

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. WHEELER, C. P. FUGEL, C. R. WHEELER. A. WHEELER & CO., SHEDD, OREGON. Forwarding & Commiss'n Merchants.

H. J. BOUGHTON, M. D., GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY. Medical College of New York, late member of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York.

GEO. E. HELM, Attorney and Counselor at Law, ALBANY, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF THIS STATE. OFFICE IN FOX'S BLOCK upstairs, First street.

LOUIS REHWALD, Has just opened a fine stock of Boots & Shoes

California made, to which he invites the attention of the citizens of Albany and vicinity. Largest stock of boots, shoes, etc.

S. W. MELAN, Merchant Tailor, FIRST STREET, ALBANY.

KEEPS THE CHEAPEST IMPORTED Cloths, and the best domestic productions. Reasonable prices, and satisfaction guaranteed.

T. W. HARRIS, Physicians and Surgeons, ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE OVER A. CAROTHERS & CO'S Drug Store. Residence of Dr. Harris, Fourth-st., four blocks west of the Court House.

Estey Organs. ESTEY ORGANS SOLD AT THE M. E. PARSONAGE, ALBANY, on the most favorable terms.

Silver-Plated Ware! JUST RECEIVED, A FULL INVOICE of Rogers' Silver-Plated Ware.

FOR SALE! THE CELEBRATED W. A. WOOD'S REAPERS & MOWERS. Haine's Headers, (Wood's improved.)

ANOTHER CHANCE. Fifth and Last Gift Concert IN AID OF THE Public Library of Kentucky. POSTPONED TO NOVEMBER 30, '74.

Table with 2 columns: Description of gifts and their value. Includes items like Grand Cash Gift, Cash Gifts, and Whole Tickets.

Blank Deeds, Neatly executed, Call at the Register Office.

New To-Day.

Fifth and Last GIFT CONCERT

IN AID OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The management have determined to have the drawing of the Fifth and last Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky, on the 30th day of Nov.

The special object of this card is to call a meeting of the ticket-holders at Public Library Hall, on the 20th of November, to make arrangements in connection with the committee appointed by the Trustees to superintend the counting of the tags representing the numbers of tickets sold.

Every arrangement has been made for the drawing, but little more than a month remains for the sale of the remainder of the tickets and whatever is done must be done promptly.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, Agent and manager, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 22, 1874.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE AN ANNUAL ELECTION held at the Court House in the city of Albany, in Linn county, Oregon, on Monday, the 15th day of December, 1874.

REFEREE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I, the undersigned, sole referee, by virtue of a commission issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Linn, and to me directed and delivered, on a decree rendered in said court at the October term thereof, 1874, in a certain suit for the partition of the land property, wherein Jeremiah Briggs and Eliza H. Briggs, his wife, were plaintiffs, and Eli Carter and Jane E. Carter, his wife, and Edward R. M. Carter, were defendants, will on

Monday, the 7th day of December, 1874, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House door in the City of Albany, in Linn county, and State of Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all the right, title, interest and estate, lower and right of way of the above named parties, plaintiffs and defendants in said suit, of, in and to the following described premises, to-wit:

The N. W. corner lot, 46 feet by 100 feet of Block 100, being the lot on which the steam Planing Mill, formerly known as Conley & Montgomery's Planing Mill, now known as Briggs & Carter's Planing Mill, stands. Also, the N. W. corner lot of Block 101, consisting of an acre and a half of land, situate on the south side of the same, all of said premises lying and being in Hackleman's addition to the City of Albany, in Linn county, Oregon, together with the Planing Mill, steam engine and boiler, and all the machinery attached to, or belonging to said Planing Mill. Also, the following described premises, to-wit:

Commencing at a point 143 feet from where the East line of Mill street, now Montgomery street, intersects the North line of First street, in Albany, Oregon, and running thence East to the line dividing the donation land claim of Thomas Monfith and Abram Hackleman, thence along said line northerly to the corner of the real property owned by J. B. Conley in the year 1873, thence West to the East side of Mill street, now Montgomery street, thence along East side of said street to the place of beginning, together with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Said premises to be sold altogether and possession to be given to the purchaser on the 20th day of December, 1874.

TERMS OF SALE. For gold coin of the U. S., one-fourth of the purchase price to be paid in hand at the time of the sale, and one-half of the balance in six months from the date of the sale, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, in like gold coin, from the date of the sale, and the balance in twelve months from the date of the sale, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, in like gold coin, from the date of said sale, to be secured by good and sufficient security, other than the said property sold.

A. B. MORRIS, Sole Referee, Nov. 6, 1874-7m3w4

Piles! Piles!

WHY SAY THIS DAMAGING AND troublesome complaint cannot be cured, when so many evidences of success might be placed before you every day—cures of supposed hopeless cases? Your physician informs you that the cure you allow the complaint to exist, you lessen your chances for relief. Experience has taught this in all cases.

A. Carothers & Co's Pile Pills and Ointment are all they are recommended to be. Will cure Chronic, Blind and Bleeding Piles in a very short time, and are convenient to use. This preparation is sent by mail or express to any point within the United States at \$1.50 per package.

The Eugene firemen are making arrangements for a grand ball at Lane's Hall on Christmas eve.

Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY COLL. VAN CLEVE, ALBANY, OREGON.

SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE:

One copy, one year.....\$ 2 50 Twenty copies, one year..... 40 00 Special inducements offered to persons desirous of canvassing for subscriptions to the REGISTER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1874.

Home News.

Cold. Ground frozen. Eggs 40c per dozen. Wheat 60c per bushel. Get your skates ready. Christmas approacheth. Butter 30c 2/3 per pound. Layton Blain is an insurance agent. Belding's brooms go like hot cakes. The new millinery shop looks gay. Abe Hackleman has gone to Ochoco. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving day. Weed and Schmeer intend to be supplied with Christmas.

John Claypool has gone to Ochoco via the Dalles.

Union thanksgiving services at the Methodist church on the 26th. In union there is strength.

Rebekah Lodge Saturday night. A full attendance requested.

Dr. Tate and family returned from an extended visit in California on last Wednesday.

Ben Simpson, of Eugene, came down on Wednesday.

Jay Blain is housed up with an attack of fever.

John Hackleman and family have moved to Salem.

There has been more or less delay in the southern mails during the week.

Mr. Rehwald went to Portland, on Monday, to purchase more goods.

Mr. Barr returned from Roseburg the first of the week.

Rents are climbing—houses scarce, scarcer, scarcer.

Lew Stimpson is now running a job and express wagon.

The Bay Team is always on hand, you bet, and ready for biz.

Business has been quite lively during the week.

Ol. Tompkins, of Harrisburg, was in the city on Tuesday.

Don't forget the entertainment at the College this evening.

The Estey organ is meeting with good sale hereabouts.

More new buildings going up—mechanics busy as bees.

Potatoes are 50c a bushel in this market.

Dr. Haskell and troupe went to Harrisburg on Wednesday.

Col. H. C. Paige, Superintendent for Wells, Fargo & Co., was in the city part of Wednesday and Thursday.

A nice lot of onions in sacks sold at 50c per bushel, last week, delivered at the depot.

The "hog killing" season is fairly upon us, and spare-ribs and back-bones are the principal fodder.

High—Thanksgiving turkey. At least we haven't found any that roosted low enough for us to reach.

An immense number of plows have been disposed of during the week to our farmers.

Mr. J. B. Hughes, Postmaster at Sweet Home, gave us a call on Tuesday.

Mrs. B. F. Walling, of Lincoln, is at present in the city, visiting her parents.

Mrs. S. M. Pennington started for her home in Umatilla county on Thursday.

C. P. Harper, of C. P. Harper & Co., went below on Tuesday for new goods.

How would you like to be a base baller, on a salary of \$2,200 per year? That's what Davy Egger, of the Athletics, is to receive.

At the meeting of the Linn County Council, P. of H., last week, it was decided to continue the organization, and to hold the annual election on the third Monday in December next.

For the present of a basket of large ripe apples, embracing several varieties, our boys return their best thanks to Mr. Owen, of Millers Station.

Charley Wilson has a supply of venison hams, nicely dried, to tempt the appetite of the epicure. We are under special obligations to him for one of the best in the shop.

At last accounts Crill Burkhart was at San Jose, California, where he went in search of that greatest of boons, health.

Read the interesting letter from "Southwest" in this issue. We are promised a series of letters from his pen, and we know they will be read with pleasure by our readers.

Abe Hackleman proposes to return to Ochoco valley by way of the Dalles, in a few days, to look after his stock interests out here.

The coming winter promises to be a lively one, in the way of amusements, if half the schemes for pleasure and money-making talked of are carried out.

We have received a photo of the late Thos. J. Watson, who suicided at Salem some weeks ago, taken as he lay shortly after the discovery was made that he had committed the deed. It was taken by F. A. Smith, artist, of Salem, and is a good likeness.

Dr. Geo. W. Gray keeps adding to the comfort and attractions of his dental rooms in the Parrish brick. By the way, the Dr. has had scarcely an idle day the past year, so rapidly have orders poured in on him for his superior dental work.

The Elkins Bros., of Lebanon, are paying the highest price for pork in cash. The nearest way, probably, for our farmers to secure \$1 per bushel for their wheat, is to feed it to their hogs, and then sell the hogs. How's this?

New and rich quartz discoveries have been made in Sitka, which assay from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per ton. But, as the snow is some thirty or forty feet deep thereabouts, our readers musn't think of starting for that country to secure claims before the middle of next summer.

Late advices from Mr. A. Cowan and family and Mr. Andrew Hill and family, now in Southern California, give flattering reports as regards the health of Mrs. Cowen, effected by the change of climate. But, we are sorry to add, the change, so far, had not proved equally beneficial to Mrs. Hill.

We learn that party lines are to be drawn as tight as possible in the coming city election, by our Democratic friends, or at least by the leaders of that party. They will hold a convention and put a straight ticket in the field, and elect it if possible. The Republicans will probably do the same thing; and if the best men of both parties are put forward for the offices, we shall have a spicy little election.

Volney V. Smith, son of the late Hon. Delazon Smith, of this county, is acting Governor of Arkansas. Volney was elected Lieutenant Governor, but, through the resignation of Governor Baxter, is now at the head of the State government. During the late war, he served with credit first as Lieutenant, then as Captain, in the Union army. At the conclusion of the war, he resigned his position in the army, and settled in Arkansas, where he published a newspaper, was elected a member of the Legislature, and held other offices of honor and trust.

We are compelled this week, to our great annoyance, to issue the REGISTER on a half sheet, owing to the non arrival of a supply of paper. The sudden and severe cold snap ushered in the present week, reaching, as it seems to have done, every part of the country, has "set back" transportation lines several days, and our freight has been delayed a week over the usual time in getting here. We do the best we can under the circumstances, hoping to be able to resume the regular size next week, and to be compelled to write no more similar apologies.

Our townsman, Orin Rubarts, who returned from Washington City last week, was more successful in the business that took him to the national capital than his most sanguine expectations had led him to anticipate. He obtained a patent for his rotary steam engine, covering more points than he had intended to apply for. His application for a patent on a breech-loading gun was still under consideration when he left, and may or may not be granted—chances about even, probably, either way. Messrs. Rubarts & Paxton, owners and patentees, think they have, in their now patented rotary steam engine, a power that is destined to supersede, to a great extent, all other motors now in use. The advantages they claim are that it is cheaper, costing less by half than any other engine; it's great simplicity; the perfect safety with which it can be handled, and the small cost of running them. They intend putting up an engine soon, so the public may see what it can do.

Ugh! Winter is upon us in earnest. This change in the almanac happened on Tuesday, and on Tuesday night water in shallow ponds congealed to the thickness of probably a quarter or half an inch. Wednesday was a snorter, for this valley, clear as a bell, but cold. People we met on the street Wednesday morning were shrunk up and doubled together as if they had been weaned too young, or had been struck in the b-readbasket with a hard rail. For a staid, temperance community like ours, we never saw so many red noses, or so many huge icicles pendant from said bugles. It was real frosty weather. Wednesday morning was one of those mornings when the air was "fresh"—in fact too fresh for so short an acquaintance. One of those mornings when the "head of the family" wisened with all his soul that he had let the "old woman" sleep on the front side, as then it would have been her duty to get up and make the fire. It was an occasion when them blasted slippers couldn't be found—when that blasted purp had carried the dr—under-pants, we mean, into some obscure corner where they couldn't be found; when the kindlings had been forgotten; and then, when the old man had waded round in the wood-shed, barefooted, drawerless, and a shirt on open in the back, regardless of taste or expense, for half an hour, and his whole body was red as a beet from cold, his fingers numb, and a long icicle hanging to his nose, he once more gets back into the house, only to find that the last block of condemned matches accidentally fell into a basin of water the day before, and now they won't go off worth a cent, and he must go over to the neighbor's to borrow a lucifer! He then essays to put on his pants; gets one leg in all right, teeth chattering the while like a planer in a machine shop, but in attempting to stand on one leg, like a goose in the barn lot, mad as a wet hen all the time but speechless from cold, he loses his balance and falls backwards against and upsets the crib, scraping large and cheerful slices of skin off his back, getting a bump on the head that raises a knot the size of a walnut, making him see sixty-three million stars, and so confusing him that he can't really tell whether the horse has fallen in on him, he has been struck by lightning, or has fallen headfirst into the cellar. One thing he soon becomes conscious of, and that is, that he has been setting on the floor for a few consecutive seconds, en dishabile, looking very undignified indeed for the "head of the family," while the whole atmosphere is full of the most ferocious, vindictive and scathing oburgations, hurled promiscuously through space at a malevolent, thieving, lying, sin-cursed world.