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FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1880.

True Road To Success.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the steps of his Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the slightest sign of life anywhere around; the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rung several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of one of the upper windows.

"Young man, go around to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on the round, white arms and uncovered head.

Setting down her broom, she ushered him into a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room, which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flecks of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:

"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and, with a demure "Yes, sir," the girl vanished.

A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligently marked features, and a shrewd look in his eye, which seemed to take in the mental measure of his visitor at a glance.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew, Edward Stone."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I came to pay my respects to you, sir."

"Yes; but what do you want me to do for you?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong, able-bodied man wanting a lift! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at this unceremonious language; but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative, he gave no other indication of it.

"I've been in a store since I left school, two years ago."

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No; it is only \$500 a year—not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a large family on \$500 a year; and, if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not able to go into business on your own account. When I was your age my income was less than \$300 and I saved half of it. What is the business you want to engage in?"

"Stationery and books. \$600 will buy it as the owner is obliged to sell—a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only to lend it; I will give my note, with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have them all for \$5, and I warn you that it will prove a bad investment at that. I can give you some advice, though, which, if you will follow, will be worth to you a good many times over the amount you ask. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative. "I'd like to hear it, if any way."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place at the store, and save \$3 a week from your salary, which you can easily do; learning in the meantime, all you can about the business you intend to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be yours earned by your own industry and self-denial, and worth more than ten times that amount got

in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"You'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward arose to go; "but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew; the train you will have to take won't leave until 6 in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he cried, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to his summons, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been exchanged for a pretty merino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face flushed painfully as he did so.

"Polly," continued her father, "this is your cousin Edward. He leaves on the 6 o'clock train, and I want you to make his stay with us as pleasant as possible."

"Polly is my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew; "I hire a woman for the rough work, and she does all the rest. When she's eighteen she shall have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it into her head to marry some poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh! my girl?"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and a blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made; but the quiet greeting of his young hostess soon put him completely at his ease.

At her father's request—who was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin, and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the \$5 note tendered to him by his uncle at parting for his traveling expenses. The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocket book.

"He's a sensible young chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after their guest. "It's in him it can only be brought out. We shall see—we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable person she ever met.

Three years later, Mr. Stone and his daughter paused in front of a small but neat and pleasant looking shop, on the plate glass door of which were these words:

EDWARD STONE,
STATIONERY AND BOOKSTORE.

It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew," said the old man with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called around to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you the little lift you asked of me three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it, though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I've done, though. I've saved \$4 a week from my salary for the last three years; and so was not only able to pay the money down, but had \$50 besides."

"Bravo!" cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand, that made our hero wince. "I'm proud of you! You're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. I told your Cousin Polly that, when she was eighteen, I'd buy her a house in the city; that she should furnish it to suit herself, and have all the servants she wanted; and I've kept my word. Come round and see us when ever you can; you'll always find the latch-string out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended—a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered, until he began to think of removing to a larger place; his uncle had given him several liberal orders, as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said:

"I mustn't delay any longer the 'little lift' I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the \$5000 check to the lovely face at his side, and to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind uncle—far kinder than I deserve—but—"

"But what, lad? Speak out!"

Would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's fingers closed steadily and strongly over the hand that he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle; in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

The father's eyes moistened.

"Then go, my daughter. I give you to worthy keeping; and if you make your husband's heart as happy as your mother made mine during the few short years she tarried by my side, he will be blessed indeed."

Feminine Brevities.

Says a French critic: "I like a girl before she gets womanish, and a woman before she gets girlish."

"I send my soul to the wash every week, like soiled linen," candidly confessed Madame de Q., one of the most famous beauties of the Second Empire.

Mary Beane deemed herself neglected by her lover at Denver, and shot the man with whom she found him playing cards, when he ought to have been visiting her.

A Wisconsin man has been engaged three times, and every time the girl has died, and now the girl is kind of shy of receiving attention from him.

An Italian doesn't believe that she is loved by her lover unless he is capable of committing some great crime for her, an English woman extravagance, and a French woman a folly.

Girls among the Turcomans marry very young. Often their husbands are only 16 years old, and when arriving at man's estate, have already families, flocks and herds of their own.

The Baltimore American says the young ladies of the normal school of that city a short time since sensibly discarded frizzes and puffs, etc., but soon became tired of the change and have resumed wearing them.

The novel is that part of the world's truth that can be decorated by women. In those countries where women was a slave, no novels appear. In the early Christian centuries, when women disappeared in the background no novels appear. When women come back to the world, novels appear again.

According to an advertisement in the London Daily Telegraph ladies moving in fashionable society may without interfering with their social position realize from £100 to £300 a year by introducing the high class wines of an established house. A commencing salary of £50 per annum and a liberal commission are promised.

Tennyson once found himself surrounded by a throng of ladies who were more than usually gushing. He availed himself of an opportune pause to remark that he looked upon women as the flower of the human race. "What a pretty idea! How poetical!" exclaimed a chorus of silvery voices. "Yes, ladies," continued the laureate, "and the reason I think so is because they never shut up except when they sleep." Poets are now at a discount in the circles of culture.

A Mule Kicks Two Men at Once.

Tim Sullivan had a fine mule which he had unharnessed. He met Martin Arding, who was always trying to buy the mule, but Tim would not sell. They spoke to each other very pleasantly and just as Tim passed, Arding gently laid his hand on the mule's rump. As quick as thought the mule raised his rough shod foot and quietly tapped Arding on the shin. Oh, horrors! what pain! As he stooped to rub his leg he picked up a half brick and threw it at the mule, but throwing too high, he hit Sullivan in the back. Tim looked back to see what was the matter, and seeing Arding holding his leg as if it was broken, he said:

"What is the matter with Mister Arding?"

"Oh! that mule kicked me on the shin."

"And darn his contrary soul, he kicked me on the back at the same time; murder but my back is hurt bad, I must get home quick."

It is reported that an immensely rich quartz ledge has been discovered in the vicinity of Grave creek. Nearly 100 ounces of gold were pounded out of a comparatively small amount of ore.

"A young lady in Pen Yan, N. Y., wears twelve diamond rings on one finger." She should also wear a gold band around her head to prevent the crack in her skull from becoming wider.

Libb Short, of North Umpqua, has completed an immense barn, and invites his neighbors far and near to a house warming in honor of the event.

Several parties in Lake county have been doing a wholesale business in picking wool from the dead carcasses of sheep, and skinning defunct cattle.

GENERAL NEWS.

Bismarck is displeased with the attitude of Herr Von Putnam, during the recent debate, and thinks he has made too many concessions to the Clericals.

The inhabitants of Upper Logan and Madan have resisted an invasion of their territory by the Ghtiz who are consequently thwarted in their intention of collecting a large gathering hostile to the British.

The Porte's reply to the second point of the identical note states that it is most anxious and fully resolved to carry out the Berlin treaty in regard to Montenegro and all its obligations; but a reasonable time must be allowed.

The Reno Savings Bank suspended on the 24th ult.; cause, accommodated too many and hard times made money scarce. There are said to be abundant assets to meet all liabilities. J. H. Kinhead, manager, is down with nervous prostration.

The Prussian diet has adopted article nine of the Church bill with an amendment that clergymen legally appointed shall not be liable to prosecution for exercising functions in neighboring parishes where the holder of the cure is prevented from officiating.

The steamer City of New York, of the Alexander Havana line, caught fire while lying at Brooklyn dock and was towed into the stream where she burned to the water's edge. The most valuable portion of the cargo had been unloaded. Her loss is estimated at \$300,000.

When Bradlaugh was taken into custody by the officers of the House of Commons he walked into a room assigned him in the clock tower between the sergeant-at-arms and a deputy sergeant-at-arms, followed by three policemen and a procession of members of the House. Parcell and others visited Bradlaugh and tendered their sympathy.

Couldn't Game Him.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday, to see the shipping. Several bootblacks had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent looking shiner sided up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall I don't keer," was the cold-hearted answer.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you will gin me a chance to win it. Just stick out your foot here, and the job won't cost you a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast, and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up, packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought the young man descended the steps of the harbor master's boat, reached out his leg for water, and some went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger, as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe—"I reckon you think you're smart, but none of our family ever mis-took salaries for salsoda, and I don't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz saw.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. P. Jackson, a farmer near Hillsboro, says the "wire worm" is injuring his wheat in spots on the Tualatin river bottom. Generally however in Washington county, though grain of all kinds is late, the prospect is good for an average yield. There is considerable cheat, however, in Fall wheat.

Daniel Webster was a great man, but when he found the pigs in the front yard he got right down to other men's level in a minute and a half, and he didn't climb back until he had used up every brickbat around the place.

The Reporter says: The changes that have taken place in this section in the past year or two is surprising to one who has not been over the country within that time. We were impressed with that fact during a ride from our town to North Yamhill on Tuesday last. Thousands of acres that were once familiar to us as waste "grub lands" now look beautifully strange under their heavy, thrifty crops of grain numerous residences of the later fashion, and of neat and comfortable design, are springing up on every hand, in pleasing contrast to the rude and unsightly houses of other days long gone.

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MUSTANG LINIMENT

Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic joints restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Scurvy, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars. For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harems Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hallow Horns, Scratches, Windfalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Fila upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable. The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

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Messrs. EMERSON, FISHER & CO. GALVA, Ill., July 16, 1879. I have used one of your Top Buggies three years, and three of them two years in my liver stable, and they have given me perfect satisfaction and are in constant use. OSCAR SMALLER. Messrs. COPPER & JOHNSON. KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 17, 1879. Dear Sirs—I have been using the Emerson & Fisher Buggy I bought from you as roughly, I suppose, as any one could. I had a fast horse, drove him at full speed, sometimes with two in the harness, and I have not a scratch on him. I say the Emerson & Fisher Buggies will do. A. M. TRAUER, Farmer.

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