

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.

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

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

CRANOR & HUMPHREY, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW (N. B. Humphrey, Notary Public).

JOHN J. WHITNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW and Notary Public.

L. STRUCKMEIER, MERCHANT TAILOR, Having received from PORTLAND a special stock of goods, superior to any in this market.

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

PAPER HANGING, CALCEMINING, Decorating, etc.

M. WADSWORTH WILL PROMPTLY give attention to Patent Drawing, Calcemining, etc., in this city or vicinity.

E. N. TANDY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.

BELLINGER & BURMEISTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, No. 99 First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

G. F. SETTLEMER, Druggist and Apothecary!

N. S. DU BOIS & CO., Wholesale and Retail.

RE-OPENED! FRANKLIN MARKET!!

METROPOLIS HOTEL, CORNER FRONT AND SALMON STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. FREE COACH TO THE HOUSE.

GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S. Graduate of the Cincinnati Dental College.

NOTICE. ALL PERSONS OWING ON SUBSCRIPTION or note on account of railroad completion to Albany please call and settle immediately.

FOR WARE, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, etc., go to WHEELER at SHEDD.

State Rights Democrat.

Table with columns: Rate, Length, and Price. Includes rates for 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, 6 inch, 7 inch, 8 inch, 9 inch, 10 inch, 11 inch, 12 inch.

THE LOST BROOCH.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Genl. So you, here she comes! and upon my life, fast asleep! Doct. You see, her eyes are open. Genl. Ay, but their sense is shut.

The slanting beams of the summer sun found us strolling along the cliff, at whose feet the white-capped billows came tumbling in in endless succession.

"I'm not afraid," she said, and took a step on the trunk. "Don't! don't! Haaleyon," expostulated several of the ladies, turning pale with apprehension.

"Oh, my brooch!" she exclaimed, placing her hand where the jewel had been. "The brooch brushed in the trunk and it has fallen upon the ledge below. Who will recover it for me?"

"Your own true knight!" I replied, springing forward, and swinging myself to the ledge, with the aid of some sapplings which grew on the spot.

"A hundred feet below!" said Haaleyon, as she gazed down the sheer declivity. Then, in the growing shadows, we returned to the house, which an old-time hospitality had filled from floor to garret with a throng of guests.

The festivities of the day were done, as all things will have an end. I had returned to the cliff for a quiet stroll, alone with my thoughts.

partially locked in slumber. Delicacy prevented me from awakening her, even if I had not been restrained by a vague dread of the consequences which are generally supposed to attend the arousing of any one from the state in which she then was.

With her snowy raiment falling about her person like the drapery of some classic statue, she flitted before me as silently as a shadow, save when her long gown caught in a twig, or brushed over dry leaves.

"Oh, Ned! how thoughtful of you! You know I should have died of shame to have had a woman like you for my betrothed."

Here a venerable usher approached the now frantic woman, and requested her to keep quiet and depart. The woman refused to move, and flourished her umbrella more wildly than before.

"I shrank within myself with a sort of superstitious horror, at the recurrence of the strange feeling, which had crept over me when my cigar was extinguished in the water, and I seemed to see in it something prophetic."

On the way I had time to collect my thoughts. The first which would I clutched her to my breast, and I clung to her with a clinging which would have been fatal to her.

A year had passed, and Haaleyon was now my wife. One day I came upon her toying with a jewel which I immediately recognized as the lost brooch.

gown. I must have found it before you appeared." "But why didn't you let us know that you had recovered it?"

"How could I make known its recovery without the necessity of revealing the circumstances under which it was found?" she asked.

"As Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave out the last hymn this morning, a woman about forty years of age, wearing spectacles, and attired in a faded dress, a well worn shawl and a bonnet of the last century, over which was thrown a green gauze veil,

"Come down, will you? if you don't I'll call the police," said he nervously twitching his fingers.

"It so happened that while Major Cantona was traveling in his own carriage, and accompanied by his wife, during a pleasant day in the summer, he came to a halt on the margin of a certain river, and shouted for the ferryman.

"I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter. I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can."

His Episcopal horse.—In one of his tours Elder John Leland came up at night to a public house where he was acquainted, and where he proposed to pass the night.

RECIPROCAL THEFT.

SUNSET COX ON THE TARIFF.

Mr. Cox—I do not propose so much to antagonize the gentlemen from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler) in regard to making salt partly free.

Another argument has still more force. The gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Ritchie) begged me not to throttle the infantile coal interests of his beloved Cumberland.

What could be more reasonable or ethical? Let us be to each other instruments of reciprocal rapine! Michigan steals on copper; Maine on lumber; Pennsylvania on iron; North Carolina on peanuts; Massachusetts on cotton goods; Connecticut on hair pins; New Jersey on wool thread; Louisiana on sugar, and so on.

EARNED HIS PASSAGE.

It so happened that while Major Cantona was traveling in his own carriage, and accompanied by his wife, during a pleasant day in the summer, he came to a halt on the margin of a certain river, and shouted for the ferryman.

"Yes, sir, it is. What business have you to transact with me?" "You are the very man I have been long wanting to see, for you must know I am the Bull of the North."

Lord Baxfield, the Scotch Judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar. "You're a very clever chief, man; but I'm thinking you, vud be none the waur o' a haugin'."

HOW GREELEY CAME TO SIGN DAVIS' BOND.

MRS. DAVIS CONCERNING IT.

The accompanying communication comes from a source of the most unquestionable authenticity, and reflects honor upon the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention. No true Southern can peruse it with unmolested eye, and the rebuke to Mr. Voorhees is most withering and complete.

Another argument has still more force. The gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Ritchie) begged me not to throttle the infantile coal interests of his beloved Cumberland.

What could be more reasonable or ethical? Let us be to each other instruments of reciprocal rapine! Michigan steals on copper; Maine on lumber; Pennsylvania on iron; North Carolina on peanuts; Massachusetts on cotton goods; Connecticut on hair pins; New Jersey on wool thread; Louisiana on sugar, and so on.

THE BOY THAT PUNCHED THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Paris paper, are indulging in all kinds of pretty stories about the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The Avenir National tells one that is certainly not generally known.

"I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter. I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can."

Lord Baxfield, the Scotch Judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar. "You're a very clever chief, man; but I'm thinking you, vud be none the waur o' a haugin'."

ULYSSES ON A SPIRKE.

Is it not a sad thing that the following lines may be written and published about a President of the United States, and under such circumstances that the mass of the people who read them, friend or foe, are forced to believe them true.

Incidentally I mentioned that Mr. President Grant was very sick—that's what the Administration papers said, but every one understands what Grant's sickness is. It really was not the delirium tremens, but it really was not very different.

Another argument has still more force. The gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Ritchie) begged me not to throttle the infantile coal interests of his beloved Cumberland.

What could be more reasonable or ethical? Let us be to each other instruments of reciprocal rapine! Michigan steals on copper; Maine on lumber; Pennsylvania on iron; North Carolina on peanuts; Massachusetts on cotton goods; Connecticut on hair pins; New Jersey on wool thread; Louisiana on sugar, and so on.

PEAKS OF CUPID AND MAMMON.

Coleman T. Robinson, a Wall Street broker, having amassed a splendid fortune and bought a palace at Brewster station, Westchester county, fell in love with a child, daughter of Mr. Little, of Carmel, and proposed marriage, but was rejected.

"I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter. I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can."

Lord Baxfield, the Scotch Judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar. "You're a very clever chief, man; but I'm thinking you, vud be none the waur o' a haugin'."

HOW A PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

Each State is entitled to as many electors of President and Vice President as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Incidentally I mentioned that Mr. President Grant was very sick—that's what the Administration papers said, but every one understands what Grant's sickness is. It really was not the delirium tremens, but it really was not very different.

Another argument has still more force. The gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Ritchie) begged me not to throttle the infantile coal interests of his beloved Cumberland.

What could be more reasonable or ethical? Let us be to each other instruments of reciprocal rapine! Michigan steals on copper; Maine on lumber; Pennsylvania on iron; North Carolina on peanuts; Massachusetts on cotton goods; Connecticut on hair pins; New Jersey on wool thread; Louisiana on sugar, and so on.

YOUR VILLAGE PAPER.

We find the following sensible little article in an exchange, and produce it, hoping that all the people in this vicinity may read and note its moral.

"I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter. I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can."

Lord Baxfield, the Scotch Judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar. "You're a very clever chief, man; but I'm thinking you, vud be none the waur o' a haugin'."