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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.

CHENOWETH & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
Office at the Court House. v6c27

W. S. ELKINS,
NOTARY PUBLIC
LEBANON, OREGON.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, and all Legal Instruments Drafted and Attested with dispatch. v6c251

LEBANON, OREGON.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, and all Legal Instruments Drafted and Attested with dispatch. v6c251

THOMPSON & BELLINGER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 89 First Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

J. G. MENDENHALL,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.
ALBANY, OREGON.

J. QUINN THORNTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Office No. 111 First Street, between Morrison and Alder, opposite the Occidental Hotel,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

GEORGE H. HELM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Will practice in all the Courts of the State.
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.
Nov. 11, 1870.

KELSAY & HANNON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE OF SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT
FOR LINN COUNTY,
AT HARRISBURG,
T. J. STITES.

G. F. SETTLEMIER,
Druggist and Apothecary!

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.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.

N. H. CRANOR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office—In Corcoran's Brick Building, up stairs
Albany, Oregon, and
Alden, Oregon, v6c252

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
and Notary Public.
Special attention given to collections.
Office—In the Court House,
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POWELL & FLINN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)
ALBANY, OREGON. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. v6c254

HILTBARDEL & CO.,
DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Store on Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon. v6c255

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
THE UNDERDESIGNED 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,
apr15v6c256

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DANIEL GABY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
SCIO, OREGON.

E. W. PIKE,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
—AND DEALER IN—
FANCY GOODS!
ALBANY, OREGON.

BOOK LINE,
ELEGANT GIFT ANNUALS,
PARIAN MARBLE VASES,
STATUARY,
BOHEMIAN WARE.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!
—ALSO—
ATTRACTIVE TOYS!

STORE AT LEBANON!
—ALSO—
A. COWAN & CO., Prop'rs,
S. H. CLAUGHTON, Agent.

Fresh Stock Just Received!
—ALSO—
DRY GOODS!
GROCERIES!

CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS!
Boots and Shoes!
GLASS AND QUEENWARE!
Iron, Hardware, &c.

JOHN CONNER'S,
BANKING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
ALBANY, OREGON.

DEPOSITES RECEIVED,
SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.
Interest Allowed on Time Deposits in Coin.

CLERK OF THE DRUG STORE!
G. A. HILL,

R. C. Hill & Son,
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs,
Glanes, Varnishes, Putty, Perfumery,
Fancy Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c.

ALE AND BEER,
CITY BREWERY!

ALE AND BEER,
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL!

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL!
Delivered Free
to any part of the City or State. All orders promptly attended to, and
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Mar11v6c259f.

BROWNSVILLE,
A. WHEELER,

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS!
HATS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES,
Groceries, Crochery, Hardware, Iron, Steel,
Wagon Timber, Plows, Agricultural Implements, Etc., Etc.
Merch—Small Profits and Quick Returns.
v6c260f.

JIM BLUOSO, DE THE PRAIRIE BELLE.
BY JOHN HAY.

Well, no! I can't tell her her love,
Because he don't live, you see;
Lately, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
What have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell,
How Jimmy Blinck passed in his cheeks,
The night of the Prairie Belle!

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez—under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike.
I never seen in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never fished, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine with respect;
Never he passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nose agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipy,
And her day come at last—
The Missouri was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed,
And so she came tearing along that night—
The oldest craft on the river—
With a bigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

There was running and cursing—but Jim yelled
The fire burst out as she eld the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she cut and made
—For that willer-bank on the right.
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Through the hot, black breath of the burning boat,
Jim Blinck's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his goodness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And, sure, you've heard, that all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,
And Blinck's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 13, 1871.

The republic of the United States, under the administration of Mr. Grant, is very much interested in the welfare of its people, and its policy is directed towards the promotion of the general good of the nation.

The President's message to Congress, in his annual message, has been well received, and it is believed that the measures proposed therein will be beneficial to the country.

The Senate has passed a bill for the relief of the people of the South, and it is hoped that the House will also pass it soon.

The President has appointed a new cabinet, and it is believed that the new members will be able to carry out his policy with wisdom and energy.

The State of Oregon has been admitted to the Union, and it is now one of the States of the United States.

The people of Oregon are proud of their State, and they are confident that they will be able to govern themselves with wisdom and justice.

The State of Oregon has a rich and fertile soil, and it is believed that it will be able to support a large and prosperous population.

The people of Oregon are loyal to the Union, and they are confident that they will be able to maintain their place in the American Republic.

The State of Oregon has a great future, and it is believed that it will be able to become one of the leading States of the Union.

The people of Oregon are proud of their State, and they are confident that they will be able to govern themselves with wisdom and justice.

Gen. Jas. L. Alcorn, though elected Governor of Mississippi by the negroes and baser whites of that State, and now in full communion with that party, is a better man than some of his comrades. He has not yet fallen full length—snake fashion on his belly—in the mire, though he may come to it. Let us hope not, for really there seems sturdy germ of future repentance, conversion and atoning works in a letter he has recently written to R. W. Flournoy—a Georgian, it shames us to say it, and well and infamously known in this State—though now a resident of Mississippi. It seems that Alcorn had promised to appoint Flournoy a brigadier-general of militia, and that before the latter received the commission, he still further earned it, as he thought, by malignantly assailing the memory of Gen. Lee in a public harangue, and at another time so nearly vilified the State University. These infamies reached Alcorn's ears, and in his letter refusing the commission he scourges Flournoy as follows: "Gen. Lee was, perhaps, a 'rebel,' yet, in a much humbler position, I myself stand guilty of the same offense. Neither must I overlook the fact that my party embraces in its ranks men who have been among the most devoted soldiers of the south. I cannot, therefore, seemingly approve of any slur cast upon the memory of Gen. Lee, because of his participation in the 'rebellion'."

The paper named concludes its report as follows: "Then as agricultural industry is the most important of all, and the foundation of success to others, it should possess every possible facility to give it efficiency, and is the duty as well as the privilege of farmers to adopt every legal means to enable them to keep pace in progress and intelligence with all other classes, and to prevent monopolies and speculators from taking advantage of them in the matter of markets, prices, etc., as is often the case by combinations and concerted schemes."

The speaker showed that the Order of Patrons of Husbandry is an organization in which the farmers combine for fraternity, and effectually to protect themselves from the unjust operations of middlemen and railroad and other monopolies. He showed that it was for the advantage of farmers everywhere to form Granges of Patrons of Husbandry, and to combine their objects and workings, and how to proceed to get them up, and alluded to their beneficial results in States where they are already.

This is all we know of the association at present, but we will try and keep the run of this as of every other movement that may be made for the benefit of our industrial interests. Agriculture forms the basis of our national wealth. It has built our railroads, our great cities, and most of our new States. If any branch of industry receives protection, it should be this. But the chief protection needed by farmers is against being preyed upon by capital and capitalists. They are swindled out of millions in the name of protection, and it is time they were combining to protect themselves against such protection.

MARK TWAIN.
WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT CHAMBERMAIDS.

Against all chambermaids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of Lachordom!

They always put the pillows on the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping, as is the ancient and honorable custom of the bachelors, you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes. If they can't get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed. You pull your trunk six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

They always put your boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to go down into an undignified attitude, and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with a boot-jack, and swear. They always put the match-box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, and groping about in the dark, you get yourself into trouble. They are forever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you come in at six inches from the wall, you will find over the rocking chair, and you will proceed towards the window and set down in the sloop-tub. This will discompose you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything they won't let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. They always save up the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you, but after you get up they don't come any more till the next day.

"Chicken recreation" is the new name in Louisiana for cock-fights.

SOME HOPE FOR ALCORN.
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ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.
Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at the time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Hampshire, England. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 11, 1777, from the French, *vert mont* (the green mountains).

Massachusetts was so called from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called in 1664, in reference to the Islands of Rhodes in the Mediterranean Sea.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river.—Connecticut is a Moheekannow word, signifying *long river*.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom the territory was given by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn's daughter—Sylvania. Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delawar Bay, which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30th, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 1654, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Arkansas was so called in 1812, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border.

Arkansas was so called in 1812, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Indiana was so called in 1806, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1721, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border.

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WIDOW JONES' COW.
Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before Jones', and gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, as lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snowy white cap. Good morning, was said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones; perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, nothing, no way, do you?" "Well, there, Mister Smith, you couldn't have known my mind better. A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade, if you can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow—Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—then at the Dowling cow—then at the widow again—and so on over the whole party. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking on Sunday—and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers wives and widows have on Saturday—she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That Dowling cow is a pretty fair creature—but—" she stopped and glanced at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That cow short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—" another look at the widow. "The Dowling cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed, and they both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Roan—but my new cow is better." A long stare succeeded his speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out: "Law! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of Widow Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts, as soon as they were "out published," they were married.—N. Y. Dispatch.

CHIPS.
A sweet strain—clear honey.
A grave affair—the last ditch.
A lost art—family government.
A strong base—one made of iron.
A bad policy—one that has run out.
Floating capital—rich people in battle.
Can a cross-examination be a good-natured one?
It is hard to remember the poor own full stomach.
A crumpled waist betokens brains in a similar patient for doctors, be wary.
Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.
If you want to become a real estate agent marry a rich wife.
When is it wrong for dinner.
Motto for a fancy goods dealer—"now all men buy these presents."
How in the world can a floating debt be paid out of a sinking fund?
Every unmarried lady of forty has past the point of Good Hope.
Society is said to be nothing but a mixture of miseries and miseries.
Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? They want carrying out.
Free inquirers—internal revenue assessors and census enumerators.
Why is the figure nine like a ponceot? Because its nothing without its tail.
Motto for lawyers—be brief, for doctors, be patient; for polites, be wary.
The most unseizable things are misstatements; you never see two of them together.
Who killed the most poultry? Hamlet's uncle, for he did "murder most foul!"

The proverb that stolen kisses are sweet, is enforced by the fact that they generally come from lasses.
The first part of married life is the shine of the honeymoon; the rest, too often, common moonshine.
If hens would do as much "laying round" as the loaders do, eggs would be as plenty as bank robberies.
It is nearly as impossible to get money out of a miser as it would be for a butterfly to get lamb-chops out of a battasing ram.
The difference between a bouquet of flowers and the bouquet of winds is, one makes a nosegay and the other says nose.

"I'm going to the postoffice, Tom; shall I inquire for you? Well, yes, if you want to; but I don't think you'll find me there."
Hanging in Montana is styled "limbing the pine limb." In Nevada, "early rising;" and in Tennessee, "limbing up a sapling."
Some of the Illinois farmers are imitating the dumb females from the Jacksonville asylum and they declare that they make dum good w's.

A clergyman reading a chapter of the Bible for B's congregation, found himself at the bottom of the page with the words, "And the Lord gave Noah a wife;" then turning over two pages—instead of one, he continued, "and he pitched her within and without with pitch."

There's there the pigs I had to feed to-day; there's the chickens I had to feed too; there's Ben Dyke's hog hog in the garden and dug up my seed beds, and you never saw it; there's that old rooster scratching up my onion bed and you never saw it. And you never see nothing you ought to see. There's Ann Butler who was over here yesterday, I saw you wink at her. I saw you, Tim Niggins.—Don't say you didn't. I saw you—I saw I saw you I—

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