

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

L. STRUCKMEIER, MERCHANT TAILOR!

GEO. R. HELM, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

PAPER HANGING, CALCEMINING, Decorating, &c.

G. F. SETTLEMEIER, Druggist and Apothecary.

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

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!

FRANKLIN MARKET!!

METROPOLIS HOTEL.

IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

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

NOTICE.

FOR WARE, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, &c., &c., to WHEELER.

State Rights Democrat.

THE ROBBERS' ROOST.

It was a sultry afternoon, that I crossed the Mississippi River, and negligently traveled on my way towards Greenville.

I looked about me, and became alarmed at the density of the forest. The sighing of the wind, the rustling of a bush, the hooting of an owl, startled me.

The darkness had become intense and it was with the greatest difficulty I could pursue my course.

When I neared the spot, I found a dilapidated log house, two stories high, with a rickety old porch in front.

A couple of gaunt ferocious hounds came rushing at me, and warned the inmates of my approach.

"A stranger," I replied, and the followed up by asking, "how far to the next stopping place?"

I could hear a low murmur of voices, and then a reply came "ten miles or more."

I dismounted, and fastened my horse to a post, and I ascended the rickety stairs of the porch, they creaked a dismal dirge, and the gaunt lead hounds nipped savagely at my heels.

The room which I entered presented such a repulsive appearance, that I started back with mingled surprise and disgust.

"What a strange place!" I thought, "I thought you had fixed him by this time."

"What gal?" thought I. "Is it possible some person as unfortunate as myself has been compelled to stop here?"

I listened eagerly, and presently a crash came, followed by a shrill scream, I sprang toward my door, but recollected that I had it well secured.

"No, sir," I replied, while a heavy frown gathered on my brow.

"I have a very safe place to keep your things," he rejoined, while his blood-shot eyes stabbed me to the heart.

"No doubt," said I, with a meaning nod, "but I would prefer taking them with me."

This conclusion was received rather coolly; as I prepared to leave the room, one of the men espied the handle of my revolver protruding from beneath my coat.

"Hullo, stranger!" he exclaimed in a quick tone, "let's see that 'ere pistol, will you?"

prehending no treachery from them, I secured the window, and then turned my attention to the floor.

"I fear, sir, my life is short, and I sincerely thank you for your kind protection," she feebly murmured, and sank exhausted on the bed.

I was about to offer some assistance, when I again heard steps on the stairs, and earnest talking, as if persons reconstrating.

"Say, Mister, don't shoot, I want to speak a few words with you," said a voice at the head of the stairs.

"Oh, no, don't, I'm your friend," he replied in a tone which carried treachery with it.

"Yes; but don't you come," "I won't; are you there?" "Yes."

I felt a slight moving of the bed over the trap, during which time the men outside kept up an incessant jabber.

One end of the bed was raising softly, and taking hold of it with my left hand, I gently raised it up, until I could discover a head above the opening.

"Simultaneously with my answer a leaden messenger went through the head in the trap, and bang came a bullet through the door.

"Why, Hans," said one, "I thought you had fixed him by this time."

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a woman?" returned the first speaker with a sneer.

"Jim Bates, I'll make you smell powder for that afore mornin'," said the little man.

"I leveled my revolver and fired, and then watching as a trapper does a hole in the ice for game.

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(From the Salem Mercury.) SURRENDERED.

In our issue of July 29th we published an article headed "What Ben Holladay Wants."

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MORAL POWER.

We thought of writing an article on the Moral Power of the People, but the following from the Belief (Pa.) Watchman, comes so near our own ideas that we use it instead.

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NONE OF HIS FUNERAL.

A Western paper tells a story of a deaf gentleman's mistake. It seems that in following the good Deacon Jones to the last summer, Mr. Sampler, the new clergyman of East Town found himself in the same carriage with an elderly man he had never before met.

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Table with 6 columns: Length (1 inch to 100 ft), Width (1 inch to 100 ft), and Rate (15¢ to 100¢).

Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion. F. Signal and transient advertisements \$2.50 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and \$1.00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

(Written for the Democrat.) THE DYING BRAKEMAN.

Chas. A. Montgomery, a brakeman on the railroad, formerly a resident of McMinnville, Yamhill county, fell from the cars near Eugene City one day last week. The leg and one arm were severed from his body. He spoke but once after the train was stopped and assistance reached him.

The postoffice people of the iron car were driven with fearful speed. And the train dashed on, swifter far than the fastest of steam engines.

By the creaking brake, at duty's post, Stood the tall and manly form of one who had mastered with freedom's host, And weathered the leaden storm.

He was only a brakeman; that was all. But he knew a brakeman's place. He whistled the sound of the whistle's call, And so deemed it no disgrace.

With careless air he seemed to view The mountains, hills and streams, As if his duty lines they backward flew, Like lightning bolts of steel.

That silent mood as if a breeze mist Had blown across his eyes, For death, with his sickle whetted keen, With the thundering train kept pace.

Now he loaves near the brakeman tall! See, he waves the glittering blade! He strikes! Oh, find the right side, And the train dashed down the grade.

"Down brakes," rang out from the whistle shrill. "Quick, men!" the conductor cried, "Here, haste for a surgeon!" Ah, no skill In that feat of dramatic art!

The rusty hinges of the iron wheel, With the purple tide of blood, He came, he struggles, his senses reel, And the brakeman dead!

Hit! no; he speaks! "Was a gurgling sound. Bring drink; pass here the cup. Great feat of dramatic art! At sound? List! 'Jawny, wake me up!'"

'Twas all he said; 'twas as he spoke This simple last request. The silver cup of life was broke, And the brakeman laid to rest.

"Jawny, wake me up!" now tell From dead lips, and for six months, To whom did the dying brakeman speak, As he uttered the river toll?

Will deny that through death's gathering gloom There appeared to his startled gaze An angel guide to the right side, Or the broad sun-viewers wave?

Y' men! I pity thee, brightest soul! Be that nightshade round thy brow. Away with thy grieving, dismal dol, For 'twill not bear true love.

He was only a brakeman; nothing more. Speak him kindly if you may. Nor forget that Heaven's spacious door Stands ajar for an honest man.

Albany, Aug. 5, 1872. W. A. M.

[From the Louisville Ledger.] A MATRIMONIAL SELL. I have just heard from an eye witness a good story connected with one of the city printers. A man had been sued by his inamorata for breach of promise, and being a non-resident and unable to give bail, he was incarcerated in the usual place. Time and again the woman offered him release on condition of marriage, but he obstinately refused, and for six months has lived in the firm conviction that a prison cell is infinitely superior, with all its disadvantages, to a matrimonial "sell."