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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,

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Labels--

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

ON IT

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

OSTERS, SARDINES, EED, HERRING, codfish, etc., just received by Dr. BOIS.

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.

STOVES, ETC.

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

Albany, Oct. 17, 1894

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. 402

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, Fuchsias and Bulbs, which will be sold as low as first-class stock can be afforded.

J. A. MILLARD,
Nov. 22-1894

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 RUBS, 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.,
Montelth fire-proof brick, First street, Albany, June 14, 1872-414

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.

Fare at Reduced Rates.

J. D. BILES, Agent.
Dec. 16, 1871-18

DRUGS, ETC.

Murder in Albany

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

Death

Is a thing which sometimes 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 nutritious 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, dye-stuffs, 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

Home Shuttle Sewing Machine,
One of the most useful pieces of household furniture extant. Call and examine.
R. C. HILL & SON,
Albany, June 13, 71-1893

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. 413

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.

CRAIN 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 15-28

Albany Register.

Subscribers find in it after their manuscript information that their subscription expires with that number, and they are invited to renew it. Terms—\$2 per annum, in advance; six months, \$1; three months, \$1.

Local orders received at par from subscribers in the Eastern States.

A Sister's Revenge.

Lord Redmond was riding slowly along Black Valley, when the slow-gathering gloom of night seemed suddenly to deepen. The light died along the slopes of the mountains, and the little tarn beside which his horse had leisurely walked for the last hour seemed suddenly to have grown into a black, motionless line.

"The storm is on us, Kitty, and we're stalled in this confounded rut of a valley," said Lord Redmond. "I have been trying to get out of it for two hours," he muttered, dismounting and leading his horse.

The beautiful mare he led seemed to share in his anxiety, following obediently, and with an occasional glance around. Suddenly she gave a shrill whinny; and at the same moment Redmond thought he heard a distant cry. He looked up eagerly, scanning the hills, and finally saw a boy standing on a point of one of the bluffs, and gesticulating wildly. As he pressed on he could hear the lad's cries.

"Haste, then, haste—the storm is coming! Haste—it will soon be upon you! Follow the path—it will lead you up here. Haste, or you'll be drowned like a rat in his hole."

Before Redmond reached the boy he was suspicious that he was half idiotic; and when he gained the rock upon which he stood, he saw that the lad was, indeed, a poor, half-crazed fellow, with staring eyes and furious gestures; yet not without mercy for those less helpless than himself, for he carried a weary lamb, which he had probably been out in search of, while the rain ran by his side.

"Come—come out of the storm!" he cried, pressing on.

And Lord Redmond followed, still leading his horse.

Kitty saw shelter first, and whinnied again at the scent of barley, which she perceived as they turned a sharp angle, and faced an old stone structure, with buildings, more dark and gloomy in its appearance than the surrounding scene.

"Go in to the fire," cried the boy, pointing to the door and grasping Kitty's bridle.

"No, I will see her put up first," answered Lord Redmond, leading the horse around to the stable.

The animal was too valuable a one to be left to chance care. He was surprised at the readiness with which the half-senseless boy rubbed down her glossy flanks and covered her with an old blanket, showing a grateful satisfaction in her beauty as he tended her. He left her finally and turned toward the house.

It was a good stone building, showing marks of decay where decay could touch it. Neither face nor freight was to be seen at the windows, though the wind was shrieking and the rain falling heavily; and obeying the boy's directions, Redmond opened the creaking oak door and entered.

He found himself in a large, low room, in which an old woman was preparing supper, while an old man sat upon the hearth, fumbling with the lock of a rusty rifle, and two old pointers lay at his feet, smelling about his hands and the gun. He was the wreck of a stern, fine man—that was to be seen at a glance. The woman was a crone of the lower order—his serving-woman, as she showed by the awkward haste to obey the old man's command and bring a seat to the fire. He did not speak, but only commanded by a gesture.

Redmond addressed him courteously. He smiled sadly, shook his head, and touched his ear, in token of helpless deafness.

And so the weary lord, detained from his waiting bride and marriage feast, sat in the old dreary house looking in ill-concealed discontent from the fire to the serving-woman, and from the dogs to the passive and resigned face of his silent host.

When the woman came and wheeled the old man's chair to the board, he perceived that he was also crippled. The crone turned to him.

"Will ye sit by, sir?" she asked. As he rose the door opened, and he stood arrested in the movement. A lady entered, so fair, so pure, so cold, that she might have been made of snow. She had a loose black mantle about her, which she threw off, showing a regal form, habited in a rich black stuff—the brocade of a former generation. She paused, her still face lighting with a look of surprise as she observed

the stranger. Redmond stepped forward, with the grace of courts revealed in the unconscious act.

"I hope I am not intruding, lady? I have been overtaken by the storm among these mountains."

"What is your name?" she asked, looking him in the face, nor giving other signs of interest in his handsome presence.

"I am the Lord of Redmond," he answered, "I will trouble you no longer than I can avoid," he added, a little laughingly.

"Lord Redmond," said the lady, "you are welcome—you are very welcome, Lord Redmond."

She spoke with energy—without warmth; but Redmond, confused by the strangeness of his position, observed only that her manner was a peculiar one; and, though wishing himself well out of the place, took his seat at the table, as she desired.

The meal was good, and she served him bountifully; while the old man, for the first time breaking silence, began telling, in a rambling, incoherent, yet not uninteresting way, the story of some storm among those hills.

"It was five years ago, Barbara; you were a slip of a girl, and Bess had to be carried home in my arms. Do you remember her fair curling over my arm in the wet? and how she cried for fear she was too heavy for me?"

He paused and looked across the board at the young lady—a troubled, wistful look in his face, showing some half-remembered pain in his broken mind.

"Where is Bess, Barbara?" he asked, suddenly.

"She is dead," answered his daughter, with a strange smile.

"Dead?" repeated the old man, drinking from his pewter cup like a satisfied child.

In spite of a long fast, Redmond could not eat. These strange people had risen among his racy bridegroom visions like ghosts at a feast.

"I am very tired—too tired to eat," he said rising from the table. "I would like to go to rest for I must be on my way early in the morning."

Barbara bowed her cold, beautiful face.

"Kathy will show you a room—her room! He shall sleep there once—his last sleep!" she murmured, turning away.

"She is crazy, too!" thought Redmond, leaving the room.

The chamber into which the old woman ushered him was large, irregular, full of nooks and shelves, on which were piled articles of female apparel.

"Has Miss Barbara given me her own bedroom, I wonder?" he asked, looking about him, as soon as he was left alone.

At the head of the bed hung a family portrait—a hale man and three children, a boy and two girls. In the dark, bright beauty of one he failed to recognize the childhood of the pale, cold woman he had just left, but the infantile beauty of the youngest girl had in it something familiar.

"A pretty child; the eyes—whose do they remind me of?" he mused.

His eye wandered and fell upon a scarlet cloak hung over a chair, and then to a pair of dainty shoes hanging from a peg. There was a knot of pink ribbon beneath the little round mirror of burnished steel, and a Leghorn hat hung out from an overcrowded chest.

"A last year's bird's nest," said Redmond, giving a clumsy, tapestried chair a little shake, to clear it of dust, before he threw his cloak over it; "and I am tired enough to sleep anywhere. I wonder what my little bride will think," was his last thought, as he composed himself to sleep.

He awoke with the dawn, and sprang up. Early as it was, breakfast was awaiting him, and his horse was saddled at the door.

"I am afraid that you have been put to some trouble on my account," he said, as Barbara appeared and took her place at the table. "I meant to have taken my leave without disturbing any one in the house."

"You could not have done that," she answered, looking at him with the same strange smile he had before noticed.

It was a cold, almost a cruel look, he thought, as he hastily sipped the milk and tasted the wheat-en bread, still with little appetite.

As he rose from the board his hostess arose also.

"The storm is over, but the rain has made some of the turns impassable," she said. "My horse is saddled; I will ride with you and put you on a safe road out of the gap."

In vain he protested. She mounted a black horse, and rode at his side down the path. She wore a black cloak, her pale, chiseled face under its hood. Redmond looked at her covertly, pondering

how she could be so beautiful and yet so repulsive to him.

"Your father never goes abroad?" he asked, by way of conversation.

"No. He sits all day, with my brother's dogs, trying to eke the boy's riddle—that will never be used again."

"Your brother is dead, then?"

"He died of a broken heart."

"Your family have seen trouble," said Redmond, carelessly.

"We have seen bitter trouble," she answered.

After a moment she resumed:

"We had a sister, who was our darling and our pride—the boy's twin. She was murdered. Twin's hearts grow together, you know. She could not die and Nugent live. His strength followed her weakness. We are left to poverty, degradation and decay. Where are you going, Lord Redmond?"

He was convinced that she was partly crazed, and told the truth, thinking it a more pacific theme for her gloomy mind.

"I am going home to be married."

"Where?"

"At Redmond Castle."

"Is your bride young?"

"Young and lovely; my cousin, the Lady Ann Delaney."

"She loves you?"

"Yes. See this little mare I ride. I bought it for her to ride over the hills with, when the Spring comes."

"Lord Redmond, stop!" she cried. Do you know where you stand? You stand before my sister's grave—my sister whom you murdered, three years ago, by false vows, as surely as the knife murders. You know who I am now—I can see it in your face! You remember Bess McCrean? You won her love; she came home to die. It is you who have ruined us. Do you think I shall let you go to happiness? Never! There is her grave. You shall go over it to your death!"

The mound was on the very edge of a cliff. He held his horse desperately, but she urged her forward a step, pressing him to the very brink, so that his horse's fore feet touched the grave.

He turned upon her with an oath.

"You shall never go back!" she cried, with a mocking laugh at the horror in the blanched face.

She had a thong in her hand, which she had never used upon her own horse. He was terrified by its position.

"I can jump across the ravine!" he exclaimed.

"Go, then," she said.

He gathered the little filly instantly—fearing that his tormentor would strike the foaming, excited creature—and spurred her to the leap. The distance was deceptive. Kitty struck the opposite ledge with her fore feet, slipped, and horse and rider went spinning into the gulf below.

Three days later his friends found him there, bruised out of all recognition, excepting by his garments, and the body of the dead horse. It was never known how he came to his death.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—The Poughkeepsie Press tells this story about one of the brakemen on the Hudson River Railroad. It appears he visits a young lady in that village and while fixing himself the other morning for his customary call, his aunt, with whom he lives, warned him that there was sickness in the family, and hinted that it might prove to be the small pox. He only laughed at what he regarded as a joke of the old lady's, however, and told her that she could not come at on him. On he went, arriving at his destination just in time to see a physician leaving the house. Walking in, he was busily engaged in conversation with his sweetheart. In five minutes from that time the house was quarantined and ingress and egress positively forbidden. He was a prisoner. The next day he called to a passing friend from an upper window, informed him that as yet he had not taken the disease, but knew not how soon his time would come. We have not heard whether his love held out under such a trying ordeal.

The Duke of Saxe, the Emperor of Brazil's son-in-law, is on his way to New York, to make a tour of the United States.

David P. Lewis has received the Republican nomination for Governor of Alabama.

Mrs. General Robert Anderson has arrived in Liverpool, and started for Florence, where she will hereafter reside.

Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, wife of the late owner of the Herald, leaves Paris for the United States early next month.