STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

OFFICE OF SCHOOL SUP'RINTEND'T
—FOR—
LINN COUNTY,
AT HARRISBURG.
se30v6n7y1. T. J. STITES.

G. F. SETTLEMIER,
Druggist and Apothecary!
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, Paints, Window Glass, Dyestuffs, Liquors, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumeries, &c.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
All articles and Drugs in our line warranted of the best quality.
First street, Post Office building, Albany.
jul15v3n48y1

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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. jun16v3n43y1

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
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ALBANY, OREGON.
Office: On South side of Main street. Residence: On Second street, opposite Pearce's Ferry. apr15v3n35tf.

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v5n4y1

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(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)
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ALL SIZES OF
RAW-HIDE BOTTOMED CHAIRS!
of the best quality, well-finished, can be had at
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Also, all kinds of TURNING done to order. Timber for Hubs on hand and fixed for turning paling.
Metzler's Chairs are kept on hand by E. B. Moore & Co., Harrisburg.
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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.
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FROMAN BUILDING!
WHEAT AND FLAX-SEED DEPOT!
Cleaning and Elevating Capacity 10,000 Bushels per Day!
150,000 Bushels Wheat Wanted in Store!
50,000 Sacks for those who wish to sell or store with us.
Flax-Seed Contractors of Pioneer Oil Co. will call on us for sacks.
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CORVALLIS COLLEGE!
—FOR—
MALES AND FEMALES.
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
YEAR DIVIDED INTO THREE SESSIONS. Tuition (per Session of 3½ months,) from $6 to $15, according to studies.
MALE BOARDING HOUSE, by Prof. J. Emery. Board, including room, fuel and lights, $50 per session (1½ weeks). Washing, $5 per session.
TERMS: One-half in advance and the other half at the close of the session.
se16v6n5tf W. A. FINLEY, A. M., President.

State Rights Democrat.

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OUR AGENTS.

The following named gentlemen are authorized to act as Agents for THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT, and to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the paper:

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MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPN'Y
OF BOSTON.
The Oldest Purely Mutual Life Insurance Co. in the United States.
INCORPORATED, - - - - - 1835.
Dividends of his Company are paid ANNUALLY to the Assured, in CASH.
It was chartered in 1835, and its enviable history, during Twenty-Six Years' active operation has thoroughly established its reliability.
Its Record Stands as Follows:

Cash Assets, January, 1870	$9,000,000 00
Cash Dividend of 1866	673,000 00
Cash Dividend of 1867	526,573 55
Cash Distributions of 1868	786,197 85
Cash Dividend of 1869	480,339 00
Total Surplus divided	4,000,000 00
Total Losses paid	4,200,000 00

By the Acts of Massachusetts, incorporated into the General Statutes of 1861, a policy of life insurance for the benefit of a MARRIED WOMAN OR ANY PERSON OR PERSONS SPECIFIED, goes to them independently of the Debts and Liabilities of the Party who effects the Policy.
The New England is the only Massachusetts Company doing business on the Pacific Coast, and therefore the only Company governed by the equitable Massachusetts Layse Law.
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If you wish to make it absolutely certain that not a dollar you invest will ever be forfeited—*Insure in the New England.*
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NO STOCKHOLDERS IN THIS COMPANY.
Its business in Linn county in the last year and a half exceeds that of all other companies combined.
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UMATILLA HOUSE!
DALLES CITY.....OREGON.
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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.

STORE AT LEBANON!
A. COWAN & CO., Prop's.
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Fresh Stock Just Received!
DRY GOODS!
GROCERIES!
CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS!
Boots and Shoes!
GLASS AND QUEENSWARE!
Iron, Hardware, &c.
Which will all be Disposed of at Albany Prices!
PRODUCE TAKEN FOR GOODS!
se25v5n6tf. A. COWAN & CO.

SOPHIE BEDELL'S FLIRTATION.

BY EMMA L. OPENHEIM.

"No—a thousand times, no! I will never be your wife."

And to give emphasis to the words, Sophie Bedell stamped her tiny feet, and swept her trailing robe of amber silk disdainfully. Her white brow was momentarily clouded. She toyed with her pretty fan in undisguised annoyance, never glancing once at the face of her handsome cavalier, who looked down lovingly half in pitty, half in anger at the beauty at his side.

"Well, Sophie," he said, at last, "am I to have the answer I have waited for so long?"

"I have just answered you, Mr. Barnett. It is so—never," she said laughingly.

"Sophie," he said passionately, "is there no hope—can you never be mine?" and the strong man's breast heaved with suppressed emotion.

Her ruby lips curled scornfully, and for the first time she raised her eyes to his face, and withdrew them instantly, saying:

"Please let us return to the room—the air is chilly."

"Sophie," he cried, grasping the jeweled hand, "Sophe, have you no heart? Think of the future your answer involves. To me it would be a living torture, an endless life of woe to you?"

"What do you care what the future is to me," she said haughtily. "Let us return."

"Not until I have your answer, Sophie."

"Mr. Barnett, would you detain me against my will? I believe you forget yourself, sir."

"Pardon me, Miss Bedell, I had forgotten myself," he said, with quiet composure that contrasted strangely with the fiery outburst of a moment before; "we will return."

He offered his arm, and with her lustrous amber silk sweeping after her they entered the ballroom. Sophie Bedell had played with the affections of Clarance Barnett for over a year, and after keeping him two weeks for his answer, she had refused him. He was desperately in love with the little flirt, and her refusal to become his wife was a great blow to him. for he knew very well that she loved him with all the fervor of which her nature was capable; but she loved her liberty and the pretty compliments and homage she received as the reigning belle too well to become his or any man's wife.

Her face was strangely pallid, considering she did not love him, as it was only a flirtation, for the time was so tedious, as the same evening she had laughingly remarked to a friend, but at all events I think we are "diamnod cut diamond."

"Oh! Sophie," said a young girl coming laughingly up, "do come and see Mr. Oscar play—why," she broke off suddenly, "are you ill?"

For Miss Bedell had fallen back half fainting in her seat.

Mr. Barnett arose quietly.

"Shall I assist you to your carriage, Miss Bedell?" he asked cooly, and bending on her a pair of searching eyes which haunted her for a long time after.

"Yes, please."

She leaned heavily on his protecting arm. He placed her in her carriage, gave directions to the driver to drive her home, turned on his heel and entered the ball room, not even waiting for the carriage to disappear from view.

Sophie Bedell strained her eyes to see the last of the retreating figure, and stretching out her arms, cried:

"Oh, Clarence! Clarence! come to me!"

But the carriage rattled away, and her voice was drowned in the clattering of the wheels.

* * * * * *

"It is of no use, Sophie; our little money is dwindling down to almost nothing. We are very poor, child, and you must work."

"I am willing, mother, if I only knew where to obtain employment.—We might do dressmaking, but the place is so obscure no one would ever find us.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Bedell, angrily, "I don't want any of our old acquaintances to know of our poverty. It's very hard for me at time of my life, Sophie—very hard, indeed. Your father ought to have had more consideration than to reduce his family with his unlucky speculations, and to die when he did just as his failure was known. If he had lived we would not have fallen so much. He might have acted differently for his family's sake," she said complainingly.

"Poor papa!" mused Sophie, her mournful gray eyes filled with tears, "Poor papa, he did it for the best.—Still, mother, it is not as bad as you imagine. True, we have not our carriage and do not dress as handsomely as formerly, but we have health, and I can assist in supporting you, mother."

"Assist, child," said Mrs. Bedell, uplifting her hands in tragic way and sinking her voice to a whisper. "Sophie, our entire support devolves upon you; I have not strength, child, and I am daily sinking; my health and hopes are *forever shattered.*"

"Dear mama," said Sophie, "I will do all I can. Why not call a physician if you feel so sick?"

"No. Sophie, I can die but once;—but while I live I shall not throw away my money. Sophie," she continued, instantly changing her voice and manner, "where is Clarence Barnett? He never called, to my knowledge, after the evening he took you to Mrs. De Moi's soiree. I never thought Clarence mercenary, but it appears now that he is so, as he never called since your father's failure was made known. I declare it's too bad; all our friends have deserted us.—Have you seen Clarence, Sophie?"

Sophie's dusky cheeks turned a deep scarlet, her eyes dropped in confusion, and she stammered in confusion:

"No, mother, we have not met since Mrs. De Moi's ball."

"Are you concerned in his discontinuing his visits, Sophie? I thought Clarence liked you. Tell me, child, did you refuse him?" (She queried sharply).

"Yes, mother; I refused him at the ball," she said, in a low tone; "I am sorry now, mother, for I liked Clarence."

"That is always the way in this world—repentence comes too late.—You girls play with a man's affection and throw him off for another. Child, you were wrong, Clarence is a good, noble man. I have known him from his boyhood. The Barnetts are very proud, and he will not stoop even to the woman he loves. You did very wrong in refusing him, child."

"I know it, mother," said Sophie, meekly.

* * * * * *

"No, Miss, we have no vacancy at present," said a bluff storekeeper, rubbing together his red hands, and looking in pity at the modest young lady, who timidly inquired if he desired an assistant in his store. "But may be you'd like to rest. Take a seat madam; it's cold out, and you look fatigued."

"Thank you," said Sophie; "I am not very fatigued, and will not trouble you. Good morning."

"Good morning, Miss. If you will call in a day or so I might know of a place."

"Thank you," and she passed out.

* * * * * *

"Nonsense, Charlotte! I can't believe it—Sophie Bedell would never be seen in a dress like that. Ain't it strange how they disappeared?"

"I tell you, Vicie, it is Sophie.—Come, let's speak to her."

"The idea, Charlotte! I am surprised. Why, here's Mr. Marlow."

"Good morning ladies," said the gentleman, and Sophie gave a single look at one of the butterflies who had fluttered about her shrine, and then hurried on. She waited on the corner for the numerous vehicles to pass before she crossed over.

"Dear me, girls, just look at that figure!" said a bevy of young ladies, all dressed in the height of fashion, echoed the remark, and began laughingly."

"A modern Mother Hubbard," said an exquisite, "Miss De Moi, if I were you, I'd cultivate that person's acquaintance, only to borrow her apparel for your next theatrical performance, and introduce Dame Crump."

"Bless me!" said the little lady addressed, and who had not yet spoken, "girls, you ought to be ashamed; it's no one else but Sophie Bedell.—There, she heard, you;" for as they approached Sophie had turned an indignant face toward them.

They all came to a dead halt.

"Sophie Bedell! Sophie Bedell!" passed from mouth to mouth. "It can't be! at all events, if it is we are not expected to recognize her in that costume."

"For shame, girls for shame! you can do as you please, but Sophie was my dearest friend, and her altered circumstances can make no difference with me; and even in 'that costume I will recognize her,'" and the little lady moved forward, while Sophie, to escape her former friends, stepped recklessly forth among the vehicles.

"Back! back, there!" cried a man, trying to rein in a foaming span of horses.

"Sophie! Sophie!" shrieked Miss De Moi. "In God's name come back. You will—"

The sentence was not finished, for just as Sophie turned a white face toward her friend, she stumbled and fell, while a mottled pair of bays passed over her.

"A woman is killed," passed thro' the throng. "No, she has only fainted. Make way—give her air!"

The door of the carriage opened, and a gentleman sprang out.

"Some one has been injured, I understand," he said, and looked at the face of marble whiteness to which his eyes seemed riveted.

At last he said, "This lady is an acquaintance of mine," and he lifted her into the carriage, and gave orders to stop at the first druggist's.

"Sophie! Sophie!" he moaned.

"I can't help it, mother," she murmured. "I refused him. I love him so much, mother but——"

"Sophie! darling Sophie! I love you!" he cried.

She opened her eyes and looked around.

"Clarence—Mr. Barnett!" she gasped.

"Sophie, darling, I love you! be my wife—will you dearest?"

"Yes, Clarence," she murmured;—"but I do not deserve such great happiness."

He pressed her to his bosom, and rained kisses on the upturned face, and their happiness was complete.

Nor was Mrs. Bedell at all averse to her son-in-law, for she once more took possession of her former home, it being purchased and refitted by the wealthy Clarence. She has again her carriage, and accustomed luxury and comfort, and she sighs as she speaks of her departed husband and says:

"Poor dear! he did it for the best."

Sophie's wedding was unostentatious, and when her former volatile companions called to pay their respects to the wealthy Mrs. Barnett, Sophie invariably answered, "not at home."

Her friends are as numerous as before her father's failure, but the most prized of all is Mariette De Moi.

Sophie never trifles with her husband now, for she remembers how her sorrow was caused by "only a flirtatation."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* announces after the fashion of Bonner's *Ledger*, that it proposes contracting with twelve distinguished United States Senators to furnish it with contributed articles on interesting subjects. Senator Morton, of Indiana, is to furnish the first article—on "Chastity." Essay No. 2, on "Temperance," will be written by Senator Yates, of Illinois. Senator Sumner will follow, on the subject of "Domestic Bliss." No 4 will be furnished by ex-Senator Ben Wade, and will be on the subject of "Beauty of Expression," the object of it being to denounce the profane habit of swearing. Senator Harlan of Iowa, will contribute a powerful letter on "Honesty the Best Policy in Public Life," with allusions to Indian Treaties generally. And Senator Sherman of Ohio, will supplement this with one on the "Art of Getting Rich Easily." Senator Chandler is in reserve upon any of these subjects, should the regular contributor fail. The *Enquirer* has a good card in these essays.

WHEN DID YOU SHAVE?—In one of the towns of Arkansas, a man had been drinking until a late hour at night. When he started for home honest folks were in bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was to much for him and he did not know where to go. He at last staggered into an empty wagon-shed and fell upon the ground. For a long time he lay in the unconsciousness of a drunken sleep, and would have frozen (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold) had not others less insensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous of the hogs: they rushed out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the greatest kindness, and with the truest hospitality, they gave their biped companion the middle of the bed, some lying either side of him, and others answering the place of a quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by the exposure. Toward morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern, in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand and, catching hold of the bristles of a hog, exclaimed: "*Why, Mister, when did you shave last?*"

THE Newport correspondent of the New York *Sun* says: "Mrs. Fisk, Mrs. Paran Stevens and Mrs. George Francis Train lead the circus procession with their four-in-hands. Mrs. Fisk, fully justifies, by her sleek, contented presence, the statement of her husband, that everything runs smoothly on the matrimonial rails. Mrs. Train, like Boadicea of old, directs her graceful steeds herself with light but daring hand. Mrs. Paran Stevens is accompanied by a few foreign attaches small German barons and French viscounts, deserving enough little people in their way, who for bed and board gather from their legation at Paris the latest gleanings of gossip, tell the last color of the chignon, and the last flutter of the fan.

YANKEE TACT.—It is known to many Southern people, says the Maysville, Kentucky. Bulletin, that Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, owns the largest interest in the steamer General Robert E. Lee, which has just obtained such a signal triumph over the splendid and fast-running steamer Natchez. While he takes advantage of the Union and "loyal" sentiments of the people of the New England States to keep him in political power, he promotes his pecuniary interest by availing himself of the love and affection of the people of the South for Gen. Robert E. Lee, to name his boat after him.—This is genuine Yankee tact. He built the Lee out of the proceeds of his robberies while in military control of New Orleans.

Though North Carolina has given from fifteen to twenty thousand Democratic majority, the defeated Radical rascals [who have usurped power in the State are scheming to overthrow the election. A delegation has gone to Washington to confer with Judge Kelley and Ben Butler and to arrange for contesting the seats of Democratic Congressmen elected, and submitting for them the Radical minority candidates, upon the plan adopted by the present Congress in the case of Lousiana, and for the passage of a bill turning North Carolina over to military rule.

AMONG the German officers of the Union army during the war, who are now fighting for the fatherland, is Prince Felix de Salm-Salm. He was colonel of a New York regiment in the army of the Potomac, and is now major of the Fourth regiment of Prussian Grenadier Guards. The princess afterwards distinguished herself in Mexico as the devotee and friend of Maximilian, and she is now again in the field as directress of camp hospitals. Since her return to Germany she has studied surgery and received a diploma.

The war is getting into everything.—Here is an oil-region paper publishing an account of a prize fight, from which we extract the following: "Round 11—both prompt at the scratch and got to work quickly; —— lauds a mitrailleuse shot in ——'s mug, pearly closing his port peeper, —— chassepot back on his opponent's starboard harker. Round 12. ——'s mug looking seedy, his left optic turning a Bismarck color," etc.

[From the Mobile Register.]

THE BATTLE FOR THE CONSTITUTION.

There can be no mistaking the signs of the times that Radicalism has passed its point of culmination and is rapidly expiring all over the United States. We predict the October and November elections in the North will utter a voice more ominous of its condemnation than those of Kentucky and North Carolina in the South.—What a good many timid people in the South have thought a wild and impossible dream, is actually proving a near reality. The people of the United States are at last conscious of the turpitude of the Radical party, and mean to expel it from the Government and restore the old constitution. And here we discover immense importance of fighting the battle against Radicalism on the highest constitutional grounds, so that when the victory shall have been won, the victors will not have to pause to inquire "what principles have been vindicated and established by our triumph?" And there is a virtue in a high standard of party creed, *before*, as well as after, the victory. Men will fight better for a true, open, just and noble cause, than upon time-serving and mere vote-catching platforms. If there ever was a political battle in which vital principles of right and justice were at stake, it is this one. Let us fight it up to the mark, and on the broad ground of "the Constitution as it was." The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Gazette* feels confident that the next House of Representatives will be very differently constituted from its infamous predecessor, and in that view it comments upon the result and makes these timely remarks upon the importance of the exalted standard of principles upon which the Democratic party of the United States is fighting the battle:

Now, the Democratic Conservatives hereabouts, and still further South, desire to be put on record (so that it may hereafter be referred to as documentary evidence), that this glorious result, and the brilliant future that awaits the constitutional party, have been achieved by a persistent opposition to all and every one of the infernal projects, tricks and contrivances of the Radical faction, beginning at the beginning and ending at the ending of its carcer of twelve dismal years of triumph. It is to be further noted and recorded, that our bright prospect—certain success, indeed—is the legitimate fruit of a firm determination never to lower the constitutional standard a single inch; and utterly to repudiate all attempts to ignore *or keep out of view* the principles of the party, which are the same to-day as they were in 1860, when the destinies of the country passed into the hands of men who have well nigh destroyed its morals, and wholly disrupted its elements of prosperity—as well as subjected its people not only to despotic rule and private oppression, but to the undisguised derision of mankind. With a President taking his seat on the 4th of March, 1873, backed by a majority in the popular branch of Congress (then, beyond doubt), we can commence the great task of restoring the country to constitutional government, to be administered upon the principles of honesty and real economy. The Senate, as has been long ago demonstrated, will be powerless to thwart the will of the people.

Can any man who is trying to hide away the greatest political crimes of the Radicals and to drag down our own standard to a near level with theirs, in order to make it palatable to thin-skins, sneaks and negroes, read these manly words without feeling a flush of shame on his cheek?

A FUNNY INCIDENT.—George Lascells, in a letter to the New York *Clipper*, relates a funny incident which happened at the old Albany Museum, in the good old times when the drama, wax figures, and other curiosities were in vogue at that place:

On the Fourth of July, 1852, a patriotic addition to the show being desired, Charles Salisbury, a comical genius, notorious for his practical jokes, was chosen to represent George Washington, and, of course, was dressed in the traditional costume. The doors had just been opened for the evening performance, and visitors had commenced thronging the curiosity rooms, when a mischievious idea struck Mr. Salisbury, who opening the door of one of the wax work cases, unobserved, took a position among the figures and tried to look immovable as possible. A countryman, his wife and daughter, a young miss of 18, were the first who entered. As the young lady approached Washington, he bestowed on her a most unsaintly wink. "Good morning, ma," exclaimed she, "that figure of Washington winked at me."—"Nonsense, child," exclaimed ma, "you think everybody is in love with you."—But at this moment she was almost speechless herself, for the venerable Washington had applied his fingers to his nose in a very suggestive manner.—"Oh, William!" she exclaimed, grasping her husband's arm, "do look at that."—"What is it?" asked William; "Why I believe you women folks are crazy."—At this moment General Washington struck a beligerent attitude and uttered a terrific yell. In an instant the whole party tumbled down stairs, pell-mell, and related the wonderful story, while Washington quietly slipped off to his dressing-room, laughing in his sleeves at the joke.

ONE man, reprimanding another, said that he talked like a fool. "True," he replied, but it is that you may understand me."

RATES OF ADVERTISING: PER YEAR: One Column, $100; Half Column, $60; Quarter Col. 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 a full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as transient.

THE CHANCES IN BATTLE.

When the famous Marshal Soult visited England, a story appeared in the newspapers to the effect that some English veteran had declared the hero must bear a charmed life, for that he (the soldier) had covered him with his rifle upward of thirty times, and yet never hit him. It is not at all surprising that the uneducated believed some men to bear charmed lives, when we remember Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, and again at Arcola, where, it is set down in history, the Austrian artillery swept off everybody but himself within a circle where he was standing, yet he led the way across the bridge unharmed—though the grape rattled in a perfect hail-storm around him. The same may be said of Wellington at Waterloo, where, it is reported, that every man of his staff was either killed or wounded, and he had for a while to do their work until others could be brought up from the other line, he escaping all the while untouched. Many more instances of such exemptions from the havoc going on all around can be found in history, but these are two remarkable cases, familiar to some people. It will be found that the majority of officers of the higher grades survive not only one but many battles. Mr. Galton estimates this majority at sixty per cent., but his figures do not bear out his theory. He has selected a list of thirty-two of the most eminent commanders; but of these only seven died on the field of battle, which would make the proportion seventy-eight per cent. The most formidable enemies an army has are camp-fever, privation, over-fatigue, and too great exposure to heat, cold and damp, and the carelessness of the men. These kill three times as many men as the bullet does; and yet the bullet kills its thousands, notwithstanding the large chances in favor of the escape of any individual soldier.

[From the N. Y. World.]

A MARRIAGE IN THE KNOBS.

On the 12th instant, at the residence of ——, in Sevier county, by William Pickens, Esq., Bill Rogers to widow Nancy E. Bailey.

"This," says the the correspondent who sends us the announcement, "was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of fortitude and determination, on the part of the two persons interested, ever exhibited in East Tennessee. Mrs. Bailey was a widow of two month's mourning. She was fair beyond the usual fairness of her associates. Bill Rogers was, himself, a comely rough country youth of 19 years of age. A week before the marriage, the widow Nancy visited the residence of Bill's maternal parent, and luckily found her in the field and Bill in the house. Nancy is to all intents a practical business-woman, and went to work at once. Drawing a stool to Bill's feet, says she, "Bill Rogers, how'd you like to marry?"—Says Bill, in reply, "first-rate."—Says Nancy, straightening herself up and throwing out her magnificent chest, "Bill Rogers, how do you like this?" Says Bill, "bully." Says Nancy, "Bill Rogers, get the license and it's yours." Says Bill, "I'll have 'em or die." He was off in a moment for Sevierville, for the license. But alas! Bill had'nt the necessary sum when he reached the clerk's office to procure the license. So he tramped home again, entered his house before his family, and, without saying a word, took from his rack his rifle-gun, and placing it on his shoulder, again left. No one seems to know any further particulars. It is known that Bill got the license, but he brought no gun back with him. At twelve o'clock at night, Esq. Pickens was called for, most imploringly, to perform the marriage ceremonies, and he did it in the most imposing form, before the brilliant pine-knot fire that blazed on the hearth, and the presence of the select audience who had assempled.

After the vows had been made, and the record rendered that they were man and wife, Bill's first ejaculation was, "Nance, we've had a hard time, but I told you I'd bring 'em. Less go home."

And they went!

The Crown Prince of Prussia is a handsome, quiet faced gentleman, past his first youth, full of military ardor and knowledge, and is quite conscious of the tremendous task devolving upon him as commander of the Southern army. His stake, too is the largest in Prussia, for he plays to win or lose a throne, and a rule over a united German people. Nothing could be simpler then his *tenue de campagne*, the plain blue coat with the red collar which every officers wears, and a light cap and cloak.

A SNOBBISH traveler at Baltimore, who demanded his trunk at the depot before all others, and was told by the Irish baggage-master that he must have patience and wait his turn, turned upon the baggage-master with "You're an impudent dog." To which he of the trunks rejoined; "An' faith, ye are a monkey, and it's a great pity that, when we two were made bastes, ye wasn't made an illphant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under yer nose all the time."

Edward A. Pollard is the author of a piece of destuctive historical criticism, entitled "Historical Doubts Concerning Patrick Henry," in *Putnam*. Mr. Pollard tries to show that Henry, instead of being a great orator, was really only a poor stump speaker, and the "liberty or death" appeal was never delivered, or at least was a plagiarism from the speech of Sempronius.