STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

OLDEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN ORIGON.

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MART. V. BROWN

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State Rights Democrat.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W	1 M	3 M	6 M	1 YR
1 Inch,	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	15 00
2 In.	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 In.	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	22 00
4 In.	4 00	7 00	12 50	18 00	27 00
¼ Col.	6 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
⅓ Col.	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	45 00
½ Col.	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
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Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion.

For legal and transient advertisements $2 50 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and $1 00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

A man, coming through on the Western train, stopped in our city.—Nothing remarkable about that; neither was there anything remarkable about the man. He was dressed in loose, dark clothes; wore his hair and beard long, and a broad Mexican hat on his head; in short, had just the appearance of what he professed to be—a California miner, washed up and just out from the "diggings."

He took lodgings at a quiet hotel, booked himself as James L. Snyder. His manners were unobstrusive, and had everything connected with him so perfectly common-place as to suggest the idea expressed by the landlord:

"Clever fellow enough! But as to smartness—between you and I, he will never set the river on fire!"

Well, Mr. James L. Snyder lingered, and looked about for upward of a week, and then announced his intention of "settling down." He made a partial bargain for some real estate; had some talk of taking shares in a railroad just going through; and thus it transpired that he was a man of means.

About this time he took the landlord so far into his confidence as to impart a little anxiety he felt respecting his capital. His "pile" was just as he had made it, being all in "dust"; and as the amount was considerable, he doubted being able to exchange it at any of our banks.

The landlord, who was a good-natured fellow, and withal a man of some influence, offered to go with him to the principal one, which he did, Snyder carrying a specimen of his "dust" in a small bottle.

The cashier, who was attending to business during the absence of the president, gave great encouragement respecting the exchange, but as he felt a great responsibility resting upon himself, wished to retain the specimen, and postpone his reply until the next day.

Snyder readily complied with this proposition, expressed a deal of quiet satisfaction at the prospect of so easily changing his "dust" into available capital.

The specimen being duly tested, and proving to be a pure article, the cashier's reply, next day was a favorable one; and Snyder, going directly to the hotel, brought back the "dust" in a chamois-skin bag, and was counted out at its market value in bank notes and coin, to the amount of eight thousand dollars.

While the "dust was being weighed, Snyder recollected that he had promised, as a curiosity, to send a little to his brother, living out in Indiana, and asked for a small vial to put it up in, whereupon the cashier returned him his own specimen, its contents untouched.

A little later in the day, one of the professors of the University, who was quite a noted chemist, happened in at the bank, heard Knox, the cashier, speaking of his speculation on his gold dust.

"Gold dust!" he said. "Have you any objections to show me the color of it?"

"Certainly not. Oh, it's all right! I had a specimen thoroughly tested before I bargained to take it."

Half an hour after, Knox burst into my room, like a man bereft of his senses.

"For God's sake, P——n, get up here and help me! If you don't, I'm a ruined, desperate man!"

"In Heaven's name, what have you been doing, man?" I asked in astonishment.

"I've been fooled, seduced, swindled! I've burst the bank! I've ruined myself and everybody else!"

"Come, come!" I said soothingly—for I saw he was quite wild with excitement—"I am sure it isn't so bad as that. I am ready and willing to help you, but you must cool down, and tell me just what's up and all about it."

Partly by persuasion and partly by force, I got him down in a chair, and managed to pump the whole story out of him.

Tchadd had been testing some of the "dust," and the test failed; he tried again and again, then the secret came out; the whole lot was worthless, tinseled dross.

"How many people know this?" I asked.

"Only Tchadd, myself, and you."

"Then keep quiet and tell him to. President Brown will not be back until next week. Keep your own counsel, and I have a presentiment we will straighten out this tangled snarl before then."

I sauntered around to the hotel, and inquired for Snyder. He had not been back since he had went down to sell his "dust."

"Did he leave any luggage in his room?" I asked.

"No; he bought only a valise, and carried the gold in it to the bank."

I made various inquiries about town and ascertained to a dead certainty what I was convinced of, viz: that Snyder had "sloped."

I was confident that he had taken the train West, which started out about fifteen minutes after he had received his money at the bank. He had played too sharp a game to be a mere novice at getting out of the trap after he had taken the bait.

Another train was to start out in an hour, and purchasing a ticket through to Omaha, I made the best use of my time in getting ready for my trip and making some needful inquiries. To the landlord I am indebted for a minute description of the man's person.

He was about five feet eight inches in height, and thick set, though his loose garments rather added to that effect; his hair and beard were jet black; and, what was unusual for a person of so dark complexion, his eyes were a pale grayish-blue; at the extreme corner of his left eye was a small red scar, and, on the back of his right hand, a large hairy mole.

When the Western train started out, you might have seen a greenish looking countryman, in farmer's dress, with a big, high-colored overcoat, a red neck-shawl, and drab felt hat, with a cotton umbrella in one hand, and a valise in another, waving an adieu to Knox, who stood on the platform. Had you taken the trouble to examine a card attached to the handle of the aforesaid valise, you would have seen, in an awkward, cramped hand, the euphonious title, "*Josiah Stebbins. 'Is Valise.*" I presume it is needless to mention that this individual was myself.

As a matter of course, I was rather a moving planet. I followed the conductor through the train, innocently scrutinizing the occupants of each car as I passed along. When we stopped—which was only at important stations, as I was on the lightning express—I managed to see what new passengers came on.

Right in front of me sat a most artistically-gotton-up-model of the present fashionable woman. Heavy rings adorned her ungloved fingers, and a good many lengths of gold chain were fastened at her throat and belt, supporting a cluster of glittering "charms" upon her breast. I have no faculty for describing the myterious details of a lady's costume, and can only say that this one, from the gaily gilt heel-taps of her "No, 2" gaiters to the exquisite pink of her delicately-rogued cheeks, was legibly written over—"In the market."

I saw her lip take a contemptuous curl as I seated myself in her rear; but when the news-boy, came through the train with pop corn, and stopped for me to purchase, the sight of a well filled pocket book some what altered her regards. The next time I caught her eye she gave me a seductive smile, which I returned with a sheepish grin, timidly offering her part of the corn which I sat verdantly munching.

She honored me by accepting, thanked me sweetly, and, by way of opening a conversation, asked "if I knew how far it was to the next station?"

I told her no, but hoped it was a right smart way, if she had to get off there.

She said she was going further than that and asked me how far I was going.

Whereupon I proceeded to tell her that my name was Josiah Stebbins; that my dad had got the biggest farm in southern Indianny, and raised more hogs than she could shake a stick at; that I'd been up to Chicago to fetch some pigs to market, had got their spondulix in my wallet, and was going to Omaher, to see the fun, and to spree it a little.

The strange lady said she was going to Omaha, too, and was delighted to find so agreeable company.

Our conversation was here interrupted by the stoppage of the train at a station. It was now dusk, and the lamps were lighted. A solitary passenger came on, and got in our car.

His appearance, revealed by the lamp light, might be aptly termed as "stunning."

He was of medium height, with broad shoulders and a tapered waist. He was dressed in an elegant broad cloth suit, of the latest cut; a "stove-pipe" hat on his head, and a slender cane in his hand; while a profusion of showy jewelry was distributed about his person. He had a pale complexion, close-cut auburn hair, a shadow of a mustache on his upper lip, and pale blue eyes.

I saw him glance hesitatingly at the half-vacant seat of my fair acquaintance before he deposited himself gingerly on the one in front; but she gave him no encouragement. She evidently supposed him, like the generality of his class, to be out of pocket.

When the conductor came through the new passenger had no ticket; but, after displaying a handful of coin, he pulled out a prodigious roll of bank-notes from which to pay his fare.

From that time, my Dulcinea had no smiles for me. There commenced a series of delicate manœuvres, which culminated in my gentleman coming back into my lady's seat.

Their acquaintance progressed rapidly. His arm, which at first rested respectfully upon the back of the seat, slipped protectingly around her unresisting waist. Both faces were close together, and their murmuring conversation was drowned by the rattle of the wheels.

But presently the tableau changed.

Disengaging herself from the embracing arm, the lady turned again to me.

"I must tell you how fortunate I am," she said, with frank simplicity.—"I find this gentleman is a friend of my friends, and is going through to Omaha. Shall I introduce him to you?"

Taking consent for granted, she presented her companion as:

"Mr. St. James."

That gentleman gave me a very patronizing bow; professed to be quite at home in Omaha, which he designated as the place of residence of a certain cloven-footed gentleman, at present unmentionable, and said he would be pleased to show me some sports, as my fair friend had informed him that this was my first visit.

Of course I signified that all this would be extremely gratifying to me, and appeared quite overawed by his splendor and his condescension. Upon this he became more familiar, and when I adventured to admire a certain ring he wore, he took it from his finger, that I might examine it more closely

As he removed the ring I noticed a peculiar mark on his right hand; a glance at his face, and the chance game became one in dead earnest. I had fancied I was taking in tow a 'decoy,' by means of which I hoped to track up and worry down my game. I became now convinced that the game itself was now in my hands.

I turned the ring over and over, handling it with awkward curiosity.

"Now, I suppose," I said, admiringly, "that this ring's real genuine California gold?"

"It is said to be," replied its owner, nonchalantly.

"Have you ever been to California?" I asked, wonderingly.

"I have," he answered, somewhat pompously.

I came out in a sudden burst of enthusiasm:

"I do believe I'll just put her right through to Sanfrisco! I swan I will! I've got the greenbacks, and dad can't help himself! I wan't to see the gold in great, big chunks, jest as they dig it out of the hill. All the sand there's full of little fine slivers, ain't it?"

"Yes; gold dust, like this in the vial."

And he drew from his pocket the identical bottle I had heard so minutely described. I affected to be overwhelmed with amazement, and declared my intention of "going through if it took a leg!"

Soon, however, on pretense of sleepiness, I withdrew from the society of my companions, and affected to fall into a doze.

I waited until I saw them lapsing into forgetfulness, and then, leaving my valise and umbrella on my seat, went out into the rear car, where the conductor was. A benevolent-faced old gentleman, who was setting near me, arose and followed me.

"Pardon me, friend," he said, tapping me on the shoulder, "but you seem unacquainted with the world, and I feel it my duty to warn you against these people you have just been talking with. They are professional sharpers, and are aiming to get away with your money."

With a smile and a bow I gave him my card, and passed on. I made arrangements with the conductor to send out a dispatch to the next office we came to, to be forwarded to our next regular stopping place. Then I returned to my seat. My absence seemed not to have been noticed, and I resumed my reclining position.

As soon as the train had stopped, two uniforms stepped on board; a signal and we were ready for duty.

Laying a hand on my gentleman's shoulder, I said:

"I have a warrant to arrest this man on charge of robbery, committed this morning, on the First National Bank in N——city."

He was completely surprised out of all resistance, and submitted as quietly as a lamb. Nearly the whole amount of booty was found upon his person. He was duly tried, sentenced, and paid the penalty of his crime.

In his confession he stated that this bogus dust was, in effect, powdered oroide thinly washed in gold. After receiving the money, he had stepped into an out building, removing his false wig and beard, exchanged hats, and thrown over his costume a large Spanish cloak, which he had in his valise, and so disguised had taken the train. At a suitable distance out he had stepped over a train, in order to more fully complete his metamorphosis.

The unhappy Knox was entirely restored to equilibrium, and still enjoys the confidence of his employers. I have never learned how our lady friend got through to Omaha.

THE SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.

What a Missourian said of his delegation at Cincinnati, says the Washington *Patriot*, may be said of the Southern Democracy: "You may trade them off, but you cannot deliver them." General Imboden has been promising them to Greeley, Colonel Mosby has been bargaining for them with Grant, and there seems to be a general impression, in certain quarters, that these people, because their necessities are great and their sufferings have been long, can be driven like turkeys and led like sheep. Those who hold this notion are counting without their host.—The Southern Democracy are not to be hoodwinked. They are not to be frightened by a handful of beans in a dried bladder. They are not to be split asunder by any wedge, howsoever well greased and howsoever deftly inserted it may be. When the hour for action arrives, the Democracy of the South will be a unit, and a unit guided and controlled by the decision the National Convention may come to. There will be a great deal of outcry from the Southern country, in all probability, during the next few weeks, and a good many self-elected and psuedo "leaders of the people" may raise their voices to the pitch of familiar tunes. But it will be just as well for those who are chiefly interested to observe that the *real leaders* of the South have not spoken yet; nor will the real leaders of the South speak authoritively and finally until the action of the National Convention is consummated, and they have license to speak to the point. What the Southern Democracy is doing is to look about with care and judgement, to call over the roll of its best, noblest, most capable, and most conservative citizens, in order to make choice from them of fitting delegates to send to Baltimore. Its whole heart is beating in quick sympathy with the National Democracy, confident that the wisdom, patriotism, and unselfishness of those who are soon to meet at Baltimore will most surely provide *the* way—if any way *can* be provided—by which they may escape from their present environments.—*Sonoma (Cal.) Democrat.*

A party of men animatedly engaged in discussing politics before a country store, attracted the attention of an aged agriculturist. "There's sumthin' the matter here," he observed to his wife; and, drawing in his team, he lightly shouted to a consumptive individual on the outskirts, "What's afoot?" "Twelve inches," was the sardonic reply. The aged agriculturist swore some and drove on.

THAT SHEET-IRON CAT.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

It will be remembered, says a Cleveland (O.), writer, that some time since we noticed reportorially an invention of a young man residing in this city, which was termed the "Patent Sheet-Iron Cat," and was designed especially for destruction of the common feline serenaders which infest all settled communities and render life a bore, if not at times a positive torment. Little did the inventor of the Patent Cat think, as he fastened the last rivet in the tail of his remarkable conception, that he was conferring a benefit upon all mankind of equal importance with those of the inventors of the velocipede, the Dolly Varden, or the potato bug pulverizer. But such was the case, and the favorable manner in which the press of the country (who are slow to praise and quick to condemn fraud and worthless inventions,) united in favorable notices of the Patent Cat proves that the latter has filled a vacancy in the Patent Office reports that has long remained unfilled.

From Boston to San Francisco come complimentary allusions to this invention, and scarcely a day passes but that the inventor does not receive letters of inquiry from men of note, from invalids and nervous people, from capitalists and others, all seeking more detailed information concerning the mechanical wonder, and asking for samples, and territorial, State or county rights to manufacture and sell the same.

We are requested by the patentee to state that owing to the rise in sheet-iron, and the strike among miners, he has not been able so far to supply the home demand for the Iron Cat, and has utterly refused to export any quantity until after the close of the present year. Arrangements have been made with one of our largest manufacturing establishments, by which one hundred cats per day can be turned out after the 1st of May and if there is no marked decrease in the number of "Toms" and "Tabbies" at the end of six months, the capacity of the works will be doubled, as a stock company has been formed known as The Great American Cat and Anti-Fiddle-string Company of Cleveland.

Only three hundred of the Patent Cats have been sold up to the present date, but in no case have they failed to give complete satisfaction. We subjoin a few notices of the press and testimonials:

"We have been using for a week past a recent invention of a Cleveland mechanic, which is nothing more than a sheet-iron cat, with cylindrical attacment and steel claws and teeth.—It is worked by clock-work. A bellows inside swells the tail at will to belligerent size, and a tremulo attachment causes, at the same time, the patent cat to emit all the noises of which the human cat is capable.—When you want fun you wind up your cat and place him on the roof.—Every cat within half a mile hears him, girds on his armor and sallies forth. Frequently fifty or one hundred attack him, at once. No sooner does the patent cat feel the weight of an assailant than his teeth and claws work with lightning rapidity. Adversaries within six feet of him are torn to shreds. Fresh battallions come on to meet a similar fate, and in an hour several bushels of hair, toenails and fiddle-strings alone remain."—*Baltimore Sun.*

"No first-class printing office with a roof flat enough to afford a battle ground for infuriated felines should be without one. T. TILTON."

"It has saved more than a hundred thousand dollars worth of boot-jacks in this city alone, and a mince pie or can of preserves goes further in my family now, than it did before the war. J. M., Mayor of Chicago."

"How any family can do without one any more than a 'Dolly Varden' is a wonder to me.

E. CADY STANTON."

"Send me five hundred (500) at once, C. O. D., with extra bellows and powerful tone, to participate in the Jubilee. P. GILMORE."

"The roof of our office was covered with cuts four ranks deep until we placed two 'Iron Thomas Cats' in position. Not a cat has been seen since, and we have have sold Bologna sausage meat enough to purchase three fonts of job type. Every young man going West, should take a few of these cats with him

H. G.., in *Tribune* Editorial."

"I have used the Patent Cat with much success in my family. My mother-in-law has been visiting us for the past eight months. Night before last I wound up the 'patent cat' and set him under her bed. At first howl, she leaped from her couch and yelled 's'cat,' and at the same time stabbing at him with an umbrella. I can hardly write for emotion—but my dear mother-in-law will not take her meals with us for six months to come. All there is left of her has been basted together, but her spirit is broken. Inclosed find the money for twenty-five more cats, and also send new claws for the old one, as the old lady was tough.

BRIGHAM YOUNG."

We might extend these testimonials, but it is useless. The manufacture of cats will soon be one of the most valuable additions to the business interests of our growing city.—In the meanwhile, strangers through Cleveland and all who are interested in the extermination of the tribe, are invited to examine into the merits of this great discovery.

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a story of a boy who was ordered by his father to scare a stray urchin off the premises. He departed on his mission with a "turkey gobbler" strut, and shortly returned with a discolored optic, bleeding nose, and very much demoralized, and told his father the "darn'd boy didn't scare worth a cent."

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

Some years ago in a populous town, located in the interior of Mississippi, the sporting fraternity, when they could find nothing else to pluck, at times amused themselves by preying on each other. A new importation of these sporting gentry excited some alarm among the inhabitants lest they should be overrun. They determined, therefore, upon their expulsion.

A poor country editor, who was expected, by virtue of his vocation, to take upon himself all the responsibility from which others might choose to shrink, was peremptorily called upon by his patrons—those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and therefore presumed that they owned him—soul and body—to make an effort towards exterminating the enemy. The unfortunate editor, like most editors, being gifted with about as much money as brains—skull and purse both empty—said at once that he would indite a "crusher"—one that would drive the obnoxious vermin into some hospitable region. And when his paper appeared, it was a crusher, sure enough. In the course of his observations he gave the initials of some of the fraternity, whom he advised to leave as speedily as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon. The next morning, while the scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a meager parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and soon the individual, having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was rather abrupt:

"Where's the editor of this dirty, lying paper?"

Now, aside from the rudeness of his opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the editor to believe that there was trouble on foot. The personage who addressed him bore a cow-hide in his hand, and moreover, seemed to be exceedingly enraged. This was not all; he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the sporting fraternity, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties.—It was without the slightest hesitation, therefore, that he replied to the introductory query:

"I don't know."

"Do you belong to the concern?"

"No, indeed; but I presume the editor will soon be in."

"Well, I will wait for him," said the visitor, and suiting the action to his word, he composedly took a chair, picked up a paper and commenced reading.

"If I meet him I will tell him there is a gentleman who wishes to see him," said the frightened knight of the scissors.

As he reached the foot of the stairs in his hasty retreat, he was acosted by another person who made himself known:

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has charge of this villainous sheet?" producing the last number of *Freedom's Echo* and the *Battle-Axe of Liberty.*

"Yes; he is reading up in his office now, with his back to the door," replied the editor.

"Thank you," said the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"I've got you, have I," he ejaculated as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity; and they came crashing to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding the similarity of their vocations, happened to be unacquainted with each other, a lively fight ensued. First one was at the top, and then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted and bloody, with faces and features resembling Deaf Burke, after a two hours pugilistic encounter, there was, by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the combatants sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath to ask:

"Who are you? What did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel."

"Me! I'm not the editor; I came here to flog him myself!"

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired to bind up their wounds. As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual whose vocation it was to enlighten the world, by the aid of that great engine, the public press, escaped scot free.

THE DUTY OF DEMOCRATS.

The Hillsdale *Democrat*, speaking of the probable action of the Democratic National Convention, in reference to the adoption of the Cincinnati ticket, says: "Should that Convention decide that Democrats must select between Grant and Greeley—both Republicans and protectionists—it will not be difficult to say that between Grant, the violater of the Constitution, the hard drinker, the sporting man, the receiver of presents, the feeder of relations at the public crib, the protector of the Leets, Murphys, Longstreets, and Caseys, the candidate of Morton, Chandler, Harlan, Conkling, and carpet-baggers; and Greeley, the honest man, the believer in the Presidents leading a respectable life, the refuser of presents while in office, the bestower of office upon the people and not upon relations, the foe to corruption and carpet-baggers, a believer in the reserved rights of the States, the friend of amnesty, the candidate of Trumbull, Palmer, Schurz, Fenton and Tipton—the Democrats will support Greeley. If the Democrats will make no nomination, and the choice is between Greeley and Grant, the majority of the Democrats will support Greeley."

Mr. Greeley has written to Pennsylvania for some pretzel seed. He says he believes he can grow 'em if anybody can.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Mallory, ex-Confederate Secretary of the Navy, is for Greeley.

Five Republican papers in the State of New York support Greeley.

The Democratic County Convention of Charleston, S. C., indorsed Greeley.

The Democracy carried Columbus, Ohio, in the municipal election of Tuesday, and made a gain of 173 votes.

The Democrats carried the municipal elections of Scranton last week, electing the Mayor and all other officers.

Forney and Cameron are said to have buried the hatchet, and closed the obsequies with a "wake" at Washington.

The *Westliche Volksblatt*, the German organ of Northwest Missouri, comes out strongly in opposition to Greeley.

The Democratic Convention of West Virginia nominated a full State ticket, headed by J. M. Campbell for Governor, and indorsed Greeley.

General Boynton, Adjutant-General of the State of Maine, and a Democrat of the older school, is now singing campaign songs in favor of Greeley.

The Germans of La Crosse, Wis., recently met in convention and denounced Senator Carpenter, of that State, for his assault upon the patriotism and loyalty of Senator Schurz.

Senator Ferry's re-election was received with enthusiasm at Lancaster, N. H., by the Liberal Republicans, Greeley and Brown flags were thrown out, a salute was fired, and a procession took place.

Ex-Governor H. A. Wise is very hard on Horace Greeley. In a recent speech at Mathews Court House he said that, "With his hand in a vice, and compelled to choose, he would take Grant because he is a fool."

Fayette McMullen, of the Marion (Ala.) *Southern Patriot*, supports the Cincinnati ticket, whether it is endorsed by the Democrats or not.—McMullen is an old Southern Democratic campaigner, and was once in Congress.

Colonel James M. Cavanaugh (a hard-shell Democrat, and the best delegate in Congress Montana ever had) comes out for Greeley. He will be a candidate for Congress at the next election, running as a Democrat with Greeley proclivities.

H. A. Patterman, a prominent German Democrat of Cincinnati, writes to the papers suggesting for the Democratic nominations either C. F. Adams and Grosebeck or Grosebeck and J. Q. Adams. He says the Western Germans hold the balance of power in many of the States and will support either of these tickets.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* already threatens to bolt Mr. Greeley in a certain contingency. It says: "Whether we will find it our duty to urge upon our fellow-citizens the election of Horace Greeley to the Presidency depends largely upon that which may be done by the regular organizations of the old existing political parties.—Mr. Greeley a few weeks ago frankly stated that he would support the Cincinnati nominee, provided the Democratic party did not appear in the field in form, attempting to take advantage of Republican divisions; and that in case there was a regular Democratic nomination, he would support the strongest Republicn candidate. We have made similar reservations as to our position in case of the nomination of Mr. Adams, and we repeat them in respect to Mr. Greeley."

A SPECIMEN.

On Monday morning, the day of election, Ben. Holladay published the following in his personal organ in this city:

"Governor Grover on Saturday pardoned out thirteen convicts from the State Penitentiary. Among the number are Matt. Bledsoe, sentenced for life by Judge Shattuck, of this city, for murder; Charley Starr, who four years ago committed a murderous assault in this city, and subsequently killed a man named Seeley in Douglas county; Jack Hughes, who killed a man in Union county; McIntyre, who killed Marshall Keeler at the Dalles; and Hackeney and Cassidy, sent for robbery from this county two years ago. The names of the others our informant does not know. *These convicts are to vote for the Grover Legislative ticket* as a condition of their pardon. This is no "electioneering lie." It is the truth, and we challenge denial of it. The *Herald* knew it yesterday, but did not publish the fact. Why? Did it fear that when the people knew of it the Dolly Varden ticket would suffer?"

Now what estimate will the public form of the character of this man when we tell them that not a man has been pardoned out of the Penitentiary since the 14th of March last? We have the official information, from the executive office, that "nobody has been pardoned out of the Penitentiary since the 14th of March, 1872."

The falsehood above noted, which is put forth as "the truth" with the assurance that it is no "electioneering lie," was published in a hand-bill and sent up to the Dalles, where it was posted on Monday. The man who could thus deliberately practice such a wanton deception on the public, and thus fabricate what purports to be an official act of the Governor of the State, has the hardihood to talk about morality, decency and truth! If justice were done him he would be sent to occupy a cell in the penitentiary himself. He is guilty of moral, if not legal, forgery.—*Herald.*

Woolen gatherings—Fight between negroes.

A GOOD ONE ON BUTLER.

A rather amusing story is in circulation at the expense of the eminent gentleman from Massachusetts commonly called "Old Strabismus." At the President's levee the other night, which was densely crowded, an old lady from the interior, somewhere, in a fainting condition, requested her husband to get an ice.

"Can't be did," responded "hub," in some irritation; "there ain't no freshments here."

"Don't believe it. Didn't we get lots at Belknap's the other night?" the good woman said angrily. "Now go and get me an ice and some lemonade."

"I tell you don't be a fool; there ain't no freshments, and everybody says so," grunted the lord and master.

"You are quite mistaken, sir," said the Hon. S. S. Cox, who happened to be near, and who never loses an opportunity to put in a joke. "The President always provides substantially. There is his butler whose business it is to show the ladies to the supper room," and the Hon. jester pointed to Butler. "You'll find him a little stuck up, and cross, but you must not mind that. Tell him you want terrapins."

This was said so gravely that the two struggled through the crowd to where the general stood talking to some young ladies.

"I say, mister, are you butler?" said the man.

"I'm General Butler," replied old Strabismus, pleasantly, thinking the two country people were filled with admiration of his greatness.

"I don't care whether you are a general or not, but my wife wants some of your terrapins and iced lemonade."

"Sir?" snorted old B. in amazement.

"Oh, don't take on airs, old cock. Come, now, hurry up with them terrapins."

"You must be drunk, sir! you must be drunk!"

"No he ain't," screamed the wife; "he's a Knight Templar; he ain't drunk, but I guess you are."

Roars of laughter greeted this, and in which Mr. Cox was forced to join. Gen. Butler reddened in the face, and began puffing his cheek out in a most violent manner.

"I don't understand this most violent conduct. What do you want, sir—what do you want?"

"Terrapins, I tell you."

"What do you take me for, you d—n fool?" roared Ben.

"You call me a d—n fool and I'll hit you on the snout," screamed the old man.

At this juncture an officer of the police seized the belligerent husband and led him away mid much laughter. Butler, turning suddenly, saw the mischief-maker.

"Cox, did you do that?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid I did."

"Well, I owe you the terrapins, and I'll pay you, mind that—I'll pay you."

And the two walked lovingly away together.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

One day a young man entered a merchant's office in Boston, and with a pale and careworn face, said:

"Sir I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and would like to have $10,000. I came to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said the old merchant, "come in and have a glass of wine."

"No, said the young man, "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then."

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said the merchant, "you don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor Smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of that kind."

"No, sir, I am superintendent of the Sunday School."

"Well," said the merchant, "you shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have $5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, a sympathizer with the Cincicinnati nominations, is not cheerful over the prospects. It says: "As a rule the Democracy are not snatching at the Cincinnati nominees and disposed to rush headlong into the contest. The demand for white hats has not, thus far, in this part of the country, been immense. Instead of Democratic enthusiasm for Greeley, we have very considerate and close calculations, and a wonderful and fearful waiting for the Democratic ecoumenical council.—There are symptoms here that the Democracy have not exhausted the wisdom of the ages and profited by all the lessons of these latter days.—The Liberals are waiting for the Democracy, and the Demoracy are waiting for the Liberals. Meanwhile the caravan does not move with rapidity."

A little boy in Palmyra, playing with a ball of worsted thread attached to his mother's crochet work accidentally swallowed it, and had to be held by several strong Irish women while every yard of it was unwound in his blessed little stomach by reeling the end projecting from his mouth.