

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

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F. M. REDFIELD & CO., CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIVING a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Yankee Notions, etc., etc.

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DILIGENT attention will be given to all business in his line.

DENTISTRY! PRICES GREATLY REDUCED!

DR. E. H. GRIFFIN

Proposes to make his rates for Dental services for the year 1893, as follows: Full upper and lower set of Art. Teeth, \$30 to \$50; Full upper or lower, \$15 to \$25; Root teeth, \$2.50 each; Filling teeth, from \$1 to \$2 each, etc.

N. H. CRANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. OFFICE—In Norcross' Brick Building, up stairs, Albany, Oregon.

JOHN J. WHITNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Notary Public. Special attentions given to collections.

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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HILTABIDEL & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.

THE EYES! THE EARS! DR. T. L. GOLDEN, OCUList AND AURIST, ALBANY, OREGON.

Dr. Golden (a son of the noted Ophthalmitis 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.

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Attending to Probate Business. Deeds, Bonds, Contracts and Mortgages carefully drawn. Homestead and Pre-emption papers made and Claims asserted. Sales of Real Estate negotiated, and loans effected on collateral securities on reasonable rates.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE! THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage.

First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. V.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1869.

NO. 16.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Beside a stream whose liquid beam Was curling and shining, As dewy blades and anemones Harmoniously were twining, An old man sat and heeded not The bliss below—above him.

From bowers and trees the bird and bee Flew happily over, stinging, While from a tower across the sea A marriage bell was ringing.

He seemed to rove in a land of love, Where fate-tossed bellers ringed, And decked with jeweled light was one Whose speech was more than singing.

Maggie did not lift her head from her lover's shoulder so that he could look into her eyes, he felt the half indifference with which she met his tenderness.

"Are you not?" he asked, with all a man's selfishness to enjoy his sweet dreams to the full perfection.

There was no reply; and though Maggie Wilmer did not lift her head from her lover's shoulder so that he could look into her eyes, he felt the half indifference with which she met his tenderness.

"I suppose so"—a little pettishly. Don't tease us, John. There, I must say good-by, now; I hear aunt Anna calling me.

She put up her rosy lips and met the kisses he gave her very much as if she felt it a duty she owed him; then, breaking away from the arms that would fain have held her a little longer, she hurried up the path to the house.

John Martin's face saddened slightly, and his bright, earnest eyes clouded. He could not help wishing that she felt a little more keenly this separation.

He had been engaged to her just one month, and he was going to be absent until December, and it was the first of May now. Surely she ought to be sad at the thought of such a parting.

For himself, he could hardly bear the next morning, he promised to write twice a week, which was a beautiful prospect for happiness—he wrote, that would help him to bear his disappointment. He hoped that she would be blessed in the choice she had made, and she must consider him as her friend always.

Maggie went off to her chamber, and cried over the letter; it was so cold, she said, and he had pretended to care so much for her. The silly little goose would doubtless have been much better pleased if John had spoken of suicide and discouraged largely of poison, pistols and hemp.

In September, Victor left Chelmsford. They had a very affecting leaving-take. Maggie firmly believed she would die if she did not see Victor every day. As for Victor, he looked quite lean and hollow-eyed when he mounted the stage coach to begin his journey the next morning. He promised to write twice a week, which was a beautiful prospect for happiness—he wrote, that would help him to bear his disappointment.

For three or four weeks he kept his promise, and his letters raised Maggie to the seventh heaven, but by-and-by the thing got old, and it was irksome to be always writing letters, even to her. After a time it came to pass that weeks went by and the girl did not hear from him.

Before the end of February he ceased writing altogether, and there was a blank until May. Maggie was proud, and scorned to ask an explanation. Life was void and dull to her, but she bore her pain silently. John Martin was in New Orleans, and said nothing in his letters to his sister, who was his only relative, about returning home.

One day toward the close of May Maggie read the notice of Victor Burton's marriage to Miss Letitia Stanhope. She read it twice before she began to realize the meaning of the printed words. She had heard of Miss Stanhope—a beautiful wealthy young lady, and the ward of Victor's father.

Aunt Anna found Maggie lying on the carpet with the paper clutched in her hand, but to all her cries and entreaties the poor little girl returned no answer. For days she lay in that dreadful stupor so closely resembling death, and when there was a change it was to the wild delirium of fever. It was August before she was able to get out, and few would have recognized the beautiful light-hearted girl, Maggie, in the pale-faced, sad-eyed woman who went so sadly about the cottage.

A month later there was another notice in the weekly paper—the same paper which had contained the marriage notice—the death of Letitia, wife of Victor Burton—thrown from a carriage and died from injuries received. It was very soon—but he excused himself by one of the many sophistries which men in his position use, that Victor came to Chelmsford. I think it was no later than the middle of November. He sought Maggie, and told over to her again the same story he had made so sweet to her ears in the summer that was a year gone. He had only loved her always. Pecuniary embarrassment had forced him to take a rich wife, but his heart had never wandered from its allegiance to Maggie. And when a proper time had elapsed he wanted her for his wife.

Maggie listened quietly until he had finished; then she put away the hand that would have taken hers, and said, coldly: "My love for you died long ago, I know my heart now, and you have no place there. Go and leave me." He entreated, and got angry, and she left him to himself. A week afterwards he sailed for Australia. It was December again—the night before Christmas. Maggie was lying on the sofa before the sitting-room fire, kept there by one of those wretched headaches which seem to be the especial birthright of some women. Aunt Anna was away, and Susan, the housemaid, busy with her lover in the kitchen.

The sitting-room door opened softly, and some one came in. Maggie did not look up; she thought it was Aunt Anna's.

MAGGIE'S LOVER.

He put back the golden hair from her forehead, and kissed her tenderly. "Good-by, little heart's ease. In December I shall return, and then you shall be all my own."

There was no reply; and though Maggie Wilmer did not lift her head from her lover's shoulder so that he could look into her eyes, he felt the half indifference with which she met his tenderness.

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The sitting-room door opened softly, and some one came in. Maggie did not look up; she thought it was Aunt Anna's.

But instead, it was John Martin. He had returned the day before, and had come to pay his respects at the cottage. He had intended to be very friendly and dignified, but the sight of the flushed face on the sofa pillow softened him at once.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" he asked—never thinking how strange it would sound to a long absence. Swift as light she opened her eyes and looked at him; and then she hid the very silliest thing in the world—she hid her face and began to cry. She would not have done so for a thousand dollars, if she could have helped it; but somehow she could not seem to help it.

John looked on in amazement. "Why Maggie! my dear little Maggie!" he exclaimed, unconsciously, perhaps, adopting the phraseology of former times, "what is the matter?" And Maggie for reply, only cried the harder. John knelt down and lifted up the bowed head, until he could look into the shrinking eyes. Something he read there changed wondrously his countenance, and made him bold and confident. He clasped her close to his heart and kissed her puckered-up little mouth and flushed, contorted forehead.

"Maggie, my darling, are you glad to see me? And going to be what I want? Shall we blot out the time of my absence and go back to that sweet May night, when I thought the world hardly large enough to hold the happiness which the assurance of your love gave me?" she cried, clasping her two arms tight about his neck. "I never loved anybody but you. I thought I did; but I didn't. And oh, John, will you forgive me?" "I did that long ago, dearest," and directly Maggie forgot that her head ached, and the pain and unrest went out of her head forever.

THE PARSÉE LETTERS.

No. 16.

To Horace Greeley:

Sams: Perhaps no country in the world uses more umbrellas than India does. The European cotton or silk umbrella is as much a staple in the Bombay market as iron or shirting. I naturally tried to find out whether I could not buy umbrellas here in the United States as cheap or cheaper than in Europe. Strange as it may seem, I really prefer the American-made silk or cotton umbrella to those made either in Manchester, Birmingham, or London. There is a perfect magic about the Yankee louch in manufacturing goods; it combines the grace of France with the durability of England; above all, everything an American manufacturer makes is practicable.

There are several considerable umbrella manufacturers in New York. I called on the largest and made my inquiries. The goods suited, but the price was, beyond all reason, out of the way. Of this I complained, when the umbrella-making sahib, who was very polite, said that it was perfect madness to think of manufacturing umbrellas for Europe. France and England, he said, had long since adapted their machinery purposely to the cheaper cotton. It was also used largely for wadding purposes; and had it not been for the American war our India cotton would certainly have remained the sluggish and neglected article in the English market.

Perhaps you, O Greeley, sahib, and your countrymen, are not aware that our chief market for raw cotton was China, and has now again become so. The sudden rise in cotton in 1862, which lasted fully in a feverish state up to the early months of 1865, gave to India cotton the importance it never would have attained. Your war, which prevented any cotton coming from the United States, compelled the English to alter their machinery, and adapt it to the short-staple cotton. The price in Bombay during the months of April and May, 1862, rose from 150 rupees a candy to 300 rupees.

We were all cotton mad in India; we scoured the country and brought cotton to Bombay, Kurrachee and Calcutta, by extraordinary exertions. We stopped our shipments to China, for we saw that the Chinese actually exported a great deal of their own cotton to Europe, and by that means we made a very respectable appearance in the European markets.

But we never did believe in India, during all the years that your war lasted, what the English people would have believed, viz: that your war was chronic. We all felt certain that you would shake hands sooner or later—rather sooner than we all, I must confess, wished in India.

Often did I hear my senior partner, Roustamjee (who is a very shrewd old sahib), say: "The American difficulty will and must be settled amicably at last. The energy of the people is such that they will in a few years retrieve all they have lost, and will raise again four million bales of cotton a year; and our India cotton will then, as before, be neglected, and only be worth two-thirds of the American cotton."

This idea was so prevalent in India during the years of the American war that we did not get into the raising of cotton systematically or scientifically. Much of the plant grows in the central provinces, in Sheegawn, in Anvee, and Wurdah, in an indigenous state, and we found no difficulty, as long as any rubbish would sell in Bombay and could be drawn against on England, to bring a good deal of it down to Bombay from the interior.

To move cotton from the Indian provinces down to the coast is large quantities and at a given time requires ready money. You call it here "moving the crops." This facility we found during the American war, to a very great extent, in Bombay. Confidence was in its height; banks sprang up like mushrooms; anybody could get money from the banks who was engaged in bringing cotton down from the provinces.

I can assure you, O Greeley, sahib, that our clerk, Hurriehund Mehadoo, who was then only twenty years old, got on his own name 5,000 rupees from the Central Bank of India to bring cotton from Hingunghat to the coast.

All at once the day of reckoning came. March and April, 1865, many of our most useful and energetic merchant sahibs failed. I need not mention the house of Cama & Co., who failed for more than 18 million dollars; the great Hindoo schraff and speculator, Payehband, who was chairman of the Bank of Bengal. Besides these, there were many, many better men, although not so large in business, who went to the wall. This at once broke the energy in the cotton trade from the interior, and you will recollect that in a few months later the price of cotton went up again.

But the mischief was done. Things would, however, have come around again, had not the panic of 1866 taken place. "What the hail left, the locust eat." The following banks during the year failed: The Royal Bank of India, the Commercial Bank of India, the Asiatic Bank, the Bank of Bombay, the Agra and Master-

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A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

No. 16.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" was forcibly illustrated by the brief history of two persons which culminated Wednesday evening at the Astor House in New York and is thus related by the Evening Mail:

About 22 years ago Mr. M., a North-east gentleman, married a Miss N., of this State. To all appearances it was what the world denominated "a happy marriage." About one year after this union, Mrs. M. presented her husband with a fine boy, whose appearance seemed to be an additional living and breathing bond of affection. The "happy couple" lived together for about ten years, when by reverse of circumstances in Mr. M.'s business, over which he had no control, he became quite poor. Passing over details, suffice it to say that a divorce emanating neither party was easily obtained in a court in one of those States, whose loose laws tended to violate the solemn ordinance of marriage with impunity. But this was not a trap sprung by one party without the knowledge of the other. It was a mutual divorce.

Mrs. M. was a healthy, fine-looking woman, and in a few years became the wife of a well-to-do gentleman. This was a happy marriage throughout. The second husband died a little more than a year ago, leaving the widow a small fortune of twenty thousand dollars.

During these eight or nine years of life with her second husband, the lady did not forget her first-born son, nor did she lose sight of the mother. The affection in both was strong. The boy was the divine magnet which attracted the divorced and widowed mother and the wandering father from his search for business and happiness in distant Costa Rica. At the death of the second husband the son had reached the manly age of twenty. Imagine his feelings as he came to realize the situation of his father and mother. One a single man! the other a widow. One an unhappy wanderer still without sufficient worldly goods to make life worth living for; the other the occupant of a handsome home with a plentiful wardrobe. Ever present was the thought that one yet lived whom she had sworn before God to "love and cherish." He was the father of her son. The son, who loved his mother, loved his father not less. The mother could not gaze into the face of her only born without beholding the image of his father. Time passed. The son brought his divorced father and widowed mother again. They talked over the past. They talked over the present. They agreed upon the future. It was flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone. The ties of nature were too strong for resistance. Like two drops of quicksilver the two hearts united. Yesterday, in this city, the son had the happiness to celebrate the anniversary of his twenty-first birthday by witnessing the extraordinary scene of the marriage of his own father and mother! This was joy enough for one day. History probably does not afford the parallel of this truthful picture.

Mr. and Mrs. M., accompanied by their son and several friends, dined at the Astor House yesterday afternoon, and afterwards left for Boston to enjoy his second and her third "honeymoon." The son, who is a promising, fine-looking young man, is a telegraph operator of excellent abilities and employed in this city.

After the honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. M., with their son, will visit Costa Rica, where the past business experience of Mr. M. in that country, with the little capital of Mrs. M. and the profession of the talented and enterprising son will undoubtedly prove the foundation for a greater and more permanent fortune. "May happiness and prosperity go with them."

Mrs. Horace Greeley is a confirmed invalid.

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Transient Advertisements per Square of ten lines or less of this sized type; first insertion, \$5; each subsequent insertion, \$3.

A square is one inch in space down the column, counting cuts, display lines, blanks, &c., as solid matter. No advertisement to be considered less than a square, and all fractions counted a full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as transient.

man, and a dozen smaller local banks in Bombay. Confidence was gone, and the usual channels for facilities to move the crops to the coast were dried up; hence our Indian friends could not make the show in cotton during 1867-68 that otherwise they undoubtedly would have done.

I find, Greeley, sahib, that my letter is getting too long. I will therefore, give you a little more in my subsequent ones. With great respect, always yours, A. CIMOSHNOV, Parsee Merchant of Bombay.

REMARKS.

When a man hasn't got any thing to say, then is a good time to keep still—there is but few people who will mist a good opportunity to ventilate their opinions.

Just about as ceremonies creep into one end of a church, they creep out of the other.

Those who have the fewest faults see the fewest in others.

Pride is as universal as air on the head—sum are proud of their virtues, sum of their vices, and sum having neither themselves brag on other people's.

Love looks thru a telescope; envy, thru a microscope.

An industrious man is seldom a bad man.

Men will believe their passions quicker than they will their consciences, and yet their passions are generally wrong and their consciences alway right.

It ain't much trouble to bear the pain av somebody's elses lame back, but to have the lame back oneself ain't so stylish.

Despising fortune is not a sure way to gain her favors—pipe to her and she may dance to you.

Take awl the interest out of this world and there wouldn't be friendship enough left for seed.

Secrets are a burden, and that is one reason why we are so anxious to have somebody else carry them.

I hev seen men so full of vanity that the cool end endure the sight of a peacock with his tale on parade.

The most exasperating bore I know is exasperating politeness.

If I was called upon to describe Eloquence, I should do it as I would a suit of clothes—"of suitable texture and a perfect fit."

Gravity is no more an evidence of wisdom than it is of ill nature.

The greater the man the less his virtues appear and the greater his faults.

Don't mistake vivacity for wit; there is just as much difference as there is between lightning and a lightning bug.

No man ever undertook to alter his nature by substituting sum invehens on his own but what he made a botch job av it.