

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously must take known and proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

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W. G. JONES, M. D. Homeopathic Physician, ALBANY, OREGON.

Office on Front street, over Turrell's store. Residence on the corner of Sixth and Ferry streets. v7n20y1.

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

Office at the Court House. v6n27

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Office: On South side of Main street. Residence: On the corner of Third and Baker Streets. apr19v3n23f.

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Makes Several New and Improved Styles of Plates for Artificial Teeth.

Also does all work in the line of his profession in the best and most approved method and at reasonable rates as can be had elsewhere. No truss outside administered for the painful extension of teeth if desired. Office in Parrish's Brick Building—upstairs. Residence, first house south of Congregational Church, fronting on Court House block. v7n17y1

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CASH PAID FOR WHEAT, OATS, PORK Butter and Eggs by WHEELER, at SHEDD.

State Rights Democrat.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING. Table with columns for day, week, month, and year rates for different ad sizes.

UNCLE PHIL'S RUSE.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BROWN.

"You are quite sure you love her my boy?"

"Love her? Why, uncle, I adore her! How could I help it, seeing her every evening for three months past, and listening to her sweet voice?"

"You know her, uncle, you would not ask such a question. Do you know her to love her, my beautiful, charming Isabel?"

"Are you perfectly certain you will know her, Frank?" asked Uncle Phil, with a comical smile.

"Have I not told you, uncle, that every evening for nearly three months past has been spent with her?"

"Yes, that may be, and still you do not know her, she has been expecting you, or some other young fellow that she intended to charm. So you are acquainted with the belle and beauty Miss Isabel Courtney; but my boy, have you ever gone in on her during the day, whenever she was not prepared for callers?"

"No, sir, I have not—but—"

"Never mind. Wait until I finish, then go on with your rhymed lines."

"Well, Frank, you'll never know her until you see her only with her home folks. See and know the daughter and sister, and then tell me you know Isabel Courtney the woman; and if you are as much in love, and determined to marry her, I will have to yield. You have not committed yourself?"

"No, uncle; although hundreds of times I have been out there, thronging myself at her feet, and declaring my love. My promise given you never to marry without consulting you, has restrained me. But really, uncle, I think you are rather too particular. I imagine it is this that has kept you single all this time. You have never been able to find perfection, or any woman coming up to your standard, have you not?"

"No, my boy. You are mistaken. I've known many very lovely women, fully up to my ideal. But, Frank, the memory of one in Heaven, the first, the last, the only loved, is dearer to me than any living woman can ever be; and looking forward to a union with her in the world beyond, I am waiting our Father's call to find her," answered Uncle Phil, his voice grown softer and sinking lower.

"Yes, uncle, I know it. I did, and do still think Mary a very lovely little girl; but—"

"Well, my boy, out with it. But what?"

"Well, uncle, Mary is pretty, gentle, sweet-tempered, and no doubt would make a good wife. But—ah!"

"Ah, my boy, I see you are a little ashamed to tell your objections."

"No, sir, not at all. You must really agree with me that Mary is not the wife for a man in such a position as I hold. I'm expected to entertain a great deal of company, and am thrown much into fashionable society. Now, Mary is such a home-spun little thing, so very domestic. I want a woman with grace, dignity and ease, to preside at my entertainments—no one I shall be proud of—Now, uncle you have the whole truth."

"And so my dear little Mary, with her artlessness, natural grace, and acquisitions which should be considered accomplishments, is cast aside for a fashionable butterfly! Ah, Frank, I fear you are not likely to secure happiness by this decision."

"Uncle, I never once, during the month I visited Mary, said one word of love to her."

"Wife of love, may be not, but what did your actions tell, Frank—your looks?" I understood them, and so did she, and everybody else who saw you with her. You have not behaved just right, Frank."

"If I had won from Mary more than a friendly regard, uncle, I am very sorry, I really thought I loved her until I saw Isabel; and still I have a warm regard for her."

"Well, well, my boy, I hope everything may turn out for the happiness of all. Now, I've a little plan to suggest, which if you will agree to, I think you will be better acquainted with your lady's true character; also that of Mary. After which, if you come again to me, and tell me you still wish to marry Miss Courtney, I will no longer oppose you."

"Well, uncle, knowing you will not suggest anything that a man of honor should hesitate about, I'll consent," answered Frank.

And Uncle Phil, closing the library door, proceeded to disclose his plan.

"Frank listened until his uncle had concluded, and then, after a merry laugh, he said:

"All right. I've no doubt of the result. But really, uncle I had no idea you were such a plotter. You have missed your vocation, I truly think."

"As he said," said Frank that night, after having accompanied Isabel home from a ball. She had seemed more beautiful and charming than ever, and

Frank, when he bade her good-night, said to himself:

"To-morrow I shall be the happiest man living, or—Pshaw! I'm foolish to think for a moment of anything else. She will stand the test."

It was near noon of the next day that a hand cart, filled with beautiful plants, was stopped before Mr. Courtney's. The man ascending the steps, rang the bell and handed in a card, on which was written, "For Miss Courtney."

As the man stood waiting directions concerning the removal of the plants, he heard a pleasant voice call: "Isabel, dear, do come down!" and the cross, irritable answer: "I'm not ready, and it is no use to hurry me! You expect me to get down to breakfast when I did not retire until after midnight. I think you might have sent it up to me!"

There was a grievous look in the mother's eye, a slight quiver of her lips, as she went to the foot of the stairs and said:

"It is not to come to breakfast—that is over with hours ago. Yours is waiting whenever you wish it. I called you to come see the beautiful flowers some one has sent you, and directed your friend to bring them placed."

"Oh!" in a modified tone; and a few moments after, Miss Courtney came down.

She had not been so intently admiring the flowers, she might have noticed the look of astonishment depicted on the face of the man waiting to do her bidding—and well there might be.

And it is possible that was the girl of whose beauty and sweetness she so many praises were sung?

A morning robe, dinky and soiled, caught up here and there by pins—substitutes for stitches—neither belted nor corded, but flowing loosely and trailing around her; her foot in a tangled mass under a net. She started, not the slightest resemblance to the belle of the night before.

"Take them in, and place them in the windows of the dining-room for the present," Isabel said. Going in herself, she dropped in a chair, saying:

"Mamma, tell some one to bring me my breakfast now."

"You will have to wait on yourself a little, and keep your eyes on the market."

Before the mother could Isabel snapped out:

"It is always so when I am tired."

"Well, do not worry, dear. Here is your breakfast. Now eat it while it is warm, and then I want you to assist me a little. Papa is going to bring a friend home to dinner, and we must try to have things just as nice as our cook prepared them."

"Yes, uncle, I know it. I did, and do still think Mary a very lovely little girl; but—"

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street."

"How beautiful! Who could have sent them? I suppose there can be no mistake. This is my name and number, Mary said, again glancing at the card.

The man expressed his knowledge of the flowers having reached the one for whom they were intended, by going to work unloading his cart, and taking them into the hall.

Just then Mrs. Fulton came in from a walk. Mary stopped, admiring the flowers, then followed her into the sitting-room, and wondered anew who could have sent the beautiful present.

"Shall the man place them in the windows, he says, Miss Mary?" the servant asked.

"Thank him, and say, if he has the time to spare," Mary answered.

Immediately after the man began to bring in the beautiful plants.

"How soon you are back, mamma. Surely you did not get through your shopping!" Mary said, removing her mother's wrappings and gently seating her in a rocker.

"Yes, love, I came back much sooner than I expected, to bring you a disappointment, I fear, as well as making you very busy to day. When I reached your father's office, I found there an old friend and school-fellow of his. I thought papa's eyes were asking, as plain as could be, for me to invite him to dine with us to-day, and so I did; and the gentleman readily accepted my invitation. When I was coming away, papa followed me to the door, and said he was so glad I had asked his friend to our home. And I hurried back to set you hard to work—never recollecting, until a few moments since, that you had an engagement for the afternoon," answered Mrs. Fulton.

"Do not worry about my engagement. I am not glad to stay home and be busy, to make dear papa happy. I can send a note of excuse to my friend, and then to work. Mamma, we will have a dinner party with a friend."

Mary might well have been excused if she had gotten a little out of temper. But she did not. The shade of regret which gathered for an instant on her face quickly passed away, and she went to her room, and began to mutter some excuse or apology, Mary said:

"Never mind. I hope the rose is not injured much; and if it is, I must not grumble about the accident, for I am still very rich in the possession of so many beautiful ones."

The last flower was placed in the window; and as the door closed on the man, Mary said:

"Poor fellow, I really pitied him! He is so awkward, and seemed either so frightened or bashful he could not raise his eyes."

"Well, Frank, my boy, the time has expired. Am I to hunt a fitting bride present for your chosen one? I've been anxiously expecting to hear from you for several days past. I shall be true to my word. Am I to give my consent to, and blessing on your union with Miss Courtney?"

"No, sir! Why not?"

"Because I've asked Mary Fulton to be my wife."

"What! Indeed! Hurra! Oh, Frank, you are all right now. How happy we shall be! But tell me how you so suddenly recovered both sight and senses. I had not expected my little plan to accomplish so sudden a cure," said Uncle Phil, clasping Frank's hand and shaking it warmly.

"Oh, uncle, spare me a recitation from the first page behind the scenes. Sufficient to say, I thank you for saving me from a leap in the dark," said Frank, with a grave face.

"Ah, I see. The lovely belle did not care to be so charming to the awkward, reheaded cartman, as to the very eligible Frank Osborn," said Uncle Phil, with a knowing smile.

"But I cannot let you off from some little hints about your second call and pretty little home-visit girl!"

"Don't, uncle, please, ever say that again. I am ashamed of myself ever to have been so foolish. Well, the red-headed, awkward cartman found Mary Fulton more charming and lovely in every way than ever Frank Osborn had dreamed; more beautiful in her morning dress than in evening toilet—industrious, gentle, amiable, considerate. And as I grew more despondent in love than ever, and learned to adopt completely your idea, that only a good daughter will make a good wife."

"But do you think she can preside with ease, grace and dignity at your entertainments?" asked Uncle Phil.

"Another thrust, uncle! Well, I deserve it. I know she will. I went in that very evening after my call and found her entertaining her father's friends. I do not fear but so good and lovely a girl will be all I wish. I felt like picking her up and running off with her that morning, when after I smashed up her best flower, she was so pleasant about it. Bless her dear little heart! There is no reception hours or company behavior with her."

Isabel never ceased watching and waiting for Frank's return to her side, until she saw his marriage announced; and then she could never imagine what it was that made her lose him. If she could have imagined that awkward cartman was the exquisite Frank, the mystery would have been solved.

Many times, during the days of their courtship, Mary would ask Frank why he came not for those long months to see her. And when he answered by telling of the pressure of business, of course she didn't believe him, but continued to tease him to tell her until the day before their union, when I suppose, thinking it better to begin with a lie, he told her of the coincidence, he told her of Uncle Phil's ruse.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Measure 200 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

An acre contains 4,840 square yards. A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards in length.

A fathom is six feet. A league is three miles. A Sabbath day's journey is 1,115 yards—19 yards less than two-thirds of a mile.

A day's journey is 33 1/2 miles. A cubit is two feet. A great cubit is eleven feet. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. A palm is three inches. A span is 1 1/4 inches. A pace is three feet. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. A barrel of pork 200 pounds. A barrel of rice 600 pounds. A barrel of powder 25 pounds. A firkin of butter 50 pounds. A tub of butter 84 pounds. The following are sold by weight, per bushel:

White beans and clover seed, sixty pounds to the bushel.

Corn, rye and flax seed, 60 pounds.

Barley, 42 pounds.

Oats, 48 pounds.

Timothy seed, 45 pounds.

A ton of round timber is 49 feet; of square timber, 40 feet.

A commercial bale of cotton is 400 pounds.

A pack of wool is 240 pounds.

A section of government land is 640 acres (one mile).

A tin is 250 gallons.

A box 16 by 24 inches and 8 inches contains a bushel.

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

There are on the globe 1,988,000,000 souls, of whom 360,000,000 are of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 are of the Mongol race; 176,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race; 100,000,000 are of the Malay race; 100,000,000 are of the Indo-American race.

There are 3,642 languages spoken, 10,000 different religions.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 62 per minute; so each pulsation of the heart marks the decrease of some human creature.

The average of human life is 33 years.

One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of seven years.

One-half at or before seventeen years.

Among 10,000 persons, one arrives at the age of 100 years; one in 500 at the age of 90; and one in 100 lives to the age of 80.

Married men live longer than single ones.

In 100 persons, 95 marry; and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months in the year.

One-eighth of the whole population is military.

Professors exercise a great influence on longevity. In 100 persons who arrive at the age of 70 years, 43 are priests, orators or public speakers; 30 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 are soldiers or military employees; 29 advocates or engineers; 27 professors and 23 doctors.

Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of others die sooner.

There are 336,000,000 Christians. There are 5,000,000 Israelites. There are 60,000,000 Asiatic religionists.

There are 100,000,000 Mohammedans.

There 300,000,000 Pagans.

In the Christian Church—170,000 profess the Roman Catholic religion, 70,000,000 profess the Greek faith, 80,000,000 profess the Protestant.

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurement of our fresh water seas is given below:

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth this 160 miles; mean depth, 680 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan, 290 miles; its greatest breadth, 208 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 507 feet; area, 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 212 feet; area, 20,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Erie, 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; its mean depth, 84 feet, elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

All five cover an area of upwards of 90,000 square miles.

WHAT WAS HIS OTHER NAME?—As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

"The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a basket?"

"Train, Train, George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly; "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes, then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car but at last came back and said:

"You confounded ignoramus, did you say Grant was Adams?"

Artemus looked up and said:

"What was his other name?"

WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

The champions for woman suffrage recognize in the ballot the arsenal in which are stored all the weapons for an invincible evil to which womanhood is exposed. Even if this were true, may there not be danger that traitorous hands in their own ranks would seize the weapons and turn them upon their friends and allies? It was woman's wit that devised and directed the construction of the Trojan horse, which decided the fate of the doomed city. The Trojan horse of the demi-monde, dragged within the walls of legislation, would conceal a hidden foe, before which the most valorous Aeneas might be found to fly. Those "whose lips drop as a honeycomb, whose mouth is smoother than oil, who lie in wait for every corner for those whom God's time only; and he, though wisest, the many of the statements of to day, has this unhappy record, "Nevertheless even him did outlandish women cause to sin." Should the unflinching, almost miraculous probity of Joseph, under peculiarly trying circumstances, be hopefully cited in reply, we should be reluctantly compelled to call to mind the deplorable fondness for Joseph-type of manhood, which is the happy day, and a corresponding lamentable increase of the Mrs. Potiphar-type