

Register.

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DAY... OCT. 1. 1880

The Time to Part.

'Tis our love's noon of glory, You say with smiling face; Not yet the wondrous story For us grows commonplace. Then, dear lips, reach and kiss me, And, fond arms, hold me—so; For now, when you will miss me, Is the time for me to go.

Nay, nay, I am not cruel— Speak not to chide or blame; But now, when lips are fuel, And now, when kiss is flame, Before dreams lose their splendor, Or enmi finds the heart That is so fond and tender, Is the time for us to part.

'Tis better to feel sorrow, And part with tears this morn, Than to wait until to-morrow, And part with late and scorn. 'Tis better to go grieving With many a fond regret, Than to depart the leaving Till the sun of love has set.

'Tis better to remember Our love-year in its bloom, Than to wait until November, Dull-skied and full of gloom. 'Tis better to go freighted With our passion, full of grace, Than to wait till we are sated, And our love grows commonplace. Then, dear lips, reach and kiss me, And, fond arms, clasp me—so; For now, when you will miss me, Is the time for me to go. —Ella Wheeler.

A Miner's Luck.

RETURNING HOME TO FIND HIS WIFE ANOTHER MAN'S WIDOW.

MT. VERNON (O.), July 14.—A case coinciding with the romantic incidents narrated in the story of Enoch Arden has been brought to light in this county. Although the parties most interested have tried to keep the matter quiet, yet your correspondent has gleaned the facts in the case, which are as follows: In the month of February, 1854, Madison Robeson married Miss Hettie J. White, of Howard township, this county, and lived happily with her for five years. The fruits of the marriage were three boys. During the gold-mining excitement of 1859 Robeson got the "fever" and left for the West to seek his fortune, his objective point being Pike's Peak. At first he wrote at regular intervals long and interesting letters, giving glowing descriptions of the country and his prospects; but his letters came less frequently and finally ceased to come at all. Years rolled by and nothing was heard of the derelict husband or his whereabouts. His family concluded that he was dead and had either met with some mining accident or had fallen a victim to the vengeance of the red man. Then a Phillip Ray put in an appearance and sought Mrs. Robeson's hand in marriage. She finally consented, and after a lapse of fourteen years from the time her husband left was married to Philander Marlow, and left with her new husband and her children for Iowa, where they purchased a small farm near Decorah, and took up their residence there. Her second husband died two years after their removal to Iowa. Her sons have grown up to manhood; one of them is married and with his mother is still living on their little farm near Decorah. A few days ago a stranger arrived in this place, who proved Enoch Arden like, to be the long lost Robeson. From his brother-in-law, J. H. Milless, a business man here, he learned the whereabouts of his wife and her second marriage. Robeson tells a romantic story of his wanderings and adventures, and of his luck and ill-luck. He says that after leaving this county he went direct to the Pike's Peak country and engaged in mining there, but after a short stay left for California. There he was not successful and left for British Columbia, but in a short time returned to California. When he arrived in San Francisco he found a letter there from his former mining companion who had gone to Australia. He accepted the request of his old chum and left for Australia, where he resided for several years, was successful, and accumulated several thousand dollars. He then determined to return to this country and to his family. Arriving in California he was led into unfortunate speculations and lost all the money he had saved in Australia. He then returned to mining and worked seven years in the mines in Nevada, Idaho and Wyoming. Two years ago, when the Leadville mining excitement broke out, he left for that place and located and worked what proved to be rich claims. He now owns twenty residences in that city and runs a large hotel and livery stable, and is worth \$300,000. He claims that he wrote several letters home, but received no answers, and concluding that his family was either dead or had left the country, he ceased writing. He left yesterday for Iowa, to see his family, make statement for his conduct, and have them rejoice in his success, and enjoy the luxuries attendant upon his large fortune. —Cleveland Herald.

The Schwatka Expedition.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 23.—Members of the expedition headed by Lieut. Fred Schwatka, which sailed from New York June 1, 1878, for Baffin's Bay and King William's Land for the purpose of seeking further data upon the fate of Sir John Franklin, have arrived. Though the special object of the search, recovery of the records of the Franklin expedition, which according to Esquimaux testimony, were known to exist at specified points, was not attained, the explorers have nevertheless obtained many relics of the Franklin party, including the remains of Lieut. Irving. They have, moreover, carried out to the letter the instructions of the promoter of the expedition, to "make it a geographical success." The largest sledge rick on record, both in regard to time and space, has been achieved in the face of phenomenally cold weather and deprivation of customary food. Important rivers and coasts have been discovered, and serious errors on former charts have been corrected. The adventures of the Schwatka expedition add pages of interest to the romance of a relic exploration and furnish all the world is ever likely to know of the fate of Sir John Franklin. The conduct of Capt. Barry, of the *Esolan* in reference to the supplies of food intended to be deposited for the expedition, is unaccountable and needs explanation, as the absence of these supplies on their return came near proving fatal to Lieut. Schwatka's party. The result of the expedition has shown that it is feasible for white men to adopt themselves to the climate and life of the Esquimaux in prosecuting journeys in polar regions, and they are not necessarily restricted to any season of the year for that purpose, but can travel at any time and in the same way which natives travel.

A Mistake.

A western editor, whose style of writing was calculated to arouse people to deeds of gore, being himself not much on the muscle found it necessary to keep a fighting editor, and he had a speaking tube connected with the heeler's room to call him when danger required. One day a gentleman whom the editor had referred to as a "cross-eyed dromedary," came in to request a correction, and as the fighting editor was out he didn't respond to the signal of distress, and while the editor and his visitor were on the floor under the desk, the former agreed to correct and the latter man left. Pretty soon a gentleman from the rural districts came in to give the editor a big squash and get a notice, and about that time the fighting editor returned, and a boy in his room told him that the boss wanted help. The man was quick to respond, and dashing into the chief's room and seeing the latter in a somewhat disordered condition, the result of his previous visit, he thought the countryman was the cause of it and clinched him, and after staying up some furniture, ran the victim across the street to where an empty house was standing in front of an undertaker's shop. Into the vehicle he jammed the farmer and shut the door. The commotion he had created scared the horses and they started off on a dead run. People soon noticed the runaway and ran after it, and were shocked at beholding the horse collide with a post and become a total wreck, and their horror at seeing a human being precipitated to the sidewalk was only equalled by their amazement at seeing it spring nimbly to its feet and take off across the country yelling murder. They thought it was an attempt to bury a man alive, and part of them went and got the undertaker to lynch him, while the rest pursued the farmer, who was found hiding in a swamp. And after he was brought in it took over three hours to get matters explained, and then the farmer went before a Justice of the Peace and made affidavit that he hoped to be struck by lightning if he ever entered a newspaper office again.

Seraps.

It is only when a man pawns his watch that he realizes how little money time is worth. France has only 40,000,000 hens, with only 5,000,000 women to throw things a hen. "There is a time for work and a time for play," but it's unevenly divided among different people. A contented mind, it is said, is a continual feast. Give us the feast, and the contented mind will follow. An Indiana editor refers to his "esteemed contemporary, the foul-mouthed, black-guardsly sheet over the way." If you happen to encounter an impertinent hotel clerk, console yourself with the thought that he is his own offender. Few persons would hesitate to lay down their lives for their country, but they would pick it up. We presume that pork is a favorite diet in Utah; at least almost every other man has his spare rib at dinner. The man who gets maddest at a newspaper squib is usually the fellow who borrows the paper he reads it out of. Artificial teeth are now made of celluloid, containing considerable quantities of camphor; they come nearer to the gums than our old teeth. Murat Halstead of Cincinnati is taken for Joaquin Miller when in Boston, and for Eli Perkins when in Hartford, and his case for sorrow is deep. George Elliot says that she admires "a general, whole-souled man." Oh, George! why didn't you tell us before you struck a trade with old Cross? It is said that Gester did not command William Tell to shoot an apple off his son's head, because there were no apples in Switzerland at that time. A South End man asked a one-armed organ grinder if he was survivor of the late war, and the organist replied: "Hang it, do I act as though I was killed in it?" A Boston believer in Bob Ingersoll says: "If a man smites you on one cheek turn to him the other and whack him over the head with whatever comes handy." You can disguise the nailmarks of petty shortcomings, but you can't putty the

knotholes in the fence of a mean disposition.

Several plates of ice-cream And a piece of cake Make the finest kind of Modern stomach-ache.

It is said Vice-President Wheeler cured himself of stammering by holding a peach stone in his mouth. He knew if he hesitated in his speech the peach stone was lost.

The New Orleans Times finds the following on an alleged tombstone:

Sad was the fate of Zachariah Blum, who, Kicked by a male feline in the stomach; His soul went to heaven in the gloaming.

Richard Henry Stoddard, who was at one time a hard-working molder, with every prospect of a successful life, is now one of the most notorious and confirmed poets in this country.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.

"I have three children who are the very image of myself." "I pity the youngest," replied his interlocutor. "Why?" "Because he is the one who will have to resemble you the longest."

A Maine school teacher captured thirty-three cuds of gum from her pupils in one day, and it was a rainy day at that. —Detroit Free Press. Most any school teacher can do that if she but chevs.

A regular physician is now in attendance at every performance in Haverly's Fourteenth street Theater, New York. This has been the custom in the leading Paris and London theaters.

Now it is Rev. S. F. Smith who "just threw off a few lines and thought perhaps the editor could fix it. He says substantially that when he speaks of "My Country," "Tis of Thee," and it wasn't much of a day for countries either.

The sun is down, but backward sends His parting rays of red; The child its day of pleasure ends, And tumbles off to bed; And softly o'er the eastern hill Comes the transcendent moon. And as one chair they each do fill, The lovers sit and spou.

A man in Iowa has been arrested for assaulting his wife, and he was found guilty, even though it was shown that he only stuffed her mouth full of putty when he wanted to go to sleep. Do we men have no rights at all?

"Take the elevator" is inscribed on the fence of an Iowa meadow. A curious traveler who climbed the fence discovered in about ten seconds that the elevator is of a dark brindle color, with a curl in the middle of his forehead.

Upon the summer's cheek a tint Of tender pallor lies, We read a soft, unspoken hint Of death within her eyes. And much the same prophetic shade, Pathetic, strange and mute, Falls o'er the trousers slightly frayed. Of the young man's summer suit.

"Oh, pshaw!" pettantly exclaimed Miss Lydia Langrish, looking up from the last new novel in response to a summons from her mother to come and assist in preparing dinner. "Oh, pshaw! I am just where Edward de Courcy Montalbert is about to propose to the Lady Ethelinda Adele St. Clair, and wish dinners had never been invented!" And the look of supreme disgust that flashed from her eyes showed that she meant it.

The boy stood on the second base, With cotton cloth his thumb Was languid, till he really looked Like a miniature Krupp gun. Two men out, he would not stir; The captain grew quite hoarse, He longly yelped at that small boy. Who cover struck, of course. But bark! What fearful sound is that? The boy, O where is he? Quite easily he reaches home On a hit of bass three.

A Masterly Stroke of Genius.

The other day a muscular young fellow, having an odor of the stable about him, entered a Detroit photographer's establishment and explained that he would like to have about one photograph taken, but on learning the price he concluded to invest in a tin-type. After taking his seat in the chair he shut one eye, drew his mouth around one side, stuck up his nose, and patiently waited for the operator, whose astonishment caused him to explain. "Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way for a picture. Nobody will know you from sitting Bull."

"You go ahead," was the reply. "Do you want me to take such a phiz as that?" "I do."

The artist took it. It beat Sol. Smith Russell all to pieces, and was highly satisfactory to the sitter, who paid for it and said: "You see, I had a sort of object in this. Come here from Allegan county six months ago—engaged to a gal out there—found a gal here I like better—got to sever o'd ties, see?"

"But what has that picture got to do with o'd ties?" asked the artist. "Lots—heaps? I've writ to her that I was blode up here on a boat and disfigured for life. She's awfully proud. When she gits this and sees how that explosion wrecked me, she'll hunt another—ever quicker'n wink—see? How do you like the plot? Just gaze on this picture once and tell me that Mary Ann won't send me back my love letters by first train?"

He posted the picture. The letter was brief but explained all. It said: "My Ever Dear Gurl—I know offine my picture that you may see I have offine had I was hurt, tho' I know you will luv me just the same."

"Ever see that game played afore?" he asked of the artist, as he licked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did." "Course you never did. It's mine." "It struck me the other day while I was gresin—a wagon, and I think it's boss. Blode up—see? Disfigured for life—see? Picture right here to prove it, and she'll writ back that she has at last concluded to yield to her parents' wishes and marry a young man out there who owns eleven steers, a hundred sheep, and an eight-acre lot."

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REMOVAL. PHIL. COHEN Has removed his stock of goods to the brick lately occupied by the Grange Union Store, Corner Washington and First Streets, where he will be pleased to meet old and new customers. Albany, July 30, 1880.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you in a day, and you may work at home by the industries. Men, women, boys and girls, of every age, are invited to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TATUM & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Linn. Lillie J. Hasbrouck, plaintiff, vs. M. L. Hasbrouck, G. C. Cooley and J. H. Washburn, defendants. M. L. Hasbrouck, G. C. Cooley and J. H. Washburn, defendants, are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action, on or before the fourth Monday of October next, it being the 22d day of October, 1880, and the first day of the next regular term of said Court, and if you fail so to answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein, to-wit: the dissolution of the bonds of matrimony subsisting between plaintiff and yourself, for the cause, custody and control of the minor child, Walter U. Hasbrouck, and the interest of all parties in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Being at the corner of the lot of the Samuel Johnson donation land claim, being claim No. 22 and No. 23, and notification No. 2771, running thence west 1/4 rods, thence north 1/4 rods, thence east 1/4 rods, thence south 1/4 rods to the beginning, containing 20 acres, and 1/2 acre, and being in Linn county, Oregon. Be it remembered, that the same be sold by decree of said Court, and such portions of the proceeds thereof be doled to the plaintiff as she may in equity and justice be entitled to for maintaining and carrying on this suit, and the balance in equity and justice be doled to the defendant, and the third thereof free from encumbrances, and apart and continued to her in her individual right, and that any portion of the personal property that may be on hands at the final hearing of this case, be sold by order of the Hon. R. P. Boise, Judge of said Court, made at Chambers in the city of Salem, Oregon, on the 27th day of July, 1880. Wm. H. CATHREPOLE & BLACKBURN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. JOB PRINTING! Neatly executed at this office.