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DIRECTORS OREGON BRANCH.

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WILLANETTE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

FROM AND AFTER DATE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity.

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A GOLD-OWNER'S STORY.

BY AN OLD MINER.

"I am not experienced in telling stories of spinning yarns," said Harry Adams, "but as you have decided that I shall lead off, I promise to do my best. One thing: Whatever my story lacks in the manner of telling, it will make up in truth."

"No; none of us ever had that pleasure."

"Well, you would have met with a first-rate fellow; but this story will illustrate his virtues."

"Bob Adams went up to Puget's Sound with Jim Robbins and a team of good wild animals, to get rich in the placers of British Columbia, in which, by the way, I never took much stock."

"Jim Robbins was an ex-lieutenant in the army, who had been forced to resign for some unusual violation of the rules and regulations."

"Being an engineer and a West-Point graduate, Robbins went down to the Tule River, after leaving the army, feeling certain of turning his skill to account; but he didn't, for, as you know, it doesn't require much scientific training to stake off a claim and go to panning out dirt."

"Bob Adams had been gulching on Tule River, and being a good, sober fellow, with no taste for poker or its kindred games he made money and friends, and it was well known why he worked so hard and exercised so much self-denial."

"Bob had a 'romantic attachment'—as love is called now-a-days—for Mary Stanley. They had been children together, and when Dr. Stanley, Mary's father, was appointed to the army, Bob still wrote to her, and distance made no abatement in the warmth of his affection; and Mary, though separated from her first love, went on, cherishing in the temple of her pure heart, the ideal reared there in her childhood."

"Robbins was poor, yet he built a castle for his little, low-haired darling—that is, he drew the plans, but he went to California for the material to construct it, and every time he raised his pick in the auriferous soil, he thought—'There, Mary, I am digging the foundation of a home for you—and for me.'"

"What is that, Robbins?" asked Bob, looking into Jim's bloodshot eyes.

"Are you going to marry Mary Stanley, as you say?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I heard it to-day from San Diego Mart, and I said it was a lie. Say I was right, or by—"

"Robbins hesitated."

"Or what? Go on," said Bob, cool as the old man's mountain."

"Or you'll die! She promised to love me! I swear it! She promised before I left the regiment!"

"A blush of froth gathered on Robbins' lips as he spoke, and he buried his nails in the palms of his hands."

"I do not believe this, sir! But if Mary Stanley should prefer you to me, I have too much respect for the lady to object to her choice, much as I would regret the misfortune."

"What do you mean?" demanded Robbins, in a voice that sounded away above the roar of the steamer.

"I refuse to explain more," said Bob, attempting to walk away.

"But you shall explain."

"Robbins was a much more powerful man than Robert Adams, and before the latter could resist, the villain had him by the throat."

"Say it's a lie!" yelled Robbins, tightening his hold, while Bob, retaining his presence of mind, tried to free his arm to strike.

"See here, I'll do the saying in this job for Bob Adams. What is it?"

"This was said in the unmistakable voice of San Diego Mart; and at the same moment Jim Robbins felt his arm grasped as if a bull-dog had suddenly closed his jaws on it."

"Releasing his hold on Bob, Robbins wheeled, struck San Diego Mart, and fell him to the deck, but in turn he was laid out by a well-planted blow from Robert Adams."

"Before anything more could be done, mutual friends rushed in, and one of them pulled a pistol from Robbins' hand, and in the excitement, threw it overboard, forgetting that they were at sea, and that the chances for regaining the weapon were not in a row on Tule River."

"Robbins rose to his feet, breathing vengeance; and San Diego Mart, who was up before him, announced himself ready, then and there, to give him any kind and any amount of satisfaction he pleased."

"Robbins declined this pressing invitation, and glaring at Bob Adams, walked away."

"That ar meek 'ar a heap o' watchin'!" said Mart, nodding his head after the retreating Robbins, 'an' I'll watch him, and if he gets to cuttin' up any more, I'll—"

"Mart finished the sentence in pantomime, by bringing his right hand, thereby crushing an imaginary Jim Robbins, who would persist in 'cuttin' up, as in his own best interests."

"A beautiful moonlight night followed this incident, and Mary, as was her custom, walked to the stern of the steamer, where, alone or with Robert, she could watch the stars above, and see the play of the pastel waters below, and the hold shore-line of the green Northwest."

"She was standing alone now, when, hearing a quick step behind her, she turned, thinking it might be her sister. Instead Jim Robbins was beside her. She had refused to acknowledge him before, and now she stood looking at him without speaking."

"'Mary—Miss Stanley, may I speak?' he asked."

"I cannot prevent you, sir," was the reply.

"Will you answer me one question?" He lowered his voice, and stepped close to her.

"What is it?"

"Are you going to marry this fellow, Bob Adams?"

"Mary hesitated a moment. There was no person near, yet she disguised her fear and said in a firm voice."

"You have no right to ask this question, but I will answer. If God spares us, I will be the wife of Robert Adams."

"He will not spare you!" hissed the now crazed Robbins.

"The next instant a hand was on her mouth. A splash as if a falling body in the moonlit water, and a scream, that sounded away above the roar of the stream and the dash of paddles, thrilled all who heard it."

"There was a cry 'man overboard!' and a ringing of bells, and a confused shouting of orders. Then the engine was reversed, and half a dozen brave fellows leaped into the lowered boat."

"The cry of 'Man overboard!' was no mistake, for the scream had scarcely ceased before Robert Adams, who had been in search of Mary, with his friend, San Diego Mart, heard it, and comprehending all he plunged into the water in the direction of the cry."

"He saw the struggling form of the woman he loved near him, and at the same time saw another swimmer by his side. It was Jim Robbins, who was striking out for the same object. Love gave strength to one; hate gave force to the other."

"She is mine—mine—and I will die with her!" cried Robbins, as he struck at Robert, and throwing his arms about Mary, tried to drag her under.

"It was an original moment, a mingling half out of the water, Robert struck the villain a blow that knocked him senseless; then grasping the unconscious girl, he shouted:

"Help! help!"

"Aye, aye! Hold up!" came the reply.

"The men of the boat, who were in the water, saw the struggle, and the boat shot near them; but not a minute too soon, for fainting with excitement and exhaustion, Robert, still clinging to Mary Stanley, was drawn on board."

"There was a search made for Robbins, but his body was never found, and after a short delay the steamer moved on."

"Mary recovered in a few hours, to the delight of all, and that night San Diego Mart informed Robert that it was he who threw Jim Robbins overboard, when he saw what he had done."

"I think it was this incident that decided Bob Adams not to go to the mines, and that he remained in Oregon."

"Mary Stanley at Port Bellingham."

"Where is he now?" you ask.

"Well, he has one of the largest farms and finest families on the Sacramento, and San Diego Mart is living with him, and has a Mexican wife."

—Saturday Night.

WALKING-STICKS.

It has been said that man's best friend is a dog. The dog may be, but there's something to be said in favor of a man's walking-stick. The stick eats nothing, don't get mad, nor does it bite its master's friend, or the master himself. Nor does it howl, growl, or bay the moon. Nor does it cost anything for taxes, muzzles, collars or chains."

The stick has held its own in every age in every clime, in all the severest of man. Where a dog is a gadabout, a man's walking-stick is a gadabout's friend, and the gadabout's enemy. Where a dog is a gadabout, a man's walking-stick is a gadabout's friend, and the gadabout's enemy."

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BEN WRIGHT AND THE MODOCS.

In 1852, a small train, comprising only eighteen souls—men, women and children—attempted to reach Oregon by the Rhet Lake route.

For several days, after leaving the valley of Pitt River, they had traveled without molestation, not having seen a single Indian; when, about midday, they struck the eastern shore of Rhet Lake, and imprudently camped under a pine tree known as "Bloody Point."

These poor people felt rejoiced to think that they had so nearly reached their destination safely; nor dreamed that they had reached their final resting-place, and that soon the gray old rocks above them were to receive a baptism that would associate them forever with a cruel and wanton massacre.

Their tired cattle were quietly grazing, and the little party were eating their meal in fancied security, when suddenly the dry dragoon was fired, the air rang with demoniac yells, and swartly and painted savages pounced by the score from the rocks overhead.

A few moments the camp was filled with them, and their bloody work was soon ended. Only one of that ill-fated party escaped. Happening to be out, picketing his horse, when the attack was made, he sprang upon it, bare-backed, and never drew rein until he had reached Yreka, a distance of sixty miles.

The men of early times in these mountains were brave and chivalrous men. In less than twenty-four hours, a mounted force of miners, packers, and prospectors—men who feared no living thing—were at the scene of the massacre. The remains of the victims were found, shockingly mutilated, lying in a pile with their broken wagons, and half charred; but not an Indian could be found.

It was not until the next year that the MODOCS were punished for this cruel deed. An old mountaineer, named Ben Wright—one of those strange beings who imagine that they are born as instruments for the fulfilment of the Red man's destiny—organized an independent company at Yreka, in 1853, and went into the Modoc country. The Indians were wary, but Ben was patient and enduring. Meeting with poor success, and accomplishing nothing except protection for incoming emigrants, he improvised an "emigrant train" with which to decoy the enemy from the cover of the hills and ravines. Winding slowly among the hills and through the sage-plains, Ben's canvas-covered wagons rolled quietly along, camping at the usual watering-places, and apparently in earnest and unguarded way. Every wagon was filled with armed men, anxious and willing to be attacked. The route failed, however; for the keen-sighted Indians soon perceived that there were no women or children with the train, and its careless movements were suspicious. After several months of unsatisfactory warfare, Ben Wright was forced to retreat. He was followed by a general council to arrange a treaty were opened. Others visited the White camp; and soon the MODOCS, who had but a faint appreciation of the tortuous ways of White diplomacy, began to think that Ben was a very harmless and respectable gentleman.

A spot on the north bank of the Rogue River, a few hundred yards from the Natural Bridge, was selected for the council. On the appointed day fifty-one Indians (about equal in number to Wright's company) attended, and, as agreed upon by both parties, no weapons were brought to the ground. A number of beavers had been killed, and the skins distributed, and the day passed in mutual professions of friendship; when Wright—whose quiet, restless eye had been busy—quietly filled his pipe, drew a match, and lit it. This was the pre-arranged signal. As the first little curling wreath of smoke went up, fifty revolvers were drawn from their places of concealment by Wright's men, who were now scattered among their intended victims; a few moments of rapid and deadly fighting, and only two of the MODOCS escaped to warn their people!

The Scotch have given us a proverb, that "He manna be a lang spoon who ays 'ye do!'"; and it may be Wright thought so. Perhaps the cruel and merciless character of these Indians justified an act of treachery, now passed into the history of the country; but, certainly, the deed was not calculated to inspire the savage heart with a high respect for the professed good faith and fair dealing of the superior race. Ben Wright is gone now—killed by an Indian bullet, while standing in the door of his cabin, at the mouth of Rogue River. No man may judge him; but, to this hour, his name is used by Modoc mothers to terrify their refractory children into obedience. The MODOCS were now filled with revenge, and their depredations continued, till it became absolutely necessary for the Territorial Governor of Oregon to send armed expeditions against them. For several years they were pursued by volunteer forces through their rugged mountains, where they continued the unequal warfare with a dauntless spirit; but, year after year, the number of their warriors was diminishing. From "Savage of Modoc History," in the Overland Monthly for July.

Every dog has his day: The following beautiful lines were written before Jack's day was over:

The Captain Jack of the Lava beds,
The Modoc who had made the beds,
The "White Wolf" and the "Black Wolf,"
Of the whole United States Army.

"GO IT ALONE." BY JOHN C. SAKE.

There's a game man in fashion, I think it's called Enoch,
Though 'I've never played it for pleasure or glory,
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their positions.
And one of them cries in a confident tone—
"I think I might venture to go it alone."

While watching the game, "is a victim of the hand"
A month to draw from the stomach in cards,
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife
Some excellent hints for the battle of life,
Where, whether the prize be a ribbon of thyme,
The winner is he who can "go it alone."

When great Gullion proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirling,
And gave out a convert for all his pains,
But only devotion, and piety, and chains—
"It moves for all that," was his answering tone,
For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone."

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star;
And doctors who ought to have lauded his name,
Derided and blasphemed and blackened his fame;
For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone."
Alas for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life, upon kindred and friends;
Whoever falls of blessings like these,
Nor comfort the covered, who finds with a grace,
That his matches have left him to "go it alone."

There is something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold,
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold,
The fortunate owner may fairly regard,
As each to his way, a little more or less;
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love it is ever the same,
In the struggle for power, for wealth, or for pelf,
Let this be your motto: "Go it yourself!"
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone."

ATTORNEY GENERAL WILLIAMS, in one of the speeches that he took the trouble to come all the way out to Oregon to make last year, delicately reminded the people of the honor that had been conferred upon them, by the selection of himself, to fill a place in the cabinet. He evidently thinks that the people of Oregon ought to be satisfied with that. But leaving the questionable matter of honor of the question it is quite certain that the Attorney General deems himself in office as though he was not aware of the