

SHOT BY MISTAKE.—G. B. Comstock and Silas Barr were out hunting near Sterlingville, Jackson county, Oregon, on the 11th inst. Barr, mistaking Comstock for a deer, shot and instantly killed him.

CROPS IN RUSSIA.—The crop of cereals in Russia are said to be good, except in the northern provinces—there the yield is but half the average.

TO BE CONTINUED.—Secretary Boutwell intends to continue the present rate of purchase of bonds and the sale of gold during the present and next month.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, died at his residence at the Columbia Iron Works, near Nashville, on the 10th inst.

COULDN'T MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—A minister was traveling in the backwoods, and, espousing a cabin, entered on a mission of mercy. The lady of the house, (she alone being present and rightly judging his errand) when she saw him approaching, seized the Bible, and, as he entered, was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed, or, in other words, upside down. After the usual courtesies, the minister asked what she was reading.

"Oh, 'bout the old prophets," was the reply. "It is very edifying to read the sufferings of Christ," said the minister. "And so that good old man is dead, is he?" asked the matron, evidently getting interested.

"Certainly he is." "Well that is the way. I've been at John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Every body in the world might die, and he won't hear a word 'bout it," said the woman in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark," said the preacher with an elongated face. "Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in at the fur end of the house, but he won't do that either."

"I perceive that you are weak in knowledge." "I know that I am weak, and guess if you had the bilious fever, and been takin' laxative and cathartic pills as long as I have, you'd been weak too," replied the woman, in an angry tone of voice and half an octave higher than usual.

AGRICULTURAL.

CANNING FRUIT.—All fruit should be canned the day it is gathered. Place your cans in any vessel where they can stand at least half way up in boiling water, which keep so until scalded. I usually take a large dripping pan and put it on the top of the stove at one side; while my preserving kettle is on the other. Make your syrup, and when it comes to a boil, put in your peaches and let them cool (if clings) until you can pierce with a piece of broom corn; if freestones, when the syrup boils up over them the first time, skim out and put into the cans. When the latter are full of peaches, fill up with boiling hot syrup, wipe off the tops with a rag wet with cold water, being careful that no juice remains on them, then put on the covers, remove from the water to the stovehearth, and seal. Everything must be hot from the beginning to the end; hot syrup, hot cans, hot fruit, hot sealing wax, and, harder than all, hot and blowy hands and faces, just when the thermometer stands at blood heat in the shade. All small fruits are subjected to the same process, except that the rule for them is simply to allow them to come to a boil, and to remain longer in the syrup. Strawberries, to retain their color and flavor, require more sugar, and to be put into glass, stone, earthen, or anything but tin. The same is true of blackberries. Tomatoes I scald, peel, and then bring to a boil again, with a little salt added, when I put them in the can and seal.

ORANGE OR LEMON PUDDING.—Two large lemons or oranges, one half pound of loaf sugar, one pint of cream or rich milk, one quarter pound of butter, six eggs, rose water. Grate the yellow part of the fruit; squeeze the juice, mix the butter and sugar, beat the eggs. Mix all except the juice, which must not be added till ready to bake. Line your dishes with paste, fill and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

BAKED PUDDING.—The following is said to be one of the best puddings ever used in the Metropolitan Hotel of New York: Five table-spoons of corn starch to one quart of milk; dissolve the starch in a part of the milk, and heat the remainder of the milk to nearly boiling;

having salted it a little, then add the dissolved starch to the milk; boil three minutes, stirring it briskly; allow it to cool, and then thoroughly mix it with three eggs, well beaten, with three table-spoons of sugar, flavor to your taste and bake for half an hour.

TO BE CONTINUED.—Secretary Boutwell intends to continue the present rate of purchase of bonds and the sale of gold during the present and next month.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, died at his residence at the Columbia Iron Works, near Nashville, on the 10th inst.

COULDN'T MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—A minister was traveling in the backwoods, and, espousing a cabin, entered on a mission of mercy. The lady of the house, (she alone being present and rightly judging his errand) when she saw him approaching, seized the Bible, and, as he entered, was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed, or, in other words, upside down. After the usual courtesies, the minister asked what she was reading.

"Oh, 'bout the old prophets," was the reply. "It is very edifying to read the sufferings of Christ," said the minister. "And so that good old man is dead, is he?" asked the matron, evidently getting interested.

"Certainly he is." "Well that is the way. I've been at John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Every body in the world might die, and he won't hear a word 'bout it," said the woman in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark," said the preacher with an elongated face. "Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in at the fur end of the house, but he won't do that either."

"I perceive that you are weak in knowledge." "I know that I am weak, and guess if you had the bilious fever, and been takin' laxative and cathartic pills as long as I have, you'd been weak too," replied the woman, in an angry tone of voice and half an octave higher than usual.

AGRICULTURAL.

CANNING FRUIT.—All fruit should be canned the day it is gathered. Place your cans in any vessel where they can stand at least half way up in boiling water, which keep so until scalded. I usually take a large dripping pan and put it on the top of the stove at one side; while my preserving kettle is on the other. Make your syrup, and when it comes to a boil, put in your peaches and let them cool (if clings) until you can pierce with a piece of broom corn; if freestones, when the syrup boils up over them the first time, skim out and put into the cans. When the latter are full of peaches, fill up with boiling hot syrup, wipe off the tops with a rag wet with cold water, being careful that no juice remains on them, then put on the covers, remove from the water to the stovehearth, and seal. Everything must be hot from the beginning to the end; hot syrup, hot cans, hot fruit, hot sealing wax, and, harder than all, hot and blowy hands and faces, just when the thermometer stands at blood heat in the shade. All small fruits are subjected to the same process, except that the rule for them is simply to allow them to come to a boil, and to remain longer in the syrup. Strawberries, to retain their color and flavor, require more sugar, and to be put into glass, stone, earthen, or anything but tin. The same is true of blackberries. Tomatoes I scald, peel, and then bring to a boil again, with a little salt added, when I put them in the can and seal.

ORANGE OR LEMON PUDDING.—Two large lemons or oranges, one half pound of loaf sugar, one pint of cream or rich milk, one quarter pound of butter, six eggs, rose water. Grate the yellow part of the fruit; squeeze the juice, mix the butter and sugar, beat the eggs. Mix all except the juice, which must not be added till ready to bake. Line your dishes with paste, fill and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

BAKED PUDDING.—The following is said to be one of the best puddings ever used in the Metropolitan Hotel of New York: Five table-spoons of corn starch to one quart of milk; dissolve the starch in a part of the milk, and heat the remainder of the milk to nearly boiling;

having salted it a little, then add the dissolved starch to the milk; boil three minutes, stirring it briskly; allow it to cool, and then thoroughly mix it with three eggs, well beaten, with three table-spoons of sugar, flavor to your taste and bake for half an hour.

TO BE CONTINUED.—Secretary Boutwell intends to continue the present rate of purchase of bonds and the sale of gold during the present and next month.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, died at his residence at the Columbia Iron Works, near Nashville, on the 10th inst.

COULDN'T MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—A minister was traveling in the backwoods, and, espousing a cabin, entered on a mission of mercy. The lady of the house, (she alone being present and rightly judging his errand) when she saw him approaching, seized the Bible, and, as he entered, was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed, or, in other words, upside down. After the usual courtesies, the minister asked what she was reading.

"Oh, 'bout the old prophets," was the reply. "It is very edifying to read the sufferings of Christ," said the minister. "And so that good old man is dead, is he?" asked the matron, evidently getting interested.

"Certainly he is." "Well that is the way. I've been at John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Every body in the world might die, and he won't hear a word 'bout it," said the woman in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark," said the preacher with an elongated face. "Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in at the fur end of the house, but he won't do that either."

"I perceive that you are weak in knowledge." "I know that I am weak, and guess if you had the bilious fever, and been takin' laxative and cathartic pills as long as I have, you'd been weak too," replied the woman, in an angry tone of voice and half an octave higher than usual.

AGRICULTURAL.

CANNING FRUIT.—All fruit should be canned the day it is gathered. Place your cans in any vessel where they can stand at least half way up in boiling water, which keep so until scalded. I usually take a large dripping pan and put it on the top of the stove at one side; while my preserving kettle is on the other. Make your syrup, and when it comes to a boil, put in your peaches and let them cool (if clings) until you can pierce with a piece of broom corn; if freestones, when the syrup boils up over them the first time, skim out and put into the cans. When the latter are full of peaches, fill up with boiling hot syrup, wipe off the tops with a rag wet with cold water, being careful that no juice remains on them, then put on the covers, remove from the water to the stovehearth, and seal. Everything must be hot from the beginning to the end; hot syrup, hot cans, hot fruit, hot sealing wax, and, harder than all, hot and blowy hands and faces, just when the thermometer stands at blood heat in the shade. All small fruits are subjected to the same process, except that the rule for them is simply to allow them to come to a boil, and to remain longer in the syrup. Strawberries, to retain their color and flavor, require more sugar, and to be put into glass, stone, earthen, or anything but tin. The same is true of blackberries. Tomatoes I scald, peel, and then bring to a boil again, with a little salt added, when I put them in the can and seal.

ORANGE OR LEMON PUDDING.—Two large lemons or oranges, one half pound of loaf sugar, one pint of cream or rich milk, one quarter pound of butter, six eggs, rose water. Grate the yellow part of the fruit; squeeze the juice, mix the butter and sugar, beat the eggs. Mix all except the juice, which must not be added till ready to bake. Line your dishes with paste, fill and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

BAKED PUDDING.—The following is said to be one of the best puddings ever used in the Metropolitan Hotel of New York: Five table-spoons of corn starch to one quart of milk; dissolve the starch in a part of the milk, and heat the remainder of the milk to nearly boiling;

having salted it a little, then add the dissolved starch to the milk; boil three minutes, stirring it briskly; allow it to cool, and then thoroughly mix it with three eggs, well beaten, with three table-spoons of sugar, flavor to your taste and bake for half an hour.

TO BE CONTINUED.—Secretary Boutwell intends to continue the present rate of purchase of bonds and the sale of gold during the present and next month.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, died at his residence at the Columbia Iron Works, near Nashville, on the 10th inst.

COULDN'T MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—A minister was traveling in the backwoods, and, espousing a cabin, entered on a mission of mercy. The lady of the house, (she alone being present and rightly judging his errand) when she saw him approaching, seized the Bible, and, as he entered, was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed, or, in other words, upside down. After the usual courtesies, the minister asked what she was reading.

"Oh, 'bout the old prophets," was the reply. "It is very edifying to read the sufferings of Christ," said the minister. "And so that good old man is dead, is he?" asked the matron, evidently getting interested.

"Certainly he is." "Well that is the way. I've been at John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Every body in the world might die, and he won't hear a word 'bout it," said the woman in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark," said the preacher with an elongated face. "Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in at the fur end of the house, but he won't do that either."

"I perceive that you are weak in knowledge." "I know that I am weak, and guess if you had the bilious fever, and been takin' laxative and cathartic pills as long as I have, you'd been weak too," replied the woman, in an angry tone of voice and half an octave higher than usual.

AGRICULTURAL.

CANNING FRUIT.—All fruit should be canned the day it is gathered. Place your cans in any vessel where they can stand at least half way up in boiling water, which keep so until scalded. I usually take a large dripping pan and put it on the top of the stove at one side; while my preserving kettle is on the other. Make your syrup, and when it comes to a boil, put in your peaches and let them cool (if clings) until you can pierce with a piece of broom corn; if freestones, when the syrup boils up over them the first time, skim out and put into the cans. When the latter are full of peaches, fill up with boiling hot syrup, wipe off the tops with a rag wet with cold water, being careful that no juice remains on them, then put on the covers, remove from the water to the stovehearth, and seal. Everything must be hot from the beginning to the end; hot syrup, hot cans, hot fruit, hot sealing wax, and, harder than all, hot and blowy hands and faces, just when the thermometer stands at blood heat in the shade. All small fruits are subjected to the same process, except that the rule for them is simply to allow them to come to a boil, and to remain longer in the syrup. Strawberries, to retain their color and flavor, require more sugar, and to be put into glass, stone, earthen, or anything but tin. The same is true of blackberries. Tomatoes I scald, peel, and then bring to a boil again, with a little salt added, when I put them in the can and seal.

ORANGE OR LEMON PUDDING.—Two large lemons or oranges, one half pound of loaf sugar, one pint of cream or rich milk, one quarter pound of butter, six eggs, rose water. Grate the yellow part of the fruit; squeeze the juice, mix the butter and sugar, beat the eggs. Mix all except the juice, which must not be added till ready to bake. Line your dishes with paste, fill and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

BAKED PUDDING.—The following is said to be one of the best puddings ever used in the Metropolitan Hotel of New York: Five table-spoons of corn starch to one quart of milk; dissolve the starch in a part of the milk, and heat the remainder of the milk to nearly boiling;

having salted it a little, then add the dissolved starch to the milk; boil three minutes, stirring it briskly; allow it to cool, and then thoroughly mix it with three eggs, well beaten, with three table-spoons of sugar, flavor to your taste and bake for half an hour.

TO BE CONTINUED.—Secretary Boutwell intends to continue the present rate of purchase of bonds and the sale of gold during the present and next month.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, died at his residence at the Columbia Iron Works, near Nashville, on the 10th inst.

COULDN'T MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—A minister was traveling in the backwoods, and, espousing a cabin, entered on a mission of mercy. The lady of the house, (she alone being present and rightly judging his errand) when she saw him approaching, seized the Bible, and, as he entered, was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed, or, in other words, upside down. After the usual courtesies, the minister asked what she was reading.

"Oh, 'bout the old prophets," was the reply. "It is very edifying to read the sufferings of Christ," said the minister. "And so that good old man is dead, is he?" asked the matron, evidently getting interested.

"Certainly he is." "Well that is the way. I've been at John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Every body in the world might die, and he won't hear a word 'bout it," said the woman in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark," said the preacher with an elongated face. "Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in at the fur end of the house, but he won't do that either."

"I perceive that you are weak in knowledge." "I know that I am weak, and guess if you had the bilious fever, and been takin' laxative and cathartic pills as long as I have, you'd been weak too," replied the woman, in an angry tone of voice and half an octave higher than usual.

AGRICULTURAL.

CANNING FRUIT.—All fruit should be canned the day it is gathered. Place your cans in any vessel where they can stand at least half way up in boiling water, which keep so until scalded. I usually take a large dripping pan and put it on the top of the stove at one side; while my preserving kettle is on the other. Make your syrup, and when it comes to a boil, put in your peaches and let them cool (if clings) until you can pierce with a piece of broom corn; if freestones, when the syrup boils up over them the first time, skim out and put into the cans. When the latter are full of peaches, fill up with boiling hot syrup, wipe off the tops with a rag wet with cold water, being careful that no juice remains on them, then put on the covers, remove from the water to the stovehearth, and seal. Everything must be hot from the beginning to the end; hot syrup, hot cans, hot fruit, hot sealing wax, and, harder than all, hot and blowy hands and faces, just when the thermometer stands at blood heat in the shade. All small fruits are subjected to the same process, except that the rule for them is simply to allow them to come to a boil, and to remain longer in the syrup. Strawberries, to retain their color and flavor, require more sugar, and to be put into glass, stone, earthen, or anything but tin. The same is true of blackberries. Tomatoes I scald, peel, and then bring to a boil again, with a little salt added, when I put them in the can and seal.

ORANGE OR LEMON PUDDING.—Two large lemons or oranges, one half pound of loaf sugar, one pint of cream or rich milk, one quarter pound of butter, six eggs, rose water. Grate the yellow part of the fruit; squeeze the juice, mix the butter and sugar, beat the eggs. Mix all except the juice, which must not be added till ready to bake. Line your dishes with paste, fill and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

BAKED PUDDING.—The following is said to be one of the best puddings ever used in the Metropolitan Hotel of New York: Five table-spoons of corn starch to one quart of milk; dissolve the starch in a part of the milk, and heat the remainder of the milk to nearly boiling;

having salted it a little, then add the dissolved starch to the milk; boil three minutes, stirring it briskly; allow it to cool, and then thoroughly mix it with three eggs, well beaten, with three table-spoons of sugar, flavor to your taste and bake for half an hour.

TO BE CONTINUED.—Secretary Boutwell intends to continue the present rate of purchase of bonds and the sale of gold during the present and next month.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, died at his residence at the Columbia Iron Works, near Nashville, on the 10th inst.

COULDN'T MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—A minister was traveling in the backwoods, and, espousing a cabin, entered on a mission of mercy. The lady of the house, (she alone being present and rightly judging his errand) when she saw him approaching, seized the Bible, and, as he entered, was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed, or, in other words, upside down. After the usual courtesies, the minister asked what she was reading.

"Oh, 'bout the old prophets," was the reply. "It is very edifying to read the sufferings of Christ," said the minister. "And so that good old man is dead, is he?" asked the matron, evidently getting interested.

"Certainly he is." "Well that is the way. I've been at John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Every body in the world might die, and he won't hear a word 'bout it," said the woman in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark," said the preacher with an elongated face. "Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in at the fur end of the house, but he won't do that either."

"I perceive that you are weak in knowledge." "I know that I am weak, and guess if you had the bilious fever, and been takin' laxative and cathartic pills as long as I have, you'd been weak too," replied the woman, in an angry tone of voice and half an octave higher than usual.

AGRICULTURAL.

CANNING FRUIT.—All fruit should be canned the day it is gathered. Place your cans in any vessel where they can stand at least half way up in boiling water, which keep so until scalded. I usually take a large dripping pan and put it on the top of the stove at one side; while my preserving kettle is on the other. Make your syrup, and when it comes to a boil, put in your peaches and let them cool (if clings) until you can pierce with a piece of broom corn; if freestones, when the syrup boils up over them the first time, skim out and put into the cans. When the latter are full of peaches, fill up with boiling hot syrup, wipe off the tops with a rag wet with cold water, being careful that no juice remains on them, then put on the covers, remove from the water to the stovehearth, and seal. Everything must be hot from the beginning to the end; hot syrup, hot cans, hot fruit, hot sealing wax, and, harder than all, hot and blowy hands and faces, just when the thermometer stands at blood heat in the shade. All small fruits are subjected to the same process, except that the rule for them is simply to allow them to come to a boil, and to remain longer in the syrup. Strawberries, to retain their color and flavor, require more sugar, and to be put into glass, stone, earthen, or anything but tin. The same is true of blackberries. Tomatoes I scald, peel, and then bring to a boil again, with a little salt added, when I put them in the can and seal.

ORANGE OR LEMON PUDDING.—Two large lemons or oranges, one half pound of loaf sugar, one pint of cream or rich milk, one quarter pound of butter, six eggs, rose water. Grate the yellow part of the fruit; squeeze the juice, mix the butter and sugar, beat the eggs. Mix all except the juice, which must not be added till ready to bake. Line your dishes with paste, fill and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

BAKED PUDDING.—The following is said to be one of the best puddings ever used in the Metropolitan Hotel of New York: Five table-spoons of corn starch to one quart of milk; dissolve the starch in a part of the milk, and heat the remainder of the milk to nearly boiling;

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. S. DENNY, UNDERTAKER. Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE & CABINET WARE, MATTRESSES, ETC. Under the "States Rights Democrat," office, FIRST STREET, ALBANY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. NOTICE! L. E. BLAIN. S. E. YOUNG. BLAIN & YOUNG, HAVING BOUGHT ALL THE MERCHANDISE OF J. Barrows & Co., will continue the business, and they invite all to give them a call. They will be constantly receiving goods from San Francisco, and will keep a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c., &c. Add our inducements to READY PAY CUSTOMERS. BLAIN & YOUNG.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. CONFLAGRATIONS! Are of Daily Occurrence! PIERCE & WELLS' FIRE INSURANCE. R. H. MAGELL, Manager, San Francisco. Cash Assets, \$1,519,338 08. Amount Disbursed for Fire Losses, FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. FIRE INSURANCE. R. H. MAGELL, Manager, San Francisco. Cash Assets, \$1,519,338 08. Amount Disbursed for Fire Losses, FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. COOKING STOVES. The undersigned having purchased the stock formerly owned by M. W. Mack, and having made large additions thereto, now offer to the public the fullest and completest assortment of first-class goods in our line, yet offered in this market, consisting of PARLOR, BOX, HALL, and... COOKING STOVES, of the following patterns: Buck, Black Knight, Golden Gate, Hubby Clay, New Nation, Buckeye State, &c., &c., &c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. PURELY MUTUAL. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF BOSTON. INCORPORATED 1835. Cash assets... \$7,000,000 00. Cash distributions of 1867... 526,583 55. Total surplus dividend... 2,727,573 55. Losses paid in 1867... 331,600 00. Total losses paid... 2,796,100 00. Income for 1867... 2,203,808 00.