

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.

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

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BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION. Liberal Advances made on Consignments.

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TAKE NOTICE, EVERYBODY, THAT WE WILL PAY FOR GOOD BUTTER.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE! THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity.

FOR SALE, ALL PERSONS INTERESTED ARE HEREBY respectfully informed that the undersigned has on hand, from selected lots, all the varieties of

CHOICE SEED WHEAT, carefully and separately stored, and for sale on reasonable terms.

NOTICE, ALL PERSONS OWING ON SUBSCRIPTION to Albany please call and settle immediately.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. VII.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1871.

NO 17.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FINE BLOOD SHEEP.

COTSWOLD HALF BREEDS FOR SALE—Apply to E. B. ERSON, Mountain View, Sauts Clara Co., Cal., or JOHN ANDERSON, 622 1/2 Clay St., San Francisco.

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

JOHNS & GABY, SCIO, OREGON.

Real Estate Dealers, LAND, IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED, is cheaper in the Falls of the Santiam than in any other part of the State.

FRANKLIN MEAT MARKET, FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON.

J. R. HERREN, PROPRIETOR, WILL keep the best meat the market affords and cut it up to suit his customers.

RUSSELL, FERRY & WOODWARD, REAL ESTATE BROKERS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

COLLECTING AGENTS, Special attention given to the collection of Real Estate, Real Estate Litigation and the Collection of Claims.

FRONT 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.

THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED BAIN WAGON! RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE AS A FIRST CLASS FARM WAGON.

FOR THE HARVEST OF 1871. PITT'S THRESHERS! HAINES' HEADERS! LATEST IMPROVED MOWERS!

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS! CONSTANTLY ON HAND! CELEBRATED BAIN WAGON, ELAIN, YOUNG & CO., Albany, Oregon.

STAR BREWERY! TALLY & HOUCK, HAVE ESTABLISHED AN EXTENSIVE Brewery business in

ALBANY AND CORVALLIS, Mr. Houck keeping the old stand of Tally & Houck at Corvallis.

SALOONS AND PRIVATE FAMILIES, WARRANTED TO BE THE VERY BEST! TALLY & HOUCK, April 14, 1871—v6n25f.

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

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

EXCHANGE ON PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, AND NEW YORK, for sale at lowest rates. COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED

Refer to H. W. CORRETT, HENRY FALLING, W. S. LADD, Feb. 1, 1871—yl.

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

Fresh Stock Just Received! DRY GOODS! GROCERIES! CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS! Boots and Shoes!

GLASS AND QUENSWARE! Iron, Hardware, &c. Which will all be disposed of at Albany Prices!

PRODUCE TAKEN FOR GOODS! A. COWAN & CO. v6n25f.

MILLIE DAY'S FORTUNE.

Harry Cowper was a book-keeper in a large commission house, and his employers prized him because, though only an employee, upon a stated salary, he made their interests his own, and suffered nothing to interfere with his duties.

It was towards the close of the day, and Harry was busily engaged in balancing his accounts. The only other occupant of the counting room was Peter Phipps, the delivery clerk.

"Harry, my son—have you heard the news?" cried the new comer, tapping his friend upon the shoulder.

"I have heard nothing wonderful, Jasper. Is gold up or down?" "A certain kind of gold is high up. Haven't you heard of the stroke of fortune which has fallen to Millie Day?"

"At the mention of that name Harry Cowper caught his breath, and a quick flush was visible upon his clear cheek. 'I have not heard,' he said.

"Don't you remember an uncle of Millie's who was sick here in New York a few years ago, and whom she nursed so tenderly?" "Mr. Snyder—her mother's brother you mean?"

"I remember him very well, for I passed a great many evenings very pleasantly in his company." "Well," pursued Jasper, "old Snyder, he was one of the lucky ones in Chicago land. About two months ago he died without child or heir, and his fortune has been here to inform Miss Millie Day that she is sole heiress of his whole fortune. It is somewhere in the neighborhood of half a million."

"There is over two hundred thousand in bank. What d'ye think of that, old fellow?" Harry Cowper shrank like one who received a blow. He was silent and thoughtful.

"How, my boy—don't it please you?" demanded Jasper, with a show of surprise. Harry rallied and answered, with a shake of the head: "No, Jasper, I am sorry for this."

"Sorry? And wherefore? I thought you had a peculiar regard for the lady." Cowper looked up, and faintly smiled. It was a smile, but there was pain in it.

"Jasper," he said seriously and earnestly, as one speaks in confidence to a dear friend, "I love Millie Day, though I have never spoken to her as a lover. I have been waiting until I could insure her a home if she accepted my proffered hand. As you know, I have only my salary to depend upon, and a portion of it is set apart for the maintenance and education of my sister."

"Are you serious?" asked Groome. "Well, the coming of this fortune detracts from pressing your suit?" "Yes." "But, man alive! Is not the prize worth more than ever before? If Millie Day had hardly a dollar of her own, what must she be now?"

"She can be no more to me now," replied Harry. "It was Millie Day that I loved. Millie Day, and not a dollar, and not an amount of worldly wealth can add to the price I would have set upon her love in return. But that is past. Had she remained poor I had hoped ere long to have been able to offer her a home—a home where she could help me to find joy and comfort."

"And do you mean to say, Harry, that you give her up?" "She is not mine to give up." "I dare not press it. After so long a time my past silence might be misconstrued, and my claim be regarded as mercenary."

"By Jove, old fellow! she'll make a rich catch for somebody." "No richer than before," said Harry with solemn seriousness. "I tell you, Jasper, that for the true man, seeking a wife, Millie Day, I need not her truth and her goodness for her own dowry, but she is a priceless boon. I should esteem it the richest gift this side of heaven. I think if I had her for my companion I should challenge the world to exceed my happiness."

"Harry you're a fool!" "Thank you." "If you are to step out, I shall go in, and try to win." Harry winced, but betrayed no feeling.

"You are your own master, Jasper." "I shan't be rivaling you?" "No! If Millie can love you, then it is prove that she has not loved me."

"Then count me in on the race for the heiress. By Jove! I'll make the attack this very night. I shall meet her at Darwin's. Are you going?" "No! don't belong to that set—You forget that I am only a book-keeper."

"Yes—I remember. But you'll get into a house one of these days. You'll find it pleasant. The title of a merchant gives a fellow a lift in society. But I ain't vain. If you'll go with me I'll introduce you at Darwin's."

"Then I'll go alone, and be sure I'll make love, bold and strong, to Miss Mildred Day," said Harry, as his friend was on the point of departing. There was a pain mark upon his face, and his lips quivered; but he spoke calmly though with a palatable effort: "You seek to win the love of Millie Day. You may succeed. If such should be the result Jasper, I pray you to be true and faithful; for she is an angel and is worthy of all love and honor!"

"Never fear, old fellow. I'll make her a good husband if I win her—Half a million! Zounds! Isn't that worth working for?" And with this Jasper Groome turned from the office, and Harry Cowper bowed his head upon the edge of his desk.

"Shall I put up the books Mr. Cowper?" Harry looked up, and saw the old delivery clerk. "Ah—you here, Phipps?" "Yes, I've been copying permits—Shall I put the books in the safe?"

"Yes, you may, if you please. I must go round and call for my sister on my way home." And Harry Cowper left the store. And that night, when he was alone in his chamber, his thoughts were sad and painful. He had loved Millie Day a long, long time; but he had not ventured to speak of his love for reason already made known.

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other scenes could not drive that painful scene from his mind. Could it be possible that Millie was about to sell herself to Warren Corydon? He was old enough to be her grandfather. Yet he was a well kept old man—far more manly and vigorous than were many of those pinks of fashion who claimed to be young men. Never before had Harry realized how deeply he had loved the beautiful girl, nor how large a space she occupied in his bright hopes of the future.

Fully assured that she was lost to him forever, he turned away to a window and leaned his head upon his hands. He did not wish to remain long with the party. He thought it best for him to plead illness to his hostess, and go to his home. He knew full well that he could not appear himself under such a cloud.

He was reflecting thus when he felt a light touch upon his arm, and on turning he beheld Millie Day. She was gazing wistfully up into his face, and there was a wondrous sparkle in her clear azure eyes.

"Harry, I want to speak with you. Will you come with me?" "I was reflecting to answer in words," he followed her. She led the way to a small conservatory where they stood by an oleander in bloom. A brief pause, and an evident struggle, and then Millie looked up and spoke. Her face was radiant, and the sparkle of her eyes had deepened to a fervid glow.

"Harry, I have a difficult task to perform, but I have prayed for strength and I think the strength has come to me. Pardon me if I am brief. I seek your counsel. You know that I have lately inherited a large fortune."

"Yes—I know," said Harry, in a gasping whisper. "And already," she paused, "that fortune begins to oppress me. Mr. Corydon holds it in charge for me, and he will do with it just as I say. It stands between me and a very dear friend—a friend whose love I prize above all the wealth of the world—and I have called you here here, Harry, to ask you if I shall give my fortune to him."

"Millie, I do not understand." "I tried to speak to you and her words failed her. A length she caught her lover by the hand, and her speech burst forth: "Harry, do you know that old Peter Phipps is one of the best and truest friends I have. He was a clerk in my father's store. It was my father who saved him from prison, and who lifted him up from the dreadful slough of intemperance, and it was my father who recommended him to his present position, where he has been so many years. I was but a little child then, and Peter used to toss me in his arms. But the dear old fellow has not forgotten me. He is never afraid to call upon me, for he knows that my heart is warm and sympathizing toward him. He came to me, Harry, and told me of the conversation between yourself and Jasper Groome, when Jasper came and told you of my fortune. He told me of all you said, Harry—all, and then I knew how truly you loved me—how noble you were—and how blessed must be the woman who could secure such a heart as his. I—I—I, Harry, the fortune has put this upon me. Say that you do not blame me?"

Harry did not try to speak. He only caught the blessed being to his bosom, and held her there with a long, long time—held her there with his head pillowed upon his shoulder—until he could find words for utterance.

And so the fortune did not sever those two pure and loving hearts, at all. It became a secondary thing in their lives; and while they found their chiefest good in the cultivation of those joys that sprang from the old true love, their friends everywhere—shared with them in the blessings of the fortune which Uncle Snyder had left. And we may add, that all five gained sunshine from Millie's fortune, not one had more reason to be grateful than had good old Peter Phipps.

MIXED.—A jolly young fellow named Corcoran, who, when last heard of, was in the post of librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, when he arrived in this country some years since, propounded a puzzle to a gruff old clerk in the New York Hall, which is believed to have shortened that official's days. Corcoran went to the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court, to apply for his "first paper." The deputy, who took charge of that business, and had got it down so fine that he could grip out naturalized citizens by the dozen with his eyes shut, was a serious old chap, whose custom it was whenever anybody's shadow fell across his desk, to seize a blank form without ever looking up, proceed to put the prescribed formal interrogatories. So he did with Corcoran.

"What's your name?" he demanded. "John Corcoran." "Twenty-one?" "Twenty-one." "What nativity?" "Well; that's what bothers me; I'll tell you, and maybe you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother was English, and I was born on board of a Dutch brig, under the French flag, in Flemish waters. Now how is it?"

The old clerk looked up aghast, showed his spectacles on his brow, and slowly made answer: "Young man, your nativity and that of our Savior are the only ones which ever puzzled me."

A pretty girl says: "If it was wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how guilty are the old bachelors with the world full of pretty girls?"

A man is in no danger as long as he talks love, but when he writes it he is impaling himself on his own pithooks most effectually.

Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery as long as he can hire anybody to rob him at reasonable wages.

SHOCKING OUTRAGES SUITLY AVENGED—A Luch saves his Mistress—Store Looting.

Two of the most diabolical outrages ever perpetrated in a civilized community occurred last week, near Shelbyville. The victims were two of the most respectable white ladies of Bedford county, and the guilty parties two notorious negro desperadoes named Henry Williams and Samuel Gilliland.

Miss Susan Patterson had gone a short distance from her dwelling, scarcely out of sight of it in fact, when she met Henry Williams, who addressed her in language of the most insulting nature. Before she could utter a cry for aid, the villain seized her by the throat and threw her to the ground. She was shrieking at the top of her lungs for help. In the meantime her watchdog which had followed her, pounced upon Williams, and in his efforts to bite to a piece of cloth from the right leg of his pantaloons. The ravisher not being able to manage both, as his intended victim was resisting with all the desperation of despair, while the dog was harassing him with fierce and frequent attacks, he jumped up, and attempted to make his escape without having accomplished his purpose. At this instant Miss Patterson's brother came upon the scene, immediately gave chase and ran him into Shelbyville, where he was captured on Saturday, while hiding under the house of John D. Fuller.

Williams was committed to jail, and was not only identified by Miss Patterson, but the piece of cloth which the faithful dog had torn from his pantaloons was found to match exactly.

A day or two after this attempted outrage Samuel Gilliland went to the house of Mrs. Rogers and asked her if any one was at home beside herself. Frightened at his menacing manner, she replied that she thought there were others about the house, whereupon he told her she lied; that he had been watching around the house for some time, and not a soul was there beside herself. He further informed her that his friend, Peter Phipps, in whose house he had been conveyed to his grave, and that he had had his eyes upon her ever since. Suspecting now what was his intention, Mrs. Rogers commenced to scream, when the fiend clutched her by the throat, threw her on the floor, pulled out a dirk and gave her to understand that if she made any noise it would be her death. Notwithstanding this murderous threat, she resisted him with all her unequal strength, and in her struggles, she scratched him on the nose with her finger nails. After having satisfied his brutal desire, Gilliland went to the door to see whether any one was approaching, returned and with his dirk ready to murder his victim if she made any further resistance, again outraged her person and rushed out of the house. Her brother, John Johnson, a constable, happening to come up at the time, chased the negro down and brought him back. Mrs. Rogers immediately recognized him by his peculiar repulsive face, by the scratch upon his face, by the scratch upon his nose, and by the shoes which he wore, they having belonged to her deceased husband.

Gilliland was committed to jail at Shelbyville, and was, with Williams, taken out last Saturday to the district where the outrages had been perpetrated for examination before J. M. Olesky, a Justice of the Peace. The magistrates not being at home, the prisoners were detained there by E. W. Kane, the Deputy Sheriff, in whose charge they were until dark, when the officer started to return with them to Shelbyville.

Not long after dark, and about three and a half miles from Shelbyville, on the Tallahoma road, they were met by about five hundred men, none of whom, it is important to state here, were in disguise. The prisoners were seized by the indignant citizens and immediately hanged to a limb of a tree. Upon their bodies were placed placards warning no one to remove them until the next evening, unless by legal authority, on pain of sharing the same fate. The Deputy Sheriff, who had been directed by Sheriff Conville to take a guard along, and not allow the prisoners to be harmed or taken away from him protested against the course of the law being interfered with, but he and his guard were obliged to yield to superior numbers. The night was so dark, and the execution so summary, that not one of the avengers was recognized, though, as before stated, none of them were disguised.

Both Williams and Gilliland were a terror to the whites and blacks of Bedford, and all rejoice at having been rid of their presence.

A bill is now before the Legislature making rape a capital offense. We hope that it or some similar measure will be speedily passed into a law. The crime is one which has been committed with fearful frequency of late, and no offense against the laws of God or man more richly merits the heaviest penalty that can be inflicted. Pretends for interfering with the due process of the law can be no longer offered when the severity of the punishment is made equal to the enormity of the crime.

"How is your wife to day?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh! moche de sem," said he, "she is no better, and I 'traid ver little wuss. If she gon to die I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unhappy—me mind is so moche unsettled. When she die I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

A paper out West has for its motto,—"Good will to all men who pay promptly." Devoted to news and making money.

MARSHALING THEIR BLACK BATTALIONS.

We have additional evidence that the negro vote is the salvation of the Republican party. That vote was not needed by the victors in this State this year; but if the victors this year are not the vanquished next year, the black man will be the cause. However, in more than one-half the States the black Republicans have saved their white brethren this Summer and Fall from utter rout, and in one-third of the States, as is well known, the blacks made up the bulk of the Radical organization. In four States—South Carolina, Louisiana, Florida and Mississippi—they outnumbered the whites. The dominant party is now, more than ever, a negro organization. The black man against whom we bear no malice, and whose rights we recognize, be it remembered, is the life, the support, the hope, joy and pride of that party.

The contest last month in Texas was a battle between the whites and blacks. The white population there is 561,000 and the black 253,000. The ratio of votes among the whites and negroes are about the same. The Germans, like all other white men, voted the Democratic ticket at the recent election. That it was a case of white against black is shown by the large Democratic majority of 40,000. Probably not one hundred respectable white men voted the negro ticket.

It now appears that the great State of Pennsylvania is kept under the black flag by the black man. That State gave a Radical majority of 14,000 on the 10th ultimo—an increase of 10,000 on Geary's vote. Of course there has been much Radical exultation and some Democratic despondency. But it is not surprising, nor is it fatal to our cause in that Commonwealth. While the Radical majority was 14,000, the negro vote was 25,000. But for their black recruit the Radicals would have been scattered like chaff before the hurricane. In spite of anti-Orange riots, European wars, Tammany frauds, and other drawbacks, the gallant Democracy of the Keystone State would have rolled up a majority of twelve thousand for their ticket last month but for the greatest Radical godsend, the everlasting nigger. The State of Pennsylvania is more firmly joined to her idols now than ever. The Democrats have a heavy majority to overcome there at the Presidential election, and it will be known by the time the National Convention assembles, if it is essential to success to secure the electoral vote of Pennsylvania. If the Convention looks to Pennsylvania as the battleground they will nominate for President the only man who will stand the ghost of a show to carry that State. Everybody knows who that man is.

A CAT-ANTROPHE. The captain of one of the largest steamboats running on the Potomac was out on one day lately, as his boat touched the landing at one of the riverside watering-places not a great distance from Washington, to see all the guests assembled with their baggage ready to take passage for the city. In making inquiries as to the cause of this general exodus, he soon discovered that thereby hung a tale. A cat's tail appears the fare at the hotel had disagreed with the boarders, and not satisfied with complaining, they took French leave. A batch of dough had been prepared for the oven and placed on a table. A playful kitten thought it would be nice to run over it. It looked so snowy, warm, and tempting. Kitty tried it and soon found her delicate little feet sinking in the dough. She struggled to escape, but the kitten was stretched to a cap, and like Governor Morton in the stolen turkey business, until this youthful cat disappeared entirely, and so like young Lechivar went into the yeast. She never rose again, but the bread did. It closed over this unfortunate specimen, not leaving a hair apparent. Cooky of course was not aware that instead of a loaf of bread she had a kitten dumpling, and put the mass into the oven and baked it. When the bread was opened at breakfast next morning the birds did not begin to sing but the boarders did. They fairly howled with wrath. They knew that there had been a family of kittens, and as hash had been served for breakfast before this extraordinary loaf was opened, the conclusion was natural that the other part of the family had gone into the hash and down their throats. They were first taken with sea-sickness, next with home-sickness, and then ensued a general packing up. The fashionable summer resort was left with no inhabitants but the cook and the bar-keeper and what remained of the family of kittens.

I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking as I looked at her beautiful clothes. "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her hair as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into a yard of a small house, but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the young girl springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," "I thought, for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."—Little Corporal.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING: PER YEAR.

One Column, \$100; Half Column, \$50; Quarter Column, \$25.

Transient Advertisements per Square of ten lines or less of this size type, first insertion, \$2; 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.

TO MY MOTHER.

Could I realize my happy childhood years, And then, as now, be conscious of the pain, The wail of night, the anxious hopes and fears, My carols words, or thoughtless actions vain.

Had I given then, dear mother, gladly I'd Repay the fond indulgence, unnumbered kind, Then grieve that that which could be killed For the good of me, my mother's mind.

O'er time, forsooth, my lips did thee upbraid For checking me with words, dearest was I; Although thy heart was hard, and wisdom stayed.

But now I know full well thy duty's done, The precepts from the depths of a pure heart, Couched with practice, studied well the worth of that maternal hand which pressed my forehead.

Which measure life and lengthen out the days Beyond the years allotted to mankind; That I will I'm unmoved hence the cheering ray Of thy soft smile may lure my way, and find A passage through the dark vale of death, Is all I ask. No other friend will weep Such tears of heartfelt grief; nor other's hand Will warm my cheek when in death's arms I sleep.

HOW SOME WOMEN WRITE. In a recent issue of Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly, edited by females, we find the following choice sentiments on the subject of "Chastity": "Chastity is not a virtue. It is rather a crime against nature—

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