DRUGS, ETC.

Murder in Albany

II ASNEVER 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 fam-ily; 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 mineu-lone extent. lous 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. Alsa, constantly on band a good assor ment of fresh drugs, patent medicines, chemicals, paints, oils, dye-stuffs, trusses, etc. Agents for the

Celebrated Unk Weed Bemedy,

Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' me licines, etc.
Science's Positive and Negative Powders
kept in stock. Also agents for the
Rome Shuttle Sewing Machine,

One of the most useful pieces of household furniture extant. Call and examine. R. C. HILL & SON. Albany, June 10, 71-40v3

GEO. F. SETTLEMIER,

DRUGGIST.

(Successor to D. W. Wakefield),

Barrish'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 earefully compounded.
Albany, Oct. 17, 1868-61f

FOUNDRY.

ALBANY FOUNDRY

Shop, Machine A. F. CHERRY Proprietor,

ALBANY, OREGON,

Flour and Saw Mill Machinerr.

WOOD WORKING

And

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,

And all kinds of

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS.

Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of machinery.

STOVES, ETC.

M. M. HARVEY & CO.,

LATE W. H. MIFARLAND & CO.,

Opposite the hotels,

Albany, Oregon,

STOVES, RANCES. 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 Bone. 40v3 MISCELLANEOUS.

C. WESTLAKE

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GENERAL COMMISSION

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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 high-est 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

HARDWARE.

W. H. KUHN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE, Manufactures Steam Engines, Farmers' & Mechanics' Tools, BUILDERS HARDWARE,

IRON AND STEEL

GAR and ELM RUBS,

HICKORY & OAK SPOKES,

HICKORY AXLES, Lumber.

Hardwood 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, 1872-41v4

Willamette Transportation



FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL I 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, Dec. 16, 1871-16

Agent.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."

"TIME MONEY."

SAVE YOUR TIME,

And Accumulate

WEALTH, BY BUYING YOUR

GOODS, DRY

HARDWARE,

TIONS,

CROCKERY,

HATS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

PILLS, LINIMENT, PAINTS,

OILS,

IN FACT

ALMOST ANYTHING YOU MAY HAVE OCCASION TO USE.

UNDER ONE ROOF.

READY PAY,

----AND---

PROMPT PAYING

WILL FIND, AS HERETOFORE,

SHORT-TIME CUSTOMERS,

----АТ ТЦЕ----

STORE OF THE SUBSCRIBER,

Times, all

' A Good Assortment of the

BEST GOODS

-at the-

LOWEST PRICES!

ALL KINDS OF

Merchantable Produce! BOUGHT.

A. WHEELER. Shedd, Oregon, April 5, 1879-31

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—85 per annum, in advance; six months, 22; three months, 31.

The Chasm.

The chivalrous Arkansian pitchforks his enemy across the bloody chasm.

"Will you shake across the bloody?" is the St. Louis invitation to drink.

Dan. Voorhees is shaking with the ague, and looks ruefully across the bloody chasm.

Blanton Duncan thinks the bloody chasm entirely too wide to admit of a

chasm entirery too wide to admit of a friendly shake.

George W. Julian stretches his long, bony fingers across the bloody chasm, waiting for a clasp.

Yerger, the murderer of Crane, pumphandles his Liberal Republican friends across the chasm.

Lyman Trumbull's band extended.

Lyman Trumbull's hand, extended across the bloody chasm, looks like that of an Egyptian mummy. The Hon. James C. Robinson, of

Illinois, is reaching out over the bloody "chazzum." trying to find somebody to shake with. GROCERIES, The sheet-iron cot was invented in

The sheet-from cot was intended.

Titusville, Pa., and patented in Cleveland. The inventor will shake for the drinks, but despises the bloody chasm.

Nathaniel P. Banks is shaking hands with Dick Taylor across the bloody chasm. Dick is one of the Banks' followers. He followed him-right sharply-from Grand Ecore to the

Mississippi.

Henry Clay Warmoth extends the tips of his dainty fingers across the bloody chasm, and is anxious to shake. He shook Louisiana for half a mil-

lion. Colonel Ward H. Lamon, of Martinsburg, West Và., is reaching across the bloody chasm for a seat in Congress. If Colonel Ward writes another book like the "Life of Lincoln." somebody will cowhide the son of Jerry Black within an inch of his life.

Captain Mike Hoy, chief of the Minneapolis police, went out to chase the pinnated grouse over the plains, and his pointer came to a dead stand on something in the grass. The Captain advanced to flush the convoy, but they didn't flush. The Captain don't wear the same clothes he went out with. They are buried and he declines to shake hands across the chasm.

A PREACHER EATING HIS HORSE -There was no church in Van Buren. A Methodist itinerant was sent there. One house only was open to him—the tavern—and to that he went and put He interviewed mine host.

up. He interviewed mine house.
"What is the chance tora Methodist preacher here?" The reply was that it was the same as for any other man, if he had money.
"But if I have no money?"

The chances were bad enough.
"What do you charge for board?"
asked the circuit rider.

The rates were given.
"Look at my horse," said he.
"What do you think he is worth?" The animal was doubtless good mid-

dling, for our preachers are not novices about horses, and no men have better use for them. That preliminary settled, the preach-

er proceeded in a very straight-for-ward style with the host. "Sir, turn my horse into your stable, and when you think I have ate up the value of him, let me know, and I will either change my quarters or provide other means of paying my bill."

He went to work—laid seige to the

place in the name of the Lord; and before the horse was eaten the town capitulated. The people presented him his horse, all charges paid, and his own bill beside; fitted out "the parson" in a new suit of clothes; and from that day Christianity has had a firm footing in Van Buren.

Two churches, a Methodist and an Old School Presbyterian, with good brick houses to worship in, and good congregations, furnish the Gospel and ordinances to that excellent people. The Rev. John J. Roberts, one of the oldest members of the Conterence, is the man .- Bishop McTyeire.

PIOUS IMPULSES IN A SQUALL .-- By a squall in Delaware Bay last week while sailing in a yacht, two young men were overtaken. At Nazareth church, on Twelfth street, Philadelphia, at public worship they had occasionally been present. From the way things looked, the capsizing of their shallop was very nearly inevitable.

"Bill," said one to the other, "this is called beings to the other, "this

is serious business; can you pray?"
"No, I can't; I've heard Jo Quian do it, and I've listened to Bill Post; but I cm't do it myself."

"Well, you can sing a hymn, can't you? For God's sake do something." "No I can't sing here. How can I sing when this boat at any moment may drown us both?" "Well, we must do something relig-

ious. If you can't sing let's take up a

collection. To this Bill consented. In his companion's hat he deposited thirteen pennies, a corkscrew and a broken-bladed knife. As he did this the wind fulled and the shallop made a successful landing,

A Man Who Preferred the Gallows to the State Prinon—A Reporter After a Beat.

Jeremiah Collins the St. Louis wife murderer, who had been sentenced to die on the 11th instant, was reprieved by Governor Brown on the day before the date fixed for his execution. Collins proved an exception to the conventional murderer, and was greatly disappointed at the news. He said he would prefer to die. It was nearly an hour before he could reconcile himan hour before he could reconcile inmi-self to the injustice done him, but at length he brightened up and sent for a St. Louis Globe reporter, who had com-forted him before with the assurance that he would probably be hanged, and

HANGED EFFECTUALLY.

"Is this true?" he asked the re-The reporter imparted the informa-tion that it was so as delicately as he could, and asked Jeremiah how he

"I'm sorry about this," he replied, and the reporter sympathized with

"We might have had such a good time," murmured the journalist. "What will they do with me!" in-quired Jeremiah, somewhat anxiously. "You are to go to State Prison for life; you won't be hung at all," and

both gentlemen shed copious tears. In a tew moments Jeremiah broke

the silence.
"I'll not do it! I'll not go to jail for life! "How will you avoid it?" asked the reporter, interested immediately.

"I'll never leave this place," hinted Jeremiah mysteriously.
"Hush-h-h! we are observed," said
the reporter, drawing more closely:
"tell me what you will do."

" Hush h-h! what?"

"I will-"Hush-h-h! we're watched; whis-

ri Hush-in. We're watched; whisper it in my most eastern ear."
"I'll do it myself."
"Hush-h-b, the myrmidons are looking. What will you do? Not suicide? Oh? say not so; don't tell me that you will kill yourself; hint not that you will dash out your brains upon the walls of your cell, and make a bloody chasm for angels and devils to shake hands over. Oh! say it not; but if you must, whisper it, for even the air is full of reporters, and I want a beat."

"I will," whispered Jeremiah, "I will commit suicide."

"You won't tell any other press."

"You won't tell any other press

"I won't." "Can I trust that? Oh! can I trust that?" "You can. If any other paper has

that information that paper guesses at it, for I will never tell it to aught but

"How will you do it?"
"I won't." "I mean the item, the suicide?"

"Have I not flags on my cell floor, is there not iron in my cell?" "Yes, yes! oh, yes! there is plenty and to spare. Tell me more." "I will dash out my brains."

"Yes, yes; I know; all over everything; go on; please go on; don't stop."
"I'll dash out my brains, sir." "Hush-h-h! whisper low and talk slow; look up to the sky-light as if we

were talking of the weather. So, now, when will you do it?" Jeremiah ruminated. "We go to press at 3 o'clock in morning," suggested the reporter. Jeremiah still ruminated. o'clock in the

"We might get out an extra," whispered our chap. Jeremiah came back to conscious-

"I'll not tell, but I'll do it." "Yes, yes, of course, but when?"
"Am I commuted?"

"Go away, then; I'll hear no more from you. What do you mean by bringing me such news?"

"But how about the suicide?"

"Get out."

"But how about the-? " "Get out." "But how about-?" "Get out."

"Your sentence is."

"But how-?" "But-7" "Get out."

"B-9" Another case of nepotism, and an outraged world still rolls on! A Greeley organ, announcing the fact says:
"The relation is by way of Aaron
Delano, whose aunt Susanna married
Captain Noah Grant, the great-grandfather of the President." Aaron Delano," says the horror-sticken Detroit Post, "is brother-in-law of this nepotic postmaster." Thus the postmaster's brother-in-law's father's aunt married the President's great grandfather. And this brother-in-law of a man whose father's nunt was stepmother to Grant's grandfather, holds a postoffice worth from \$300 to \$500 a year! Can such things be, and the American people continue to suffer in stoic calm-

Gratz Brown says that he has practiced total abstinence for many years, at various intervals. He quits very often. He quits as many as twenty times a day.—Toledo Blada: