

DRUGS, ETC.

Murder in Albany

IT 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' medicines, 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, 71-1093

GEO. F. SETTLEMIER,

DRUGGIST,

Successor to D. W. Wakefield.

Parish'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, 1898-99

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

STOVES, ETC.

M. M. HARVEY & CO.,

(LATE W. H. M'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. 46v3

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. WESTLAKE.

C. D. SIMPSON

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 15-28

HARDWARE,

W. H. KUHN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SHLEF AND HEAVY

HARDWARE,

Farmers' & Mechanics' Tools,

BUILDERS' HARDWARE,

IRON AND STEEL,

OAK and ELM HUBS,

HICKORY & OAK SPOKES,

HICKORY AXLES,

Hardwood Lumber,

Best Hubs, 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 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,

Dec. 15, 1872-28

Agent.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."

"TIME IS MONEY."

SAVE YOUR TIME,

And Accumulate

WEALTH,

BY BUYING YOUR

DRY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS,

Clothing!

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

SHORT-TIME CUSTOMERS,

WILL FIND, AS HERETOFORE,

—AT THE—

STORE OF THE SUBSCRIBER,

At all Times,

A Good Assortment of the

BEST GOODS

—at the—

LOWEST PRICES!

ALL KINDS

—OF—

Merchantable Produce!

BOUGHT.

A. WHEELER.

Shedd, Oregon, April 5, 1872-31

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

The Coffin Cure.

Last Saturday a well known ex-Judge entered the Park Hospital in a state of partial intoxication. He spoke incoherently, and laughed when warned of the danger of imbibing too freely during the hot weather. On leaving the Hospital, Warden Brown advised him to seek some shady retreat, else he would be certain to return on a stretcher. The Judge strolled over to Delmonico's and there invested in the S. O. P. brandy. He was soon afterwards found by one of the Broadway squad, at Broadway and Reade street, unconscious.

To summon the ambulance from Park Hospital was the work of a few moments. "Another case of sun-stroke," said the anxious patrolman. The surprise of Dr. Vandewater and Warden Brown may be imagined when they found their patient to be the ex-Judge. The usual restoratives were applied, and the case pronounced simple alcoholism.

The ex-Judge slept. His breathing indicated drunken stupor. At length, as the hour of midnight approached, Warden Brown conceived the idea of curing the Judge of his only infirmity. He sent for a coffin, packed with ice. The lights were turned down and only the pale gleams of the moon entered the room. A white cloth was thrown over the coffin, and one solitary attendant watched the corpse. The ice began to melt, and the judge began to revive. As the influence of the ice became more powerful the contortions increased, and were soon followed by a violent torrent of oaths. At last he opened his eyes looked and felt about him, and took in the situation. "Great God!" he exclaimed, "they think I am dead, and are going to bury me."

To cry out for help was his first impulse. He yelled like a Comanche Indian. Warden Brown, the doctors, the orderlies and all the patients who could rushed to the coffin. The corpse insisted that he was not dead, but it required very careful examination and a serious consultation before Dr. Vandewater would express an opinion. He directed the Judge to leave the coffin and get into a bed. "No sir," exclaimed the thoroughly frightened man; "if I go to sleep you'll bury me, dead or alive. I'm going home."

And he did go home, vowing never to drink any more. So far he has kept his word.

GREELEY AND THE TYPOS.—In the summer of 1864 the printers of New York had the sublime audacity to ask for an advance of wages. They presented their list of prices to the various employers, the majority of whom demurred to the advance.

Honoree Greeley had been first President of the Printers' Union, had advocated in his paper the formation of Unions, and in a speech made to the compositors employed on the *Tribune*—about the year 1829, he said that when he found himself unable to pay the prices demanded by the Printers' Union, he would retire from the business, convinced that he was mistaken in his vocation. When the demand was made for an increase of pay in 1864, Mr. Greeley at once attacked the Printers' Union, which he had done so much to organize, with the utmost virulence. The members were denounced as drunkards, gamblers and whoremongers, and became a drunken fellow knocked the hat off the head of a Union man, the printers were described as a band of midnight assassins. In a week from the time of the adoption of the scale of prices by the Printers' Union, the compositors employed in the *Tribune* office were on a strike, and printers were brought from Canada and the West—in fact, the entire country north of Mason and Dixon's line was raked for men to take the places of the audacious villains who had dared to ask for an advance of wages.

A SHREWD MERCHANT.—A wholesale grocer in New York city, who became rich in his business, says his rule always was, when he sold a bill of goods on credit, to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously, he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space he took the fact as an evidence that there was trouble ahead, and he invariably went for his debt. Said he, "the man who feels too poor to make his business known, is too poor to do business." The withdrawing of an advertisement is an evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to observe and act upon.—*New York Times.*

GINGERBREAD.—One pint of molasses, one teacup of butter, half a teacupful hot water, one teaspoonful soda, half a teaspoonful pulverized alum dissolved in hot water, two table-spoonfuls ginger; the whole mixed thoroughly with enough of flour to roll out.

HUMOROUS.

A dandy on the shore is disgusting, but a swell on the sea is sickening.

"The rich," said a Jew, "eat venison because it is deer; I eat mutton because it is sheep."

"Patience on a monument' has no reference to doctor's patients. You will find them under a monument."

A Boston sculptor has just completed a statue of Jochabel, the mother of Moses. The old lady, we regret to say, is dead.

An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

Some persons were discussing the probable nationality of a very tall and very slim foreign lady, who put on unusual airs. "I think she is a Swede," said one. "A Russian I think," ventured another. "I think," said a wag, "she looks more like a Pole."

"I've had the cholera morbus twice," remarks an old line Democrat, "and I had it bad, but I'll be d—d if I ever had such cramps in my life as when I swallowed old Greeley."

"You have been here a long time. I suppose," said a pompous English traveler to an old hunter in Oregon, who had been acting as guide. "You bet I have," said the hunter; and then pointing to Mount Hood he continued: "You see that mountain there? Well, sir, when I first came to this country that mountain was a hole in the ground!"

A schoolmaster tells the following: "I was once teaching in a small country village. The second morning of the session I had time to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three legged stool. 'Is this the dunce block?' I asked a little girl of five years. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'I guess so. The teacher always sits on it.'"

A Chicago reporter announces that "the receipt of another ship load of blackberries from St. Joe, yesterday, created a perceptible ripple in the toothpick trade."

"They fired two shots at him," wrote an Irish reporter; "the first shot killed him, but the second was not fatal."

An attendant at Mount Vernon not long ago observed a lady weeping bitterly, her handkerchief to her eyes. Going up to her, he said: "Are you in trouble, madam?" "No, sir," she sobbed. "I saw you weeping." "Ah," she said, "how can any one help weeping at the grave of the Father of the Country?" "Oh, indeed, madam," he said, "that's it. Well, the tomb's over yonder. This is the lee-house."

A witness in describing certain events, said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing council. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

The man with his lung tester who accompanies Barnum and makes a penny by testing the wind of the multitude, came to grief at Terre Haute the other day. A healthy farmer's boy with a cleat on him like an emigrant's valise, drew in a mouthful of the atmosphere, wrapped a quarter section of his lips over the nozzle and breathed. An explosion followed, first of the machine and then of the by-standers, and the "Professor" was heard to say, as he gathered up the fragments, "He had been eating onions that's what made his breath so strong."

Hands have they, yet steal not—Clocks. Legs have they, yet walk not—Tables. Teeth have they, yet chew not—Combs. Lips have they, yet Kiss not—Pitchers. Eyes have they, yet see not—Needles. Hearts have they, yet pity not—Cabbages. Ears have they, yet hear not—Old book-leaves. Arms have they, yet toll not—Chairs.

The City Fathers of Hartford have decreed that pigs in the public thoroughfares are bores.

The Bishop of Gloucester, who has the disposal of seventy livings, thinks the English church system is a humbug.

Quite Right. A correspondent who owns a valuable horse objects to turning him into a pasture for fear he should graze his knees.

Since Mr. Beecher advocated billiards at home, all the New Yorkers are having a billiard ball put into their houses.

Napoleon left the sea-side because people "stared at him so rudely."

Mrs. Gubbins says her husband is exactly like a tallow candle, because he always will smoke when he is going out.

The other day a Boston youth applied at the Registrar's office for a "recipe" to get married.

A Japanese scholar in one of the schools of New Haven, having been insulted by a school-mate, sent a note to one of the instructors requesting permission to kill the offender.

White women get 23 a day in the South for picking cotton.