

JOB PRINTING

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

Overcalling the stamps for the same when finished. When you have "his" in our line, call. A hint to the sufficient is wise as a blind kick's horse, or words to that effect.

PRINTERS, HARDEN, RED HERRING, and others, just received by

DUBOIS.

DRUGS, ETC.

GEO. F. SETTLEMEYER,

DRUGGIST,

(Successor to D. W. Wakefield,

Farrish'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. 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. 40c2

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. 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. 25-1914

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 HUBS,

HICKORY & OAK SPOKES,

HICKORY AXLES,

Hardwood Lumber,

Bent 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, 1874-1174

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 Comstock & Co.'s wharf.

Rate as Reduced Rates.

J. D. BILES,

Agent.

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 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, stuffs, trusses, etc. Agents for the

Celebrated Ink Weed Remedy,

Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' medicine, etc.

Science'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, 71-10c3

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. 41c3

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 Grain, 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 15-19

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—\$3 per annum, in advance; six months, \$2; three months, \$1.

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

How Steel Rails are Made.

Our visit to the "Baldwin Steel Works," on the Susquehanna, is fortunately timed, for preparations are already making for charging the huge converter. With but a passing glance at the preliminary storm of fire that roars from the mouth of the converter, we follow the superintendent past the hot piles of ingots lately drawn from the moulds; past the great receivers wherein Eolus is imprisoned and forced to do fiery service; past the engines which generate the power used in the Cyclopean operations going on all around, and stop to watch the gigantic steam hammers under which the glowing masses of steel are forged by blows that may be twenty tons or twenty grains, as the forger wills. Just beyond the forger, is the rolling mill, where the white hot bars of steel are seized and drawn into rails with a rapidity that bewilders. But it is time for tapping the furnaces, and we hasten back, with scarcely a look at the various piles of rails awaiting shipment.

This is no place for the philosophy of the Psephic process; no place for describing all the steps by which crude iron is now so quickly converted into steel. Our attention is absorbed by the scenic effort, and that is beyond the power of words to describe. Even the pencil of a Weir would fail to do it justice.

"What are those circular artists driving at over there?" queries the subscriber, pointing to a number of men on a raised platform, each with his hand on a wheel like that of a car-brake.

The superintendent explains how their movements control the almost restless force of the hydraulic presses, and we stand amazed at the magic by which a turn of the wrist is made to manipulate the ponderous converter, with its charge of melted metal, as easily as a man might handle a glass of water.

A whirlwind of sparks pours from the converter's mouth and rolls, along the vaulted roof, sending sudden gusts of fire almost into our faces. The converter comes to rest and the fiery blast is turned off. In a moment, streams of molten iron creep along the conduits from row of furnaces, and pour a flood of scintillating metal into the converter. The charge complete, the blast is turned on again with augmented force, and through a hundred opening, air is forced into the liquid metal, burning out the carbon and sulphur and other liquid impurities, and sending the dross up in the chimney—a coruscating metallic fountain. Our eyes are blinded by the brightness, yet fascinated by the play of colors that mark the progress of the purification. The prevailing hue is a rose-tint of exquisite loveliness, lost in the dazzling whiteness when we look steadily, but reappearing as often as the eye is rested by looking away for a moment.

"We have pure iron now," remarks the superintendent, as the flame suddenly ceases. "In a moment will be added the compound, which is to change the iron into steel."

The converting mixture pours a fiery cascade into the converter, and a magnificent eruption of many-colored scintillations show the intensity of the chemical action going on. It ends abruptly, and as the huge retort is cauted over to pour its contents into the moulds below, we follow the superintendent's suggestion, and look in at its shining mouth.

"You know what white-heat looks like now," he says; and we confess that thus far we have had no adequate conception of its perfect whiteness.

On our way back to our car we stopped to look at the crushing machine for pulverising the refractory lining of the converter.

"If you only had jaws like that, subscriber," remarks the little man, "you wouldn't have had to send back the chops they offered you at the hotel the other morning."

The subscriber watches the machine a moment, working his mouth with unconscious envy, as the blocks of quartzite crumbled to sand in the resistless bite then keeping time with the machine, he ejaculated—"With—a—masticating—apparatus—like—that—a—man—might—live—yes, sir!—I might live—in a second-rate boarding house!"

A lady writer says if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin which would be something more than froth and foam.

Knocked About in the World.

It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the star total, enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than they are, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home; but school boys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, are sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability; but no man can either be truly great or respectable, who is vain, pompous, and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position he has the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough; but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gamut, and arrived, through by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world—it makes men of them.

A LOUISVILLE ROMANCE.—For some time Russell Hancock, son of General W. S. Hancock, and at present connected with the firm of S. T. Sult & Co., has been paying his addresses to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Nicholas Gwynn, a well known Main street merchant. Mr. Gwynn objected to the attentions of Mr. Hancock, and preparations were made to send the young lady abroad for two years. Two years is an eternity to young lovers, and they determined their happiness should not be thus destroyed. On the 30th of April last the young couple very quietly went to Jeffersonville and were married by Rev. Dr. Hutchinson. After the ceremony the young lady returned to her father's house, and remained there until yesterday afternoon. The avowed intention of the young people was to keep the marriage a secret until the old folks became reconciled to the union, when the marriage would be made public and the young man would claim his bride. But marriage as well as murder, will out. One of the parties in the secret imparted it in confidence to a friend, and that friend did likewise. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Hancock, finding that the secret was known, and would in all probability reach the ears of his father-in-law, wrote that gentleman a note giving the full particulars of the case. Before dispatching the note, however, he sent for his wife, and the young couple were registered at the Louisville Hotel last night.—*Louisville Ledger, June 23th.*

PIOUS SITTING.—A writer in Japan, in the *Fortnightly Review*, says: Of all the marvelous customs that I know in connection with Japanese religious exercises, none appears to me so strange as that of spitting at the images of the Gods, more especially at the statues of the Ni-o, the two huge red, or red and green statues, which, like Gog and Magog, emblems of strength, stand as guardians of the chief Buddhist temples. The figures are protected by a network of iron wire, through which the votaries, praying the while, spit pieces of paper, which they have chewed up into a pulp. If the pellet sticks to the statue, the omen is favorable; if it falls, the prayer is not accepted. The inside of the great bell at the Tycou's burial-ground, and almost every holy statue throughout the country, is all covered with these outspittings from pious mouths.

HOW A SPIDER SPINS.—Few things are more wonderful than the spinning apparatus of the spider. On the under side of the creature's body are placed four or six knobs, each not larger than the point of a pin. These are outlets of certain receptacles within the abdomen, where the silk is prepared.

When the spider wishes to spin a thread, it presses the knobs or spinneret with one of its legs, and forthwith there issues from each, not one but a thousand filers, of such exquisite fineness, that it is only when the products of all the spinnerets are united that they become visible to the naked eye. The "thread" of the spider is thus a tiny rope of four or six thousand strands.

The twisting into one cord is performed by the hindmost pair of legs, which, like the rest, are furnished with three claws apiece. Using these claws as fingers, the little rope-maker twists her groups of thread into one with surprising rapidity.

A polite old gentleman of Oswego wears a wig. One windy morning, he was unlucky enough to express the wish that his hat was stuck to his head, in the hearing of a mischievous nephew. The nephew took the hint, and muffled the old gentleman's hat. Old gentleman went down the street, met handsome young lady acquaintance, in whose opinion he would stand well, politely attempted to lift his hat. Consequence better imagined than described.

Squabbles, an old bachelor, shows his stockings, which he had just darned, to a maiden lady who contemptuously remarks: "Pretty good for a man's darns." Whereupon Squabbles rejoins: "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her."

How to become a millionaire.

Tom thought it looked very smart to carry his money loose in his pocket, and take out quarters with an air which said, "I have thousands in my pocket." He always crumpled his bills into his pocket for gum wadding, and apparently took no possible care of his money. It was not that money was so abundant with him, but he wished others to suppose that it was; that it was quite beneath his genius to care for such trifling amounts.

Do you suppose that Tom deceived any body, or made any one respect him more on this account? He might make stable boys stare occasionally, but all people accustomed to handling money knew at a glance that he was possessed of a very shallow purse and shallow brains.

No business man ever desires such a boy about his establishment. No gentleman but would wish his boy to shun such an associate. "Straws tell which way the wind blows," and the way a boy takes care of his money pretty surely foretells his future fortune.

Successful business men did not carry their money loose in their jackets when they were boys. They were prudent of even the pennies.

Some one asked Mr. Astor, in his old age, to tell him the secret of his success in making money.

"Very willingly," said the old gentleman, "Just draw up your chair, and we will put out the lights, as we can talk just as well in the dark."

"O, I see?" said the man. The secret is unraveled. You became a millionaire by saving what others waste."

"Yes, the way to gain a million dollars is to begin by saving the cents. They will soon turn to dimes, and the dimes to dollars."

If you desire to become a millionaire, buy you a good strong purse large enough to hold the pennies, and let frugality furnish you a pair of strong strings for it. Then, with industry and perseverance, you may soon be able to make a good beginning for a comfortable fortune.—*School-day Visitor.*

Where Does the Gold Come From.

This question has never been satisfactorily answered by geologists. They can see as far into a millstone as anybody, but where the great depot of quarry from whence the gold comes that has been rasped off in particles and thrown towards the surface to be rolled in the sand by the action of running water, or eroded as prisoners in quartz rock while that was either held in solution or in the condition of pulverization, is the problem.

Occasionally such enormous nuggets are found, quite solitary. It seems to indicate they were broken off from a large mass somewhere and driven away in a torrent of gravel whose outward upward course was irresistible till it met with counter currents.

That old theory which supposed the precious metal was existing in combination with others in a gaseous form and occasionally precipitated by electricity into lumps which worked their way like moles from the interior through strata of the earth's compact crust, is now quite obsolete. An impression is gaining which advocates that gold does actually exist in great bodies, somewhere, not very far down from whence fragments and particles are gradually brought up by aquatic agency. This gives a more reasonable explanation of the diffusion of gold in small parcels all over the globe.

It is a good thing to have an abundance of fruits during the hot season, but those who eat much of it should be careful to have the fruit fresh and sound. Peaches, which are sold in great numbers at the street stands, and in the markets, are very wholesome when fully ripe and perfectly sound. But it is not an easy thing to secure both these conditions, and nipped or rotten peaches are of all things the most dangerous to health. And yet there are bushels of this sort of fruit sold every day, especially from carts in the streets. It is said even that the decayed remnants of the stock which no one will eat in an undisturbed state, are disposed of to bakers, who dish them up in delusive little tarts and pies.

B. Gratz Brown, in reply to the tender questionings of the New York Sun reporter as to his convalescence, the other day, remarked: "I suppose I had kicked the bucket it would have been quite an item." Whereupon the New York Times comments: "It would be sad news indeed to hear that Brown had 'kicked the bucket,' and as the best way to avoid such a catastrophe, we should advise him to cultivate more friendly relations with the bucket and reserve his kicks for the demijohn."

A NEW VERSION.—A boy in school was reading a lesson from the Bible. In that deliberate fashion so usual with chaps of six, and when he came to the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile," drawled out, with a decided emphasis, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from—guile."

An exchange, which gives some of its space to agricultural items says: "This is a good time to plant cuttings—should be prepared with a boot jack, revolver, or some other utensil, and then planted under the plum tree. If you haven't got a plum tree, plant anywhere. Plant all you can, and plant deep."