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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1880

Why Some People Are Poor.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are never taken care of in season, and become wormy.

Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Dits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.

Floating Island.

Among the many natural curiosities of this country it is not generally known that there is a "floating island." Up in the "Siakiyou," lying like a pearl in the great mountain chain, is Squaw lake, a beautiful sheet of water now utilized by a mining company as a reservoir. For many years the lake has been a favorite and delightful resort for fishing parties and contained nearly in its center an island, comprising about an acre of ground covered with luxuriant grass and a growth of willow and alder. It was never dreamed that the pretty little island was not terra firma, but when the bulkhead across the outlet of the lake dammed up its waters, the island rose slowly until it had been elevated fully sixteen feet above its original level. It would be a question for the naturalist rather than the geologist to determine the age of this floating island, as it is evidently made up entirely of decayed vegetation. Perhaps at some remote period the roots of a tree, uprooted by a mountain storm and drifting out in the lake, formed the nucleus from which the island has grown, but it seems singular that it should have remained anchored and unchangeable in its position. The locality is much frequented by pleasure seekers who will hereafter notice the increased elevation.

The Devil and Tom Walker.

Somebody has been asking about "The Devil and Tom Walker?" The New York Times says that it is an old New England catch-phrase, employed as a caution to usurers, and derived, it is asserted, from an actual personage. Walker was a Bostonian having been born there about one hundred and fifty years ago, notorious for his miserly disposition. In those days when superstition was rife, he was thought, by ignorant people, to have sold himself to the devil for a large sum of money. With this money he opened his loan office there, and during the financial panic which prevailed during the time—1780-1781—of Gov. Johnathan Becher, compelled many merchants to pay most usurious rates, causing several of them, it is said, to commit suicide. He grew rich and according to tradition tried to cheat Satan himself, but Satan, who has always been more or less potent in that vicinity, determined to foreclose the mortgage he had on the old hunk's soul. With this determination he knocked at Walker's office door while he was screwing the last hundred dollars out of a poor wretch who had fallen into his clutches. The usurer opened the door and immediately disappeared. The story was current that the mysterious visitor was a black man who had come on a black horse and that he had seized the Bostonian and flown away with him. A number of people at once searched Walker's office; but his money chests were empty, and the same night his house caught fire and burned to the ground. Tom Walker's fate was long cited as a terrible warning to usurers. But now, alas! Boston is full of Tom Walkers.

John Kelly and Sam Tilden Have buried the hatchet. And oh! if the hatchet could reciprocate!

Parts.
American Indians are not decreasing in numbers, but they are advancing rapidly in civilization. Of the entire number, estimated at 275,000, 55,000, or about one-fifth, receive rations from the Government. The number of rations issued is steadily diminishing; for instance 12,000 rations now given to the Navajoes, will cease to be issued next year. About 70,000 Indians are living under constitutional and written laws, adopted and administered by themselves. There are 112,000 who wear citizens' dress; these occupy 22,190 houses. There are maintained among the tribes 330 schools, in which are 11,515 scholars; the sum of \$337,370 is expended on education, and 40,397 have learned to read. The number of acres of land cultivated by Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States is 292,550; the total of bushels of wheat raised by them in 1877 was 688,723; of corn, 4,656,952. The horses and mules owned are 216,288; cattle, 217,883, and sheep 587,444. These facts are proof that the peace policy of the National Government is far from being a failure. Dr. Clark, one of the Secretaries of the American Board, has expressed the opinion that our Indians have made more progress in civilization in the last decade than during the preceding fifty years.—Harper's Weekly.

"Forgive us our Trespasses."

A story is told of a certain nobleman of Alexandria, who complained bitterly to the bishop of that city of his enemies. While in the midst of his tale the bell sounded for prayers, and bishop and nobleman dropped to their knees, former leading in the Lord's Prayer, and the latter leaving for the time his story untold. When the bishop came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses," he stopped suddenly, leaving the other to go on alone. The nobleman attempted to continue, but, startled by the sound of his own unaccompanied voice, and recalled by the companion's silence to the significance of the petition, stammered, ceased praying, and rose from his knees, a hopeless man—until he afterward found hope in a better disposition toward his neighbor. It is an easy thing to say, "Forgive us our trespasses," by rote; it is difficult, sometimes, to say it understandingly. If we stop at this petition when we are repeating the Lord's Prayer until we have taken in the idea of it, how many of us will go on?

A Mouse That Buys a Mouse Trap.

Almost every city and town lays claim to the meekest man, but we believe that about the smallest specimen of a mean man resides in Newburyport, Mass. A few days ago he called at a hardware store and represented that he was troubled with a mouse in his pantry at home, at the same time asking the clerk for the loan of a mouse-trap to catch the animal. The clerk replied that was hardly the way business was done at that establishment, but informed the gentleman who was being impoverished by the mouse that a good trap could be purchased for 20 cents. After some dickering, the bargain was concluded. A few days afterward, however, in walked the owner of the trap with the information that he had been successful in catching the mouse, and that the article would be of no further use to him. This was followed by a request that the storekeeper take back the trap and refund him the original price. This was rather a staggerer in the way of cheek, but the man behind the counter quietly took out 20 cents, passed it over to the M. M., and remarked that he would refund the money and at the same time present him with the trap. Gracefully thanking him, the M. M. quickly pocketed the cash and trap, and walked out with the satisfied air of conscious rectitude.—Newburyport Herald.

A Wood Stove is not made of wood.—Boston Post. Nor is a coal stove made of coal. Funny, isn't it?—Detroit Free Press. And a snow plow is not made of snow. Awfully funny, isn't it?—Bangor Commercial. Neither is a sponge cake made of sponges.—Tehel.—Boston Journal of Commerce. Nor a head dress of heads.—ah, ha!

A Little Oil City girl observed her mother measuring cloth by holding it up to her nose with one hand and reaching out to arm's length with the other. She assumed a thoughtful aspect, and, after cogitating a moment, asked: "How can you measure cloth that way? Can you smell a yard?"—Oil City Derrick.

A written mass of confused ideas is a write-tingle.—Salem Sunbeam. And the occupation of the "lone fisherman" is a try-angle.—Boston Journal of Commerce. And a dispute between printers as to which "case" certain pieces of type metal belong might be called a "quod wrangle."

Light boots.
Aids and pickles are usually the joys of the family jar.
Forgiveness and smiles are the best revenge, except for women.
Garibaldi says he has had enough of it; and he won't marry again.
The waves of a woman's handkerchief have wrecked many a man.
The great Canadian prophet has had a sore throat nearly all winter.
Women are the poetry of the world as the stars are the poetry of heaven.
No matter how poor a man is he can always hold up a lamp-post and whistle.
Joanquin should be asked to write the opening ode for the Milers' Exposition.
Good digestion will do a great deal more to keep a man straight than good resolutions.
A witty divine said he spent a day in New York because it was all he had to spend there.
In a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a good deal.
One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which is very unpleasant to find depreciated.
It is not safe to criticize a singer's upper register. She may become heated, which will act as a damper upon you.
The Fort Wayne Sentinel is daily proving that an Indiana poor-house is only one door removed from Satan's roosting place.
An ex-alderman in Syracuse, N. Y., knew what he was about when he married his cook. It wasn't three weeks before she fell heir to \$20,000.
The Chief of Police of Rochester (N. Y.) says he will break up street-begging if he has to arrest every woman who lost a husband and seven children in the Chicago fire.
There are 500 vacant houses in Memphis, the result of the great epidemic.
The General Missionary Society of the M. E. church in New York has ordered an appeal to the U. S. supreme court in the Dalles mission suit, lately decided against the society in the U. S. circuit court for this district.
Parabolling Themselves.
One of the most sickening affairs, if, indeed, it is not the most horrible, which it ever has been our duty to chronicle happened last Saturday on the premises of Mr. Solon Kelley, about eight miles from Huntsville. There was a hog-killing in progress, and two colored men, Robert and Dennis Patrick, brothers, got into a dispute about each other's share of the year's crop. A long kettle filled with water stood near by. The water in the kettle had been heated to such a high degree that they were waiting for it to cool a little in order to scald hogs in it. The water was so hot that they were afraid it would "scald" the hair of the hogs. This was the high temperature of the water when the brothers began to quarrel. Dennis, who was the eldest, told Robert that he would put him in the kettle if he didn't shut up, and Robert, the preacher brother, told Dennis that if he put him (Robert) in the water he (Dennis) would have to go with him. Dennis caught Robert and pressed him backward in the direction of the kettle. He pressed him, both of them having their arms locked meanwhile, until they both went headlong into the scalding water. Their piteous and awful screams and moans soon attracted others to the place, who finally extricated them from the boiling caldron.
They retained their senses when first taken out, and their intense agonies were simply beyond description. They at once complained of their hot clothes, and when these were taken from their limbs great flakes of boiled fish went with them, leaving their bodies exposed. Their heads fell out and their hair dropped from their heads. They had literally been cooked alive! The sight was such that those who witnessed it were well-nigh paralyzed with horror.
All possible measures of relief were tried during the night, but Robert died the next day, and Dennis died on Monday.—Huntsville (Ala.) Independent.
Magnificent Tresses.
A Washington correspondent of the San Francisco Post, in a recent letter to that paper, speaks of Mrs. Murn Halstead, wife of the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, in this wise: Mrs. Halstead is owner of the most remarkable tresses in the land. Her hair, fine silky and of pure spin gold color, rippled from her head to the floor, and shaven loose it forms a mantle about her heaver than Lady Godiva's. Uncolled once at a Parisian hairdresser's, the proprietor shrieked wildly and summoned every one to come near and see the remarkable chevelure of the American lady. "Never, never," he said, as he spread his fingers, "bist the air, and hover about the glorious locks, 'had eyes seen the like, or even the agents who go off to Brittany and the peasant districts to buy hair, seen such a wonder as this." Her daughter, now a guest at the White House, does not possess the same length and luxuriance of hair as her mother, but in color and fineness it is identical with hers.
The finance committee on public buildings and grounds has agreed to a bill providing for a public building at Clarksburg, West Va., to cost \$40,000.

Pacific Slopers.
Mr. Dimmick proposes to start a tannery on Coos Bay.
The work of building docks for the transportation of rock, has been commenced at Emplra.
There have been but two divorces granted in Lake county since its organization.
The Mill learns that arrangements are being made to raise and repair the life saving station at Cape Arago.
Hon. I. W. Case, G. W. M. of the A. O. U. W., has appointed A. D. Glover and Mr. Goodhue deputies for British Columbia.
Mr. J. W. Bennett, of the Coos Bay News, has gone to Ireland, and it is said for the purpose of bringing back a wife.
Col. Nesmith conducted the funeral services of Mr. Lute Savage at the grave. Mr. Savage came to this State at the time Col. Nesmith did.
Wm. Ryan, who settled in Clark county, W. T., near Vancouver, over thirty years ago, died very suddenly of heart disease, last Wednesday week.
Mr. William Collins, of Collins' landing, has sold out to the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, who will put Chinamen to cutting wood.
Says the Lake county Examiner: The books in the sheriff's office show that of all the taxes levied since the organization of the county in January, 1875, up to January, 1879, less than \$40 remain uncollected.
We understand, says the Statesman, that the State Board of Education are making arrangements to reopen the mute school on an early day, and that Rev. P. S. Knight has been persuaded to take the management and superintend the school.
The proprietors of the Canal Fork Gold and Silver Mine, situated on the Sauttam, will have their mill in running order by the first of next month. Parts of the machinery was carried in by footmen, crossing snow in some places 18 feet deep.
"Kiss me Neddie, ere you leave." "Is that a hint, darling?" he replied. "No Neddie, I always speak plainly." Tut, tum, tum.
The Yonkers Gazette says that some men's brains are like lands in the West—plenty of them but poorly cultivated. It was speaking about the people in the East when it made that remark.
Millions of snail are dying from some unknown cause in the Columbia and floating ashore. In the vicinity of Pillar Rock the bank is lined with these little fish for some distance, and hundreds of voracious sea gulls are constantly devouring them.
It is confidently expected among fishermen that the run of salmon on the lower Columbia this season will be unusually large. There are favorable indications of a good season, and extensive preparations will doubtless be made by the various canneries along the river to secure the run.
The Pacific Mail Co. have announced a war of rates to San Francisco for passengers and freights. After the 12th, rates for passage will be \$75 for first class and \$35 for second class. In opposition, the railroad companies on the 11th, cut the following rates: First-class, \$100; second-class, \$75; third-class, \$45.
As they wandered by the river side,
"Twas galling and gaudy,
Yet now and then he softly cried,
Oh, yim, yim, yim,
But don't abuse poor Smithy.
There has been a serious case of diphtheria, says the Independent, in one of the laundry buildings at the garrison, the family of Sergeant Burke losing by death three children. The well portion of the family have moved into a tent on the river bank, isolated from the balance and town. The house will be destroyed when those now sick recover and vacate it.
Spitting the Difference.
A young man with the blush of country life on his cheeks, says the Detroit Free Press, sold out his produce at the market recently and entered a shoe store and said he wanted a pair of shoes for his wife.
"What number?" asked the clerk.
The young husband scratched his head, looked very much embarrassed and finally said:
"Well, I've been married about eight months, but this shoe business stumps me. I don't hardly believe she wears elevens, and I don't think she can get into fives. I guess if we split the difference we'll hit her pretty close."
He was given a pair of eights, and after spluttering along the 24s he observed:
"I guess them'll do. She's awful proud and I know she'll squeeze into 'em for all she's worth.
Lou McKinney shot and killed his former-law, Jacob Frye, on the public square on the 11th at Peoria, Ill. Cause, divorce proceedings and family quarrel, for which McKinney held Frye accountable. Both parties are well known.
A delegation of unemployed white men waited on the Central Pacific railroad authorities and asked them to discharge the Chinamen in their employ, and give white men work. The company promised to give an answer Monday.
The House committed on military affairs has agreed to report favorably to the House of Representatives, Frost's bill donating four bronze and eight iron cannon for the proposed statue at St. Louis of Gen. Francis P. Blair.
The Senate, in executive session, has confirmed all the supervisors of census for California, as well as those for Colorado, Oregon, Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Washington and Wyoming.
Proposals to sell bonds to the government aggregated nearly \$12,000,000 on the 12th, and prices averaged from \$103 to \$104, and Sherman has agreed to accept the offers.
Frank, son of C. M. Lawrence was arrested in Omaha on the 11th inst. on a charge of poisoning his father, the object of the deed being to get the insurance money.

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