STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

BELLINGER & BROWN.

C. B. BELLINGER. | M. V. BROWN.

OFFICE IN PARRISH'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, $3; Six Months $2; One Month, 50 cts.; Single Copies, 12½ cts.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

N. S. DU BOIS,

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

Wholesale and Retail.

Opposite R. C. Hill & Son's Drug Store, Albany, Oregon. jun10v6n43y1

G. W. BIGGERS, M. D.,

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

GRADUATE OF THE PHYSIO-MEDICAL OR CURTIS COLLEGE, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Employs in practice neither mercury, arsenic, morphine, nor any other poisons, but relies on such agents as act in perfect harmony with the laws of life and are entirely harmless.

OFFICE—Parrish's Block, up stairs. Residence on Water street, below Pierce's ferry. ap29n37v5m6.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

ALBANY, OREGON.

Office: On South side of Main street. Residence: On Second street, opposite Pearce's Ferry. apr15v5n35tf.

C. B. BELLINGER. THEODORE BU MESTER.

BELLINGER & BURMESTER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

ALBANY, OREGON.

March 11, 1870-n30v5tf.

N. H. CRANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

OFFICE—In Norcross' Brick Building, up-stairs, Albany, Oregon. au4

S. A. JOHNS.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ALBANY, OREGON.

DILIGENT attention will be given to all business in his line. jan23v4n24tf.

JOHN J. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Notary Public.

Special attentions given to collections.

OFFICE—In the Court House.

Albany, Oregon. v3n32tf.

J. HANNON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

ALBANY, OREGON.

Office up stairs over Brenner's store, opposite the Post Office.

v5n4y1

J. C. POWELL. L. FLINN.

POWELL & FLINN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)

ALBANY, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. oc20n101y

HILTABIDEL & CO.,

DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Store on Maine street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon. ac28v3n7tf

THE EYES! THE EARS!

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. apr10v4n34tf

J. C. MENDENHALL,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Legal Instruments of all kinds made and attested. Conveyances and Collections promptly attended to. v5n41tf

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.

Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold plate fittings, and other new styles of work, may be seen at his office, up stairs in Parrish & Co.'s Brick, Albany, Oregon.

Residence, corner of Second and Baker streets. apr11'68n3n34tf

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. Having heretofore carried on nothing but

First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,

he expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER.

apr4v3n33tf

ADMINISTNATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned has this 25th day of May, 1870, been appointed administrator of the estate of John Hoskins, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby requested to present them, with proper vouchers, to me at my residence 7 miles southeast of Scio, within six months from this date.

n4v5 DILLON HOSKINS, Adm'r.

PARTNER WANTED.

A GOOD CARPENTER WITH A FEW HUNdred dollars, can find the best opening to make money honestly, in Linn county, by applying to J. W. Mack, by letter at Lebanon, Oregon, or personally at Waterloo on the South Santiam above Lebanon. J. W. MACK.

apr8v5n34tf.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT MY wife, Merinda Shaver, having left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation, all persons are hereby warned not to credit her or harbor her boys, Thos. P. and Samuel K. Craig, on my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts of their contracting.

DAVID W. SHAVER.

Albany, June 3, 1870. v5n42w4.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. V. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1870. NO. 44.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: PER YEAR, One Column, $100; Half Column, $60; Quarter Column, $35.

Transient Advertisements per Square of ten lines or less of this sized type, first insertion, $3; each subsequent insertion, $1.

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 as full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as transient.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. S. D.—1870!

LITERARY MINDS AWAKE!

W. S. DRIGGS,

INTENT UPON GRATIFYING THE SOULS of those who hunger and thirst after wit and wisdom, has,

FOR THAT EXPRESS PURPOSE!

Opened a New and well selected stock of

Standard and Miscellaneous BOOKS!

ranging from School Primers to Shakespeare.

Also, constantly on hand,

SHEET MUSIC—"LATEST AGONIES!"

STATIONERY!

Albums, Diaries, Writing Fluids, Etc., Etc

I've goods to suit all kinds of folks,
In palaces or hovels;
I've Bibles, Poems, Antic Jokes,
Blank Books, Gold Pens and Novels.

COME! Call for anything in my line *and be accommodated.*

You will find me in Hill's Drug Store, Albany, March 4, 1870-1y. W. S. DRIGGS.

We the Undersigned Committee, appointed to decide upon the merits of the washing done by Kane's Condensed Soap and Common Boiler, decide that the washing done by KANE'S CONDENSED SOAP, is the best, doing the work in a superior manner with less labor, no rubbing being done in using Kane's Soap; but that borax was used in the Automatic Boiler.

D. RUNNELS, North Yamhill.
DANIEL STRANG, Salem.
R. C. CRAWFORD, "

Salem, June, 12th, 1869. Committee.

Kane's Condensed Soap.—VANCOUVER, W. T., August 7, 1869. Mr. KANE—Sir: Yours of the 6th received, and in answer to your inquiries, I can say that your Soap has given perfect satisfaction—has performed all it was recommended to perform. On giving it a trial, the washwoman washed six dozen of pieces, without the aid of any machine or rubbing. Yours, respectfully,

aug12n52v4tf. J. L. RANKIN.

MARBLE WORKS!

A. J. MONROE,

—DEALER IN—

MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMBS.

Head and Foot Stones Executed in California, Vermont and Italian

MARBLES!

Also, Mantles, Grates, Fire Bricks, Washstands, Bureau and Counter Tops furnished to order.

State St., Bet. Commercial and Front.

SALEM, - - - OREGON.

v4n52tf.

REAL ESTATE.

STITZEL & UPTON,

REAL ESTATE BROKERS,

—AND—

GENERAL AGENTS.

BRANCH OFFICE-Albany, Oregon

J. C. MENDENHALL, Agent.

General Land Agency for Oregon established July, 1868.

An office where general information concerning the resources of Oregon can be *obtained free of charge.*

Loans negotiable on first mortgage, real estate and collateral security.

Have for sale a large amount of property located in the town of Albany. Also farming lands of every description in Linn and other counties of the State.

To the citizens of Albany and vicinity, and to the owners of real estate, we take this method of calling your attention to our place of business.—Having determined to open a branch office in your city, we can offer you a medium for obtaining purchases—one that is appreciated by buyers, as it saves them much time and labor in securing what they want. Our principal agency at Portland, Oregon, is thoroughly established, and the office so well furnished for giving information upon real estate, that it affords the most complete facilities for all parties having business in our line.

You incur no expense in placing your property on sale with us unless a sale is made.

Office on First street, opposite post office.

J. C. MENDENHALL, Agent.

Albany, Oregon March 23, 1870. v5n32y1

UMATILLA HOUSE!

DALLES CITY.....OREGON.

HADLEY & SINNOTT, Prop'rs.

THIS WELL KNOWN FIRST CLASS HOUSE having been recently repaired and renovated throughout, offers superior accommodations and gives better satisfaction to the Traveling Public than any Hotel in Dalles City. It is the only First-Class Hotel in the City, and really the only Hotel the Traveling Community patronize.

Suits of Rooms for Families, and Superior Accommodations for 300 Guests!

This Hotel is located near the Steamboat Landing and Railroad Depot.

THE HOTEL OMNIBUS

Will always be at the Railroad Depot and Steamboat Landing on the arrival of Passengers, to convey them and their baggage to and from the Hotel free of charge. Particular attention paid to calling guests in the morning for the boat and cars; and extra attention paid to seeing families off on the cars and boat.

They have two large FIRE-PROOF SAFES in the office, for the use of their guests.

Hotel open all night in charge of a careful Watchman. In connection with the Hotel they have a fine

Billiard Saloon and Reading Room!

March 11, 1870-v5n30tf.

E. F. RUSSELL, Att'y at Law. C. P. FERRY, Notary Public.

RUSSELL & FERRY,

REAL ESTATE BROKERS,

—AND—

COLLECTING AGENTS.

Special attention given to the sale of Real Estate, Real Estate Litigation and the Collection of Claims. Office, N. W. Corner First and Washington Streets.

Portland, Oregon.

Feb. 22, 1870. v5n28tf.

A WISH.

BY EDWARD FAWCETT.

How softly Spring enfolds it,
In flows of tender grass;
How lightly nod its violets,
When warm-breathed breezes pass;
How clear its tiny head-stone gleams,
How clear and fair and still—
How quiet is my darling's grave
Out on the quiet hill!

I would that I might always keep
This Spring-time round her tomb;
That grasses might not lengthen there,
That roses might not bloom;
That splendid Summer might not come
The flattered lands to fill,
Nor clovers gird my darling's grave,
Out on the quiet hill!

But always I would have the skies
Faint-blue, the sward faint green,
And vistas of white-blossomed boughs
Along the orchard seen;
And pathos of the violets,
And odors, vaguely borne,
And Spring to mourn my darling
As only Spring can mourn!

—*Christian Union.*

A LOVE EPISODE IN VERSE.

Faultless and fair, all in the mooney light,
As one ashamed, she looked upon the ground.
And her white raiment glistened in his sight.
And, hark! the vesper chimes began to sound,
Then lower yet she drooped her young, pure cheek,
And still was she ashamed, and could not speak.

A swarm of bells from that old tower o'erhead,
They sent their message sitting through the boughs
Of cedar; when they ceased his lady said,
"Pray you forgive me," and her lovely brows
She lifted, standing in her moonlit place,
And one short moment looked him in the face.

Then straight he cried, "O sweetheart, think all one.
As no word yet were said between us twain,
And know thou that in this I yield to none—
I love thee, sweetheart, love thee!" So full fain,
While none did leave to silence all her part,
He took the gleaming whiteness to his heart—

The white-robed maiden with the warm white throat,
The sweet white brow, and locks of amber flow,
Whose murmuring voice was soft as rock-dove's note,
Entreating him, and saying, "Do not go!"
"I will not, sweetheart; nay, not now," quoth he,
"By faith and troth, I think thou art for me!"

And so she won a name that eventide,
Which he gave gladly, but would ne'er bespeak,
And she became the rough sea captain's bride,
Matching her dimples to his sun-burnt cheek;
And chasing from his voice the touch of care
That made her weep when first she heard it there.

VARIETIES.

How to put down whishey.—Drink it.

Birch rods make the best baby-jumpers.

The want of money is the root of all evil.

Evergreens—those who don't take the papers.

Gamboling on the Green—Betting on the turf.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailor.

"My dear wife," as the man said, when he looked at the last milliner's bill.

"Rents are enormous," as a poor fellow said when he looked at his coat.

One way of giving a man a chance of rising in the world. Knock him down.

A safety match—ten thousand a year on both sides.

To make an artless girl heartless, it only requires a *he.*

The best cure for dirt, is the water cure.

It makes all the difference in the world at which end you put Dr.

One green tarleton dress contains arsenic enough to kill three men; yet men *will* run after green tarleton dresses.

R ilways are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his station, and to stop there.

Dux is the Latin for military leader, says a paper. Nice ducks some of our military leaders are!

Why is a lawyer like a sawyer?—Because whichever way he moves—down must come the dust.

Almost every young lady is public spirited enough to have her father's house used as a courthouse.

An architect proposes to build a Bachelors's Hall which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

A woman in advertising her runaway husband, says: "David has a scar on his nose where I scratched him."

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said: "A girl now seems all head. "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

The railing of a cross woman is like railing of a garden, it keeps people at a distance.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look-out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

"I will preach from dat portion of de scripture dis evening," said a colored dominie, "whar de postle Paul pints his pistle at de 'phesian."

Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? Because the law says a man cannot be condemned without a hearing.

"They tell me wine gives strength," said a Fox one day: "and yet I, who have just drunk three bottles, cannot keep myself on my legs."

Wisconsin cheese factories make a brand of cheese called "Truth." We should think it would have a good run, and it doubtless will, as "truth is 'mitey' and will prevail."

Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner struck each other "Oh, dear!" says Smith, "how you make my head ring!" That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "Didn't yours *ring?*" said Smith. "No," said Brown. "That's a sign its *cracked,*" replied his friend.

MR. PETERS' FIRST WIFE.

"Dear, dear! no toast; eggs boiled as hard as brickbats, and the coffee stone cold!"

And Mr. Peters rose from the table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer. He rang again, a third, a fourth time, and still no answer.—Out of all patience, he went to the door and called—"Maria! Maria!"

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered his summons. She had one of those bright faces which Nature intended should be decked with continual smiles; but now, all its roses in bloom, it was drawn to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious, or rather doleful expression, totally at variance with its usual joyous look.—Her voice, too, had lost its melodious, ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal whine.

"What is it, Joseph?"

"Where's Bridget?"

"Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe."

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word and then continued: "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat."

"I wish," whined his wife, "you would talk less of temporal matters and turn your attention to the great end of life."

"Hang it all, madam, I like to enjoy my life while I do have it. Here was I, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good, quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"

"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle."

"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Are they going to school to-day?"

"No, dear Joseph."

"For what reason, madam?"

"My dear, their teacher has given up the school and is turning his mind to more exalted objects. Oh! Joseph, turn now, while there's time. You still have a week for preparation and repentance!"

"Repentance! Well, when I take up that subject, it will take more than a week to put it through."

And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.

"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not send home any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dinner."

Joe made no answer, unless the violently emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Mutteri g with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his friends, Fred. Somers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

"Hallo!" he cried, "you here?—What are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"

"No."

"Had a quarrel?"

"No."

"Gone to town?"

"No."

"Then why don't you breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?"

"No."

"Servants all dead?"

"No."

"Well, what in thunder's to pay?"

"Maria has joined the Millerites."

Fred gave a long, shrill whistle, and then said: "Going to ascend next week?"

"Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me. I am almost distracted.—Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants saucy, house all in confusion, wife got the blues, either quoting the speeches of the elders at me, or sewing on a white robe, and groaning every third or fourth stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a great mind to take poison or join the army."

"H'm! h'm! you give an enchanting picture, but I think I can suggest a cure."

"A cure?"

"Yes, if you will promise to take my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy."

"Do it!" cried Joe. "I'll follow your advice like a soldier under his superior officer. What shall I do?"

At tea time Mr. Peters entered his home whistling, Maria was seated at her sewing, and there were no signs of preparation for the evening meal.

"Maria, my dear," said Mr. Peters, "is tea ready?"

"I don't know," was the answer, "I have been out all day attending meeting."

"Oh, very well; never mind. Attending! You are resolved, then, to leave next week?"

"Oh! Joseph, I must go when I'm called."

"Yes, my dear, of course. Well I must resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it ever occurred to you that I shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love."

And Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair, and pulled up his collar. Maria looked up rather surprised.

"You see, dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quickly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have long illness; and besides, dear, there will be no funeral expenses to pay, and that is quite a saving."

Mrs. Peters' lips quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to quit his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was not yet gained.

"So, dear," he said, "if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife."

"What!"

"Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for."

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

"Another wife, Joseph! Another wife!"

"Yes. I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time, when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her; she is your bosom friend!"

"What! Sarah Ingraham!"

"Yes, my dear. I think that on the day you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingraham!"

"What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid, the mother of my ch ldren! What!"

"Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do. I don't want to leave my business and go a courting, and she will have me, I know."

"No doubt! Oh, you great, brutal, hateful——

"Stop, my dear, don't fly into a fury! We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by-the-way, I have a proposition to make."

"Go on, sir. Don't spare me."

"Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow, to stop a week."

"What!"

"Then I can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture."

"What!"

"And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out, and she can learn the ways of the house."

"What!"

"And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask of you. Stay at home one or two days, and show her around where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order after you go. You will do this to oblige me, won't you?"

Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascension robe into a ball and fired it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, workbasket and table-cloth followed each other in rapid succession, and he was unable to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

"So! you are going to marry Sarah! That's the reason you whistled so nice when you came in! But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, that I won't go!"

"But, my dear, you must go, if you are called for."

"I won't go!"

"But consider, my dear."

"I won't go!"

"But what will Sarah Ingraham think of it?"

"Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—I—oh I—I am fairly choking!" and the little woman threw herself into a chair in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

"Well, old boy, how goes it?"

"Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who, under the pretence of loving my wife, was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements."

"Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend, will she?"

"If Sarah is to be my second wife and stepmother to my children, Mrs. Peters has concluded that on the whole, she won't go."

A RIDE IN ROME.

The rides round Rome constitute the amusements whose charms, perhaps, endure the longest. Round Rome, I say; but in truth, the surrounding Campaigna is as much Rome as the city itself. You may ride and ride, but you will never ride beyond ruins. Tombs are the only milestones; and you seem to be galloping over a huge churchyard, where the turf is soft and undulating, where sorrow has laid its dead, and where piety and nature have planted flowers. For in the spring the uncultivated Campaigna is a garden, and the desert truly smiles. Anemones and crocuses dapple the ground; indeed, they do not dapple, they hide it. You get off your horse, and gather a bright posey. Lucky you if you can then and there make a love gift. And almost every girl who visits Rome seems to ride; and you meet the fair amazons of England on the site of Fidence, beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or returning, flushed and beautiful from scouring the grassy interspaces which break up the cork woods of Monte Maria. Surely here is choice enough. It is a complaint, and perhaps not an unjust one, that life at Rome is somewhat monotonous, and that one has no choice but of monotony, of idleness If you can, then go to Rome for a winter, and find infinite variety. The student, the lover of art, the archæologist, the dilettante, the earnest researcher, the flirt, the equestrian, the hagiologia gist all will find in Rome a field for their energies. Not to have seen Rome is scarcely to have lived. To have seen it is to bind oneself by a silent vow to see it again. —*Temple Bar.*

A vivid idea of the weakness of chicken soup was conveyed in a wag's querry to his wife at dinner, "Can't you coax that chicken to wade through the soup once more?"

A little boy returning from Sunday school said to his mother, "this catechism is too hard. Is'nt there any kitten-chism for little boys?"

BY TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, June 8.—A grand procession of Free Masons this morning was in every respect a success. More than 40,000 Masons participated.

The President has appointed Jas. B. Delford, of Indiana, Associate Justice of of the Supreme Court (colored.)

The reconstruction Committee have attached to the Georgia bill a proviso, that nothing therein shall interfere with the election in Georgia this fall as provided by the State Constitution. The Committee has resolved to postpone action in relation to Tennessee to next session.

A great council between the Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner Paker and the Indian delegation was held today.

The Senate has confirmed Gilman Marsten Governor of Idaho.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The majority for reform candidate for Mayor (Bowen) is 3,200; total vote nearly 17,000. Republicans elected two Alderman and five Councilmen, two of the latter colored. Emery, Republican, is elected, and five colored men. The Emery men have a large majority in the Council and Board of Aldermen.

CHICAGO, June 7.—A *Tribune's* Washington special says there is great dissatisfaction on the part of several members of the Constitutional Committee with the course pursued by Butler in failing to report the Georgia bill as he had been instructed to do. He has made a show of offering Bright up to one or two occasions, but not at a time when he had a right to do so, and objection carried it over. It is the understanding among some of his associates that he is delayed it with the deliberate purpose of preventing action on the bill this session.

A *Times'* special says, the republican members of the House Judiciary Committee have, for some time, agreed to report a bill taking the power of naturalization out of the hands of the State Courts and placing it in the hands of the Federal Courts. It is the intention to report and pass the bill the last of this week. The Democratic members are prepared firmly to assail it. It is more of a partisan scheme than even the enforcement bill. The New York City members regard it as a vital attempt to wrest New York City from Democratic control.

COLUMBUS O., June 7.—The Republican State Executive Committee, to day, issued a call for a State Convention on the 10th of August, to be composed of 473 delegates.

TORONTO, June 7.—It is said that one hundred Chicago Fenians have threatened a raid on the camp at Sault St. Marie. Preparations have been made to meet it. It is believed that they have decided to go to Duluth.

Intelligence has been received from Fort Garry that a large meeting of French settlers, held at White Horse Plains, resistance to the Red River Expedition was unanimously favored.

It is believed a proclamation of independence will be issued.

NEW YORK, June 7.—A private dispatch from M. Creimeux, President of the Jewish Alliance in Paris, says, of the reported massacre in Roumania, that the Jews were expelled, plundered and horribly maltreated, with a number wounded and some probably killed. This is the first authentic intelligence received of these outrages.

The *Sun* has a letter from a correspondent at Brownsville, whom it says is reliable, giving the futures of a project for filibustering in Vascon and the Mexican States which lie between the mountains of Sierra Madre and the gulf. The leaders are to be former officers of the United States army and late Confederacy, with Gen Rosecrans in command. Headquarters, New York City. Principal subordinate depots, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Houston, Texas, New Orleans and Shreveport, Louisiana. Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder is in command of the New Orleans portion of the expedition. A grand prasage over the Rio Grande and into Mexico will take place two months hence.

A horrible tragedy occurred in Scott county, Minnesota, on Monday afternoon. A farmer named Macey come home drunk and seized a knife and murdered his little daughter and started to slaughter his wife, when a young man took down a gun and fired, killing Macey instantly.

The debate in the Senate in the evening session, upon the nomination of Pitts for successor to Governor Ashley, of Montana, indicated a confirmation whenever a final action is reached.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—A young man named W. Stratton shot a girl dead named Amelia McLaughlin, and then shot himself.

PITTSBURG, June 8.—During a severe thunderst rm this afternoon Wm. Harte driving in the street, was struck by lightning and killed instantly.

RACINE, WIS., June 8.—The preliminary examination of Albion Martin for the murder of Denost West, in Raymond, a short time ago, took place to-day, and resulted in committal. A mob was feared, as great excitement prevailed. No demonstration was made.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., June 8.—Commanders of Knights Templar, it is reported, will attend a grand conclave on the 18th of June, here.

Garfield's currency bill was taken up and several amendments offered; finally, after the previous question had been moved, the House by a vote of 79 to 75, adjourned, thus sending the bill to the bottom of the bills on the Speaker's table, or virtually defeating it.

RUTLAND, Vt., June 8.—T. R. Abbott, Jas A. Hardy and M. M. Crocker were killed, and fifteen or sixteen injured by the accident near the summit of the Rutland and Burlington railroad last night. One train ran into a culvert, and a relief train, sent to its assistance, met with a similar accident.

Spotted Tail and other delegates of the Sioux tribe took leave of the President to-day, and go home to morrow. They have a final interview with the President to-morrow, and another with Secretary Cox and Commissioner Parker in a few days.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The corner-stone of new Masonic Temple was laid to-day with imposing ceremonies. Said to be 200,000 strangers, Masons and friends, in the city.

CHICAGO, June 8.—E. Wintchell, one of the largest grain speculators in the city, failed to-day. Liabilities stated at from $50,000 $100,000. Rise in wheat, of which he was nearly 50,000 bushels short, is the cause.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 4.—Yesterday afternoon a fire broke out, which spread rapidly through the richest quarter of the city. The flames were first discovered in an old building on the north side of the Golden Horn. A strong wind was blowing at the time. The fire communicated quickly to the adjourning buildings. The efforts of firemen and citizens to stop the progress was of no avail. In a few hours the residences of the English, American and Portugese Ambassadors and Consulates, the Naomie Theater, many churches and mosques, and thousands of houses and the richest stores and shops in the city were reduced to ashes. The loss of life by the falling walls was fearful. It is estimated that at least thirty people were killed or injured by this cause alone. The loss of property is incalculable. The fire at this hour is burning furiously. Excitement of the people beggars description.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 6.—The conflagration is checked, though the flames still rage fiercely at some points. The loss is immense, the burned district being one of the welathiest quarters.

A CURIOUS LEGEND.—When Adam was far advanced in years and at the point of death, he sent his son to the angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave; it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod and Moses' staff with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Marah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony. At last it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The Queen of Sheba would not walk upon it, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterwards the pool of Bethesda was dug, and from the virtues of this tree healing properties were imparted to the water. Afterwards it had been buried three hundred years, it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Savior.—*From "The Cross in Legend, Poetry and Art," in May Lippincott's.*

A POSER.—The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys in a certain town in a Western State, had occasion recently to correct an urchin named Johnny. Now, Johnny got into a fit of what is called "sulk," because he was whipped, and in order to convince him that he was justly punished, his teacher had recourse to the following argument:

"Well, Johnny, supposing you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further, what would you do?"

Johnny stifled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied:

"I'd cluck to him, sir."

But suppose he wouldn't go for clucking, what would yo do then?

"I'd get down and lead him, sir."

"And what if he were obstinate and would not let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off the bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, sir."

"You may go and take your seat, Johnny." Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

MAY ACCORDING TO JOSH BILLING'S ALMANACK.—May is the belle ox of the year, she has worn the belt for five thousand years. If May hadn't been a sensible girl she would have been spilt long ago with poetry and stanzy; but she is an independent critter, and don't care one cuss for stanzy. This iz an easy mouth tew fall in love; our naturs are fully thawd out after the late kold snap, and like a little melted brook, begins to look around tew find another melted brook, to mix with. Oh! how precious and delightsome it iz to mix. Hive bees during this month, if you hav got sum, if not, hive somebody else's.

The rooster now with bursting throt
Proklams the rosy morn,
And cacklin hens are telling us
Another egg is born.

A jilted swain spitefully says: "Eve did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place, instead of being deceived they would have deceived the devil."

Small debts are like small shot—if they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound, while debts are like cannon—of loud noise, but little danger.