STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

OLDEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN OREGON.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY

MART. V. BROWN.

OFFICE IN PARRISH'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, $3; Six months, $2; Three months, $1; One month, 50 cents; Single Copies, 12½ cents.

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.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. VIII. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1873. NO. 43

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W	1 M	3 M	6 M	1 Y
1 Inch	4 00	5 00	8 00	12 00	15 00
2 In	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00	25 00
3 In	6 00	9 00	15 00	22 00	30 00
4 In	7 00	12 00	18 00	27 00	35 00
1 Col	12 00	18 00	30 00	45 00	75 00
1 Col.	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	48 00
1 Col.	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 Col.	15 00	20 00	40 00	50 00	100 00

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in the Court House. v8n23tf.

W. G. JONES, M. D.
Homœopathic Physician,
ALBANY, OREGON.
v7n20y1.

T. A. CHENOWETH. I. N. SMITH.
Corvallis. Linn Co.
CHENOWETH & SMITH.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
OFFICE at the Court House. v6n27

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
and Notary Public.
Special attentions given to collections.
OFFICE—Up stairs in Parrish's Brick.
Albany, Oregon. v3n33tf.

JONES & HILL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—On South side of Main street, over Layton's store. v8n23tf.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office and residence two doors east of Mealey's Furniture Rooms, First street. v8n23tf.

T. W. HARRIS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, over Turrell's Store. Residence on Fourth street, four blocks west of Court House. v8n18y1.

W. C. TWEEDALE,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS.
Tobacco, Cigars and Yankee Notions,
ALBANY, OREGON.
I will strive to keep on hand the best of everything in my line, and to merit public patronage. v8n28y1.

J. W. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Will practice in all the Courts in the 1st, 2d and 4th Judicial Districts; in the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in the United States District and Circuit Court. Office up-stairs in front room in Parrish's brick block, First st., Albany, Oregon. v8n19y1.

GEO. R. HELM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.
Nov. 11, 1870.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
CORNER FRONT AND WASHINGTON STS.,
ALBANY, OREGON.
N. S. DUBOIS. - - PROPRIETOR.
This house is the most commodious in the city. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Free coach to the house. Safe for valuables. Office of Corvallis Stage Company. v8n26tf.

C. E. BELLINGER. THEO. BURMESTER.
BELLINGER & BURMESTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 89 First Street,
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
Special attention given to matters in Bankruptcy and all business in United States Courts. v6n24tf.

G. F. SETTLEMIER,
Druggist and Apothecary!
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS' Paints, Window Glass, Dyestuffs, Liquors, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumeries, &c.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
All articles and Drugs in our line warranted of the best quality.
First street, Post Office building, Albany. jul15v5n48y1

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, SALEM, OREGON.
MRS. A. J. RIELY, Proprietor.
This house will be kept in first class order, and with attentive and obliging servants.
No Chinese Cooks Employed.
I am prepared to furnish good accommodations to the traveling public, and will use every endeavor to merit the patronage of the public. Regular boarding at very low rates.
Free Coach to the House.
v8n27tf.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTfully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to merit a share of the patronage formerly bestowed on the establishment. Having heretofore carried on nothing but
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER.
v3n33tf.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY!
DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST,
HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY and has the new invention in plate work, which consists in inserting teeth in the mouth without covering the whole roof, as heretofore. It gives the wearer the free use of the tongue to the roof of the mouth in talking and tasting. It is the Smith & Purvine patent.
Teeth extracted without pain. Plates mended, whether broken or divided. Office one door east of Conner's Bank, up stairs.
v7n43tf.

WILLAMETTE
TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.
FROM AND AFTER DATE UNTIL FURther notice, the Company will dispatch a boat from Albany to Corvallis on TUESDAY and FRIDAY of each week.
Also will dispatch a boat from Albany for Portland and intermediate places on same days, leaving Comstock & Co's wharf.
Fare at reduced rates. J. D. BILES,
Dec. 16, 1871. Agent.

CRANE & RICHTER,
FASHIONABLE BOOT MAKERS!
ALBANY, OREGON.
PRICES REASONABLE AND WORK WARranted. Repairing promptly and satisfactorily done at shortest notice. v8n8y1.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER
AT REASONABLE RATES AT
HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Work warranted to give satisfaction. v8n36tf.

R. C. HILL & SON.,
DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Drugs and medicines fresh and pure. Prompt attention given to country orders and physicians' prescriptions. Soda water fresh from the Arctic regions.
Store on Main street, opposite Conner's Bank. v8n28tf. R. C. HILL & SON.

HEMORRHOIDS.
A. CAROTHERS & CO'S "PILE PILLS AND OINTMENT" have now become one of the standard preparations of the day; is prepared and recommended for Piles *only* (whether chronic or recent). Sufferers may depend upon it, that this remedy will give them permanent relief from this troublesome and damaging complaint.
Sent postpaid to any address (within the United States) upon receipt of price, $1.50.
A. CAROTHERS & CO.,
n49y1 Albany, Linn Co., Oregon.

DR. G. W. GRAY,

Dentist,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE IN PARRISH'S BRICK BLOCK, corner of First and Ferry streets. Office hours from 8 to 12 o'clock A. M., and from 1 to 5 o'clock P. M.
Residence: Corner Fifth and Ferry streets. v8n34tf.

ETNA MOWER AND REAPER. LATEST THE BEST.
The latest and best. It has all the Improvements of every first-class machine, besides a double motion (which no other has), giving a fast or slow speed to the knife or sickle—an important advantage. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, and don't fail to see the "ETNA," before buying. For sale only by
TREADWELL & CO.,
Sole Agents Pacific States, Old Stand, Market, head of Front Street, San Francisco. mar1m3.

THE PARKER GUN.

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR
PARKER BRO'S
WEST MERIDEN, CT.
v8n38tf.

JOS. REILLY,
CONSTABLE AND GENERAL COLLECTOR,
North Portland Precinct.
Reference by permission to the following gentlemen:
His Honor Philip Wasserman, Mayor of the City of Portland; Hon. Eugene Semple; Dr. J. A. Chapman; Dr. J. C. Hawthorne; Dr. I. A. Davenport; I. S. Rosenbaum & Co.; Knapp, Burrell & Co.; E. J. Jeffries; Clarke, Henderson & Cook; S. G. Skidmore; E. Martin & Co; A. B. Richardson & Co.; Millard & Vanscuyver.
OFFICE—25 Washington Street, between First and Second. v7n47tf.

HENRI F. SAYRS,
GENERAL BUSINESS COLLECTION,
—AND—
INSURANCE AGENCY,
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Particular attention given to the adjudication of accounts.
Collections made in all parts of the State.
Office next door above the Bee-Hive Store. v8n38tf.

ROCK RIVER PAPER CO.
BUILDING PAPER
SHEATHING, Plastering, ROOFING, DEAFENING, CARPET LINING
Samples and Circulars sent free by H. C. MORRISE, Sole Agent for Oregon, Washington and Idaho. PORTLAND, OREGON. v8n18tf.

HOME
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
CAPITAL - - - $1,000 000.
JOHN H. REDDINGTON ..... President.
GEO. H. HOWARD ..... Vice President.
CHAS. R. STORY ..... Secretary.
N. E. EDDY ..... Marine Secretary.
H. H. BIGELOW ..... General Manager.
DIRECTORS OREGON BRANCH:
Portland ..... P. WASSERMAN, C. H. LEWIS, B. GOLDSMITH, D. MACLEAY, LLOYD BROOKE.
Salem ..... L. F. GROVER.
Albany ..... J. A. CRAWFORD.
Dallas ..... D. M. FRENCH.
Lewiston ..... J. LOWENBURG.
HAMILTON BOYD,
AGENT FOR OREGON & WASHINGTON TERR'Y.
ELI CARTER, Local Agent,
ALBANY, OREGON.
v8n30tf

LOVE IN A SNOW STORM.

"I know that I'm pretty," said Clare Wintringham, to herself, gazing composedly into the depths of her mirror; "but I don't think I'm sufficiently beautiful to send all the young men of my acquaintance into ecstacies over me."

It is not always very easy for a girl to judge of her own looks; but Clare tried to be as impartial as possible on this special occasion. And what was it she saw reflected in the glass before which she stood, critically surveying the creature whom the world called Clare Wintringham?

A tall, supple figure, with sloping shoulders and a daintily tapered waist; a skin as soft as satin, and tinted like an oleander blossom; deep blue eyes, just shaded into violet at the iris, and a little fresh mouth, where the teeth shown at every smile like pearls through a crimson shell.

"Yes," said Clare, nodding her head so that certain spirals of golden brown hair, which always hung over her forehead, danced coquettishly up and down, "I am pretty. And then that twelve hundred dollars a year that Uncle Bruce's will secured to me isn't altogether a disagreeable pill for some of my lovers to swallow. I don't think I was made for an heiress. I like to make and mend, patch and contrive, and I've always had an idea that I should make a splendid poor man's wife. I mean, of course, a splendid wife for a poor man."

She took from her belt a withered red rose and a bunch of faded violets, as she spoke, and arched her pretty eyebrows over them in a puzzled fashion.

"Harvey Gallette gave me the roses, she soliloquized. "He's very handsome, is Harry, and I always did have a weakness for handsome people; and he's a rising young man in his profession, people say. I like talented people, too. I'll keep the rose just a little while." And she laid it away in a certain satin-lined box, where she was wont to treasure *souvenirs* of these her girlish days. "And Frank Hood's violets—poor Frank Hood! He's so silent and awkward, and yet there's something about him that won't let you despise him. And he certainly is not handsome, though he has fine eyes, and a face like one of those old marble creations one sees in the Academy of Design. Well, I won't throw away the violets either, not just yet."

And Clare took the jeweled hairpins out of her shining tresses, and laid aside her white tarletan dress and wreaths of blue blossoms, and went composedly to bed.

For should she lie awake and lose the fresh roses of her complexion, and dim the sparkle of those glorious violet eyes, thinking about the respective claims of the various lovers who hovered, moth-like, about the torch-light of her charms? There was time enough to make up her mind—quite time enough. Why, she was not yet nineteen, and life was so full of bloom and freshness for her. Clare knew that the autumn must come sooner or later, but she meant to have a good time first. Sensible Clare.

So, in the middle of the season, when balls, operas, masquerades and *dejeune dansantes* were at their height, and when old Aunt Dalmayne wrote a piteous letter to her brother, in town, saying that she had the rheumatiz dreadful bad, and there wa'n't no reliable help to be had, and she was that lonesome that she couldn't stand it any longer, and wouldn't one of her three nieces come down and stay with her a spell, Clare astonished the family circle by volunteering to go.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wintringham, you don't know what you are undertaking. It is a common farm-house, not even painted, among the hills"

And Aunty Ann is as full of whims as an egg can be of meat," said papa Wintringham, rubbing his nose—"But I suppose she is poor and lonesome."

"Well, but," said Clare, "Miriam's busy with her conservatory lessons and her German class, and Laura belongs to those sociables, and I seem to be the only one disengaged. Besides, I'm getting tired of balls and dances and twelve o'clock suppers. I should like to try the other extreme just for fun."

"Well, at any rate, I mean to try," said Clare, virtually. "So, papa, write to Aunt Dalmayne that I'm coming."

The scene looked indescribably beautiful to Clare Wintringham that frosty December night, as the jolting lumber wagon, with a buffalo robe spread over the seat, and a sleepy old horse trotting in front, turned into the valley road, and she could see the ancient farm house, steep-roofed and brown with half a century of suns and rains, with the maple boughs wrestling over her head in the gale, and the wooden hills rising up on every side, while one ruddy beam of light glowed from the tiny windows under the eaves, casting, as it might be, a javelin of brightness across the road in front of the door.

"I guess she's expectin' of you," said the rough charioteer, who had been sent to the depot to meet Mrs. Dalmayne's city niece, "but I'm afraid you'll find it very lonesome."

"Oh!" cried Clare, gleefully, as she sprang out of the vehicle, "I think its splendid!"

And she entered the low ceiled kitchen, all aglow with the roaring fire of pine logs on the hearth, and further illuminated with two tallow candles in very bright candle-sticks. Aunt Dalmayne had evidently bestirred herself, for the table was spread with hot buttermilk biscuits, baked apples, custards and quince preserves, and the old lady herself hobbled forward on her crutch to welcome her niece.

"Why, my dear," said Aunt Dalmayne, stepping back to take a second survey, "you are as pretty as a picture."

"Am I?" said Clare, coloring and laughing. "But, aunty what a glorious fire you've got, and what a darling old urn, and how good that tea does smell!"

"Set by and have a cup, my dear," said Aunt Dalmayne, highly flattered.

And before Clare Wintringham slept that night, she had taken Mrs. Dalmayne's heart by storm.

She had been an inmate of the farmhouse about a week, when one of those grand anti-Christmas snow storms came on, which veil the whole country side in spotless white, and hang the woods in royal robes of ermine. Aunt Dalmayne's rheumatism grew worse, and she kept her room; but Clare went about as light-hearted as ever, doing the whole work of the house, with such assistance as Moses Peckman, the hired hand, was able to render her.

The snow had fallen steadily all day, blown into drifts by the wind that howled lugubriously through the gorges of the hills, and at last the twilight deepened over the stormy earth.

Clare was sitting thoughtfully before the firelight, peeling apples for a pudding which was dear to Aunt Dalmayne's soul, when Moses entered.

"Miss Clare," said he, "there's two gentlemen got storm-bound outside, and they've missed the way, and their horses is clean tired out; they wanted to know if we'd give 'em a night's shelter. I told 'em Mrs. Dalmayne was sick, and I wasn't boss, but I'd ask the young woman who does the work."

Clare winced a little, and then laughed outright at Moses' unpolished language.

"Of course they may come in," she said. "I wouldn't turn even a dog from the door on such a night as this."

And she threw a fresh log on the fire, and lighted the candles, as she spoke.

But what was her amazement, on turning to welcome the strangers, to behold in them no strangers at all, but Mr. Harvey Gallette and his friend Frank Hood!

Powdered literally with snow, their noses reddened by the wind, their features rendered unusually rigid by cold, they stood blankly regarding her, but Clare came forward with the grace of a young duchess.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Pray come a little nearer to the fire. I hardly supposed that in the storm-bound strangers who sought shelter here, I was to welcome old acquaintances.

"But, Miss Wintringham—exceedingly glad to see you, I'm sure!" stammered Mr. Gallette, awkwardly, allowing his frog like hand to touch her own; "but what can you possibly be doing in such a place as this?"

"Didn't Moses tell you?" asked, demurely. "I am doing the housework here."

"Miss Wintrinham!"

"Well, why not?"

Mr. Gallette had no reply ready; he only rubbed his hands, smiled freely, and advanced toward the red blaze, while Mr. Hood was exchanging in turn his greeting with the former heiress.

"It is a surprise, Miss Wintringham, to see you here," he said, frankly, "but a very agreeable one."

And Clare wondered in her heart what new mode of gallantry had taken away all Frank Hood's awkardness.

"Its as good as a tableau," she thought gleefully, when Hood had explained to her that unexpected business had taken them across the country in the dead of winter, thus bringing about so entirely unanticipated a meeting. She had gone into the outer kitchen to get cream for the table, and as she stood there skimming off the golden accumulation which followed her spoon in thick leathery folds she heard Gallette's voice speaking.

"Of course the father has failed and they've lost everything. A great pity, for with that face she might have married well."

"And what is to prevent her marrying well now?" Frank Hood's slow deliberate tones answered.

"My dear fellow, we must all look out for the main chance. In fact, I was once a little smitten myself, but of course it's quite out of the question now."

Mr. Hood did not reply; and Clare, as she stood there with burning cheeks, was glad that he did not.

But when she came back to preside at the tea-table, with Moses Peckham democratically seated at the lower end, she was as composed as ever, save that her color was a trifle deeper than usual.

The storm continued in unabated violence for two days, during which time Mr. Gallette yawned over the old newspapers, smoked his cigar beside the fire, and systematically ignored Miss Wintringham's presence.

"A fellow musn't let himself get entangled!" was his mental reflection.

Frank Hood, however, reasoned otherwise. He haunted Clare's footsteps with love like persistence; he helped her to clean the windows, wiped the dishes, even essayed to sweep the floors, thereby creating confusion. And Clare, though she declared he was more of a hindrance than a help, seemed to like it.

On the third day the weather cleared gloriously, and Moses Peckham brought round the strangers' horses.

"Come, Hood!" said Gallette, impatiently; "are you going to stand there all day making adieus?"

"Be off as quickly as you like." said Hood, calmly "I am not going."

"Not going! But business—"

"Hang business!" was the unaccountable reply. "What do I care for business? Miss Wintringham has promised to be my wife, and my business is here just at present!"

Mr. Gallette muttered a few incoherent congratulations, rode away, ejaculating beneath his breath:

"I never saw such a fool in all my life!"

And when Harvey Gallette was gone, Clare told her lover the truth. At first Frank was half inclined to be vexed.

"I didn't want an heiress?" said he, biting his lips.

"But you want me, Frank, don't you?" said Clare, with the prettiest coaxing way, in the world.

SPURGEON SPURNS IT.

Of the offer from an American literary bureau to pay this country a lecturing visit, Spurgeon says: "I will just tell you one little thing that happened to me this afternoon. I had a letter from a gentleman well known in America giving me this offer—$25,000 for twenty-five lectures, that is £200 for each lecture. On these terms the twenty-five nights would give me £5,000, and in one hundred nights I should have £10,000. Besides this I should be allowed to lecture as many nights as I chose, so that I might in the course of a year be worth £40,000: while if I stay here I shall have nothing like that, and no doubt the persons who undertake this would earn ten times that amount. I have nothing to do but to leave you for a year, and come home with £20,000 or £40,000 what do you suppose was my answer to this offer? I wrote "If you were to multiply that offer by a hundred times, and again by a hundred times, I should feel it just as easy to decline as I do now, when I say that I cannot cross the ocean to lecture upon any subject whatever. I am a minister of the Gospel, and never lectured for money, and do not intend to do so now. If my people cannot support me it is a pity." Some people would say, "Why not go over to America and get the money to build the college?" I will not do so, because I will not do anything to degrade myself and disgrace you. I will not appeal to any other country to do what you can and ought to do yourself. There are two brothers here to-night who have received offers from America. Each man can lecture as well as preach, and there is no harm in their having £500 and a months' holiday. If I were in their position I would do the same thing, but as I am, I cannot leave you. I cannot leave the college nor the orphanage. My duty is to preach the Gospel, and only in that way can I address the people

A TALE OF LOVE.

One quiet day in leafy June, when when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair, so was the maid; they walked and talked beneath the shade, with none to harm or make afraid.

Her name was Sal, and his was Jim, and he was fat and she was slim; he took to her, and she to him.

Says Jim to Sal, "By all the snakes that squirm among the brush and brakes, I love you better'n buckwheat cakes."

Says Sal to Jim' "Since you've begun it, and been and gone and done it, I love you next to a new spring bonnet."

Says Jim to Sal, "My heart you've busted, but I have always girls mistrusted."

Says Sal to Jim, "Through thick and thin for your true lover count me in, I'll spark no other man again."

Jim leaned to Sal, Sal leaned to Jim, his nose touched just above her chin; four lips met—went—ahem—ahem! and then—and then—and then. O gals! beware of men in June, and underneath the silvery moon, when frogs and June-bugs are in tune, lest you get your names in the paper soon.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—Sheriff Atkinson, of Virginia City, is the owner of a remarkably knowing dog, which, under the cognomen of "Jailer," seems destined to take rank as a historical personage along with "Lazarus" and "Bummer" of San Francisco, and our own lamented "Kyzer." "Jailer" is by no means a handsome dog—far from it; but what he lacks in personal attractions he makes up in natural goodness of heart. He has such winning ways about him that notwithstanding his homeliness he is an established favorite with everybody, even to the most vicious boy that he meets in the street. "Jailer" has spent the most of his time in the County Jail, until he has got to regard himself as the major domo of the establishment, the veritable "Father of the Marshalsea." His specialty is fires. When the alarm of fire is sounded he makes a break for B street, and if the door of the jail is closed against him, he makes no bones at all of jumping through a window. Arrived on the street, he watches patiently to ascertain the direction taken by No. 4's engine and governs his own movements accordingly.—During the progress of a fire he usually takes up his position on some commanding eminence and takes a general survey of the situation, never leaving his post until the last spark is extinguished. An alarm of fire in Virginia City last evening caused "Jailer" a good deal of perplexity. He first made his way at the top of his speed down C street to Fizmier's saloon, where No. 5's steamer was stationed, and on discovering that there was a heap of smoke and no fire he dashed up C street again to the Magnolia Saloon, in front of which No. 2's steamer had taken up position. Meeting with no better luck here he hurried back to the jail, crestfallen, and and communicated to his master, as plainly as he could by the dog alphabet, the intelligence that "there was no fire at all."

A terrible tornado passed over Washington county, Iowa, last Friday, blowing down houses, uprooting trees, and killing several people. One woman was picked up and carried by the wind about half a mile and dashed to a jelly. A similar hurricane passed over McDonough county, Ills. on the same day.

[From the Oswego Register.]

A DEN OF MURDERERS.

The Bender Tragedy—Discovery of The Bodies.

Yesterday, accompanied by Dr. Wier, W. P. Bishop and McGill of the *Independent*, we visited the premises where the body of the murdered Dr. York was found. It is situated on section 13, township 31, range 17, Osage township, near Timber Hill creek, thirteen miles from Parson's. The road leading from Osage Mission to Independence lays across the premises, which is a wild unbroken claim. The house is a one-story, pine lumber frame, 16x24 feet, neither plastered nor ceiled. A cloth partition had been thrown across, leaving a small room in the rear. The first room had been used as a store, in which a small stock of goods had been kept for sale. In the back room was a trap door, about 16x22 inches, underneath of which had been a large hole scooped out like a pickle dish, about six feet deep at the lowest point. The sides, door and roof of the house were perforated with, by actual count, a dozen bullet holes. We found two stoves, a bedstead and a few articles of clothing remaining in the house. A few steps southeast of the house, stood a stone stable covered with straw. To the east a hundred yards and across the road stood a corn crib. Twenty steps in the rear was a piece of broken ground containing about three-quarters of an acre, and on which stood an orchard of apple trees. There was no fencing about the premises, and this small patch was the only ground broken upon the claim. It was this small orchard that proved to be the burying ground of eight murdered victims.

The circumstances which led to the discovery of Dr. York's body are these. Last Friday Silas Toles, while passing the premises above described, noticed that it had a desolate appearance as if unoccupied. Cattle, hogs and horses were wandering about the place as if they needed attention. He examined more closely and found the house deserted, and the horses and wagon gone. He looked into a pen and found a dead calf, which from appearances had starved to death. He notified L. F. Dick, trustee of the township, of the circumstances when on Monday Mr. Dick, and a brother of the murdered York, accompanied by two detectives, made a thorough search of the premises.

The family which had deserted the claim in such a mysterious manner, were Hollanders by the name of Bender (or Benter, as written in pencil over the house). The family consists of John Bender, 60 years of age, his daughter a young woman, Mrs. Bender and her son, a young man. At times the young people claimed to be man and wife, but publicly and when on a tour as a spiritual lecturer, she passed off as Miss Katie Bender.

On entering the house they found the furniture regularly arranged, the stoves in their accustomed place and nothing but a portion of bed clothing was missing. Even flour and other paovisions were remaining. They were met by a strong, sickening stench which drove them back. In attempting to ascertain the source of the stench, and a place to pry up the floor, which was pine grooved, they discovered a small trap door described above, under a table standing in the center of the house. From the hole arose the stench. The hole was searched but contained nothing but clotted blood.

The next day a more thorough search was made, the house was dragged from off the hole, but nothing further was developed. They passed to the plowed ground in the rear and probed it with iron rods. Mr. York said, "Look out for graves." He was the first to perceive a slight depression in the east end of the garden. A force at once proceeded to remove the earth, when, to their horror, they unearthed the body of the murdered York.

It was crowded in a hole abou, four feet long and four feet deept head down and feet almost protruding through the soil. When removed the head fell from the body. The throat had been cut from ear to ear, severing leaders and arteries. The skull was mashed in two places, as if done by a hammer, a blow on either side of the head. A shoe-hammer, however, and a hatcet, were found in the house, the polls of which fit the holes.

On Wednesday still further search was made, when seven more bodies were exhumed, all of which have since been identified. The graves were found on the east edge of the breaking, in a row, excepting one body which was found in a round hole once used as a well.

On the extreme west was found the body of Longcor and child, in one grave. This is the man of whom York had been making diligent inquiry. He had left Independence for Iowa last winter, with a team, accompanied by a little girl eighteen months old. His team and wagon had been found a few miles below that place, in the woods near a creek, which York and others afterwards identified as the property of Longcor. The child was buried in its clothes, which were identified. Most of the bodies were stripped, and those of McKinzie, York and Longcor mutilated in a manner that would shock the modesty of a Modoc.

McKinzie was an acquaintance of Esquire Dick of Osage township, and was visiting him with a view of looking at the country. He has been missing since last Christmas. Body identified by long bushy hair and beard.

One Brown of Osage Mission was recognized by a silver ring on his little finger. He was a stone mason and had been at work at the Mission. He was on his way afoot to meet persons at Independence. This was some time during the winter.

Wm. Boyle of Independence left that place on the 25th of October, for Osage Mission. He was recognized by his shirts.

Jack Boley from Macon City, Illinois. He was returning home horseback. His horse was found at Liberty, a station on the L. L. & G. R. R., sixteen miles south of the murder, in the possession of a man named Dopp, who bought the animal of a man bound for the nation. He was a very large man, which led to the identification of his body.

Alonzo Sconce, an Irish laborer or brakeman, who was on his way to Parsons, a young man. Body identified by his socks and teeth. He left Sycamore township, Montgomery county, in March, where his brother-in-law, named Osborn, owns a claim.

INCIDENTS.

Thursday over 1,000 people were on the ground. Yesterday a Deputy United States Marshal and other officers were scouring the country.

At 9 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Julian received a dispatch from Parsons demanding all the handcuffs and shackles that could be spared. It is reported that over 20 arrests have been made, but the names are withheld.

Thomas Tyack, the nearest neighbor of the Bender family, and his wife, have been arrested and taken to Thayer. Tyack is about 45 years of age, and has a daughter a young woman. The family reside on the side of the mound northeast of the murderer's den, and seemed to be very intimate with them. They procured milk of them; still they claimed to have no knowledge of the sudden disappearance of Bender. Tyack was taken out and suspended by the neck three times until life was nearly extinct. We are not positive that any evidence or confession was choked out of him. His wife was threatened but revealed nothing.

E. Brockman, who keeps a grocery store a mile and a half south, was also decorated with a hemp cravat as a reminder of what might occur, but the result is kept a profound secret.

Yesterday carriages and wagons were driving to and fro in every direction for the devil's grave yard. Pieces of weather boarding, perforated with bullet holes, were sawed or torn off and carried away as mementoes. Also locks of hair of the dead.

All the bodies found have been placed there since last October. It is possible more may yet be found. For a year or more past, bodies have been found in the creeks and on the prairies within a radius of twenty miles of this place. The Bender family have been residing on the claim about three years and it is not improbable, from the wholesale slaughter recently discovered that they, or as a party by an extensive gang of marauders had something to do with these mysterious murders. The claim is an old section of railroad land. Some one with an eye to business under the most trying circumstances stuck up a board near the well on which is written: "This claim taken May 6th, 1873, R. Eider."

Fiction founded upon the annals of crime has failed to furnish mystery so astounding as this revelation of horrible facts. It is with this feeling that a visitor wrote on the door of the murderer's den, "John Bender, special agent for Hell." As this house was a seeming place of entertainment for wayfarers, it forces to the mind that startling old Russian romance, "The Traveler's Last Inn."

We are unable to see the financial speculation in this octave of murders. Some of the killed were known to be almost penniless, though three of the number possibly had large sums of money.

Doubtless York was murdered because of the interest he was taking in endeavoring to trace up the missing Longcor and child. He had identified the wagon found at Longcor's and in case the murder was revealed would become an important witness.

The Bender family left about the sixth of April, left their team and dog on the streets at Thayer, and bought tickets for Humboldt. The horses attracted attention when driven by hunger they had nearly devoured the wagon bed. The dog attempted to jump on every passing train going north. Benders left the train at Chanute and it is presumed went south to Texas.

Gov. Osborn should offer a large reward not only for their arrest but for the investigation of other murders committed in this and adjoining counties. There was one committed near this city a year since that will bear further investigation.

Miss Katie Bender lectured in Oswego last winter on woman's rights. She is represented in her own neighborhood as a doctress.

The spring styles of bonnets are certainly superb. The ladies are showing excellent taste and they are to be commended. The latest bonnet is a trifle higher than the freights on our railroad, and as graceful in proportion.

A sea captin, just returned from a long voyage, was told by a commission merchant the sad news that his wife had died. "Wife dead!' said the captain, "well now, do you know, I didn't think she was long-lived. How's freights?"

A western paper has this delicate personal item: "Those who know nice old Mr. Wilson, of this place, personally, will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."

Two army officers at Buffalo, N. Y., last Friday, exchanged pistol shots because one of them was caught fooling around the other's wife.

PRESIDENT McMAHON'S ADDRESS.

A special gives the following full text of President McMahon's address to the Prefects of Paris:

"I have been called, through the confidence of the National Assembly, to the Presidency of the Republic. No immediate change will be made in existing laws, regulations or institutions."

"I rely on national order; and I count upon your vigilance, your patriotism and your assistance."

The scenes were extremely exciting in the National Assembly Chamber pending the discussion, which resulted in the deposition of Thiers and the exaltation of McMahon. In the President's box were Madame Thiers, the Prefect of the department of the Seine, and others, who were gesticulating quite wild and once the Prefect was called to order for his enthusiasm. The Diplomatic corps was well represented. Lord Lyons, British Minister, was not present, being engaged in giving a dinner-reception in honor of Queen Victoria's birth-day. Many celebrated women of Napoleon's Court, as well as of the Republic, occupied conspicuous places, and remained until the political change was consumated. As soon as the vote was taken deposing Thiers, the representatives of different countries immediately left and telegraphed the news to their respective Governments. Thiers sat a close watcher of events, and was constantly rising with the exclamation, "O bien Messieurs." He caused an immense excitement when he said: "They have spoken of negotiations when it has occurred to me they only wanted the Government to be transferred to Paris. But the army would not enter there. I have repelled them in order to prevent the shedding of streams of blood at the expense of the army; if there is a man who counts the cost of effusion of blood, it is myself. I have fallen, or rather, I wish to say we have fallen. For a long time I have hoped that this detestable faction (the close of the sentence was lost by a tremendous uproar which the beginning had excited." Again did Thiers awaken the enthusiasm of his friends. When charged with being a protege of radicalism, he retorted: "There was something more remarkable than that in their midst. They had with them the Duke de Broglie, who was the protege of the Empire."

JOSH BILLINGS' PAPERS.

A gentleman is a gentleman the world over—Lonfers differ.

Benevolence is the cream that rizes on the milk ov human kindness.

Courage without discreshun iz a ram with horns on both ends—he will have more fites on hand than he can well attend to.

Hunting after happiness is like hunting after a lost sheep in the wilderness, when you find it the chances are that it is a skeleton.

A dog is the only animal kritter who luvs you more than he luvs himself.

There is no more reel satisfacshun in laying up in yure buzzum an injury than there iz in stuffing a dead hornet, that haz stung yu, to keep him tew look at.

Old friends are like old cheeze, the strongest.

Lies ar like illegitimate children, they are liable to call a man "father" when he least expecks it.

All money that iz well spent iz a good investment.

If we would all ov us take kare ov our own souls, and let our nabors' alone, there would be less time lost and more souls saved.

Before I would preach the gospel, as some ministers are obliged to, for 450 dollars a year, I would get a living as Nebukkenezzer did, and let the congregation go to grass too.

Contentment iz the vittles and drink ov the soul.

Did you ever hear a son bragging about his father whose father kould with justis brag about his son?

The safest kind ov faith I kno ov is humanity.

The man who never makes enny mistakes, like the angle-worm, never gets far away from his hole.

A brilliant blunder in a writer iz often one ov hiz best holts.

OUR FORMER PRESIDENTS.

Some one who assumes to know, has written as follows of our Presidents and their striking characteristics:

Jefferson was calm, clear, critical, comprehensive and orderly.

John Adams was emotional in his nature, and was fiery and forcible.

James K. Polk was proud, firm, combative, dignified and determined.

Andrew Jackson's firmness and force of character have become proverbial.

James Madison had originality and discrimination, but lacked firmness of character.

Pierce was very harmonious in his mental organization—well balanced.

Zachary Taylor was firm, hopeful, intelligent.

Millard Fillmore is more courteous than commanding and wins rather than compels.

William Henry Harrison was kind, affectionate, upright, prudent and circumspect.

Monroe was more remarkable for practicable talent and common sense than for brilliancy and depth.

Washington had strong common sense, clear reasoning powers, integrity, firmness and self esteem.

John Tylor was brilliant and off hand rather than deep and profound. He was firm to obstinacy.

Martin Van Buran was cautious, shrewd, clear-headed and reticent, and was highly polished in manners.

John Quincy Adams was combative, and thorough, and had an extraordinary memory.

U. S. Grant is very obstinate and has a great weakness for fast horses and pups.