

Albany Register.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY,
IN THE REGISTER BUILDING,
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

OLL. VAN CLEVELAND, PROPRIETOR.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1880

Home Interests.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax-powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All of the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff), a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water.

FRIED TOAST.—Beat two eggs with one pint of milk, dip slices of stale bread in it until well soaked, fry in butter; serve with melted sugar.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil, bone and chop fine three chickens, chop an equal quantity of celery, and mix; add the yolk of one egg, cup of melted butter, salt to taste, add one teaspoonful of sugar, a cup of vinegar and a pinch of red pepper.

MUTTON CHOP.—Take off the skin and part of the fat, pepper and salt them, broil over a clear fire turning frequently; take up in a hot dish in which you have a part of a glass of cat sup, same of boiling water and a tablespoonful of butter.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Wash in warm water, put a wisp of sweet clean hay in the bottom of a kettle, put in the ham and fill with cold water, let it warm slowly; when it boils, skim it, then let it simmer at least four hours; it should never boil hard, take off the skin and trim the fat, flour thickly and bake one hour.

TO SERVE COLD MEATS.—Take cold meat picked from the bone and finely chopped; to one cupful add a small onion, if the meat is fresh give it salt, black pepper and sage, add one cupful of bread crumbs, break in an egg or two and moisten it necessary with a little water. With floured hands make into small cakes and brown on both sides.

CORNED BEEF HASH.—Boil the beef till tender, when cold chop fine. To one cup of chopped meat allow four of chopped potatoes mix, put a lump of butter in a frying pan over the fire, add a dust of pepper when the butter is melted, put in the hash, add four tablespoonfuls of water, stir together; when it becomes hot, stir from the bottom, cover a plate over it and set it where it will cook slowly.

MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, two eggs, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful soda; sweet milk enough to make a soft batter; bake in roll irons.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups Graham flour, one cup corn meal, two-thirds cup molasses, two and one-half cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, steam three hours, dry in oven.

BUNS.—Flour one quart, milk one pint, butter one-fourth pound, two eggs, one cup sugar, half cup currants, four tablespoonfuls yeast; warm milk, add the yeast, butter and flour; set to rise about four hours, then add the beaten eggs, sugar and fruit; let rise again two hours; make into small buns, place close together in baking tin, and when light again brush the tops with a mixture of molasses and bake in a quick oven.

CRULLERS.—Three eggs, nine tablespoonfuls sugar, eight tablespoonfuls butter, half teacup sweet milk, half teaspoonful soda, flour to roll out, fry in lard. Care must be taken not to use more soda than called for.

PLAIN LIGHT DOUGHNUTS.—To be eaten hot with coffee. Two cups braised sponge, one half cup butter or lard, one teaspoonful salt, two eggs. Mix and let stand till light; fry in hot lard.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups sugar, two cups sour milk, three eggs, one and a half teaspoonfuls soda, two tablespoonfuls lard, add flour till stiff enough to roll out, with a firm and fry quickly in hot lard.

GERMAN SPONGE CAKE.—One cup molasses, one cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, three cups flour; one cup milk, teaspoonful soda and ginger.

GINGER COOKIES.—One egg, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one tablespoonful soda, one of vinegar, one of ginger; roll thin and bake quickly.

COOKIES.—One cup cream, one and a half cups sugar, half cup butter, one egg, one teaspoonful soda.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half tea spoonful soda, or one and a half tea spoonfuls baking powder.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat four eggs and two coffee cups sugar well together, and two coffee cups flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one of soda, two-thirds cup of boiling water, flavor with lemon; add the water last.

A Summer Idyl.

He was a decidedly poetical looking chap, from head to foot. He wore eyeglasses and had curly hair. By gazing upon him you would almost tell the exact number of sonnets contained in his pocket. He had on a blue suit and a pleasant smile. She was a country maiden, practical and innocent. They walked down a fragrant meadow, and paused beneath a spreading oak. He was the first to break the silence.

"Isn't this lovely?"

"Oh, ain't it?" she replied.

"Yes," he went on, as he planted his chin in one hand and contemplated the vista of sky land, "this is simply divine. To sit here and breathe the soft, cool summer wind, fraught with the charming fragrance of violet and rose, is just entrancing."

She said nothing.

"Isn't that a majestic mountain over there, towering into the fleecy clouds. Isn't that a lovely little brook pattering on baby syllables over the innocent little pebbles?"

"Kinder," she responded.

"Yes," he went on as he plucked his chin in the other hand for a change, "Summer is the heaven of the year. Just look at those happy birds darting through the air from tree to tree, and flooding the valley with exquisite bursts of song. Wouldn't you like to be a bird, pet?"

"I'd rather be a girl and eat ice cream," she replied with a twinkle of Arcadian simplicity in her merry hazel eyes.

This seemed to ruffle the poet considerably, but he managed to regain his mental equilibrium sufficiently to go on.

"Behold these golden winged butterflies; don't they fly languidly, as though their lives are but one smooth period of bliss and uninterrupted happiness."

"Yes," she responded, "and they flap their wings like doormats, don't they?"

After ten minutes silence of the most profound description he ventured to speak again.

"And there goes the merry bee in golden fluff, coquetting with the breeze-swayed flowers."

She kept still.

"But soon all the pretty things will vanish like a lover's dream. The flowers will fade, the leaves will fall, the birds will migrate, and the emerald tapestry of the forest will become the couch of snowflake. The lilies will vanish from the lake and the sun-set will glimmer on the barren limb and melt the snow in the empty nest."

He paused for breath, and she whispered:

"And then we will have to infuse in buckwheat cakes and heavy under clothes, won't we?"

He couldn't go any further in his remarks, so they got up and wandered away.

By John Williams.

At a church meeting not far from Boston, a man whose credit was not the best, and who was somewhat noted for his failure to meet his obligations, arose to speak. The subject for the evening was, "What shall I do to be saved?" Commencing in measured tones he quoted the passage, "What shall I do to be saved?" Again, with increased solemnity and impressiveness of manner, he repeated the momentous inquiry, when a voice from the assembly answered in clear and distinct tones, "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen you bought of him." The remainder of the gentleman's address was not reported. All present appreciated the fitness of the unexpected words in season, and were saved from hearing a lengthy exhortation from a swindler's lips.—*Christian at Work.*

One of the most portly and dignified of the Mormon bishops was lately seen running in a Salt Lake street, closely pursued by a woman who whacked him with a broomstick whenever she got within reaching distance. She was the first and only wife of Brother Jones, and she had heard the Bishop advising her husband to practice the precepts of the Church by taking an additional spouse or two.

Victor Hugo kisses all the ladies he meets. They acknowledge him the Victor to that point, but when it comes to the throes they protest.

A Reporter's Luck.

During an excursion from this city to Niagara falls, and while at Cleveland, an incident occurred which will never be forgotten by those who heard of it.

The Kennard House, in that city, was crowded when a druggist of Smithfield street appeared late at night at the hotel office and demanded a bed. The clerk replied that there were only two vacant beds in the house—one wherein was quartered a Pittsburg morning newspaper man, and the other room wherein was a Pittsburg evening newspaper man, who were with the excursion. "To tell the truth, they are both pretty drunk, so you may take your choice as to which room you will sleep in." The druggist said that on general principles he would take his chances with the evening newspaper journalist, as he would doubtless be so drunk that he would lie dormantly quiet all night. He went to bed and was soon sound asleep. The journalist, however, awakened about 12 o'clock, and, thinking it a long time between drinks, dressed himself unconsciously in the druggist's clothes, and sallied out to make a night of it. Ever and anon he muttered, as he treated all present, "Fullest thing I ever heard of. When I went to bed last night I only had 25 cents to my name, and now I've got over \$100, showing a corpulent roll of bills; and I'm bound to spend every cent of it before morning." He did.

Crop Prospects.

There seems to be, among our leading farmers, considerable anxiety with regard to the probability of the next grain crop. They unite in the opinion that the season for plowing and seeding is now too short to admit of as large an acreage as usual, comparatively little plowing having been done as yet. It must be considered, however, that the seasons in this section are evidently changing, rain being quite common in May and June for several seasons past. Should this be taken into account, farmers may be justified in seeding later than usual, but at all events there need be no alarm as this weather will soon set every plow in motion, and it four does happen to be limited in quantity farmers can demand a remunerative price for it.—*Oregon Sentinel.*

Richard Grant White says the expression "He is going for to go" is in correct. Richard is too particular. We suppose he would also object to the remark, "You git right up and git right out and git." And yet the fellow to whom it is addressed would understand it as quickly as if you were to sling two pages of grammar at him.

A Bell telephone is in successful operation between Omaha and St. Louis, a distance of four hundred miles. The "Sweet By-and-By" was sung in St. Louis and every word was distinctly heard in Omaha. It is said to be the greatest distance operated by a telephone successfully.

A writer of the gentler sex writes that "a womanly woman never gets jammed, crowded or pushed," and adds, "I am neither young nor pretty." This explains it. No man cares to squeeze a woman who is neither young nor pretty. Let us have the experience of some of the young and pretty ones.

A lady who had quarreled with her ball-headed lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

Deacon Jelly remarked to penurious companion that the kingdom of Satan was to be destroyed, and asked him if he wasn't glad of it. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose so, but it seems a pity to have everything wasted."

General Beauregard and Early are concerned in the Louisiana Lottery, at salaries of \$3000 each, and they don't like the Postmaster General's order, treating that business as a swindle.

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

"I say, ma," exclaimed a little mix of 13, "do you know what the pyrotechnical remedy is for a crying infant?" "Gracious goodness me! No, I never heard of such a thing." "Well, ma, its rocket."

Statistics prove that women's teeth decay at an earlier age than men's, which proves that gum is more injurious to toothed.

The *Boston Courier*, discovered that when two young men meet they address each other as "old man," and that when two old fellows meet they say "my boy."

If we want the Indians to continue to believe in general superiority of the white race, why do we let them go to Washington?—*Toledo Blade.*

A young lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter and then cross writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistle "without an over-skirt."

"To Greece we give our shining blades," said the fellow at the boarding house, plunging his knife into the butter-dish.

A Kentucky man was hit in the leg by a bullet while on his knees in prayer, and Peck's *Sun* says: "Such a thing might not occur again in a thousand years in Kentucky."

A French naturalist was thirteen years ascertaining the fact that a wild fox sleeps only about fifty-six minutes per night, and that a tame goose does not sleep at all.

A member of Congress chided his daughter for allowing her lover to stay after ten o'clock. "La, pa," she said, "we were only holding a little extra-session."

When a farmer puts a ring in a hog's nose he strikes at the root of the thing.

Man proposes; and when Le does so in a bar room, all the loafers accept.

Scandalous Double Marriage.

The village of Union, New York, is greatly excited over a double marriage ceremony which was performed there last week. The parties were a Mr. and Mrs. De Forest Rose, a young man named Harris, aged about 21 years, and Sadie Bliss, who is about 17 years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Rose have been married several years and have one child. About three weeks ago they were visited by the girl, Sadie Bliss, and a plan of mixing up marriage relations seemed to have been agreed upon. How it was brought about is not explained but a few days ago the four took a hack and drove off to Union. There a Baptist clergyman, the Rev. E. T. Bessy, was called upon, and Mr. Rose was married to Sadie Bliss, and Mrs. Rose was married to the young man Harris. Afterward, when Harris was asked about the affair, he pleaded that he did not know that Rose was married to the woman said to be his wife—that, in fact, he had never inquired as to her relation with him, but that he loved her and intended to stick to her. Rose has since disappeared, leaving behind both wives, but Harris and Mrs. Rose continue to live together in Binghamton.

Things Worth Remembering.
In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently in cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juice; put if the meat alone is wanted plunge in hot water at once. Never put water or other liquid on a grease spot in any woolen carpet. A plentiful application of dry buck-wheat will remove it. Don't salt a steak till after it is broiled. Salt draws the juices in cooking, and these should be retained. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. A brush and soap will ruin oil-cloth. Clean it with milk and water. Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes will improve the gravy of either roasted or fried meats. Cooks who dislike the odor arising from a greaser of fat meat in baking buck-wheat cakes, find that a piece of turnip serves just as well, and is not so odoriferous.

Lexative Bread.
W. H. Taylor states in the *London Lancet* that he has lately had bread prepared as follows, and found it most useful in ordinary constipation, and as a laxative in piles: Coarse Scotch oat meal, whole wheat flour, coarse ordinary flour, of equal parts. The bread can be lightened by yeast, or, to a pound loaf, one tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda, three ounces of tartaric acid, one pound of ordinary flour, rubbed well together, and kept dry in a tin or well corked bottle. The bread keeps well, and a two-pound loaf will be sufficient for a week, taking a portion once or twice a day in conjunction with ordinary bread.

Senator Burnside's bill, leaving for its object the setting aside of the net proceeds of public land sales and receipts of the Patent Office, to create an educational fund for the benefit of the States and Territories is one that will no doubt commend itself to Congress. One of the heaviest taxes imposed upon the American people is that levied for the support of the public schools. In some localities the burden has become so heavy that restlessness is being exhibited. Any measure calculated to alleviate this burden would be a wise one, as a serious disaffection might lead to attempts to destroy the public-school system—a calamity that the Republic could scarcely stand up under.

The Colorado papers claim that 500,000 votes will be cast in that State at the next election. If their sanguine predictions are realized the banner will have to be awarded to that State for rapid growth.

The Democrats doubtless begin to see that they have made a mistake in Maine. They are making mistakes in some part of the country most of the time.

The manager of a church fair not far away, when asked if there would be music each evening, replied, "No," and then added "but there will be singing."

He told me that he was regularly engaged as a writer for one of the leading dailies. His honest old mother said "writing wrappers at \$3 a week."

A maiden lady of our acquaintance has resolved to change her name to "Conclusions," having heard that men sometimes jump that way.

Don't pay any attention to a sign, "Shut this door." It is the trick of a lazy man to get others to do his work for him.

Baldheaded men are like kind words because kind words never die.

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