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**N. S. DU BOIS,**  
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIVING a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Cigar-Boxes, Patent Cigarettes, etc., etc.

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GRADUATE OF THE PHYSICO-MEDICAL COLLEGE OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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

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**DR. T. L. GOLDEN,**  
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**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 the most favorable rates for patrons, he trusts he will receive a liberal patronage.

**PARTNER WANTED.**  
A GOOD CARPENTER WITH A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS, can find the best opening to invest money business, in Linn county, by applying to J. W. Mack, by letter at Lebanon, Oregon, or personally at Waterloo on the South Pacific above Lebanon.

**FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!**  
I WILL GIVE FOR EGGS, 15 CTS. PER DOZ., After this week, until further notice.

**CHAIRS AND TURNING!**  
ALL SIZES OF RAW-HIDE BOTTOMED CHAIRS!  
METZLER'S SHOP!

Also all kinds of TURNING done to order. Timber for hubs on hand and fixed for turning. Also, all kinds of CHAIRS kept on hand by E. B. Moore & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

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**G. A. HILL,**  
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Will take pleasure in waiting on the newly waded. Drugs, Medicines, Patent Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, Varieties, Putty, Furfurmers, Fancy Soaps, Combs, Brushes, Etc. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded. Orders for all kinds of rights.

# State Rights Democrat.

## 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 Shakespeares. Also, constantly on hand, SHEET MUSIC—"LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT" STA'IONERY!

Albums, Diaries, Writing Fluids, Etc., Etc. I've goods to suit all kinds of folks. I've Bibles, Paterns, Autic Jokes, Blank Books, Gold Pens and Novels.

**MARBLE WORKS!**  
**A. J. MONROE,**  
MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMBS.

Head and Foot Stones Executed in California, Vermont and Italian.

**MARBLERS!**  
Also, Mantels, Grates, Fire Bricks, Washstands, Crockery and Counter Tops furnished to order.

**REAL ESTATE.**  
**STITZEL & UPTON,**  
**REAL ESTATE BROKERS,**  
**GENERAL AGENTS.**

**BRANCH OFFICE—ALBANY, OREGON.**  
**J. C. MENDENHALL, Agent.**

General Land Agency for Oregon established July, 1870. 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 as a real estate and extra attention paid to selling from office to office in Albany and vicinity.

**UMATILLA HOUSE,**  
DALLIES CITY.....OREGON.

**HADLEY & SINNOTT, Proprs.**  
THIS WELL-KNOWN FIRST CLASS HOUSE, having been recently repaired and renovated throughout, offers superior accommodations for guests.

**THE HOTEL OMNIBUS**  
Will always be at the Railroad Depot and Steamboat Landing in the arrival of Passengers to convey them and their baggage to and from the Hotel free of charge.

**Billiard Room and Reading Room!**  
March 11, 1870.—**WINDY!**

**RUSSELL & FERRY,**  
**REAL ESTATE BROKERS,**  
**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.

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## OUR GIRLS.

No sweeter girls than those of ours Need critics to be found; They wear their hair braided up in front, Their hair with diamond staid.

Whom they hear the voice of pain Each breast with pity move; They wear their dress a double skirt, And double buttoned glove.

Their purses, too, are never closed To Charity's appeal; Their boots are buttoned on each side, And brass upon the heel.

With tender hands they nurse the sick, And voice soft in their throat; They wear their hair around their waists, And a "shawl" ribbon bow.

When Sunday comes they go to church, Each quiet in her row, No seek the latest fashions there, As people say they do.

And in the hearts of those they love Fantasies are on their heads, The things, like within are pure.

Their feet are not in willow, too, Though clad in Paris boots, And hearts are not warm and true beneath Embroidered velvet suits.

They have no taste for politics, Nor wish to be "made;" Content best that manly hands Shall guide the Ship of State.

Their claims to vote and equal rights To all are understood; The only thing they ever fear Are sister, wife and friend.

Then "lead all our thought to will be, For we had what we were say; For we had noble men on our Our hearts of old of day.

**THE WOMEN'S PROTEST.**  
A large number of the most prominent women in Washington, with Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren as their leader, are engaged in obtaining signatures to the following memorial to Congress.

"We, the undersigned, do appeal to your honorable body, the Congress assembled of our beloved country, in the firm belief that one petition represents the sober convictions of the majority of the women of the country. Deeply and painfully impressed by the grave perils which threaten our peace and happiness in the movement initiated by some discontented of our own sex, and which has found its expression in your honorable body through a resolution recently offered in the House of Representatives proposing the adoption of certain radical changes in our civil and political rights, as a Sixth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, we desire hereby to enter upon our protest.

Because Holy scripture inculcates a different, and for us higher sphere, apart from public life. Because we shrink from the notoriety of the public eye—restrained by the modesty which we esteem our chief ornament, and which belongs to us as our most precious inalienable right, we find ourselves in a measure defenseless against the public assaults, and declamatory harangues of those few discontented ones of our own sex, who chain for us an extension of civil and political rights.

Because those of us who are wive-church as sacred the vow of obedience, in exchange for the honor and respect we receive in yielding it. Because, as women, we find a full measure of duties, cares and responsibilities devolving upon us, and we are therefore, unwilling to bear other and heavier burdens, and those unsuited to our physical condition.

Because history teaches us that wherever attempts have been made to change the legitimate order; and impose upon us conditions unsuited to our physical organizations and womanly nature, such changes have been found to degrade us—witness the extreme dissoluteness of the Spartan women after an extension of civil rights had been granted them.

Because those changes, desired by a measure of masculine minds, must introduce a fragment of discord into the existing marriage relation, and thereby increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land.

Because no general law affecting the condition of all women should be framed to meet exceptional discontent. For these, and many more reasons, we beg of your wisdom that no law, extending suffrage to women, may be passed, as fraught with danger so grave against the general order of the country."

**NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.**—In a letter addressed by Jay Cooke, the eminent banker, to Senator Corbett, Mr. Cooke says:

The legislation required by our North Pacific road having been conceded to us, we are now ready to go to work in earnest. The contract to Red River has been let, and by the 1st of July, 1871, that portion of the road will be running. In the meantime, if we succeed in our foreign negotiations, and in making a home market for bonds, we expect to commence the Western ends of the road, and to have the whole line completed within four years.

The seven wonders of the world now are: The Art of Printing; Optical Instruments, such as telescopes and microscopes; Gunpowder; the Steam Engine; Labor-saving machinery; the Electric Telegraph, and the Photograph.

## THE FACTORY GIRL.

In a sweet rural valley nestled among the hills of old Massachusetts stands a pleasant village with a picturesque mill-pond and factory. Several years ago this hamlet was the temporary residence of two young men, who were apparently traveling artists, as their chief occupation seemed to consist in sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty.

Their arrival had created some stir among the villagers, for without a particle of pretention, both young men had a certain dignity of manner that made them looked up to, and many a pretty factory girl, who tripped to her work, cast a look over her shoulder if she saw either of the handsome strangers.

Though the society of the village was very intelligent, and the females remarkable for loveliness, there was one faded beyond all the rest, in both mind and person—an orphan without any other connections, but now in an aged aunt, who she chiefly supported by her labor in the factory. Edith was popular with every one. She was so gentle, considerate and kind, that even those who at first envied, learned at last to love her. The younger of the two artists, whom we shall name Lovell, soon became interested in this sweet creature, at least if looks, tones, and constant seeking of her presence were any proof, he was interested.

One day he and his friend had clambered up on some rocks on the steep hill-side, from which the village was overlooked, and as they sat there, the bell of the factory rang, and the green was immediately covered with girls employed in it, wending their way thither after dinner. Among them it was easy to recognize the light and graceful form of Edith.

"Is not she beautiful? Where can you show me a person so sylph-like?" said Lovell, with undisguised enthusiasm.

"His companion made no reply for a moment, but then abruptly remarked: "I think it is time we left this village."

"Why?" asked Lovell, in a tone of surprise.

"Because, if we do not you will have that girl in love with you. Your admiration is evident to all her friends and you are too honorable to hold out hopes you never intend to fill."

"Hold out hopes that I never intend to fulfill."

"Yes—for you do not think of marrying that girl, do you?"

"To be sure."

"The deuce you do," exclaimed his companion, starting to his feet with indignant astonishment.

Lovell indulged in a hearty laugh, and then asked: "Why not?"

"Why not? Why, for a thousand reasons. She is only a fact girl, a lady of neither birth nor education, but a simple country lass, very good in her way, only no match for Fred. Lovell. Think of presenting her to your fashionable friends in town. No—it will never do. Shake off that love fit, pack up your trunk, and let's be off to-morrow."

Lovell shook his head.

"I am, perhaps, more romantic than you are, Harry," he said, "but I have some common sense about me, and I think I have brought it to bear on this question. We have been here about a month, in which time I have become pretty well acquainted with Edith. I left town—we both left it—knowly sick of its frivolities, and, on my part, with the firm opinion that I knew no woman in our set there whom I would be willing to make my wife. The city girls are all so fond of parties, so eager for wealthy alliances, and really so ignorant of household duties, that for a man of my taste to marry one of them would be folly. I am not fond of gay life—I think it wastes so much precious time, and I want, therefore, a wife who will be domestic, and not in a round of balls or other entertainments. I do not wish to be a hermit; a few friends are a great blessing, and I shall always be glad to call around me a small circle of the right kind; but promiscuous fashionable visiting I detest. Now, I think I have just the partner I required in Miss Mather. She is well informed, agreeable, simple in her tastes, has sound sense, and, without possessing a large share of personal beauty, and, if I mistake not, the power of loving deeply. If I marry her and take her to the city, her intuitive tact—and she has this in a remarkable degree—will soon supply any deficiency in manner. In short I do not know where I could make a better choice."

"How? When she has no accomplishments?"

"She can sing with untutored grace, and as for jabbering French, I don't know that that would make her any better. She will soon learn to do, with her quick parts. Besides, I care more to have a wife usefully informed than to have one possessing only superficial accomplishments."

"But her family. Recollect who your grandfather was?"

"And who was hers? A worthy divine, poor, I grant, but estimable. Besides, I am above the sentiment you talk of. If her parents have been honest, I would care little whether they were of royal blood or peasant extraction. I believe with Burns that 'worth makes the man,' and the only degradation I acknowledge is that of crime."

"Well, if you are resolved on it, I know enough of your obstinacy to say no more. But faith! Lovell, if you had a guardian, and I was he, I would take you from this place to-morrow."

## JOSEPH BILLINGS' PAPERS.

The wisest thing about a man is his conscience—education don't improve it. If you want to find out the truth of a man's life, read his high on conscience—it is just as with mankind.

As a general rule, the best way is to decide yourself what business, in life it is best for your young one to follow, and then stick him at it while he is limber—men allwax pole vices before they begin to run mutch.

The more babes in a family, the easier and better they are raised—one chicken always makes an old hen more clucking and scratching than a dozen do.

It takes an uncommon smart man, now days, to make money by telling the truth—it is actually an evidence of genius.

It is a very small spot in the lightning bug's tail shines; it is the darkness of the night that makes it so brilliant—it is just so with virtue.

Nussing revenge is like nussing a young hedgehog—the older he grows, the sharper his quills.

Most of the epigrams on the tumbstuns read like gild-boards to the grate city, and without them a grate mummy would take the wrong road.

The only way to get trull enjoy anything is to be willing to quit it when the bell rings.

Time is like a fair wind—if we don't set our sails, we looze that breeze forever.

We are often ridiculed for telling old truths. The old commandments are old enough to be worn out with truth; but who follows them?

The man, from Adam down to the first fool 1863, and I resp' t t o u a i k i u e u n i t a dead beat? Is there a i g l e p u s h u n o z h i s n a t u r, u p t o d a t e t h a t y o u c a n t a k e t h e h a l t e r o f c i v i l l a w o f f f r o m a d t u r n i t o g r a s s?

Walking up in the morning, to a virtuous man, is the same thing as being born again.

Necessity is the mother of invention," and Patent Wright is the father.

It done me good to hear a poor brute whinner in Broadway yesterday. I was glad that there was one stage boss in New York City whose heart wasn't dead broke.

The lion and the lamb may, possibly, sometime lay down together in this world for a few minutes, but when the lion cums to get up the lamb will be missing.

Charity is like glassware—too much frost in it makes it more brittle.

Virtue backed up by courage, is the preference of human nature. I don't reckon mere pity always among the virtues; they are often only amiable weakness. Justice is the spare root on every pity have out for rubbish; neither would I have a man think, because he melts at the anguish of the vicious, that it is virtue that ails him.

Bachelors are always braggin' on their freedom!!—freedom to darn their own stockings, and poultice their own shins! I had rather be a widower once in two years, regular, than to be a granting, old, hair dyed bachelor only ninety days.

**DEATH OF PATRICK GASS.**—A friend has handed us a slip, says the Statesman, cut from some Eastern paper which was enclosed to him in a letter, and which refers to one of the first pioneers of the Pacific, the last of that little band who made the initiatory journey across the continent so soon to be spanned by these great railroads.

Patrick Gass lately died in West Virginia at the advanced age of 98 years and 9 months. He has been for many years, so far as known, the sole survivor of the adventurous company of forty-three officers and privates, who, under Lewis and Clark, made the celebrated exploring expedition over the Rocky mountains, and then back, being the first white men who accomplished it. This was in 1804, 1805-6, during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, and the results of the expedition were justly regarded as of national importance. Mr. Gass published a private journal of his observations during this expedition, now many years out of print, but at the time a work of some notoriety.

The Green (Wis.) Advocate has this item: "We saw three little shavers fishing in East river the other day—two boys and a girl." The older boy called to the girl, "Oh, Johnny's got a bite!" The girl responded, "Oh, my sakes; and such a little boy—only readin' the primer."

A gentleman, making a call, takes the youngest of the family on his knee: "You don't know me my fine fellow?" "You do sir." "Well, who am I?" "You are the gentleman that mamma said she was mighty anxious to catch for my big sister."

Here is one of Prentiss' jokes: "It is undesirable that in America it takes three to make a couple—he, she and a hired girl. Had Adam been a m-dern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel's and raise Cain."

It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of hers, to one who had reproached her for marrying him,—"To be sure he is not as good a husband as he ought to be; but he is a powerful sight better than none."

"Mother," said a little urchin, when he came home, "I have heard such a smart minister. He stumped and made such a noise, and then he got mad, he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't a body who dared to say a word to him."

RATES OF ADVERTISING: PER YEAR: One Column, \$100; Half Column, \$50; Quarter Column, \$25. Transient Advertisements per Square of 10 lines for one insertion, \$5; for each subsequent insertion, 37c. 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.

## VICTORY IN OREGON.

The campaign in Oregon is over, and again the Democracy have carried the state, electing their whole ticket. The following are the winning names: Comptroller, James H. Slater; Governor, L. F. Grover; Secretary of State, S. F. J. Grover; Treasurer, G. M. Heins; State Printer, Theo. Patterson. In addition the Democracy have a good working majority in both branches of the Legislature, thus securing the election of a sound Democrat to the United States Senate. This is doubly gratifying from the fact that it shoves Senator Williams, one of the most rabid and reckless of radical demagogues in that body, the free white men of Oregon will soon rid themselves of this blainst Senator, whose rabid monthings have brought disgrace and shame upon the State. Like Comness, he will sink into utter obscurity, only too glad to claim the charity of silence. The Pacific Coast is still cursed with the pestilent presence in the Senate of a Stewart and a Nye—men whose grueling worship of the negro and Chinaman, and bitter hatred of the down-trodden South, have made their very names abhorred by the mass of those who regard the principles of free white rule; Williams is doomed; Cole's days are numbered. Stewart and Nye must soon come under the Democratic guillotine. The Congressional fear, so far as they are concerned, will soon be over. The handwriting is on the wall.

All honor to the gallant Democracy of Oregon. They have won a glorious victory. The battle was fought out manfully on both sides. The Democratic platform was a bold and explicit declaration of the true principles of free white government—one of the very best since the war. In vain the dry bones of the rebellion were hurled against it—in vain the ghosts of Andersonville were conjured up—in vain the cry of repudiation rent the air. The grand truths of Democracy, and the black and bloody record of fanaticism, settled the business for radicalism. Truth and error grappled, and the right triumphed.

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