

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures, anonymously, must make known their names to the Editor, or attention will be given to their communications.

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NOTARY PUBLIC. HARRISBURG, LINN COUNTY, OREGON. Will practice in the Courts of Linn and adjoining counties.

CHENOWETH & SMITH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Corvallis, Oregon.

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PORTLAND - - OREGON. Will practice in the superior and inferior Courts of the State, and in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States.

GEO. R. HELM, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON. Nov. 11, 1876.

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OFFICE OF SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT FOR LINN COUNTY, AT HARRISBURG.

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CHEMEKETA HOUSE, SALEM, OREGON.

R. P. EARHART, PROPRIETOR. THIS NEW AND ELEGANT HOTEL, supplied with every modern accommodation is now open for the reception of guests.

State Rights Democrat.

THE LAST FLIRTATION.

"Eveline! darling! what grieves you so?" The shaded lights were glowing softly on either side of the superbly carved dressing-bureau.

"Do what?" questioned Theodore Armitage, who played the part of faithful satellite to this brilliant luminary.

"Marry the pretty widow! I can't help it. I'm perfectly bewitched with her splendid eyes, and her fascinating little ways."

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed the satellite, laughing. "Why, Clarence, I thought you were going to remain a gay bachelor to the end of the chapter."

"I thought you were so happy here, my little cousin," murmured Mrs. Chester. "I thought life was one bright dream to you, in this city of fashion and gaiety."

"No, Ada," exclaimed Miss Vane, suddenly throwing her arms round the neck of her beautiful companion.

"I have been happy here—it has been a dream; but oh! the waking has come at last!"

"The waking, Eveline?" "Don't ask me any more questions, Ada," pleaded the young girl, with an accent of sharp despair that went to Mrs. Chester's heart.

"Go down into the ball room once more, and be as happy as you can. I only want solitude."

"She buried her pale face once more among the sofa cushions and motioned her companion away. Ada Chester stood looking at the slight figure in silence for a moment or two, as if striving to comprehend the hidden emotions that moved beneath this wild emotion, and then she went down into the comparatively deserted dressing-room that adjoined the thronged saloons."

A rosy, brown-eyed girl of about twenty was standing before the glass, adjusting her rich brown hair; she turned, with a bright, welcoming smile, as the widow entered.

"Is that you, Ada? The very creature I was longing to see. My hair is in a lamentable state of insubordination, and your light fingers are the only ones I would trust among these complicated loops and braids. Just fasten that falling tress, won't you? Loop it up with a knot of roses—there!"

And as Mrs. Chester obeyed, Lelia Hooper turned round to catch, with a gasping hand, the jetty tresses that fell over the lovely widow's dazzling complexion with such a perfection of contrast.

"How pretty you are looking to-night, dear," she said, with a frank impulse of admiration. "Ah, I don't wonder that Walter, my soldier-brother, thinks he has won the fairest jewel that the world affords! I only wish he could be here to-night to see his peerless beauty."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Chester, laying her hand lightly on her companion's arm, as two gentlemen strolled, arm in arm, past the open window, in whose cool twilight they had for a moment passed to get the delicious breeze from the piazzas, "don't I hear my own name?"

"Mrs. Chester, of course—whom else could I mean?" was the careless exclamation of one of the promenaders.

"O, the enchanting little widow, with the beautiful black eyes," drawled the other, Mr. Clarence Hooper. Do you think I've made an impression on her? O, no! she likes to flirt with these spicy little fairies that remind you of Moore's Melodies and the Arabian Nights."

"Take care you don't carry it too far!" "O, there's no danger; of course, she won't for a moment dream that I'm in earnest."

"It seems that poor little Eveline Vane believed that you were," said Mrs. Chester. "Ah—to be sure; but then these country girls are so dreadfully susceptible. Eveline was charming as long as the novelty lasted, but she must have known it was but a flirtation."

Their voices sank into indistinctness as they passed on. Ada Chester stood still, her coral lip curved scornfully, and a contemptuous sparkle smoldered under the drooping lids of her Castilian eyes. Lelia Grey looked earnestly into her companion's face.

"So, then, this accounts for your pretty little cousin's depression. Can it be possible that he has been trifling with her affections?" "I fear it is too true, Lelia."

"Of why has the law no power to reach these every-day crimes?" exclaimed Lelia, passionately. "The law cannot reach him," said Mrs. Chester, quietly, "but there are other weapons that may."

"What do you mean, Ada?" "Nothing," said Mrs. Chester, suddenly resuming the light and careless accents that were natural to her voice.

"Nothing at all, Lelia. So Mr. Hooper's considerate friend and companion thinks I'm in danger from the manifold attractions and fascinations of the aforesaid youth, does he? Well, if he really likes flirtations, I'll gratify his taste a little."

"And what will Captain Walter say?" "The velvet screen crept into those wondrously beautiful eyes once more, as Ada answered, softly: "Walter knows me well enough to repose the utmost confidence in my conduct. He knows that his slightest word or glance of approval is more to me than all the world besides."

Lelia Grey was satisfied. So the brilliant Satargia season

THE LAST FLIRTATION.

ebbed away, and Eveline Vane drooped and grew paler each day, while Ada watched her and made no comment. So the balls and parties, and gay assemblages drew towards close, and Mrs. Chester remained the acknowledged belle, even where a score of beauties were striving for the precedence.

"I shall certainly do it," quoth Clarence Hooper, twirling his waxed mustache in the sport of smiling frenzy.

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"Yes," said Ada, laughing. "Tell Walter that he may come after me now any time he pleases, for I would up my final flirtation last night."

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"It's a fact," groaned Hooper. "And suppose our little coquette says 'no'?"

"O, she won't! I'm sure she likes me. But what's the use of making cold chills run over a fellow with that kind of talk. I wish you'd hold your tongue."

"Well, I will," said Theodore, comically.

Clarence Hooper was in the ball-room that night on a mission before anybody else thought of making their appearance, gorgeously attired with lemon corered kid gloves, and boots so tight that he could hardly step.

"I don't believe she's ever coming," sighed the tortured swain, shifting from one agonizing foot to the other, and trying to destroy the figure of his charmer through the moving crowds that were growing more dense every moment.

"I wonder if I hadn't better send up my card, and request the honor of a special interview. I wonder if—Hallo! here she is."

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"Mrs. Chester," sighed the inamorata, "I have watched for your coming as the Eastern devotee awaits the first beam of the sun, his idol!"

"Have you?" said Ada. "It's very hot here, isn't it?" said Clarence, trying helplessly to remember the pretty speeches he had planned in his brain; "and—and I had something very important to say to you. Suppose we take a turn on the piazzas."

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WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON "HOME."

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HEAT IT HOT, SAM.

Colonel McHatten went from Virginia to Illinois, in the early settlement of the country, when roadside inns were unknown, and every dweller in the wilderness kept a sort of traveler's home. The Colonel, by a lucky investment in land had become a rich man—but he kept up his habits of hospitality, and if the guest was well to do in the world, he did not object to turning an honest penny in that way.

One bold, blustering winter evening, a horseman drew up at the house and asked accommodation for the night. A half grown lad answered in the affirmative and ushered him into the sitting room, where the great wood fire of itself gave him a cordial welcome. After supper the landlord made his appearance for the first time. He was hearty and hale, and as rosy as any boniface should be, but he was bent and crippled in his gait. He explained that he had taken a cold which had settled in his back.</