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BERTIE CARLYSLE.

BY HERSELF.

"Put you love him, Bertie; and think for a moment of the true position you are in. I am earnest, and cast away your own for him, simply because he is not gifted with the wealth of Croesus. He is certainly one of the most gifted artists here, and ere long you would be proud of the love of Philip Ellerton."

"Be that as it may, I cannot give myself to a poor, though aspiring man, Marion. Nay, you need not point those pretty lips. I am in earnest. I love Philip as I never loved him, but alone cannot give me all these surroundings without which I should not want to live."

"Well, Bertie, you must abide by your own choice. His is a young life to overcast, and a noble one, too; and some day you will regret your actions toward him. I would have you marry one who loves my darling, for as a sister I cherish you. Look once more into your heart, and then I shall say no more."

Bertie laughed in all the glory of her beauty, and with a wave of her lovely, royal little hand, bade her cousin, Marion Estney, to take herself off. Bertie Carlyle had dwelt from infancy with her uncle, Lord Estney, in London, and having been always the companion of Marion she confided to her the tale of her love. The Gallery of Fair Oaks was one of rare beauty, and the rising young artist, Philip Ellerton, accepting the invitation of Lord Estney to visit him and view the vast collection of pictures, met the best of the best of Fair Oaks, Bertie Carlyle. Passing arm-in-arm, with Lord Estney through the corridor, Philip staid, and with a murmur of admiration gazed curiously upon a picture, through a half-closed door. "Who is she?" whispered he to Estney.

"My niece, Miss Carlyle. I will introduce you later on; but come." "No, no," answered Carlyle; "I beg you will wait a moment, and opening a sketch book he hastily and repeatedly drew an outline of the fair girl."

It was her portrait; a large room, draped with pale, soft pink satin. The ceiling was a pale azure, chased in fleecy, white clouds; in the niches were the most of Grecian sculpturing, and here and there, low, gilded divans were scattered. In one room Bertie, her rich, jetty tresses trailing on the soft carpet, as she rested her head on one hand. Her lips were parted and a smile played round the beautiful mouth; her eyes, large and black, that could blaze out the intensity of anger or soften into those of the wounded gazelle, were now merry with suppressed laughter. The soft lace sleeve had fallen back from the wrist and displayed the most perfect of arm—arms which, twining round the neck of the most obdurate, could gain their desires.

"The combed stupid," she laughed as she folded up her letter. "To think, to presume, for a moment, that any common child was encouraged to befriend me! Heigho! The male sex must credit the credit of being the most egotistical set of creatures that ever was dreamed of. Now, dear me, here I am eighteen years of age, and this person desires me to bestow my heart and hand upon him—not a day less than twenty-two. He actually considers it an honor to offer the fortune and name of Lord Chemsney to me; his heart, it must be very small by this time, is irretrievably mine. Well, they say it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. I agree with all my heart; but my dear Lord Arthur, I fear I shall have to disengage myself, and with a tired look, Bertie carelessly tossed the letter of Arthur Chemsney's avowal of love on to her dressing-table and forgot the occurrence. It was no novelty for her to receive proposals, and she refused her offers as carelessly as a belle who had been drilled in that art for several years."

Philip Ellerton lingered a week at Fair Oaks, and in that time fell, as madly in love with the beautiful girl as it was possible for a mortal to love, while she, proud of adding another to her list, listened with a happy heart to his passionate ravings. "Bertie, darling, I could not take you to my heart now, for you are out of the mortal coil, while now I am unable to give you the same; but in a short time I can give you all, and more; only give me some faint hope to work for, and, by the gods, you shall yet be proud to stand by my side."

Bertie shrugged her beautiful shoulders and drooping the lashes of her large, lustrous eyes murmured, "Hope? Mr. Ellerton, ah, surely to accomplish your great designs, you must have much of it, but how do you love me? I fear I shall have you, you must forget; a man who has some thing to gain has not time to love; your art, and this week's recreation has given you too time to think of some other thing, so that when you return to your duties I will be entirely obliterated from your memory. Nay, do not say to the contrary, for you know it will be so, and Bertie lay back in the arm-chair and looked as indifferent, as could be, thus adding fuel to the fire which blazed through every vein of the young artist's body."

"Then, Bertie, you cannot return my love?" Philip asked. "You do not love me—cannot, in time?" "Hush, I pray you, Philip Ellerton, you must not ask me such questions." "But—" "Oh, here you two runaways are," said Marion. "Mr. Ellerton, papa says you are to leave us soon. I am so sorry, for we shall miss you much. How is Bertie's picture progressing?" "She has her last sitting to-morrow."

"And I can promise to have it finished off in a week's time." "Twill be the last picture I shall complete here, for I am making my preparations to leave for Italy by the first of next month."

he has wealth, position, and all that I care for; he loves me! I—well, love I have nothing to do with; there is no such thing; it is a feeling that is as unstable as a weathercock. Here, read this, and see if I am not right."

Marion's eyes rested on the lines, and she smothered an expression of contempt for the man who was so false. "But, Bertie, why throw yourself away for revenge? Oh, don't be impatient; think of it well before you take the step."

"I've given it consideration enough, and I am decided. Oh, Marion, love me, love me! and Bertie wept, her course given entirely away. She was not one to show her grief; though, for long, and she dashed off the signs of her weakness and sat down to write the note, by which she sold herself to Arthur Castleton.

The day appointed for the ceremony was but two weeks ahead, and dressmakers, milliners and mantuamakers flocked to Fair Oaks, preparing for the wedding.

The time came, and radiant in her loveliness and costly robes, Bertie became the wife of Arthur Castleton. Her hand she gave him; but she did not love him, but thought in time she would. He showed her all that wealth could procure upon her, but he missed the soft kiss of love that he dreamed of.

Nightly as she came into the library to bid him adieu, ere she left for some ball, reception or concert, he wished for his youth again, that the young wife would love him. But he did not complain; he praised her beauty and bade her enjoy herself as he put her in the carriage with her maid.

One night as she came home from a reception she threw herself into a chair and a cold, hard light came into her eyes as they rested upon her sleeping husband. She had been guilty talking to her circle of admirers upon a familiar voice called her. Quickly she raised her eyes, and her mouth quivered as she bent her head in recognition of Philip Ellerton.

"Give me a dance," he whispered, and she, with all the old fire returning, gave him a waltz. Oh, that fatal waltz—who can resist its magical sweetness!

Round and round they went, he breathing in the very intoxication of his love as he held her in his arms. The music stopped, and Philip led her into the conservatory.

"Bertie, my darling, I am home again—home to claim my idol!" "She started as if stung, and slowly raised her eyes, the fire of indignation flashing forth from them.

"How dare you address me so, Philip Ellerton? My husband and your wife should hear those words. Take me back to my friends and never dare speak to me again!" "My wife—your husband?" What in this—this terrible, terrible dream? Your husband, Bertie? You have not forgotten me? Oh, heavens! he cried, you too, saw that paper—the mistake! Oh, I shall go mad! But you are mine, mine, body and soul—mine, for whom I strove and succeeded."

"Hush, hush! Philip, I cannot listen—I am married. Oh, was it not true? Was I deceived? But take me to my carriage. I shall die—I cannot stay here, and pale and excited she hastily wrapped about her a cloak and entered her carriage.

When she arrived at home she went to her room, and throwing herself upon a divan, wept till nearly dawn.

Philip called almost daily. He met her at the place, and still she shook his hand. She would be true to her husband. For a month she lived thus, seeing her husband's lover daily; but it could not go on so, and Bertie asked her husband to take her to travel.

"Anywhere," she replied to his question of what place she wanted to go. "I am tired of London." And so they had the house closed, and Arthur Castleton and Bertie left London for Switzerland.

The scenery was delightful and Arthur was pleased at Bertie's happiness. The following day they were to go with some guides to some of the Alpine peaks, and they started early so as to be up by sunrise. Bertie was radiant in a short mountain costume, and the long, white feather of her jaunty little hat lay over her curls in a dainty contrast. Her husband followed her, leaning on his staff listening to her exclamations of delight. Upward and onward they walked, the guides telling them touching stories of the mishaps of the tourists.

"See," said one, "from this peak a son of a Russian nobleman fell; he was young and gaily, and by seeming carelessness slipped and was precipitated into this crevice here at your feet." Arthur and Bertie stepped forward and gazed down into the icy depths. They gazed as if fascinated, their heads whizzed, and their senses seemed gone. Further and further they leaped forward; but at that moment two guides laid their hands upon their shoulders and warned them of the treacherous ground. The touch frightened them from their postures. Bertie started and made a slight exclamation; but Arthur trembled and, as he leaped forward to regain his presence of mind, his feet fell from under him, and down, down he fell, striking against the peaked, icy sides of the chasm.

For weeks the beautiful English girl lay in a deathlike stupor, in one of the Swiss cottages. But she was young and recovered; and the first day she sat up, as she leaned her beautiful head on her hand, a step drew near her, and she was caught up in the arms of Philip Ellerton.

"Bertie, Bertie darling; death has joined us; it alone can sunder us now."

A soft, bright smile played in her eyes; but she motioned him away. He pleaded to her; told her of his long, long love, and of all his trials, his misery in seeing her another's when he had acquired the wealth he had striven for; and finally obtained her promise of marriage in a year from the day he found her free.

Bertie sighed as she thought of the time that had elapsed during their separation caused by her foolish whim of never marrying a poor man. But her happiness now was unalloyed, and happy in each other's love they returned to England, where Marion Estney, then Marion Gouman, met them and congratulated their union after seven years' separation.

One day Philip brought a little sketch to Bertie, saying to her: "This was my guiding star; to it I talked in my loneliness, and cherished in my joy, darling, what was that letter about?" "Oh, Philip, where did you get that?" "I remember 'twas a letter from Lord Chemsney."

"It was the first time I saw you, dear, and you took possession of my soul then, and still hold to me." "May we always be so happy," said Bertie, and they were.

CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES.
It has been developed during the present session of Congress that not only the Cabinet, officers but their subordinates have carriages and horses furnished them at public expense, and even their drivers and footmen are paid out of the National Treasury.

The Secretary of the Treasury, has a carriage and a span of horses; the two Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury have each a horse and carriage. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has one double and one single carriage and a span of horses. The appointment clerk has a horse and carriage. The Superintendent of the Treasury building, has one carriage and one horse. The Supervising Architect has one horse and carriage. The Second Auditor has a horse and carriage.

The Treasurer has a horse and carriage. The Superintendent of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has a horse and carriage. In addition to this, there are five horses and a span of horses belonging to the Treasury Department, which are said to be chiefly employed for the benefit of certain officials. There are seven messengers, whose sole business is to drive these Government carriages around at and for the convenience of officials, who are paid \$60 a month each by the Government.

The Attorney General has three carriages and two horses; the Secretary of the Interior two horses and two carriages, with a driver and a footman, paid out of the contingent funds of his department. The Secretary of War, of the Navy and the Post Master General are all similarly provided for at public expense. Such is the list as we find it reliably stated.

All of these carriages and all of these horses are bought and paid for out of public funds. The footmen and drivers attached to these equipages are all employees of the Government. The aggregate of these expenses is enormous; their imposition upon the public is simply outrageous. In view of the circumstances, let it be considered that the Government is running behind at an alarming rate; that a deficiency of \$40,000,000 at least exists to-day in the current expense account; that this deficiency is growing daily; and that the \$44,000,000 reserve is being rapidly swallowed up by these deficiencies. And let it be further considered that new tax levies are being devised by which poor men are to pay annually over \$10,000,000 to defray the rapidly-increasing and unprovided-for expenses of the Government. We doubt if the history of public administration affords another instance of such gross and culpable misconduct in public affairs as these facts show.

It is generally supposed that those who misappropriate and steal millions will exhibit integrity in small matters—that grand and petty larceny are not congenial crimes. The conduct above described disproves the theory. It seems to make no difference whether it is a \$100,000 job for Mr. Grant's benefit or a \$60 steal in the shape of a month's wages for Mr. Williams' footman, they are seized upon with equal avidity and with equal shamelessness. Meanwhile the state of things complained of is continued. Exposure is not followed by reformation. The larcenies of the Capital are continued and the taxpayer is summoned anew. How long will the people continue to submit to the outrage.

A YOUNG Jonathan took it into his head one day to get a wife. He accordingly looked about him, and very soon made such selection as suited him, and was not long in striking a bargain and settling the preliminaries. He then applied to a clergyman, a stranger, to perform the ceremony.

"But are you prepared for such an important change in life?" seriously inquired the reverend gentleman.

"I guess I be," said Jonathan, "for I've got my land paid for, and I own a yoke of steers and a cow."

"Very well," said the clergyman, with a long breath and a sober face, "all these may be proper in their place; but have you ever thought of salvation?" "Said Yafon?" says Jonathan, "who under the sun is she? I don't want her for a wife. I want Nell Baker." The minister explained his meaning.

She was expecting him Sunday night; the parlor curtains were drawn, the old folks notified that it was healthy to go to bed at eight o'clock, and Johnny bribed with a cent, to permit himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the dog; and the other watching for the "old man," who didn't like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened, and he was escorted into the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go home for hours. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned from York State; if his brother Bill's rheumatism was any better; and he went over and sat down on the sofa so as not to strain his voice. Then conversation flagged, and he played with his hat and she nibbled at the sofa tiff. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her grandfather predicted a snowstorm. He said he guessed it wouldn't snow, as the moon was not crooked enough to hang a powder horn on the end, and she said she didn't believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give them both courage, and then he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She hadn't, she said, and she didn't want to. Then they went on talking about the donation visit which was to be given before long to Elder Berry, and he carelessly dropped his hand in hers—his right hand—while his left arm sneaked along the sofa, and got behind her shoulders. She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots, and wanted to know if she thought mutton-tallow rotted out boots faster than lard and lampblack. She couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did. He had just commenced to hook fingers with her, when she discovered something wrong with the lamp. She rose up and turned the lamp half down, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her fingers again, and she pretended to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause, he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made folks do each other. She hit her handkerchief and admitted her ignorance. He said he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his arm fell down and gave her a hug. Then he got up and looked out of the window to make sure that it was or was not snowing to snow and coming back he turned the light down a little more, and then sat down and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest herself by leaning her head on his shoulder.

"Ah, well! We have all been there, and who of us cared a cent when the old clock struck twelve and we five miles from home? The old man was fast asleep, and the watch dog gave a visit, and the handsomest girl in the county didn't see why we need be in a hurry."

Perhaps I shouldn't have written this, but as I was going by Saunders' the other day, thinking of the night I heard him whisper in her ear at spelling school that he'd love her very shadow as long as he lived, he raised the window and called to her, as she was picking up chips in the road:

"See Saunders, come in here and find the bar's grease for my sore heel, or I'll break every bone in your body!"—Dunbury News.

A REAPPEARANCE CLUB.
Many, no doubt, remember the organization in Philadelphia, in the winter of 1850, of a club composed of twelve gentlemen—all in affluent circumstances. A place for meeting was procured and duly leased for the term of twenty-five years—the club partaking of their first dinner on the 1st of January, 1850. The understanding was that the meetings of the club should be annual, each member pledging himself to be present on such occasion, if alive; and if at a distance from Philadelphia, and in the event of a change of place, to be notified of his having done so, so that he could not come without distress, the other members were to remit the necessary funds to cover his expenses. None other than the twelve original members were allowed in the club, and in case of a death of a member, his chair, cups and glass were to remain vacant. True to their agreement, these gentlemen have continued to visit the club at each anniversary of their first meeting. Each year the sad effects of time were painfully evinced by the vacant chairs—and now, on the 1st of January, 1874, just twenty-three years since their organization, the last man sat down and partook of a solitary repast, his only companions the eleven metal chairs formerly occupied by members now passed from earth. What the feelings of that gentleman were at that solemn time can be imagined, but not expressed. The doors of the club were that day closed, there being no further occasion for its use. Truly, how short is the tenure of our existence here!

A little boy who appeared to be very much excited ran across the room to where his mother was sewing, exclaiming, "Ma! ma! are they going to sell my pa?" "No, no, my dear," said the mother. "Why do you think so?" "Because, ma, I saw a large Government stamp on his back." "You poor little goosey," said his mother, "it's only a strengthening plaster."

On the first day of the recent panic, a man deposited \$20,000 in a bank, and afterwards went to a neighboring wine house for some refreshments. While there he heard that the bank had suspended payment, and now he wishes he had attended to pleasure before business had taken the drink first.

A Galesburg barber advises himself, as a "Professor of cranial and abscission and cranial tria."

EDITOR NEWS: Permit me through the medium of your columns to call the attention of the people of this State—and especially those "public journals which take a deeper interest in the future prosperity of Oregon than in publishing Billingsgate to stimulate party prejudices and mislead the people—to the importance of taking immediate steps for concert of action in preparing to have the vast resources of this State—consisting of gold, silver, lead and copper; coal, iron, asphaltum and platinum; wool and flax of superior quality; ornamental wood that, for beauty of finish, defies competition; useful timber and productions of fluesties; wheat, flour, grain and grasses in their various stages of growth and maturing; our improved breeds of cattle, sheep, and horses; our roots and vegetables; our endless variety of fruits, not surpassed for size, beauty and flavor in any part of the world—properly placed on exhibition in Philadelphia at our approaching Centennial Celebration in 1876.

The magnitude of the labor of preparing and classifying the exhibit for our State, and securing thorough representation in the Exhibition, demands something more than what can be accomplished by two or three private individuals; and a thorough organization of all the industrial interests of the State, together with the legislative assistance, will be requisite to enable exhibitors in this grand show to make a creditable display of the vast natural wealth of the State of Oregon. To carry out this important object, it has been deemed necessary to perfect an organization known as the State Board of Centennial Managers for the State of Oregon. On this Board will devolve the responsibility of organizing sub-committees in each county and securing a thorough representation of all the industrial resources of this State in the Exhibition.—On this Board of Managers will devolve the care of the interests of its own State and of its citizens in matters relating to the Exhibition. The Board will apportion the space placed at its disposal among the exhibitors of this State; receive and pronounce upon application for space; issue invitations; disseminate information; and supervise such other details relating to the representation of its citizens as may from time to time be delegated to it by the United States Centennial Commission. Full diagrams of the buildings and grounds will be furnished the State Board, showing the location and area assigned to each State and Territory in the Exhibition buildings, on or before the 4th of July next.

On the 4th of July next to provide for the expenses of transportation, packing and unpacking our exhibition articles from their own State, but the Commission have been assured that liberal reductions in rates for transportation will be made on railroads and water-lines in the United States. No State or exhibitor will be charged for space on the grounds or in the buildings. Before the 1st of October, 1874, the State Board will have to furnish the Director General with detailed plans of their allotted space, showing the space of each single object to be exhibited, and also with a list of the exhibitors, and all other information necessary for the preparation of an official catalogue.—State Boards, or individual exhibitors or such agents as they may designate, will be responsible for receiving, unpacking and arranging all articles, as well as for their removal at the close of the exhibition. But no person will be permitted to act as such agent until he can give the Director General evidence of his having been approved by the proper State Board. All information to citizens of this State who wish to attend or exhibit in this great national show, will be furnished through the Centennial State Board of Managers, and all applications for space must be made to the Director General through this Board. The State Board for Oregon will consist of His Excellency E. F. Grover, of Salem; S. G. Reed, Esq., of Portland; Rev. E. R. Guary, of Albany; Hon. Jesse Applegate, of Yonahda; Joseph Beasley, Esq., of The Dalles, with the Commissioner and Commissioner Alternate, who will personally organize at an early day, and make all possible arrangements for seeing that Oregon is not behind any other State in the Union in this grand national show.

It is sincerely hoped that the periodicals of this State will take a lively interest in the matter and use a small space in their columns, now devoted to personalities and recrimination, to forward this important movement.

A. J. DUFFIN,
Comm'r Alternate for Oregon.

THE BRAKEMAN.—The brakemen on the railroads have a way of their own of yelling out the names of stations, and sometimes they twist a plain name into something not readily understood, or misunderstood by passengers. The other day, as a train on the Detroit & Lansing road was nearing Howell, the brakeman put his head into the car and shouted, "He-ow-ell!" almost leaving out the "ow." An old woman who had a front seat caught the full force of the word, and grabbing her match, she exclaimed, "Sakes alive! in that so? Let me off a few rods this side!"

Some men in Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule the other day, when one man who was a good judge of the weight of live stock, got behind the mule and was measuring, when something appeared to loosen up the mule. Just before the expert died he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy all over as he was behind, he must weigh not far from 8,000 pounds.

A POKER.—Mrs. Lemans is a poet and writes early to construct rhyme. Mr. Lemans is not a poet and consequently prefers to draw the blankets over his nose and think. Mrs. Lemans finds some trouble in consequence of not getting Lemans on of bed. After she has composed a verse or two, she goes to him, and the following conversation takes place:—"Come Augustus, come!" adds persuasively. "O, tarry away, my dear Augustus, come!" "Throw off this wretched lethargy," she cries, "and come up the center of the morning air." Augustus suddenly conceives a violent animosity for the morning air. "Shall I get up and knock your light off?" he asks. "Don't talk so, Augustus," she pleads, "do not yield to the seductive influences of the fair but false goddess, Sleep. Let us determine we will be free from its chains. Let us bustle around the bonds which hold us to the delibellating couch. Let us—"

At this juncture Mr. Lemans is seen slipping from the bed and catching, spasmodically for a chair, while Mrs. Lemans, who has been observing through the hall in the great excitement, exclaims, "The great one! But Mr. Lemans gets over the heat in a few minutes, and beyond registering the vow that he will never marry another poet, retains his usual composure.—Dunbury News.

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A POKER.—Mrs. Lemans is a poet and writes early to construct rhyme. Mr. Lemans is not a poet and consequently prefers to draw the blankets over his nose and think. Mrs. Lemans finds some trouble in consequence of not getting Lemans on of bed. After she has composed a verse or two, she goes to him, and the following conversation takes place:—"Come Augustus, come!" adds persuasively. "O, tarry away, my dear Augustus, come!" "Throw off this wretched lethargy," she cries, "and come up the center of the morning air." Augustus suddenly conceives a violent animosity for the morning air. "Shall I get up and knock your light off?" he asks. "Don't talk so, Augustus," she pleads, "do not yield to the seductive influences of the fair but false goddess, Sleep. Let us determine we will be free from its chains. Let us bustle around the bonds which hold us to the delibellating couch. Let us—"

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EDITOR NEWS: Permit me through the medium of your columns to call the attention of the people of this State—and especially those "public journals which take a deeper interest in the future prosperity of Oregon than in publishing Billingsgate to stimulate party prejudices and mislead the people—to the importance of taking immediate steps for concert of action in preparing to have the vast resources of this State—consisting of gold, silver, lead and copper; coal, iron, asphaltum and platinum; wool and flax of superior quality; ornamental wood that, for beauty of finish, defies competition; useful timber and productions of fluesties; wheat, flour, grain and grasses in their various stages of growth and maturing; our improved breeds of cattle, sheep, and horses; our roots and vegetables; our endless variety of fruits, not surpassed for size, beauty and flavor in any part of the world—properly placed on exhibition in Philadelphia at our approaching Centennial Celebration in 1876.

The magnitude of the labor of preparing and classifying the exhibit for our State, and securing thorough representation in the Exhibition, demands something more than what can be accomplished by two or three private individuals; and a thorough organization of all the industrial interests of the State, together with the legislative assistance, will be requisite to enable exhibitors in this grand show to make a creditable display of the vast natural wealth of the State of Oregon. To carry out this important object, it has been deemed necessary to perfect an organization known as the State Board of Centennial Managers for the State of Oregon. On this Board will devolve the responsibility of organizing sub-committees in each county and securing a thorough representation of all the industrial resources of this State in the Exhibition.—On this Board of Managers will devolve the care of the interests of its own State and of its citizens in matters relating to the Exhibition. The Board will apportion the space placed at its disposal among the exhibitors of this State; receive and pronounce upon application for space; issue invitations; disseminate information; and supervise such other details relating to the representation of its citizens as may from time to time be delegated to it by the United States Centennial Commission. Full diagrams of the buildings and grounds will be furnished the State Board, showing the location and area assigned to each State and Territory in the Exhibition buildings, on or before the 4th of July next.

On the 4th of July next to provide for the expenses of transportation, packing and unpacking our exhibition articles from their own State, but the Commission have been assured that liberal reductions in rates for transportation will be made on railroads and water-lines in the United States. No State or exhibitor will be charged for space on the grounds or in the buildings. Before the 1st of October, 1874, the State Board will have to furnish the Director General with detailed plans of their allotted space, showing the space of each single object to be exhibited, and also with a list of the exhibitors, and all other information necessary for the preparation of an official catalogue.—State Boards, or individual exhibitors or such agents as they may designate, will be responsible for receiving, unpacking and arranging all articles, as well as for their removal at the close of the exhibition. But no person will be permitted to act as such agent until he can give the Director General evidence of his having been approved by the proper State Board. All information to citizens of this State who wish to attend or exhibit in this great national show, will be furnished through the Centennial State Board of Managers, and all applications for space must be made to the Director General through this Board. The State Board for Oregon will consist of His Excellency E. F. Grover, of Salem; S. G. Reed, Esq., of Portland; Rev. E. R. Guary, of Albany; Hon. Jesse Applegate, of Yonahda; Joseph Beasley, Esq., of The Dalles, with the Commissioner and Commissioner Alternate, who will personally organize at an early day, and make all possible arrangements for seeing that Oregon is not behind any other State in the Union in this grand national show.

It is sincerely hoped that the periodicals of this State will take a lively interest in