

**JOB PRINTING.**

**THE ALBANY REGISTER PRINTING HOUSE**

WITH NEW AND FAST POWER AND HAND PRESSES,

Latest and most Desirable Styles of **Printing Material,**

Is undoubtedly **THE SHEBANG** TO GO FOR When you wish **Posters, or Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Ball Tickets, Programmes, Labels--**

But why particularize, when it is generally acknowledged that we are **ON IT**

When it comes under the head of **Printing.**

To convince yourself of the truth of the above statements, you have only to call (or send a hand accompanied by three stamps to pay return postage) when we will astonish you with the capacity of the REGISTER office for doing **COLORED or Plain work,** and the remarkable elegance exhibited by the **Boss** in Corraling the stamps for the same when finished. When you have "biz" in our line, call. A hint to the sufficient is wise as a blind kick's horse, or words to that effect.

**DRUGS, ETC.**

**GEO. F. SETTLEMER, DRUGGIST,**

(Successor to D. W. Wakefield),

**Parrish's New Building, First Street, ALBANY, OREGON.**

Dealer in **DRUGS AND MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC.**

All articles warranted pure, and of the best quality. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.

**STOVES, ETC.**

**M. M. HARVEY & CO.,** (LATE W. H. FARLAND & CO.)

Opposite the hotels, **Albany, Oregon,**

**STOVES, RANGES, Force and Lift Pumps, LEAD AND IRON PIPE, Hollow Ware, HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.**

**LARGEST STOCK IN THE VALLEY.**

Lowest Prices Every Time. **Repairing Properly Done.** 46-2

**FRUIT TREES.**

**Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, &c.**

THE UNDERSIGNED INVITES THE attention of the public to his large and complete stock of

PEAR, PLUM, CHERRY and other TREES. Also, GRAPE VINES—best in the State; Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Currants, Gooseberries, Strawberries, Roses, Dahlias and Bulbs which will be sold as low as first-class stock can be afforded. Nov. 25-12-14 J. A. MILLARD.

**HARDWARE,**

**W. H. KUHN & CO.,** Wholesale and Retail Dealers in **SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE, Farmers' & Mechanics' Tools, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL, OAK AND ELM BUBS, HICKORY & OAK SPOKES, HICKORY AXLES, Hardwood Lumber, Boat Bums, Shafts, Poles, &c., WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,**

All of which are now offered to the public at low rates. As we make the business a specialty, we can and will keep a better assortment, at lower prices, than any house in this city.

**W. H. KUHN & CO.,** Month fire-proof brick, First street. Albany, June 14, 1873-41-4

**Willamette Transportation Company!**

**FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL** further notice, the Company will dispatch a boat from Albany to Corvallis on **Tuesday and Friday of Each Week.** Also, will dispatch a boat from Albany for Portland and intermediate places on same days, leaving Constock & Co.'s wharf.

**Fare at Reduced Rates.**

**J. D. BILES, Agent.**

Dec. 14, 1871-15

**DRUGS, ETC.**

**Murder in Albany**

**HAS NEVER YET BEEN KNOWN, AND NO THREATENING OF IT AT PRESENT.**

**Death**

Is a thing which sometimes most befall every son and daughter of the human family; and yet,

**At the Mid-day,**

Of your life, if disease lays his vile hands upon you, there is still "a latin in dissent," by which you may be restored to perfect health, and prolong your days to a miraculous extent.

**How?**

By calling on **R. C. HILL & SON,**

With a prescription, where you can have it compounded by one experienced in that particular line. Also, constantly on hand a good assortment of fresh drugs, patent medicines, chemicals, paints, oils, dyes, stiffs, trusses, etc. Agents for the

**Celebrated Euk Weed Remedy,** Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' medicine, etc. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders kept in stock. Also agents for the

**Home Shuttle Sewing Machine,** One of the most useful pieces of household furniture extant. Call and examine. **R. C. HILL & SON,** Albany, June 10, 71-10-13

**FOUNDRY.**

**ALBANY FOUNDRY**

And **Machine Shop,**

**A. F. CHERRY Proprietor,**

**ALBANY, OREGON,**

**Manufactures Steam Engines, Flour and Saw Mill Machinery, WOOD WORKING**

And **AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,**

And all kinds of **IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS.**

Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of machinery. 41-3

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**WESTLAKE & SIMPSON, GENERAL COMMISSION FORWARDING MERCHANTS!**

**ALBANY, OREGON,**

Have constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of **Agricultural Machinery,**

which they offer on the most reasonable terms. Also, on hand the celebrated **Mitchel Wagon,**

Light and heavy.

**Advances made on Grains, Wool,** and other approved merchandise consigned for sale here, or for shipment to Portland or San Francisco.

**GRAIN and WOOL**

Taken in store, or purchased at the highest market price.

**WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!**

**WANTED!**

**500,000 pounds of Wool!**

For which we will make liberal advances, and pay the highest market price in cash.

**WESTLAKE & SIMPSON,**

Albany, March 14-28

**SAN FRANCISCO—AGRICULTURE**

**In the Field Again.**

**TREADWELL & CO.** with the old standard **HARVESTING MACHINES** so popular with all California farmers, with all the latest improvements, and many new ones for the harvest of '72.

**The Wood's Prize Mowers**



and **Wood's Improved Self-Rake Reapers.**

These machines are indisputably **THE BEST IN THE WORLD.** As a harvester, the **Wood's Improved Prize Mower** is confessedly without an equal yet before the country. These machines have been improved since first introduced, until they are now almost entirely a new machine. They are made by **Walter A. Wood** (the largest manufacturer of Farming Machinery in the world)—a man who keeps "up with the times," and who now builds and sells over **twenty-five thousand** of the World's Prize Mowers annually. It led the world at the Paris Exposition, and has found no peer since.

The **Wood's Improved Prize Mower** is especially adapted to Oregon. It has a **folding or jointed bar with hand lever, two wheels, spring seat, and is made almost entirely of malleable iron, hard wood and steel.** It is heavy, strong and durable, and though compact and powerful, is of lighter draft than the other machines of equal weight. It is every way **just the Mower** for Oregon, as every farmer will say who has one. And its price (\$120) is from \$15 to \$25 less than is asked for an inferior machine. Farmers, will you pay that difference? Investigate before you buy, and see if you are getting anything for that extra profit—for it is profit, as no Mower costs more to build than does Wood's. Send for a pamphlet before buying.

**"Buy the Best."** Buy the **Wood's Improved Prize Mower!**

We offer also the **GENUINE HAINE'S HEADERS,** from 10 to 15 feet cut, improved by Walter A. Wood, having not only all the advantages of the old Illinois machine, but Wood's improvements, and also **Donner's Adjustable Reel.**

No other Header has these improvements, and no other parties sell them. They are made especially for this coast, by Wood, at Hoesick Falls, N. Y.

**The Kirby Self-Rake Reaper and Mower.**

These machines are too well known to need description. Also the **"KIRBY CLIPPER MOWER"**—price \$75—the cheapest and for many purposes the best in the market.

**ALL SIZES Hoadley's Portable Engines** TREADWELL & CO. Sole Agents

"The Header" is the perfection of the Portable Engine. As a Thrashing Engine they have long led all others, until now scarcely any other is to be found. Taken with the **Russell's Thresher, (IMPROVED)**



they make the most complete set of threshing machinery in the world. "The Russell," as improved, cannot be equaled in the country. We are sole agents for the sale of these celebrated threshers and have had them built expressly for this coast. Ask any farmer who has a Russell Thresher, what he thinks of it.

**McCormick's Reaper, Jones' Plows, Wagons, Header Trucks, Russell and Planet Horse Powers, Hay Presses, Forks, Scythes, Snaiths, Cultivators, &c., &c.**

**Studebaker Farm Wagons, Ithaca Horse Rakes,** A new lot of several car loads, just received; with also every description of **Farming Implements** and a fresh stock of **HARDWARE, ROPE, NAILS, MINING GOODS, MILLWEN'S and FARMER'S MACHINERY & FINDINGS.**

Please send for circulars and prices. **TREADWELL & CO.,** Market, Head of Front St. San Francisco. **C. B. Constock & Co., Agents, ALBANY, OREGON.** April 19-23-24

**U. S. MAIL! Tri-Weekly Stage Line!**

THE UNDERSIGNED is now running a tri-weekly stage from Lebanon to Albany, carrying the U. S. Mails, leaving Lebanon every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and returning, leave Albany at 2 o'clock P. M. of said days. Passengers called for in any part of the city. All orders should be left at the St. Charles Hotel, Albany, for passengers or freight for Lebanon. Packages and light freight punctually delivered at low rates. All business entrusted to me will be promptly attended to. **W. B. DONACA,** Lebanon, Feb. 15, '72-24-4

**BLANK DEEDS, MORTGAGES, ETC.,** on hand—latest styles—and for sale low, at this office.

**Albany Register.**

Subscribers finding an X after their names are informed that their subscription expires with that number, and they are invited to renew it. Terms—\$5 per annum, in advance; six months, \$3; three months, \$1.

Legal tenders received at par from subscribers in the Eastern States.

**Backbone.**

When you see a fellow-mortal, Without fixed and fearless views, Hanging on the skirts of others, Walking in their cast off shoes, Bowing low to wealth and favor, With an abject, uncovered head, Ready to retract or favor, Willing to be drove or lead; Walk yourself with firmer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back, Show your spine has nerve and marrow—

Just the thing which his must lack. A stronger word Was never heard In sense and tone Than this—Backbone.

When you see a theologian, Hugging close some ugly creed, Fearing to reject or question, Dogmas which his priest may read, Holding back all noble feelings, Choking down each manly view, Caring more for forms and symbols, Than to know the good and true; Walk yourself with firmer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back, Show your spine has nerve and marrow—

Just the thing which his must lack. A stronger word Was never heard In sense and tone Than this—Backbone.

When you see a politician, Crawling through contracted holes, Begging for some fat position, In the ring or at the polls; With no sterling manhood in him, Nothing stable, broad or sound, Destitute of pluck or ballast, Double-sided all around; Walk yourself with firmer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back, Show your spine has nerve and marrow—

A stronger word Was never heard In sense and tone Than this—Backbone.

A modest song and plainly told— The text is worth a mine of gold; For many men most sadly lack A noble stiffness in their back.

**The Miniature.**

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Some years ago, when the temperance movement was agitating the minds of many—my own among others—I had been spending the evening with a friend, who urged me with the warmth of true friendship to take the pledge. Now, I had never been a tippler, and it seemed unmanly (so I thought) to do so, as it implied a want of confidence in my own powers of resistance (alas, I did not like to remember how often they had been tested and found wanting,) and I had left him in an undecided and unsatisfied frame of mind. It was under these circumstances that, while making my way up—street, my attention was arrested by seeing a delicate lady-like woman peering timidly but earnestly in at the door of a great glaring run palace. I was the more surprised, because it was a bitter cold March evening, one of those when every one you meet looks blue and withered; and the gentle sex crowd around their comfortable fires at home; and she was clearly no frequenter of such places.

Feeling curious to ascertain her object, I went in and sat down in the parlor, where there were some dozen persons assembled. I was at once struck by the appearance of a young man, probably about eight and twenty or thirty, who was carrying on an animated argument with a gentleman near him, on the rival merits of Burns and Tom Moore. The aptness of his quotations, and points of his anecdotes, showed him thoroughly master of his subject, while the grace and beauty of his language bespoke the scholar and accomplished gentleman. The broad high forehead, and the restless, dark grey eye, told of talent if not of genius; and a small, white hand and exquisitely modulated voice indicated gentle birth and breeding, all strangely out of keeping with his dress, (which was shabby and slovenly in the extreme,) the place and his companions. As the argument became more and more animated, he tossed off glass after glass with a rapidity that was astonishing, and apparently almost unconsciously; but the fiery alcohol was beginning to tell, and abruptly breaking off the argument, he poured forth a beautiful melody. His auditors plied him with glass after glass of his favorite rum, and song followed song in rapid succession; but, alas! the fire of genius was fast fading from the eye, and giving place to the unmeaning vacant stare of semi-idiocy, and the rich, mellow voice was becoming thick and uncertain. Conscious that he was now as much beneath his hearers as he was before above them, he rose and staggered to the door, but the fatal cravings for stimulants was too strong for him to resist, and he stopped at the bar to add one more drop to the liquid fire that was coursing madly through his veins.

And now again I noticed the anxious, timid, peering glance of the delicate lady I had first observed outside, but this time she had a little child in her arms, a lovely little girl, of about five or six. She had her father's rich, brown hair, which fell in clustering curls around her open forehead, and over her fair rounded shoulders, her soft hazel eyes beaming with tenderness and affection.

The rain was now falling fast, and I held open the door for the lady and her child to enter; with murmured thanks she passed and tremblingly approached her husband, said: "John, dear, had you not better come home? It is getting late."

An imprecation on her and home, too, was his only answer, as he flung

the contents of the glass over her; with an oath, he bade her begone, and when she turned to obey him, with a still fiercer oath, he bade her leave the child. The struggle in her mother's breast between fear of her child's safety and a desire to obey her husband was painfully apparent on her worn countenance; but she obeyed placing the child by its father, returned to her weary watch outside the door. That he was proud and foul of his child, as well he might be was clear enough, but he could scarcely stand steady a moment, and having taken the child up in his arms, his danger was evident to all. The tortured mother could no longer bear the suspense, and she rushed in to take the child. With an oath he warned her off, and raised his arm to strike her, but the little peacemaker threw one arm around his neck and the other around her mother's, and, with gentle violence, drawing them together, said:

"Dear papa, kiss mamma; don't strike her."

In an instant, the one noble feeling still uncontaminated by the blighting influence of drink, flushes his cheek and brow, tears, at the thought of the base, cowardly act he had so nearly perpetrated, rise to his eyes; drawing his gentle wife to him, as the little angel of peace had requested, he imprudently kisses on her now sunlit face, and with one arm encircling that gentle, loving, long-suffering woman, he quits, let us hope forever, that dangerous place. Need I add that my doubts were solved, and when I next saw my friend I had taken the pledge!

Some seven years after this occurrence I was passing the self-same house, and all the circumstances came vividly back to my mind; curiosity, and perhaps a better feeling prompted me to enquire if the same landlord was there, and if he could tell me anything of the persons who had so deeply interested me. I briefly recalled the circumstances, and asked him if he recalled them.

"Ay, ay, sir," he said, "that little lass you saw, lost me one of my best customers, Mr. —?" I started at the name, for it was one that was beginning to fill Fame's trumpet. "Mr. —," at the time you speak of, used to be here every day of the week and all day long; he was quite a gentleman, and uncommon smart at painting; but bless you, sir, he would do nothing but drink and smoke, so people would not give him commissions; and I heard tell that they were very badly off, poor things, for it was only when they were without a penny that he would turn to do a paint or little picture or do a job of sign or the like; but since that night that you and me remember so well, he has buckled to in good earnest; he has got a fine house, and people come in their own carriages to get him to paint them. The world's gone well with me, sir, so I have got him to take my two little ones; and as you seem to take an interest in him, we can make an excuse to go and see how the picture is getting on."

I gladly assented and a cab soon took us to Mr. —'s door. The footman, recognizing my companion, ushered us into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, while he went to seek Mr. — in his studio. A lovely woman was seated at a table, leaning over a water color drawing, and it was with difficulty that I could bring myself to believe that it was the same one whom, timid woman I had seen seven years before, on that bleak March night at the door of the rum-palace; yet such was the case. Happiness and content, those vernal showers of the soul, had gently done their genial, gracious bidding, and in the happy consciousness of a husband's love regained, of a noble spirit raised from degradation to rectitude, honor and fame, she shone out in her true character—a high-minded, Christian woman. Over the mantelpiece was an exquisite miniature of a child, with soft hazel eyes, and clustering chestnut curls, and underneath was written in small old English characters, "Dear papa, kiss mamma, don't strike her." Need I say that this was the little peacemaker, and that ten times its weight in rubies would not have purchased the limned likeness of the darling child that father and mother alike loved so fondly and so well!

**LINED.**—I was in a drug store in Elmira, when I rushed a fellow who called for a pound of camphor and downed the whole of it. It was a surprise party to me, and I said, "what the deuce did he do that for?"

"Why," said drugs "he is lined."

"Lined," says I, "what is that?"

Then he told me.

Some years since a gentleman who was about to give a dinner party, spent a whole week showing his servants how to make mock turtle soup. When the day came, she made the mock, and the turtle, and the soup all right, and just as she was about to pour in a bottle of claret, a little boy entered singing, "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," which distracted her attention, and she made a mistake and poured in a whole bottle of hair tonic.

"Did it make hair soup?" said I, meekly.

"Alas!" said he, "the results were sad."

"What were the results?" said I.

"Dear it," said he, "didn't I just say they were sad?"

"But," said I, "how did the mock turtle wind up?"

"Ah," said he, "two went to the Morgue, four to the hospital and all who didn't die were called the survivors, and that fellow you just saw was one of 'em."

"What the devil does he swallow so much camphor for?" says I.

"Well," he said, "that tonic started the hair growing down his throat, and he took the camphor to keep the moths out."

Said a tipsy husband to his wife, "You needn't t blame me, 'Twas woman that first tem-tempted man to eat forbidden things." "That won't do," retorted the indignant wife. "Woman may have first tempted man to eat forbidden things, but he took to drinking of his own accord."

Farmers sow wheat; their wives sow tares.