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ment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage.

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e expects to give entire satisfaction to all.

The Children and Ladies' Hair neatly out and shampooed.

JOSEPH WEBBER.

laving heretofore carried on nothing but

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1871.

"WOUNDED."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD HOUSE THE CLOSE."

Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodlands, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane. widow; and beneath the shady limes, on what is termed the "Croquet Ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbena beds to do no. nischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain AND, IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED, is cheaper in the Forks of the Santiam than in any other part of the State.

Inquire of J. M. Johns, Marion Station, or of Daniel Gary, Scio, Linu county.

Y6033tf. September evening, not very long

"Well," said Carry Lane, "we had better make haste and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted. Remember the evenings are shorter than they were a month ago."

With a clever stroke of her malle Carry sent her croquet ball bounding up to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking to Major Warder, of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who, like himself, were guests at Woodlands for the evening. He gave a brisk jump as the ball came with full force against his ankle, looking hastily round at the pretty culprit, who laughed quietly beneat the shade of her dainty little hat and plume, her bright young face radiant with bloom and happiness.
"You are a hard enemy, Miss Car-

ry," he said, coming towards her; "so if we are to choose sides, I shall have you on mine." "Very well," said Carry, no way

displeased. "Let us begin at once. Come, Clare, and Major Warder." So the battle began in real earnest

—Clare Holroyd and the Major on
one side; Carry Lane and the curate
on the other. Report said this young curate, of Thamestown, was courting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was; at all events Carry knew best; and no one had any right to set reports going until the fact was confirmed. But if it was true, then we can only say the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife or a warmer heart than this little

Carry Lane's. The other girl formed quite a con-Interest Allowed on Time Deposites in Coin. trast to her; Carry was all brilliance and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling roguish eyes, and jet-black locks; but Clare; Holroyd was pale, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft inge of color would come into her cheeks and lighten up her deep gray eyes. Her bair was very beautiful; it formed quite a glory round the pale face—such real, bright, waving, gold-colored hair. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicately curved lips, and linger there a while, and then it was that you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and sleuder, and on this Fresh Stock Just Received! September evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting

contrast. Carry had been telling the curate all about Miss Holroyd, for that young lady had only lately arrived on a visit to some friends in Thamestown, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed through a "season" in London, where Carry said she was "raved about." People called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-absent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes that rare, sweet smile on her lips, might be called flirting. The major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it. The curate shook his head, and "wasn't sure but what

there might be." The game proceeded slowly, owing to the repeated "bad strokes" of the major and a slight absense of mind on the part of the curate.

Presently there came out through one of the library windows which opened on the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players. "I have just left my invalid to himself for a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he was able to be out here,"

she said, ensconcing herself in a gar-den chair under the lime trees. "Invalid-aw!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache, and gazing sleepily at the speaker. "Who is he-aw-Mrs. Lane? Didn'tknow you had any one staying here.'

"He has been with usa week now,"

rather a romantic story." "Like to hear it-aw," murmured

"Captisin Challence," "the said, "I was a few support Stuppe Oosts in the major, indestigably smoother to India," said moust in London, were here, they out once—in the said for such days in south the same point the year elistance.

"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "this mother told me he and you were ill. I am come to see you wer

as weak as an infant, hardly able to was, and when her eyes fell on the move from the sofa, and so perfectly poor, helpless, wounded arm, great listless and indifferent," sighed the tears swelled into them. How dif-

Carry, enthusiastically.

but reproach herself for her conduct if she saw him now."

"Don't laugh at him, Major Warder," cried Carry; "you would give broke Clare Holroyd's heart. your eyes to be half as handsome." "Hush!" he repeated. Again the curate looked uncomfortable, but Carry relieved him omewhat when she added, "I have an idea that he is still devoted to the girl, whoever she may be. I have watched him gazing out of the win dow, with such a far-away look in his gasp. eyes, as if he were thinking of her and other days."

"Aw-shall we-aw-see him to night?" asked the major again. tea," said Carry.

"Don't you feel interested-awand curious, Miss Holroyd?" asked the major, going up to where she the hall, Staffordshire, She was pale at all times, but at

that moment Clara Holroyd's face was ghastly. "My dear, you are cold," said Mrs "Carry, you must leave the Lane. game and come into the dining-room; there is a small fire there, and we will have some ten. Come, Clara, I

cannot let you catch cold on my

lawn, or you will not be allowed to come here again." Mrs. Lane rose, took the young girl's arm and led her to the house, the others following slowly.

An hour afterwards, when the twi light mingled with moonlight, and cast shadows upon the stone balcony outside the library windows, Captain Challoner rose up from the sofa, where he had been lying all the afternoon, and with weak, wavering steps, he strove to pace the room. He was me?" growing weary of that tedious coninement day after day, and he struggled hard against the weakness which

Mrs. Lane had called Charles Chaloner handsome; but strictly speaking he was not so-never had been. It was a fine face, a noble face, one you could trust in, one you might like to have near you in time of danwas intellect in the broad, high brow; there was tenderness and in the mouth and massive chin.

Presently Captain Challoner stopped in the middle of his walk. His drawing room across the hall .-Young, sweet voices sang "Annie Lavrie." Slowly he staggered back half-forgotten memories with himmemories which had gone to India a year ago with aim, following him all fax to them at the same time." through the scenes of war and death, and returning home again, only to be banished by fever and uncon-sciousness. Back they flowed with double force as "Annie Laurie" broke on the stillness around.

"Her song! her song!" he murmured. "I hoped I was forgetting

The poor wounded hand struggled bard to cover his face, but only the right arm was able to do its work, and the man who had once been so strong and brave groaned in anguish—perhaps for his helpless state, but me hinks it was more at the memories which that old song recalled.

"I could have borne it all had she "I could have borne it all had she not married him—that fellow—that en. And may Heaven grant you fool!" he groaned.

Ah, there was a wound in Charles Challoner's heart far deeper than replied Mrs. Lane. "He is a sort of that in his arm-a wound which time connection of mine-Captain Challo- did not heal. The opening of the per, of the-the-just home from In- door caused him to look round; then dia, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness, after an attack of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I fever. I got him here as soon as I she paused, then with outstretched could for a change of air. His is hand Clare Holroyd came towards

"Captain Challoner," she said, the major, indefatigably smoothing heard you were here, they told me-

fine handsome young man like that see how ill he had been, how weak he "He is such a downright good fellow, I don't know how any girl could have quarreled with him," exclaimed away and left her because she had gone

"Hush!" said he. Cold, stern and proud-the soldier

"Hushl" he repeated. "He is his Works. Mrs. Sumner, however, your husband now, Lady Fairfax.— had other notions connected with do-Do not prove your truth to me by being false to him. It is too late!" "Who told you that I was married?" she cried, with a breathless

replied, "You forget that English newspapers travel to India; and though they may not always be the night?" asked the major again.
"Perhaps you may induce him to
come into the drawing-room after
though they are truthful. It was through
them that I learnt that Clare Holroyd was married at Brighton, in January last, to Sir Philip Fairfax, the owner

> "The greatest fool in London," he would have added, in his bitter scorn; but he checked himself, sinking wearily back upon his back.

There came a light over Clare Holroyd's face, the old glad light, which left it when Charlie Challoner went away so suddenly to India. It came back now, slowly, but surely. Standing there before him, with her hands clapsed close together, trembing with a strange new agitation, she questioned him:

"If-if I had not married, could you have forgiven me, Charlie?-Could you have loved me?"

He looked up to her. Was she trying to tempt him? Why was her voice so sweet, her tone so gentle? "Speak! tell me! she cried; "but for that, could you have forgiven "I could," he replied.

The light on the girl's face was creeping down to her heart as she seatovercame him. His left arm was ed herself on the sofa beside him. The bound up in a sling; with the right twilight had died away in the clear he steadied himself in his walk, hold- moonlight. There was no need of was burning with a lovely color.
"You had better leave me now; I

am not quite strong yet," he said, with a little effort.

He was right; the old would was opened afresh, and the pain seemed greater than the old man could bear.

"I know it," she answered. "In ger, doubt, difficulty or trial. There greater than the old man could bear. talk. "I know it," she answered. "In

wish it. I want to ask you another truthfulness in the large, sad brown eyes, which at times seemed to be looking "far away," as Carry Lane looking "far away," as Carry Lane Harley street? I think I introduced some diplomat was suddenly recalled. you to them once." He bowed his head.

ear caught the sound of music in the continued. "There were four of them-Grace, Mary, Julia and Clare.

the day we met them in the park. I think you introduced Sir Philip Fair-Clare's voice trembled as she said.

"I did; and four months after he married the youngest girl, my cousin Clare. I am Clare Holroyd still." Then she rose up from her sofa, and he sat there alone. The moon passed behind a cloud, and there came intense darkness and silence

over the old library at Woodlands, but it was only for a few minutes;wonderful light, which found its way into the heart of the wonded soldier.

had already tried himself to the uttermost; and now when this great joy, streaming into his soul, when the old wound was healing, he felt

how miserably weak and helpless he was to battle even against that un-speakable joy, he looked at her, standing there in her beautiful young

SUMNER'S MARRIED LIFE. A Bride Abducted by a Railroad

THE LOVE CHASE.

Stories of runsway wives are of fre-

such desertions occur on a wedding day.

Yet such an event actually took place

yesterday over in New Jersey. A food couple were regularly married, and at-

ter only receiving the congratulations of

their friends stepped into a carriage and were driven to the depot of the New

Jersey Railroad, at Jersey City, in tending from there to set out on their

bridal tour. Carefully nod tenderly the

happy bridegroom escorted his blushing bride to a palace car, and then stepped back to the depot for a moment.

When he returned, to his consterna-

tion he found that the train had started.

bearing with it his bride, who was thus

compulsorily flying away from him at the rate of thirty miles an hour. De-

joined to him for life, he rushed to the

office of the Superintendent, crying, not

"My kingdow for a horse," but, "One

hundred dollars for your fastest locomo-

tive." The Superintendent, more moved by the hapless plight of the bridegroom than by the pecuniary offer, ordered the iron steed brought forth, and the hus-band mounted it in company with an

engineer and fireman, and swift as the

wind the locomotive sped out of the de-

pot and flew along after the preceding

Many precious moments had been lost

in the negotiation with the Superintend.

ent and in the preparation of the loco-

motive, and it was not until after a run at full speed for thirty minutes that the

anxious eyes of the husband were blessed

with the sight of the pursued train, com-

the loving pair may, to use a hard-

no doubt that that bridegroom mentally

resolved that if he left that train, or

WE CONCUR, AND RISE TO EX-

can Governor and yet the Statesman never

Next in the list, we will call the atten-

ing from the escheat fund, and but for the

vigilance of our present Secretary, he would have got away with his spoils.

These facts are notorious, and the Republican papers of the State cannot suc-

cessfully controvert them. With what consistency then, can the Statesman cast re-

accompany him.

Watkinds, contained this:

ble positions under it."

The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Times says: Any reference to Senator Sumper's

domestic affairs create what the re-porters call a sensation. He lives alone, in a very handsome style, in a house that was fitted up for Mrs. The curate looked around somewhat quickly. Was he growing suspicious? Carry pretended not to see the look he bent upon her, but she did see it, and felt rather pleased than otherwise.

"The girl must have been a heartward less coquette, for I do not believe he would have given her up on any slight provocation," continued Mrs. Liane. "Yet I think she could not but reproach herself for her conduct."

Introd with PSir himp Fairiax, instend of being contented with his stend of being contented with his house that was fitted up for Mrs. Sumner, who prefers a residence in Boston. She was a gay, fashionable widow, of rare beauty and accomplishments, when the Senator was weak enough to woo and win her. He was about the last mot have gone away without a word that time. I know I deserved it, but I was true to you—indeed, I was. Liane. "Yet I think she could not but reproach herself for her conduct."

Introd with PSir himp Fairiax, instend of being contented with his stend of being contented with his stend of being contented with his sounce, who prefers a residence in Boston. She was a gay, fashionable widow, of rare beauty and accomplishments, when the Senator was weak enough to woo and win her. He was about the last woman to select. Like all eminent that time. I know I deserved it, but I was true to you—indeed, I was. I see that was fitted up for Mrs. Sumner, who prefers a residence in Boston. She was a gay, fashionable widow, of rare beauty and accomplishments, when the Senator was weak enough to woo and win her. He was about the last woman to select. Like all eminent men, Senator Sumner has more egot it is set that the second with his house that was fitted up for Mrs. ers believe in him. And such was Sumner's creed in the worship of "Aw," said the major, "quite rothrew her hand from his arm. It Sumner, that he wanted a wife to sit mantic. Thall we—aw—see this hero, was the first word he had spoken, at his feet while at home and pour and there was no sound of love or out unceasing praise, and during his termined, however not to be separated forgiveness in the tone; it nearly absence read his speeches in the from her who had so recently been Globe or those heavy volumes called his Works. Mrs. Sumner, however,

> tor-the distinguished Senator-of Massachusetts, and proposed to enjoy the advantages, in a social way, her position gave her.
>
> Balls, parties, suppers, receptions, dinners, and hops, were her entertainments, and the works of the statesman were nauseating to her. Instead of poring over musty tomes and heavy state papers, and prepar-ing from them tremendous speeches and reports, the Senator found himself dragged into entertainments he despised, and all his valuable time

mestic bliss. She married the Sens-

frittered away. Domestic incompat-ibility began to manifest itself. "I was wedded to my books before ing up with it when it stopped at the Rahway station. The meeting between I married you," said the Senator, grandly and gloomily, when his wife asked if these entertainments were disagreeable, why he sought her

Such like scenes as the following were common, and repeated by social

ossip with a gusto: Sumner and wife at a party-time, past midnight, Mrs. S. whirling through round dances, excited and merry; the Senator grand, gloomy and bored. Sumner (loquitur)-Mrs. Sumner,

rour carriage waits. Mrs. Sumper-Well. Senator, let it wait.

Sumner-But, Madame, I wish to go home. Mrs. Sumner-Well, Senator Sumner, you have my full permission.

Do, pray go home. You look weary and exhausted. By all means go whether or not the credit of the men who have filled responsible positions in this State under Republican rule and see whether or not the credit of the State has

Probably the Senator would have accepted this advice both on this and other occasions, and returning to his and came out a capitalist on a \$1,500 salaing on by the bookcase, the table and gas to reveal those two faces to each studies, and left the charming wife other. Clare's was not pale now; it to the gayeties of the season, but that lether and a hypocrite. So vile were get a tumble. a certain bandsome diplomat readily took his place and became her com-

Senator Sumner was not only one moment I will leave you if you Chairman of the Committee on For-Whether Mr. Sumner had anything ring might fleece the Government by seto do with this or not, Mrs. Sumner, 'You remember the girls?" she it is said, so believed. But whether it is said, so believed. But whether even this is sure, it is known that she was enraged and mortified by the report. She left Washington for Europe. Her brether reached the steamer in time to prevent a scandal. "I never heard their names," he Europe. Her brether reached the to his sofa again, carrying a horde of replied; "I only saw them but once, steamer in time to prevent a scandal by sailing with her. And when she returned it was with the positive deby which means the people were de rauded out of immense bodies of the public land and certain incorporations made rich.— Such is the character of the late Republitermination not to resume her place spoke somewhat sharply, and with a as Mrs. Sumner in Washington City, can Governor and yet the State and she has since lived up to this, tires in its laudations of him.

leaving this eloquent statesman to occur y his handsome residence alone. This is the story of Senator Sumner's married experience. How true it may be I am not prepared to say, for I am not acquainted with either party, and only gather up the gossip of society for your entertainment.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Massachuthen the clouds were gone, and there setts Ploughman has been testing pigs came flooding into that stillness a of the Berkshire and White Chester setts Ploughman has been testing pigs varieties side by side, to find out which is the best breed. His two

ay's existence.

creation, particularly, there is so He was Minister to Russia during the The White Chesters were killed at much to know that has never been administrations of Harrison and Tyler. day's existence.

standing there in her beautiful young strength before him—one earnest, yearning, hungry look.

Clare saw the look. She saw the weak, vain efforts to rise, and with a womanly tenderness she knelt down has been administration of Harrison and Tyler. The White Chesters were killed at two hundred and forty-nine days old, weighing two hundred and and seventy-five and three hundred pounds of this statement. The polypus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives remain at the same point the year new life from the knife which is lifted to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels within wheels within wheels within wheels without computation of number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement. The polypus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to have a statement and Tyler.

A square le one inch in space down the unn, counting outs, display lines; bigain, &c., at full square. All advertisements inserted NO. 46. less period than three mouths to be regarded

> LEGEND OF THE RED BREAST. "There is a liftle bird; mamms,"
> Upon our holly tree,
> And with his twiskling great black eye
> He looks so shy at me.

"I love that little bird, mamma, So gentle and so still, To see him pluck the berries bright, Between his slender bill.

"That he is God's own bird," mamma You very oft have said; Why is his little eye so bright, Ris little breast so red?

"So ever when the snow comes round

We owe the greatest debt of gratitude those who tell us the truth.

It is hard to respect old age when one gets sold on a venerable pair of chickens.

worked reportial expression, be better other. "Why is intoxication like a washbowl?" asked Sambo. "Case it am de

No man is always wrong: a clock that does not go at all is right every 12

labor. All hills look romantic at a disance.

Why is a donkey which cannot hold the character of the men who fill responsiup its head like next Monday? Because

whether or not the credit of the State has suffered. We will commence with Geo.
L. Woods, late Governor. Who was he, and what was his character where he is best is always mad."

prints its State news under the head of

The only commonplace thing you need lavishing lascivious endearments. As Governor of the State, he received a bribe not be afraid of "running into the

now on "Lines to a Hairpin." Department of Columbia that the aforesaid The latest fashion at weddings is to present a box of wedding cake to all the

Happy the child who is suffered to be report favorably on certain military roads

tion of the Statesman and its party to Sam.

E. May, late Secretary of State. What is he, and where is he now? He is an emillions of brothers in the same predicament. A new spirit medium, with a view to inducing editors to commit suicide, im-

tention to an article against ardent spir-

into the heart of the wonded soldier.

"You will forgive me now," said Clare; "you will tell me so before I go; it would make me feel happier, much happier, to know I am forgiven. And may Heaven grant you may soon recover from this terrible may soon recover from the same food, and the same time cover up such far grant thieving by its own friends?

This is chapter first in the course we propose to read the Republicans in the may soon in law of Governor Isaac Shelby of Kentucky, served through the war of 1812, a portion of the time as aid-de-The Berkshires were thoroughly fatted and killed at two hundred days old, weighing two hundred and forty pounds and two hundred and fifty pounds respectively, making a gain of one and one-fifth pounds for each days aristenes.

The World's Worders.—This world of ours is filled with wonders.

The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extensity of creation. In the insect delivered the address of the occasion.

"It is a pretty tale, my chid, Come stand beside my kness, And T will tell my little Kata Red Robin's history,

When Joses for my little girl And all his children died, By wicked men unto the cross Nafled fast and crucified;

"And as he pull'd, the crimson stream,
The holiest and the best,
Plowing from where the tilorn had been
Stain'd Bobie's downy breast;

To end this wintry year, Perched high upon the holly bough The Redbreast warbles clear.

"No other songster on the spray At Christmas time is heard; But when the Savior's birth we keep We hear the Savior's bird.

SCISSORINGS.

Why is tove like a scotch plaid. Because it is all stuff, and often crossed. It has been said that pantalouns obained on credit are "breeches of trust.

Language was given us that we might say pleasant things to and of each

any other, during the bridal tour, for any purpose whatever, his wife should Don't sigh for some imaginary field of

An article in a late number of the Mrs. Partington says the starving French may need a plebiscuit-em before Statesman devoted to vilifying W. H. "The credit of the State is involved in

analyse the character of the men who Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill crow of the

known? He went into office a mend cant Never rely on the world, for if you do ry. His private character is that of a the world will jump aside and you will some of his associations that when he held the office of Governor, a certain Ship-Cap-The Wilmington (N. C.) Morning Star

from a ring of speculators off the Government to go to Washington and secure the removal of Gen. Rouseau and the return of Gen. Steele to the command of the The distinguished author of "Lines to a Waterfall" is said to be engaged

curing fat contracts. For this piece of

and content to be what God meant it to be-a child while childhood lasts. There are two ways of reaching truth -by reasoning out and by feeling out.
All the profoundest truths are felt out. A paper has this advertisement: "Two

parts the information that newspapers flourish in the spirit world.

bezzler and a fugitive from justice. Not less than \$20,000 of the peoples' money he squandered in putting on aristocratic airs and supporting himself in regal splendor. He even robbed orphan children by steal-A temperance editor, in drawing atits in his paper, says:-"For the effects of intemperance see our inside!

"There came a gentle little bird,
Who with his efforts weak,
Placked one from out the crown of thoras
Within his tiny beak.