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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.

PRINTERS, SARDINES, RED HERRING, codfish, etc., just received by DEBOIS.

DRUGS, ETC.

GEO. F. SETTLEMIER,
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. Albany, Oct. 17, 1898-09

STOVES, ETC.

M. M. HARVEY & CO.,
(Late W. H. McFarland & 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. 46v2

FRUIT TREES.

Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, &c.

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

APPLE,
PEAR,
PLUM,
CHERRY
and other TREES,
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. 23-1914 J. A. MILLARD.


HARDWARE,

W. H. KUHN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SHIELD AND HEAVY
HARDWARE,
Farmers' & Mechanics' Tools,
BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
IRON AND STEEL,
OAK AND ELM HUYS,
HICKORY & OAK SPOKES,
HICKORY AXLES,
Hardwood Lumber,
Best Rims, 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.,
Monteith fire-proof brick, First street.
Albany, June 14, 1873-41v4

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 **Sundays,** leaving Constable & Co.'s wharf.

Fare at Reduced Rates.
J. D. BILES,
Agent.
Dec. 10, 1871-10

DRUGS, ETC.

Murder in Albany

HAS NEVER YET BEEN KNOWN, AND no threatening of it at present.

Death

Is a thing which sometime must 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 balm in Gilead," by which you may be restored to perfect health, and prolong your days to a salutinous 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 Ink Weed Remedy,
Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' medicines, etc.
Spence's Positive and Negative Powders kept in stock. Also agents for the

Horse Saddle Sewing Machine,
One of the most useful pieces of household furniture extant. Call and examine.
R. C. HILL & SON,
Albany, June 10, 71-46v3

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. 41v3

MISCELLANEOUS.

WESTLAKE & SIMPSON,
GENERAL COMMISSION
AND
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 13-88

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-Bake 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 Wood'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 levers, two wheels, spring seat,** and is made almost entirely of **millable 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 has been reduced **to \$25 less than it 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 price. It is no more costly than 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 Haine machine, but Wood's improvements, and also **Doane'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 Housick Fall, N. Y.

The Kirby Self-Bake 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
Sole Agents
TREADWELL & CO.

"The Hoadley" is the perfection of the Portable Engine. As a Threshing Engine they have long led all others, until now scarcely an 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 equalled 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.

Mcormick's Reaper, Jones' Plows, Wagons, Header Trucks, Russell and Planet Horse Powers, Hay Presses, Forks, Scythes, Sashes, Cultivators, &c., &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,
MILLMEN'S and FARMER'S
MACHINERY & FINDINGS.

Please send for circulars and prices.
TREADWELL & CO.,
Market San Francisco.
Head of Front St.
C. E. Constock & Co., Agents,
ALBANY, OREGON.
April 19-33v4

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.
Lebanon, Feb. 16, 72-41v4

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

Albany Register.

50¢ Subscribers finding an X after their names are informed that their subscription expires with that number, and they are invited to renew it. Terms—\$1 per annum, in advance; six months, \$2; three months, \$1.

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

A Remarkable Dog—He Prays and Sings—Lost for Two Years—How He was Found.

Some years ago Mr. F. B. Lane took a small-sized English hare dog to his home in New York City. As the dog was very sagacious and of good disposition, he soon became a pet in the family. They called him Beauty. When Mr. Lane came home he was in the habit of taking off his coat and getting his slippers. In a short time after Beauty became a member of the household, as soon as Mr. Lane began to take off his coat, Beauty would bring the slippers and lay them at his master's feet, without being requested or taught to do so. It was the custom of Mrs. Lane to have her little daughter kneel before her and say her prayers immediately before retiring to bed. Beauty, after quietly observing the devotion for a few evenings, would invariably creep up to the little girl's side, and laying its head between its paws in a reverential manner, remain in that position until the prayer was finished. Other evidences of surprising intelligence were shown by Beauty, which endeared him to the family.

Two years ago Mr. Lane lost Beauty in the streets of New York. The loss was keenly felt by Mr. and Mrs. Lane and their daughter. Since that time they never passed a dog without looking to see if it was not their lost beauty.

On Saturday, while Mr. Lane was passing through Fulton street, in this city, his eyes were gladdened by a sight of his long lost dog. It was in the possession of young Mr. Moffat, son of Mr. David Moffat, merchant, 5 Jacob street.

"You have my dog, sir," said Mr. Lane, tapping Mr. Moffat on the shoulder.

Mr. Moffat turned and saw the dog leaping for joy around Mr. Lane's legs.

"When did you lose your dog?" inquired Mr. Moffat.

"About two years ago, down in the swamp," replied Mr. Lane.

"It was about that time that some boys chased him into my father's store," said Mr. Moffat. "We have taken good care of him since, and our folks will grieve to part with him; but if you can prove that he is yours, I am not the man to keep another's property."

"Here, Beauty," said Mr. Lane, pointing to a box, "jump up there, and don't get down until I give you leave."

Beauty instantly sprang to the top of the box.

"You have taken good care of him for two years; now try to get him down," said Mr. Lane to Mr. Moffat. At the least attempt on the part of Mr. Moffat to coax him down, Beauty snarled and showed his teeth.

"Now sweeney," said Mr. Lane to Beauty.

Beauty sneezed.

"Now swear."

Beauty seemingly growled out, "D-m-m-l-t."

"I am satisfied," said Mr. Moffat, "that he is your dog. I was just taking him up to our summer residence at Cold Springs. There will be tears in the eyes of two lads there, who play hide and seek with the dog, when I arrive without him."

The joy experienced by Mr. Lane's family on the return of Beauty neutralized the pain they felt on taking the dog from the people who had taken such good care of him.

MOUNT HOOD.—To see the town and forest well, and enjoy the wild and the tame, the natural and the artificial, go back on the fr-topped hills, a mile west of the river, and turn your face toward sunrise and Mount Hood. Here, with your back jammed up against a wool, dense, deep, and magnificent, you have a mile of city at your feet; then a tide-river, with many ships, and not unlike the Thames; then a mile of open town; then fir, tall, taller, deep, dense, and black as Erebus, in the distance; then hills, forest-crowned, of course; then grander hills, still black with forests, but nearly hidden in the clouds—rolling clouds, that sometimes sweep like seas, then drift, and lazily drag themselves through the tree-tops; higher up are peaks, crags, clouds; then Mount Hood, rugged, scarred, and broken, matches, and magnificent, and white forever, as the throne of God. Grand and lovely, beyond the touch of words, are these steep and stupendous peaks of snow in Oregon, when flashing tender a summer sun. Hood is only an elder brother of a well-raised family. Under skies that are less intensely blue, they might not thrill you so. Did they stand as in other lands, only as additions to and extensions of other mountains, gray, barren, and colorless, the effect then might not be so great. But, here, the shining pyramids of white, starting sudden and solitary from the great, black sea of firs, standing as supporting pillars to the dome of intense blue sky, stately, thrill, and delight you, though you have stood unmoved before the sublimest scenes on earth.—Joquin Miller, in Overland Monthly.

TWO KINDS.—There are two kinds of girls: one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right education would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

THE BABY.

BY HUGH MILLER.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny toes,
Nae stockings on her feet,
Her supple ankles white as snow
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double dimpled chin;
Her puckered lip and bunny mouth,
With one me tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een.
"Two gentle, liquid things";
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has use wings!

A Word at the Garden Gate.

The following gem, in one of Wendell Phillips' speeches, should be read in every family:

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me—that I never saw the ocean—that a great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

"And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over, to Calcutta, and the meller-merran, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South; I saw them all in forty years—and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the gate did not rise up before me, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that a sweet evidence of the power of a single word? But that is not half—"For," said he, "yesterday there came into my countingroom a man of forty years."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was brought drunk in your presence on shipboard; you was a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother? I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours and the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far that little candle throws its beam. That mother's word on the green hills of Vermont? God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word.

The following ray examination of a candidate for admission to the bar is taken from the *Western Law Journal*, and is decidedly a good bit:

"The examination commenced with—
"Do you smoke, sir?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, sir," (extending a short six).
"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees."

"Right. What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does the position towards your clients change?"

"When making out a bill of cost."
"Explain."

"We then copy the antagonistic position—I assume the plaintiff and he becomes defendant."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?"

"Check by jowl."

"Enough, sir; you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"Perfectly."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline?"
(Candidate, scratching his head.)

"There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I cannot answer the question."

"You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read law attentively. Let's take a drink and I will sign your certificate."

Some few years ago there was a notary public in Washington, an old and highly respected gentleman, who had held his office through all the political twistings and turnings of our capital for nearly twenty years. A young friend was in his office one day, and while sitting by the table picked up a small, old, leather-covered book which, upon being opened, proved to be "Thaddens of Warsaw." He casually remarked to Mr. Smith, the notary:

"I see you have a copy of Thaddens of Warsaw here."

"Thaddens of Warsaw!" was the reply.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, is this a copy of it?"

"Thaddens of Warsaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman. He snatched the book, gave one glance at it, and then cried out, "For twenty years I have been swearing people on that book, thinking it was the Bible! All those oaths ain't worth the paper they are written on!"

That very day he patronized the Bible Society Agency, and got a fine-bound copy, which could by no possibility be mistaken for a novel.

A very wicked man being recently taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon the feeling friend sent for a fire insurance agent.

Man is a marrying animal. He naturally wants a wife. Unless his manhood is sated by indulgence, or rotted out of him by vice, he will hunger and thirst for a life companion, and have no rest of body or mind until he finds her.—*Golden Age.*

A Pekin woman was asked by the preacher if her husband feared the Lord. She replied: "Fear him? why bless you, he is so afraid of him that he never goes out of the house o' Sundays without taking his gun along."