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Murder in Albany

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

Death

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At the Mid-day,

of your life, it disease lays his ycle 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.

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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, rubbers, oils, dyes, dyes, trusses, etc. Agents for the

Celebrated Ure's Wood Remedy,

Or, Oregon Rheumatic Cure; Dr. D. Jayne & Sons' 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, 71-40v3

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(Successor to D. W. Wakefield,

Parish's New Building, First Street,

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Dealer in

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

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PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC.

All articles warranted pure, and of the best quality. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. Albany, Oct. 17, 1898-61f

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Machine Shop,

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ALBANY, OREGON,

Manufactures Steam Engines,

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WOOD WORKING

And

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,

And all kinds of

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS.

Particular attention paid to repairing all kinds of machinery. 41v3

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M. M. HARVEY & CO.,

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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.

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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!

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For which we will make liberal advances, and pay the highest market price in cash.

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Albany, March 15-28

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE.

Farmers' & Mechanics' Tools,

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In a Cavern.

It was a clear, balmy day in June, when I, Richard Dawson, midshipman, at home in Cornwall after a two years' cruise, looked up three of my old schoolmates for a row along the coast in a yawl hired of a waterman, and well freighted with all that was needed to make the day a merry one.

Away we went, four of the most light-hearted lads living, Bob Trelawny stroke, myself with a pair of sculls, Tom Davies in the bow—rowing raudam; and Billy Finch, our little cockswain, saucily lugging himself on the dwardish stature which exempted him from any greater share in our labors.

With many a quip at each other's expense, our laughter waking up the echoes of the curiously veined cliff that towers above us, we glided along the picturesque coast; sometimes passing beneath huge blocks of granite, which seemed to need but a touch to topple them down upon our trail craft; sometimes catching glimpses of tiny coves, whose beauty no foreign scenery I have ever visited exceeded. Into one of these our cockswain steered us when we began to show symptoms of fatigue, skillfully taking us through the narrow inlet between the rocks that concealed it from casual observers.

Perhaps the dark hours that followed, helped to imprint on my memory the peaceful beauty of that spot, for I can conjure up—even now that years have passed over my head—every detail of the fair picture; the high banks hemming in the mimic bay, covered to their summits with heather and the endless variety of ferns that flourish in the rich alluvial soil; the trees crowding the heights, the sighing of the soft breeze that stirred their branches, and the musical cadence of falling waters, as innumerable little rivulets bounded from rock to rock in glistening cascades, or like silver serpents threaded their way towards the murmuring sea. The scene was so lovely that even the mercurial spirit of our cockswain was impressed by it, and he stopped in the midst of one of his favorite ditties to exclaim, "By Jove! it's sublime!"

In reminiscences of our happy school-days, and song after song from the Mario of our company, the time quickly passed away, till the deepening shadows warned us that we must depart. Our diminished stores were placed in the yawl, and, bending to our work, we soon emerged from the peaceful cove into the broader expanse of St. Michael's Bay.

While we were lingering in the cove the breeze had freshened, so that our little boat danced merrily over the swelling waves, the bounding motion adding a fresh impetus to the mirth which was exuberant enough at starting.

We had traversed about half our homeward way, when Tom Davies proposed a row into one of the gloomy looking caverns frequently to be seen on the Cornish coast. Every one agreeing to the proposal, the boat was backed for a few yards, the head pointed towards the nearest opening, and half-a-dozen vigorous strokes sent us into the yawning cavity.

As we darted under the narrow arch, we perceived that at its highest the cavern rose but a few feet above our heads, while to our great consternation, we found ourselves irresistibly carried much farther than we had intended penetrating into this abode of strange echoes.

As another wave came up, impelling us still onward in spite of our most vigorous efforts to prevent it, we looked toward each other anxiously, and our cockswain's voice sounded hollow and unusually subdued as he exclaimed—

"I say, you fellows, this won't do at any price. Stern all!"

This, to our increasing uneasiness, we found it impossible to accomplish. We had but backed a few yards when, with a whirl and a rush against which we could make no head, another wave rolled in, and we clung desperately to the side of the cavern to prevent our boat being dashed to pieces on some hidden boulder.

Though alive to the danger of the position, and bitterly regretting our foolishness in making the venture with so rough a sea running, we did not fully comprehend our difficulties until we looked toward the mouth of the cavern. To our horror, we perceived that it was growing less and less. As the next wave came dashing in, its crest reached to within a couple of feet of the crown of the rugged arch above us. The tide was still rising, and the dreadful reality forced itself upon us, that in a short time we should be closed in from light and hope; in a word, that we should be buried alive in the cavern!

With indescribable sensation we watched each wave rise higher and higher, and the faint light grew dimmer; while, to increase the horror of our situation, our boat was dashed to

and fro with such fearful violence that we knew not how long we might hope to prevent its being broken up.

Clinging with our bleeding fingers to the projecting rocks, we sat with our faces turned in mute despair towards the opening; and the "God help us!" that burst from Trelawny's lips sounded like the words of doom to all.

Higher and higher crept the insatiate waters, now reaching the very summit of the arch, and obliterating the glimmer of light that yet stole in; then, as if to mock us, receding till the faint ray was once more visible. Again and again this happened; but at last we were enveloped in pitchy darkness. The wall of water had barred us in, and unless God helped us, we had taken our last look at the bright world without.

It was hard to die so young; and even now I think it no shame to our manhood, that choking sobs and earnest cries for mercy thronged to our lips, as we struggled to hold on against the volume of water striving away to dash us onward into the deeper recesses of the chasm.

In our haste and alarm we had forgotten that a small anchor was lying at the bottom of the boat; but now, as a larger wave than we had hitherto contended with came rushing on us, Trelawny gasped out—

"The anchor! over with it, or we are lost! I can hold on no longer."

In an instant, I had it over the side. On came the bellowing wave, the boat was lifted upon it, our hands forced to relinquish their grasp of the jagged stones to which we had been clinging, and like an arrow we were driven forward; but the anchor held, and, for a time, we felt that we were saved.

Up to this moment very few words had been uttered for the transition had been too great from the mirth and sunshine without, to the darkness and terror within, to permit of speech. We all knew by what a frail tenure we held our lives, and silently huddled together, listening to the wash of the billows as they came whirling and rumbling past our boat, to dash with a concussion like thunder against some recess of the cavern which seemed to be far, far away.

Strange fears stole over us as we prayed incoherently that the anchor might hold, and the wind drop, or cling instinctively to the sides of our vessel, when the eddying waters hurried by, leaving behind them a transient calm, so profound that we could hear our own deep breathing, and the bitter grief of our erstwhile happy little cockswain. Were not his thoughts with the widowed mother who, if she lost him, lost her all?

Presently the awful stillness was broken by a rock crumbling from the roof, and falling with a deafening crash not many feet from where we lay, the sound reverberating along the cavernous vaults until it died away in the distance.

After a while we fancied we heard the moaning of the wind outside our prison. Had it increased? And if the result should be as terrible as we foreboded, would our fate ever be known to those who would mourn for us? Would any vestige of the yawl, or her unfortunate crew, be washed out to sea to tell the sad tale?

At last—and what an eternity it seemed—we could discern a faint glimmer of light. A few seconds, and it had vanished. Then, like a bright star dawning upon us, it steadily increased, and we knew that the tide was falling. Breathlessly we watched the bright harbinger of hope, till with eyes that brimmed over, and voices tremulous with thankful joy, we told each other that we might make an attempt to depart.

It was not until many narrow escapes of being dashed on the partly sunken rocks, that we succeeded in reaching the outer world. What we then thought, or how we acted, my better imagination than described; and I suppose I need scarcely say that we have never since then explored a Cornish cavern when the tide was rising.

GRATEFUL COCKROACH.—A correspondent of a New York paper relates a touching instance of insect instinct as follows: "I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a peanut shell for a boat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars, and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks, and set the toothpick up on end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockroach sat a fishing. The cockroach, exalted, had fallen asleep. The sight melted me to tears. I never had to chew leather to get a soul. I was born with one. I took that cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel and left. That animal never forgot that act of kindness, and now my house is chuck full of cockroaches."

Professor J. B. Turner of Jacksonville, Ill., advocates a system of laws which will render pupils of the Public Schools amenable to the State for any improper conduct.

"If a man has got eighty thousand dollars at interest and owns the house he lives in, it ain't much trouble to be a philosopher."

The Rights of Women.

The House, on Friday, disposed of a couple of bills looking to female enfranchisement, in very cavalier sort of style. One of them had received the recommendation of a committee; and a minority of the same committee had recommended the passage of the bill, with an amendment striking out the material portion of it, but allowing women to vote in all matters relating to the liquor traffic. The bill was, however, after some trifling discussion, indefinitely postponed. We should have been better pleased, if the House had allowed the bill to go through its regular course, and take its chance on a square vote, yea or nay.

The people of Oregon may not be yet prepared for the adoption of Women Suffrage, though we think the Legislature may possibly do many things worse than to give women the ballot. The time will soon arrive, it ought to have arrived already) when the laws of our State will recognize women as something more than non-entities; when it will be acknowledged that they have some rights which men will be bound to respect. There are many rights connected with property which in justice they should have, and exercise as freely and fully as men. It is not our purpose, however, to enumerate them here. In our opinion the members of the House have committed a grave error not only in point of justice but of policy, in refusing to accept at least Mr. Patton's proposition to give women the right to vote on all matters connected with the legalizing of the liquor traffic. That is a matter in which they are directly and materially interested. It is a question far less abstract than the general question of female suffrage. The liquor traffic affects society, the greater share of its evils falling upon women and children. The right to vote on it should be woman's weapon of defence, inasmuch as society gives her none. We are not at all a sentimentalist on this or any other question; we simply ask for justice for women.—Statesman.

Spotted Tail Interviewed.

A waggish reporter gives the following as the result of his interview with the Indian chief Spotted Tail:

Reporter—Are you satisfied with the result of your journey?

Governor Spotted Tail—Smoke-all-Day is a great brave. He will take care of his children. He will give us guns and gimlets. His chief, Little Phil, is not like him. He hates the red man. He gives him guns, but the right end is not first.

Reporter—What is your opinion of the contest between Grant and Greeley?

Colonel Spotted Tail—Smoke-all-Day is a brave; he has seen foes; his heart did not melt. Squash-with-the-Short-Horn is a woman. His tongue is loud. Brown-Crab-with-the-soft-shell loves the fire-water. His knees are weak.

Reporter—I gather, then, from your conversation, sir, that you do not eat crow?

Dr. Spotted Tail—Na-na, the sheep, eats the grass. He-he, the ass, eats the thistle. The red man eats the prairie, Wanawan; he does not eat crow, caw-caw. The Great Spirit took caw-caw, the crow; he painted him black that he might work in the dark and not be seen. He made his eye keen to see a foe. He made his wings strong to fly. If a warrior eat-caw-caw, the crow, his spirit will go into him. The warrior will be black to do the work that is not clean; he will be sharp to tear the prey; he will be swift to fly. Spotted Tail and his tribe cannot eat crow.

A RIVER STORY.—A couple of flat-boat men on the Mississippi river, having made an extraordinary good speculation, concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would go for a real first class dinner at the St. Charles Hotel. Having eaten the meal they called for the bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them with the wine list uppermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "here's a bill! Just look at it. Here, you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the whole thing comes to."

So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total \$584.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "that's pretty nigh all we've got! What are we going to do about it?"

"We can't pay that," said Bill; "It 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now, let's jumpout o' the window and put!"

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do sich a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

The public debt statement shows a decrease for September of \$10,328,342. The coin balance is \$78,417,220; currency, \$8,499,194.

Francis P. Blair, Sr., 82 years old, is a good shot. A few days ago he brought down a buck in Pennsylvania at 150 yards.