

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY. IN THE REGISTER BUILDING, Corner Ferry and First Streets. G. L. VAN CLEVE, PROPRIETOR.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1880

Home Interests.

Diseases of the Skin. A subscriber asks for some information in regard to diseases of the skin. Scald head in particular.

In the first place we want to know the causes, of which there are several; not unfrequently there is an absence of a sufficient amount of soap and water. Also gross and irritating food, pork, salt or fresh, rich gravies, or cake, burnt grease of any kind, stimulating drink of an alcoholic nature, anything that tends to clog the system.

Treatment.—Thoroughly and frequently bathing with a plain fruit and vegetable diet.

A good formula will be first to give a full bath in tub; before putting the child in, put warm, wet cloths on the head or wash and soak the parts until soft, wrap the feet in hot, wet flannel cloths at the same time; when the sores are well softened put the child in the tub with a good flannel around its shoulders, temperature of bath from 90° to 100°, heat to 105° or 110° as the case requires (only never make the bath uncomfortably warm), pour the water over the shoulders constantly while in the bath, remain in the bath from five to ten minutes, (but usually short baths are better than long ones). When ready to come out cool the bath to 85° or 80° if agreeable; never dry any person out of warm water; if you do you leave your patient relaxed and liable to take cold.

Give the bath one day, the next give a wet sheet pack, or rather a sheet and blanket together; wet them in hot water; first put a comfortable on the bed, then a dry blanket, then your wet ones as hot as the patient can possibly bear; bring up one side of the covers at a time, tuck closely all of them and be sure the feet are warm and the head comfortably cool; remain in from half an hour to an hour. This should be followed by a hand washing of tepid water, the cool rub sheet or a bath in tub one minute warm, and one cool, wrap in a sheet and dry quickly; these baths always to be followed by a quiet rest.

Foment the head and feet in the evening on retiring from five to ten minutes, then rinse the feet with cool water; dry well, put a cool cloth on the head made of soft linen (two or three thicknesses), keep this on, day and night, wet in tepid or cool water. If the head seems cool at night put a dry flannel one over the wet one, also when going out in the wind, but when in a warm room have on only the linen, as it will keep the parts too warm; and that will induce inflammation. Keep them soft, moist, constantly covered, and comfortably cool; if there are places that cannot be covered, put on some oil or sweet cream, and dust on a little flour, keep the parts well covered from the atmosphere, but not too warm. I need not keep the bowels open and free by tepid injections, eat principally graham, unfermented bread and fruits at regular meals and nothing between meals.

DR. M. HALE LUFKIN.

California Millionaires.

The N. Y. Herald says: Perhaps nowhere else in this world has there been so good a blending of heart and hand as there has been among the pioneers of the Pacific slope. Their sentiment has caused a brilliant writer to devote his pen to the pleasant task of telling stories of their modesty, unselfishness and greatness. The pioneers of California have never done anything by halves, and people trained under the cold conversation of the Eastern States have sometimes thought that everything on the Pacific slope, from the grapes to the hotels and earthquakes, is overgrown. But Bret Harte's pen was not extravagant, and men who have made an empire from ocean to mountains never lose their hearts when they build palaces as storehouses for their gold. The Bank of Nevada is an outgrowth of the big bonanza mines. There are four men

whose history is a romance, and who, in comparative poverty, went to California taking modest positions in trade and wishing honestly to earn their daily bread. They were of more than ordinary ability, as their success shows, and circumstances under which they worked developed their strength. John W. Mackay, man of much character, is the largest owner in the big bonanza mines, and he is one of the least ostentatious, as he is certainly one of the most popular men west of the Rocky Mountains. Colonel Fair, like Mackay, lives mainly in Nevada, near the mines, a quiet man, with no hobbies, but with a purse which no worthy man in distress ever found closed. O'Brien is dead. He was the Mark Mapeley of the Big Bonanza and no man ever found him out of patience. Flood has generally lived in San Francisco, and it is to his genius that much of the success of the capitalists of the Bank of Nevada is due. He is keen, shrewd and strong, but not cold, and though he has much of that reserve of manner which thoughtful men usually possess, his hand has never been known to hold a dollar very hard. From the men whose money is behind the Bank of Nevada in San Francisco, and whose hearts have never been hardened by success, come \$25,000, in addition to \$10,000 which Mackay has already sent for the relief of the Irish poor. This great donation will naturally awaken curiosity respecting the institution whose generosity is so munificent. Of course, the financial world needs no information on such a subject, but the general public has little knowledge of American banks except those in their own part of the country. The Nevada Bank is one of the great moneyed institutions of the world. In consequence of excessive taxation on banking capital under the new Constitution of California, it reduced its capital on January 1st to \$3,000,000, which leaves on its hands a surplus reserve of \$3,500,000 invested in United States Government bonds. Moreover there stands on the books of the Treasury Department at Washington in United States stocks, property of shareholders and registered in three names of the bank, \$20,500,500,000. The aggregate of United States securities held by the Nevada Bank and its shareholders is \$27,000,000.

Enoch Arden Outdone.

Some time prior to the war a young couple met and loved. After a short courtship they were married and lived happily together. Children came to bless the union and they prospered well. When the war broke out his patriotic soul would not allow him to stay at home, and he shouldered a musket and sought the battle-field in the defense of his country. Letters came regularly for a time, and then ceased entirely. Word was sent home that he had been taken prisoner, and soon after the dread news came that he was dead. The news was considered so authentic that the Government allowed the widow and the children a pension. After a reasonable time she listened to the pleadings of another suitor and married him. They came to Atlantic, where her father is an honored citizen, having moved here from the eastern Iowa town which had been the home of the family. The second husband proved to be a worthless drunkard, and after a time spent in mutual bickering, she got a divorce on the ground of intemperance and general cussedness, so to speak. Not content with her bad luck, she concluded to marry again, this time a man who was even a worse failure than her second husband, and who deliberately shook the dust off his feet and "lit out" between two days, after living with her for a time. In the meantime, a quiet, unassuming man had come to Atlantic and hired to a prominent contractor here. He formed an acquaintance with the lady and her husband, dropping in at various times to spend an evening, and was on intimate terms generally. To have seen him, no one would have thought for a moment he was acting out a strange romance. Time passed on and the husband skipped out, as aforesaid. One evening, after a little preliminary conversation, he revealed himself to the astonished woman. He was the veritable first husband, so long considered dead, on account of which the pensions were still coming to the children. Explanations followed in which it appeared that he had, after being released, written several letters home, but the family having removed from their former home, and despairing of again hearing from them, had let the matter rest. He came to Atlantic without the slightest idea that he would meet any one he had ever seen, but recognized his former wife at once. Finding that the recognition was not mutual, he concluded not to disturb the couple, but went on with his daily duties as of old. The above are the facts in the case as given us by the attorney for the

woman. What the outcome of this strange affair will be, we have no idea, nor do we believe have the parties themselves. We have not mentioned any names, because the lady is quite sensitive in regard to the matter.—Iowa Messenger.

Diversity of Oregon's Resources.

The brilliant picture of prosperity drawn upon the map of the near future for our State, depends not on the fact that it is an agricultural section; that coal, iron, gold and silver abound; that its stock range is of vast extent, and its natural facilities for manufactures and commerce are unsurpassed, but upon all of these collectively. A farming population can never attain the height of prosperity, without it is interspersed with mechanical industries and manufactures and is afforded facilities for commerce. A mining and manufacturing people in turn depend upon the agricultural districts for their supplies, and the whole country thrives by the interchange of products of a diversified industry. Our State has all the resources in a crude state that go to make up the sum of prosperity. We need capital and labor to develop the resources. We want boot and shoe factories, additional woolen mills and iron and steel rolling mills. We want more sturdy farmers, who are not afraid to wield the mattock and who can intelligently improve seed time and harvest. We want bag factories that will save to the State the immense sums annually paid to sack the wheat crop, and railways to pour this wheat promptly into the ships that wait to convey it abroad. All these things are within the possibilities of a very few years. Energetic business men see Oregon's opportunity and will hasten to make it their own.—Bee.

Army Economy.

The kind of economy which Congress has acted upon in dealing expenditures for the maintenance of the army does not appear to be based upon an intelligent understanding of the subject. There has been a niggardly, short-sighted attempt at effecting saving by methods which, in the long run, have proved costly and extravagant. By refusing to authorize a reasonable increase in the number of enlisted men, the necessity has been created for transporting troops long distances at great expense. For instance, there can be no question at all that to have increased the rank and file of the army last year to the extent of say 5000 men, so that the garrisons in places where troops were needed would have been strong enough for all exigencies, would have involved much less expense than was incurred by transporting little squads of men immense distances by railroad and other modes of conveyance. Moreover, the troops would have been immediately available wherever they were needed to prevent Indian outrages or for any other purpose. The expense incurred by the Government during the last nine months in moving handfuls of troops from one place to another in compliance with urgent local demands was probably far greater than would have sufficed to increase the army to such an extent as to render it practicable to maintain garrisons and military posts at every point where difficulties with the Indians could be reasonably anticipated.—Chronicle.

A Boy Killed by his Brother.

The Malpais Gazette of February 7th has this item: On Tuesday last, the 3d instant, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, our citizens were shocked by the report that Albert Cliff, a boy about twelve years of age, son of James P. Cliff of this place, had been shot by his brother, who is about two years older, and was about to die. It appears that the two brothers had just returned from school when Willie, the oldest, who had searched out the hiding-place of his father's pistol, and not supposing it was loaded, took and presented it at his brother, at the same time saying, "I've got you—hold up your hands, you Robber," (imitating a play called "Sheriff and robber" very much practiced among the schoolboys of this place) at the same moment pulled the trigger, and way went the fatal messenger of death, penetrating the brother's neck, cutting the main artery and passing through, or nearly so. As soon as the elder brother became conscious of what he had done, he ran up town in search of his father, who was soon found and informed of the calamity that had befallen his favorite son. Dr. Kavanaugh was immediately called in, but all human skill was of no avail. The boy expired in about an hour from the time he received the fatal shot.

An Oil City Irishman having signed the pledge, was clinged soon afterward with having drunk. "I've no means minded," said Pat, "a' a' but I have of talkin' wid meself. I said to meself, sez I, 'Pat come in an' have a drink.' 'No sur,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'An' I'll drink alone,' sez I to meself. 'An' I'll wait for yez outside,' sez I. 'An' when meself came out, sith 'm' he was drunk."

Origin of a Popular Song.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written fifty or more years ago, by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There is a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this." "What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth. "The fresh spring water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hang in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day." "Very true," replied Woodworth, "tear drops glistening in his eyes. Returning to his printing office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour: "The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well," was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

Notwithstanding the recent death of his only son, the well known name Gov. E. D. Morgan is to be perpetuated. He has just caused the name of his grandson and only lineal descendant to be changed from Arthur Denison Morgan to Edwin D. Morgan, Jr. The court cheerfully granted the order upon the necessary affidavit establishing the facts—first, that Gov. Morgan approved this adoption of his name, and second that the change was not a device for escaping pecuniary liabilities. It may well be imagined that little evidence was needful to establish either the grandfather's willingness or the grandson's solvency.

Always best when rare—family broils.

"Mankind," said a preacher, "embraces women."

In this world brayin' is too often mistaken for brain.

The man who most feelingly recognizes that all flesh is grass is the one who has the hay fever.

"We've moved into our own house, now," said Spilkins, "and have quit the pay-rental roof forever."

A young man calls his girl, who has promised to marry him, "Silence," because she gives consent.

When Adirondack Murray puts a bullet through a deer, he joyfully exclaims, "There's another buck-bored!"

Dr. Holland says a man's character may be judged by his cravat. It he wears no cravat we suppose he hasn't any.

"If you wish to train up your child in the way he should go, just skirmish ahead on that line yourself," said wise Josh Billings.

"Very soon o'er are the dreams of youth," sighs a current bard. Yes, indeed. And, by the way, that's a very soon our that Hanlon pulls.

The prevailing style of wide belts worn by the ladies is calculated to impress one with the belief that a great deal of leather belting is going to waste.

Englishmen are great lovers of harmony; perhaps this accounts for the piece the government so often slices off from other countries.

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Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Margaret Phillips, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, his final account as such Administrator, and by order of said court, Tuesday, the 3d day of March, 1880, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., is ready to receive objections to the account and the settlement thereof. Any person interested therein is hereby notified to appear and file his or her objections to said final account on or before said day. J. T. ROWLAND, Administrator. January 20, 1880—v12118

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE. OREGON CITY, Or., Jan. 13, 1879. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Samuel Sanford, homestead application N. 4019 for the S 1/2 of NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, and NE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Sec. 31, T. 9 S. R. 3 E., and names the following as his witnesses, viz: J. E. Berry, of Linn county, Oregon, and J. B. Potter, of Linn county, Oregon. L. T. BARN, Register. January 16, 1880—v12118

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D. RAYSON, Box & Co. For the benefit of all troubled with Scrofula or Impure Blood in their systems, I have recomended King of the Blood. I have been troubled with Scrofula for the past ten years, which so affected my eyes that I was completely blind for six months. I was recommended to try King of the Blood, which has proved a great blessing to me, as it has completely cured me, and I cheerfully recommend it to all troubled as I have been. Yours truly, Mrs. S. WEATHERLOW, Gardiner, N. Y.

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