brings good luck to a foraging hen. Jones calls his wife a Nihilist because she is always so anxious and willing to blow him up. Is a cornet player likely to become intoxicated with the spirit of music when he goes off on a "toot"? "Inn trouble," as the landlarker shouted when the roughs kicked up a row in the bar-room. The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter. The Colorado people became so exasperated at the Utes that they have split all their cigar store Indians into kindling-wood. A young lady up town repels the domestic slander that she is "fluctuating." For I'm always at par—to buy me something. When the tramp Christian knucks at the door above, St. Peter will send him down to the wood-pile and let him split kindlings for the lower regions. It is astonishing how full four women can fill a church pew made to accommodate six, when some women they don't like comes along the aisle, inquiringly looking for a place to sit down. "Who is the mother of our country," eagerly asks one of our exchanges. It is well we think is Vie Woodhuff or Mr. Mary Walker. Sam Tilden seems to be the grandmother of his country. It is customary for the father to give the bride away at marriage, but it is the real smart little boy brother that "gives her away" to a dozen boys before marriage. So the girls say. If you scratch a b— he simply irritate it. The same b— he said of a candidate. This paragraph has appeared in various forms throughout the country, but we believe it has nowhere assumed a malignancy equal to this. As soon as Hayden took to lecturing, the indignant New Haven sent a gold watch to the jur wanted to hang him.

**TITUS BROS.,**  
Jewelers,  
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Agents for "New Home" Sewing Machines.

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SO FAR AS IT IS DESIRABLE THREE courses of instruction will be pursued. In this Institute, viz: Classical, Scientific and Normal.

A Full Corps of Instructors has been secured.

For particulars concerning the course of study and the price of tuition, apply to  
Rev. ELBERT S. CONBIT, Pres.  
August 8, 1879 11/11/11

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