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All Letters and Communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to Bellinger & Brown.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. HANNON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. ALBANY, OREGON. Office on Main street, opposite Foster's Brick.

J. QUINN THORNTON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Albany, Oregon. WILL PRACTICE IN THE SUPERIOR and inferior Courts of Oregon, Lincoln County and Polk counties. Five per cent charged on collections, when made without suing.

BENJ. HAYDEN, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Will attend to all business entrusted to him by citizens of Polk and adjoining counties. Feb. 29, 1867.

OFFICE OF COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT. T. WATERLOO, SIX MILES ABOVE LEBANON, on the Santiam. Post office address, Lebanon. J. W. MACK, Co. School Superintendent.

S. A. JOHNS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALBANY, OREGON. DILIGENT attention will be given to all business in his line.

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Proposes to make his rates for Dental services for the year 1868, as follows: Full upper and lower set of Teeth, \$30 to \$50 Full upper or lower " " " " \$15 to \$25 First teeth, \$2.50 each. Filling teeth, from \$1 to \$3 each cavity. Extracting, 25 cents per tooth. Cleansing, 50 cents to \$1.50. Other minor operations in proportion. Terms, U. S. coin or its equivalent.

N. H. CRANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Albany, Oregon. Office in Necessary Brick Building, up-stairs, Albany, Oregon.

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G. W. GRAY, D. D. S., GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE. WOULD INVITE ALL PERSONS DESIRING Artificial teeth and first-class Dental Operations, to give him a call.

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HILTBIDEL & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS. Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tea, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Store on Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon.

DR. T. L. GOLDEN, OCUList AND AURIST, ALBANY, OREGON. Dr. Golden (a son of the noted Old Ophthalmic Doctor, S. C. Golden), has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care.

RUSSELL & ELKINS, Office in Parrish's & Co's Block, First Street, ALBANY, OREGON. Having taken into co-partnership James Elkins, Esq., Ex-Clerk of Linn county, Oregon, we are enabled to take to our practice of law and collections, superior facilities for

Conveyancing, Examining Records, and Attending to Probate Business. Deeds, Bonds, Contracts and Mortgages carefully drawn. Homestead and Protection papers made and Claims secured. Sales of Real Estate negotiated, and made on Collateral securities on reasonable terms.

C. O. D.—WALTHAM WATCHES—C. O. D., LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. FULLER & Co. (late M. E. Chapman & Co) Removed to No. 25 John street, N. Y.

WILLIAM WALTHAM WATCHES, in solid Gold and Silver cases only, by express to any part of the United States, to be paid for on delivery, after examination, at wholesale prices. The buyers to pay all express charges. This Company's guarantee sent with each watch. Send for Illustrated Circulars giving full information.

SAMUEL DENNY, UNDERTAKER, AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF CABINET WARE. ALBANY, OREGON. Store on First street, under the Democrat Office. Albany, Oct. 1, 1868—v4n12.

State Rights Democrat.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"CHANGE OF BASE!" BLAIN & YOUNG, ALBANY, OREGON. Having bought all the Merchandise of J. Barrows & Co., will continue the business. And we invite all to give us a call. We will be constantly receiving.

GOODS DIRECT FROM SAN FRANCISCO, AND WILL KEEP A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, &c. WE WILL OFFER INDUCEMENTS TO ALL Ready-Pay Customers!

ALL PERSONS OWING THE FIRM OF J. Barrows & Co., will please call and settle. Either member of the firm is authorized to settle any account the Company. March 6, 1869—v4n29f.

ALBANY FOUNDRY! MACHINE SHOP! ALBANY, OREGON. A. F. CHERRY, PROPRIETOR.

MARBLE WORKS! A. J. MONROE, DEALER IN—MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMBS, MARBLES! Also, Mantels, Grates, Fire Bricks, Washstands, Bureaus and Counter Tops furnished to order.

TO THE LADIES! NEW MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT. MRS. S. C. SMITH, FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESS-MAKER!

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!!! OF NEW YORK. OFFICERS—EDWARD A. JONES, Pres't; JOSEPH O. HALEY, Vice Pres't; JOHN A. MONTGOMERY, Sec'y; HIRSH B. WHITE, M. D., Med. Ex.

NOTICE. "Sweepstake" Thresher and Separator! STILL ONE YET!! EIGHT HORSE POWER! For Sale at a Bargain and terms easy for Payment.

NO MORE FOOLISHNESS! THOSE INDEBTED TO ME ARE INFORMED that I promise to pay don't "go" any longer. Patience is exhausted and I MUST have money. This is the last Call and at the expiration of thirty days I will put all unsettled accounts in the hands of a lawyer for collection—sure!

THE LOST REGAINED.

BY J. MILTON HOFFMAN.

Only three hundred, sir—only three hundred; very cheap, sir; will you take it? And the polite vendor of jewelry looked up inquiringly at the young man with whom he was bargaining.

Harvey Wayne took the ring under a discussion, and, after examining the same, paid the requisite price and departed. Scarcely had he reached the door when a gaudily dressed young man approached, and on seeing the article which the purchaser had paused to admire, he finally exclaimed:

"Ah, Wayne, what have we here? been investing your surplus cash in jewelry, eh? Allow me to ask whose finger you design this ornament to encircle?"

Somewhat amused at the inquisitiveness of his interrogator, Harvey Wayne passed him the ring and answered evasively: "What should you consider its value?"

"I am a poor judge of jewelry, Mr. Wayne, and especially of an engagement ring," was the reply. "But you have not answered my question. Who is to be its fair possessor?"

Not receiving a satisfactory reply, Theodore Willis continued his way down the street until he arrived at a large stone mansion, whose appearance, compared with the meagreness of the surrounding buildings, was strikingly grand.

Without hesitancy he opened the door, and springing up a flight of stairs, was soon comfortably seated within his own room. For several hours he remained unoccupied, but at length, preparing his toilet with unusual care, he wended his way towards one of the most respectable and fashionable portions of the city.

Twilight was falling just as he arrived at the mansion owned and occupied by Charles Leland, a wealthy importer, who, being the guardian of a lovely niece, was naturally considered a very important man by the young and unexperienced gallants of the community.

Silently, and as though familiar with the surroundings, Theodore Willis hastened up the grand walk toward a beautiful arbor, over which the clinging vines, nurtured by the hand of man, had formed a canopy of flowers.

"She is there," he muttered, as with hasty strides he neared the structure within which was seated Anna Leland. Before the fair girl had discovered his approach the ponderous bell which swung in the old stone church chimed out its hour seven. She started and muttered to herself:

"Seven o'clock, and he not here!" Scarcely had the words fallen from her lips when Theodore Willis entered with noiseless tread. The blood slightly crimsoned her cheeks as he placed his arm familiarly around her slender waist, and whispered in her ear:

"I have come, Anna, to receive my answer." She gazed dreamily through the vines that clustered over the latticed window, and seemed lost in her own reflections.

"I am waiting, Miss Leland," came again in well modulated tones. "I do not love you, Mr. Willis. I cannot be your wife, this is my answer." And she withdrew her hand from his, and brushed back the tangled curls that were sweeping her forehead.

Theodore Willis stood for a moment transfixed with astonishment. Little did he think the result of his long continued attentions would be a refusal. Involuntarily his eyes met those of his companion, when, raising her hand to pluck from the swinging vines a crimson rose, he saw the flash of a brilliant diamond ring, in an instant he recognized the article as the one which the young lawyer, Harvey Wayne, had purchased but a few hours before.

Maddened by the knowledge so unexpectedly obtained, Theodore Willis was about to make some insulting remark, when, feeling that such a course would only render him more obnoxious to his fair companion, he wisely smothered his anger, and replied:

"Though you have rejected me, Anna, I hope you will not prevent me from enjoying the pleasure of your society; that would be cruelty indeed." Being fully assured that such an idea had not been entertained, he bowed with usual grace and departed. No sooner had the dark foliage of the trees rendered him secure from observation than all his pent up anger burst forth in a torrent of oaths.

"Faith!" muttered the man of wealth, "what a lucky dog I am anyhow. No sooner do I fall on one hand than I succeed on the other. Now my plan is complete. I will give that puppy of a lawyer an opportunity of earning a penny by caring for my property at Oakland, and while he is gone—ha! ha!"

And Theodore Willis walked rapidly down the street until he had reached the office occupied by the firm of Scribner & Wayne; the junior partner being Harvey Wayne, with whom the reader is already acquainted.

"You are aware, Mr. Wayne, are you not, that I have property at Oakland?" was his first interrogation, after being comfortably seated in the office of the attorney.

"I believe you were expecting property," was the reply. "Can I be of any service to you in that direction?" "Well, yes."

Mr. Willis then produced the letter and read it to his companion, after which he continued: "It will probably require several weeks to properly attend to the estate, how much time can you spare from your business here?"

"A month, or even two, if necessary," was the reply. "But you have not answered my question. Who is to be its fair possessor?"

"I could not stay that long," he answered laughing. "I shall have business, before a year expires of far more importance than arranging of estate difficulties."

"Indeed, may I ask its nature?" inquired. "Certainly, but do not be offended if you do not succeed in eliciting a correct reply."

"Matrimony?" suggested Mr. Willis, with feigned merriment. "Perhaps so. But when do you wish me to start?"

"Immediately, if possible to-day." "Very well, I will leave in two hours."

It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and chagrin that Mr. Willis departed from the office of the young man, into whose care he had placed the certificates of his newly acquired property. His main object was to get rid of his rival for a few weeks, so that his well-conceived and fully successful plot could be more easily executed.

In this he had been fully successful. His pleasing manner and fascinating address had fully won the confidence of the young lawyer.

But if Theodore Willis was gratified at his successful engagement with the attorney, he was, on the other hand, chagrined to find that the day appointed for the marriage of Harvey Wayne and Anna Leland was so near at hand.

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myself. Farewell. ANNA LELAND. "What a progressive individual I am," exclaimed Mr. Willis, after finishing the closing lines. "Sharp, too! Nobody seems to be aware of the fact, however, but myself. This letter, for instance, is a good specimen of my ingenuity. I will send it to Mr. Wayne in about three weeks. He doubtless will then be sufficiently settled to enjoy the contents. However, I must not forget to enclose the ring; that would be carelessness indeed. This letter" continued he, after placing the ring in the folds of the perfumed note, "will, I am certain, accomplish my purpose. Harvey Wayne will not return."

On this point Mr. Willis seemed peculiarly positive. He thoughtfully was associated with the disposition of Mr. Wayne. He thought that, by permanently ridding himself of his rival, he could regain the friendship of Anna Leland, and ultimately succeed in claiming her for his bride.

"I have succeeded charmingly, so far," he remarked, as he stepped to the door to witness a train of cars sweep by.

He was just in time to catch sight of a having handkerchief, and the cheerful face of Harvey Wayne looking from the car window. For a moment his rascality was so apparent to himself that he turned his head and remarked:—

"There he goes. He suspects nothing wrong. By the prophet! I am a great scoundrel. I feel as if I ought to be kicked."

Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips when a young man, hardly twenty years old, approached. "Halloo, Mr. Willis," said the newcomer, "you seem excited. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," was the blunt reply, "take a seat." Jack Raymond took the proffered chair, and after seating himself, with unexpressed inquisitiveness, exclaimed:—

"Well Mr. Willis, how is your suit progressing?" "Suit? what suit? Ah, yes; you have reference to my little affair at Oakland?"

"By no means, my dear sir; I mean your suit with Miss Leland. Have you been successful?" Mr. Willis smiled as he thought how remarkably unsuccessful had been his latter part of June was the time appointed for the consummation of the marriage.

About the middle of the forenoon of that day, Theodore Willis sallied out to visit his betrothed. He had gone but a short distance, however, when turning a corner, he suddenly came face to face with no less a personage than Harvey Wayne.

Started at meeting the one whom above all others he had injured, but seeing no medium of escape, the guilty wretch came hesitatingly forward and extended his hand. This token of friendship was not accepted by the young man, who in a voice hoarse with passion exclaimed:—

"Do you know me, villain?" Theodore turned pale, and in a scarcely audible tone inquired:— "Why are you here?"

"To prevent you, rascal, from executing your hellish designs!" "Then you know all?"

"Yes, scoundrel, I know more than all! I know you to be a villain, doubly dyed. I know the course you have pursued. I—"

"What hiring did you engage to dog my footsteps?" "Hiring, sir, hiring?" Listen to me. Do you remember a fair-haired youth just entering upon man's estate? Do you remember the young man whom you requested, nay, compelled, to drink with you one year ago to-day? Do you remember him?"

"Jack Raymond!" gasped the miserable man. "The same. He came to you a sober man, he went away a drunkard. The liquor you compelled him to drink did its work. He came to Montana, and while in a state of intoxication he told me all. The next day the poor fellow died of delirium tremens, and with his dying breath he cursed you as his destroyer. Your crime is great. You cannot make reparation, but you may reform. All I ask of you is to leave the city forever. Will you do it?"

The young lawyer's tone was civil but severe. A strange light quivered over his countenance as he spoke, and he wildly ejaculated:—

"I will leave, I will go—but in a manner you little suspect—ha! ha! Yes I will go."

A look bordering on insanity quivered about the face of the excited man as he concluded. A moment more and he was gone.

So strange and unaccountable were the actions of the unsuccessful plotter while conversing with Harvey Wayne, that the latter was in doubt as to the course the former intended to pursue.

Theodore Willis, he knew, was not the man to acknowledge defeat until every avenue to escape had been thoroughly explored. Perhaps he would leave the city as he had agreed, but the probability was not his intention.

Thus Mr. Wayne reasoned. He did not know that in a few hours an aristocratic assemblage of people would be waiting to see and congratulate Theodore Willis and Anna Leland as man and wife. He had been in the city but a short time, consequently had learned nothing concerning the approaching marriage. His meeting with Willis was strictly unexpected and accidental.

After thinking over what had occurred, the young man proceeded to the residence of a friend, where he had been invited to remain during his stay in the city.

In the meantime, where was Anna Leland? Did she love the man to whom she had plighted a betrothal vow? No she loved but one, and by that one she

thought she had been deceived. Never had a forenoon appeared so long to Anna as did the one which preceded the evening of her marriage. Willis did not make his appearance—why she could not tell. He had promised to visit her, and ought certainly to have been there. Hour after hour sped by. The sun was almost down. She sat alone in the vine-covered arbor, a resort dear to her by memories of happy by-gone hours.

Suddenly the ponderous church-bell chimed out the hour of seven. She started, and muttered to herself:— "Seven o'clock! Another hour, and I shall be an unloving wife."

Scarcely had her thoughts been uttered, when a cry from an approaching newsboy attracted her attention. "Buy a paper, mum?" he asked beseechingly.

"No—yes, come here," she replied on seeing a look of disappointment in his face.

The little fellow thanked her with a smile as he took his fee, double the amount required, and left the grounds.

Indifferently the fair girl opened the paper and glanced over a few of the interesting articles it contained. She had read several items of local interest, and was about to close the paper, when suddenly her eye came in contact with a paragraph that made her blood turn cold. She struggled a moment to regain her composure, then read the notice. It ran as follows:—

"SCHEME.—Our city has again been the scene of a melancholy affair, the particulars of which we give below."

"It appears that a young man, a son of the late George Willis, of this city, entered his residence in the latter part of the forenoon of this day, seemingly in a state of great mental depression. No especial significance was attached to his probably intoxicated condition, until on hearing a singular noise in the house, one of the servants visited his room, and found him dead in his bed. A vial of poison by his side told the tale. He had committed self-destruction. Nothing more is at present known concerning this lamentable affair."

Perhaps nothing could have been more startling to Anna Leland than was the above. So sudden and unexpected was it that she trembled, turned pale, and fell fainting to the floor. Consciousness was slowly returning as a young man, browned with exposure, entered the summer-house, and bending over the prostrate girl whispered softly in her ear:—

"Do you know me, Anna?" Slowly her eyes opened and her form became erect. For a moment she gazed doubtfully into the face of her companion, but seeing it brighten with a familiar smile, she gave a wild cry of delight, and sprang into the arms outstretched to receive her.

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"Harvey," she whispered. "Anna," was the response.

How long they would have continued to enjoy the sweet confidence of each other's society it is hard to tell, had the church-bell not commenced ringing, reminding the fair girl that at this hour it rang to summon her to the altar.

"Harvey," she said, "do you know why that bell rings so long, so strange and so clear?"

"No." "It is a marriage bell, Harvey. It rings for me and—"

"Impossible!" cried he, divining her meaning. Then I was just in time." "Yes, just in time to save me from a marriage over which I had no control. It was not my fault, Harvey. You don't blame me?"

"Blame you? No; on him alone who caused this trouble the blame reposes. He was a rascal and a villain!" "Don't Harvey; don't talk so about the dead. The evil he accomplished may ultimately prove beneficial to us both."

As she ceased speaking the old bell commenced to ring. A sudden thought seemed to take possession of her companion. "Anna," said he "can we do better than to improve ourselves?" She divined his meaning, and after a moment of hesitation returned a favorable reply.

It did not take long to arrange the preliminaries of this sudden marriage. Accompanied by a few friends, the happy couple wended their way to the church. Out of mingled curiosity and friendship a large collection of people had assembled. Some of them were conscious of the existing state of affairs, but a majority of those present were not aware that anything of an unusual nature had occurred.

But amid the surprise manifested on this occasion, Harvey Wayne, the people's pride and favorite, was united in marriage to the one from whom fate had once so strangely torn him away, but to whom he had been as singularly returned.

WOMAN.—An exchange says, we can always tell what sort of a woman a man marries, by the way he treats the printer. If he gets a common wife, he forgets the printer altogether. If he gets a tolerably good wife, he will send in the notice of his marriage. If he gets a very good one, he will send the printer a nice slice of cake accompanying the notice. If he gets an extra one, he will send a nice slice of cake and a bottle of wine with the notice. And if he gets a glorious, angelic creature—all affection and goodness—he is sure to send the printer a nice lot of cake and wine, and three dollars for a year's subscription for the paper.

"What a little child!" said a friend.— "Ah!" replied Hood, "his parents never made much of him."

Slender issuing from red and beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from the heart of a rose.