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Chapped Hands and Face, Sore Lips, Dryness of the Skin, etc., etc.

State Rights Democrat.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Rate, and other details. Includes rates for 1 week, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, and 1 year.

A STEAMBOAT RACE.

At night the boat forged on through the deep solitudes of the river, hardly ever discovering a light to testify to a human presence—mile after mile, league after league, the vast bends were guarded by unbroken walls of forest that had never been disturbed by the voice or footfall of a man, or felt the edge of his sacrilegious ax.

They sat themselves down on a bench and looked miles ahead, and saw the wooded capes fold back and reveal the bends beyond; and they looked miles to the rear and saw the silver highway diminish its breadth by degrees and close itself together in the distance. Presently the pilot said:

"By George, yonder comes the Amaranth!" A spark appeared close to the water, several miles down the river. The pilot took his glass and looked at it steadily for a moment, and said, chiefly to himself:

"It can't be the Blue Wing. She couldn't pick up this way. It's the Amaranth, sure." He bent over a speaking tube and said:

"Who's on watch there?" A hollow, unhuman voice rumbled up through the tube in answer: "I am. Second engineer."

"Good! You want to stir your stumps, now, Harry—the Amaranth's just turned the point, and she's just a-humping herself, too!" The pilot took hold of a rope that stretched out forward, jerked it twice, and two mellow strokes of the big bell responded. A voice out on the deck shouted:

"Stand by, down there, with that larboard lead!" "No; I don't want the lead," said the pilot, "I'll win you. Roast out the old man—tell him the Amaranth's coming. And go and call Jim—tell him."

the false point below Boardman's Island, this morning?" "Water just touching the roots." "Well, it's pretty close work. That gives six feet more in the head of Murderer's Chute. We can just barely run through it if we hit exactly right. But it's worth trying for. She don't dare tackle it!"—meaning the Amaranth.

In another instant the Boresas plunged into what seemed a crooked creek, and the Amaranth's approaching lights were shut out in a moment. Not a whisper was uttered now, but the three men stared ahead in the shadows, and two of them spun the wheel back and forth with anxious watchfulness, while the steamer toiled along. The chute seemed to come to an end every fifty yards, but always opened out in time. Now the head of it was at hand. George tapped the big bell three times; two lead-panels sprang to their posts, and in a moment their weird cries rose on the night air, and were caught up and repeated by two men on the upper deck:

"No-o bottom!" "D-e-e-p four!" "Half three!" "Quarter three!" "Mark under wa-ter three!" "Quarter twain!"

Davis pulled a couple of ropes—there was a jingling of small bells far below, the boat's speed slackened, and the pent steam began to whistle and the gauge-cocks scream.

"By the mark twain!" "Quarter-her-er-less twain." "Eight and a half!" "Eight feet!" "Seven-and-a-half!"

Another jingling of little bells and the wheels ceased turning altogether. The whistling of the steam was something frightful now—it almost drowned all other noises.

"Stand by to meet her!" George bid the wheel hand down, and was standing on the spoke. "All ready!" The boat hesitated—seemed to hold her breath, as did the Captain and pilots—and then she began to fall away to starboard, and every one lighted.

"No, then!—meet her! meet her! Snatch her!" The wheel flew to port so fast that the spokes blended into a spider web—the swing of the boat subsided—she steered herself—

And now a new horror presented itself. The wreck took fire from the dismantled furnaces! Never did men work with a heartier will than did these stalwart braves with the axes. But it was of no use. The fire die its way steadily, despising the bucket brigade that fought it. It scorched the clothes, it singed the hair of the axemen—it drove them back foot by foot—inch by inch they wavered, struck a fatal blow in the teeth of the enemy, and surrendered. And as they fell back they heard pained voices saying:

"Don't leave us! Don't desert us! Don't, don't do it!" "I am Henry Worley, striker of the Amaranth. My mother lives in St. Louis. Tell her I lie for a poor devil's sake, please. Say I was killed in an instant and never knew what hurt me—though God knows I've neither scratch nor bruise this moment! It's hard to burn up in a crop like this with the whole wide world so near. Good bye, boys—we've all got to come to it at last, anyway!"

The Boresas stood away out of danger, and the ruined steamer went drifting down the stream an island of wreatheing and climbing flame that vomited clouds of smoke from time to time, and glared more fiercely and the luminous tongues higher and higher after each emission. A shriek at intervals told of a captive that had met his doom. The wreck lodged upon a sand-bar, and when the Boresas turned the next point on her upward journey, it was still burning with scarcely abated fury.

When the boys came down into the main saloon of the Boresas they saw a pitiful sight, and heard a world of pitiful sounds. Eleven poor creatures lay dead, and forty more lay moaning, or pleading or screaming, while a score of Good Samaritans moved among them doing what they could to relieve their sufferings; bathing their skinned faces and bodies with linned oil and lime-water, and covering the places with bulging masses of raw cotton that gave every face and form a dreadful and inhuman aspect.

A little way off French a middle-aged man lay fearfully injured, but never uttered a sound till a physician of Memphis was about to dress his hurts.

"Can I get well? You need not be afraid to tell me." "No—I am afraid you cannot." "Then do not waste your time with me—help those that can get well." "But—"

"Help those that can get well! It is not for me to be a girl. I carry the blood of eleven generations of soldiers in my veins!" The physician himself a man who had seen service in the navy in his time—bounced his hat to this little hero and passed on.

The head of the Amaranth, a slender specimen of physical manhood, struggled to his feet a ghastly spectacle, and strode toward his brother, the second engineer, who was unhurt. He said:

There is a vast deal of pretense at Washington on the subject of retrenchment. The departments are going through the motions of cutting off some of the monstrous excesses, and diminishing estimates that were purposely exaggerated. Members of the Committee of Ways and Means are using the telegraph to fool the country with a pretended zeal in the same direction. This whole business is a sham from beginning to end. No earnest disposition has been shown either by the Administration or by Congress to bring down the expenditures to a real peace basis. The cost of carrying on the Government has multiplied in the ratio of seven for one when compared with the increase of population during the last decade.

Extravagance, corruption and prodigality are the causes of this extraordinary increase. Abuse has grown into accepted usage that were never tolerated until the advent of Grantism. Offices have been created merely to reward partisans. The contingent funds of every cabinet officer and all the heads of bureaus have been converted into a source of personal profit by which their compensation is largely increased.

Deception is habitually practiced in the estimates sent to Congress. The Secretary of the Navy obtains millions under the disguise of necessary "repairs," and applies this fund to building new ships. The naval committees are "seen," and they connive at a barefaced fraud.

The Indians are decreasing in number every year, yet the appropriations augment in the subject of their decline. Ever the hollow pretext of a Christian policy, the outgrowth of Christian statesmanship, eight millions were expended for this service during the last fiscal year, and a million more is demanded for deficiencies. In other words, nine millions against two millions eight hundred thousand in 1861, when the Indians were almost doubly as strong as they are now. While the Indian Bureau is connected with the Interior or Department, and that continues to be presided over by Columbus Delano, these expenses will grow as they have grown under a system of plunder and swindling, by which an infamous ring is enriched, the Indians are cheated and the Treasury is plundered.

Where reform of these and other flagrant outrages is proposed, Garfield, at the head of the appropriations, answers that they are authorized by law. That is to say, an amendment is cunningly attached to some bill this year at the close of the session, by which a permanent outlay is incurred, an office established, or a service enlarged, without the discussion or the knowledge of Congress. Next year it is added to the regular estimates, and if a careful member objects to the new item, Garfield rises and reads him a lecture, saying that the money is only asked to carry out a law.

And so it goes on year by year until millions are voted to every supply bill, which are nothing but gross frauds. This cannot be done without collusion, and it is no secret in Washington that the important chairmanships in the Senate and House of Representatives are sought for the opportunities which they afford of making money. In this way the appropriations are constantly kept swelling, until the present proportions have been reached.

Special and class interests, which are protected by vicious and corrupt legislators, join hands with the professional plunderers, to put up the expenses to the highest point, without regard to the public interest. While this system is permitted to continue, their revenues are augmented and their monopolies more firmly fixed. So that the country is not only taxed directly for the tens of millions which are thus stolen and squandered, but is also made to pay tribute to these monopolies, who buy any legislation they need at Washington.

To temper with this condition of things by reducing some of the most notorious extravagances would be like treating a deadly cancer with court plaster. There is but one remedy, and that is to strike at the root of the evil. The plain duty of Congress, at least of those members who are earnest about reform, is to fix a limit upon the public service, and explain plainly to the Executive and the departments, that they must live within this prescribed sum, and that no deficiencies will be tolerated. That is the only method of certain retrenchment. If the President had been at all inclined to stay the abuses, he could have done much by his order to that effect and by his own supervision. He had more power to reform the civil services by example and exaction than all the laws that could be passed in any Congress. But he has no disposition to do one or the other. In fact the whole of his official and personal influence has been thrown on the side of extravagance and in favor of venal rings. He is responsible for his own doings, for the most insulting appointments, and for the protection of rogues who have plundered the treasury. It remains to be seen if Congress will end as it has begun, in shame.—Courier Journal.

Does she? What of it? Is it a disgrace to her? Is she the less a true woman, less worthy of respect than she who sits in silk and satin, and is vain of fingers which never know labor? We heard this sneer a few days ago, and the tone in which it was uttered has been a nuisance ever since. It betokens a narrow, selfish, ignoble mind, better fit for any place than a Democratic country, whose institutions rest on honorable labor as one of the chief corner stones. It evinces a false idea of the true basis of society, of true womanhood, of genuine nobility—it shows the detestable spirit of caste, of rank, which a certain class among us are striving to establish—a caste whose sole foundation is money, and is the meanest kind of rank known to civilization. Mind, manners, morals, and all that enter into a grand character, are of no account in these social snobs, position in their stilted ranks is bought with gold, and each additional dollar is another round in the ladder by which elevation is gained.

In fact, it is more dishonorable for the merchant's wife to do her work, than for the merchant to do his; for her to look after her house, than for her to look after her store? Or is a woman nothing only to be tickled with a feather and pleased with a straw? It seems to be the highest ambition in some circles to be, or profess to be, not only "above" work, but even "ignorant" of how work is to be done; and if the table is poorly spread, if the housekeeper is at sixes and sevens, the "help" receives imaledictions without stint, but the "lady" takes none of the responsibility upon herself. She looks into the kitchen—she knows how bread should be made, or a steak broiled—she knows when the flour is out, or the sugar in? Absurd! "Help" may be bad enough, but what interest can the girl in the kitchen feel in the household economy, if the lady in the parlor has none? If the mistress neglects all domestic duties, will the maid be thoroughly conscientious? Will the husband's business go on well if he neglects it? And why should that of the wife prosper under lack of responsibility?

An aristocracy of wealth is the most insupportable, the silliest of any social distinction, and yet it is that which many of our citizens, many of our otherwise sensible young people are fostering and trying to establish. It is quite too fashionable to sneer at labor, and to give the cold shoulder to those who are not ashamed to do their own work, or whose circumstances compel them to do it. If we are to have aristocracy at all, let it be one of brains and character, and not of purse and dancing school politeness. When that happy day shall dawn, when the true woman and the true man are in their proper position in the social world, in the highest scale will be thousands, who know how to work, and who are willing to work, while the brainless and purposeful snobs of both sexes will sink by the weight of their own coppers.

If a man or a woman, a "gentleman" or a "lady," is able to live without actual manual labor, let them be thankful; it is a pleasant position to occupy; but to be reclaimed of the knowledge sufficient to manage the shop or the kitchen, the store or the house, to be ashamed to work, and to sneer at those who do work—this is evil, and only evil, and to-day is an abomination in our best society. Vain woman, was your mother ashamed of work, and are you ashamed of her that she did work? And your man in side and clover, did your father get his competency on which you live, by idleness? We honor the woman who, when necessary, "does her own work," and despise those who "sneer."—Watchman and Reflector.

A PROPHECY OF SCIENCE. Professor Winchell, in a recent lecture at the Cooper Institute, New York, entitled, "Glimpses of the Future," argued that "the final of this world and of all the planets, as foreshadowed by the results of scientific research, would be to be precipitated into the sun. The returning periods of the comets are growing shorter; they always come back a little too soon. The earth is about twenty years and drawing nearer to the sun. All the planets are plowing their way through a resisting medium, and many years ago it began to be calculated what would be the end of that resistance. It is well demonstrated that the light from the sun is propagated in the form of undulations. The light of each star has trembled along its path on the wings of ether in some cases for 700,000 years! Through the resistance of this exceedingly tenuous fluid, all the planets of our solar system are destined to be precipitated into the sun and become one totally refrigerated mass." We guess not.

A young man in Ind. sues his father for lapsed money, which the father claims was his own property. The father's counsel, in summing up the case of his client, remarked: "Twice has this prodigal returned to his father's house; twice has he been received with open arms; twice for him has the fatted calf been killed; and now he comes back and wants the old cow."

When boss Tweed's occupation was asked by the penitentiary officials he correctly replied, "statesman" for isn't he the State's man for the next twelve years?

Cook county Ill., is about completing a jail and court-house at Chicago, and the remarkable thing about it is that it will cost \$50,000 less than the original estimate, \$520,000.

Most every one loves to listen to a slander, but there isn't but plover but what despise the author of it. What a heartless world this would be if there was no tears in it. Wizenmen are never surprised, while phools are always wondering at every thing that happens. I meet a grate many men whoze talk is like a bunch of fire crackers when they are first touched off, full of pop for a funnits, and then all is over. Without munny, without friends, and without impudence, is about as low down in this world as enny man kan get, and keep virtuous. Beware of the man who is always ready to swop old friends for new ones. The dog that will phollow everybody, ain't worth kuss. When I pla whet I always like a phool for a partner, for they do hold such good lands. There is nothing that a man is so certain or ax he is ov what he sees, and yet there is nothing after all that deceives him oftner. I hav had people set down bi mid side and konfessionally undertake to explain sum thing to me or grate impotence, and after talking 34 minnits bi the watch, I not only didn't know what they had been trying to tell, but had forgot a good deal that I knew before. There is but little that is new under the sun, and what is aint good for much. One of the most perfek viktorys you kan achieve over enny man is to beat him in politeness. The rarest artikle quoted in market just now is good common sense. Yung man yu had better be honest than cunning, and it is hard work to be both. After a man has passed thoo or 57 about all he kan find to talk about and to brag on is that he has got more pains and akes than enny ov the rest of his nabors. I kant tell exactly what's the matter ov me, but I am always just a leetle shy of the woman who wears her hair cut short. The world at large judge ov us bi our success. It ought to kure the pride ov enny man when he reflects that there aint no one living but what owes more to the world than the world owes to him. To be familiar with every one and preserve vury respect, and their esteem, is an evidence of the most remarkable talents. The grate mistake that munny people make is to think that they was made before the world was instead of since.

SAMHO'S TAX RECEIPT. A negro living in a neighboring county, having been fortunate enough to accumulate considerable of this world's goods, desired, as all loyal subjects should, to pay tax on the same. It being a new business to him, he did not know there was a proper officer for receiving tax, and concluded all that was necessary was to find a man with a white skin. Consequently he hailed the first white man he met with, "say, boss, I want to pay my tax; must I gib it to you?" On being told that it would be received by the comprehending white gentleman, the negro gave him \$25, and asked if that was enough. "I suppose it is," said the white man. "Boss, gin me showin' for dat," said the negro. "Ain't the wife of the white man over at work, and he soon handed the negro a slip of paper with the inscription: "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted twenty-five dollars out of this d-n negro's pocket." Not long after this the negro met the tax collector proper. "Done paid it, boss, and here's de receipt," at the same time handing the piece of paper to the officer. He read: "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted twenty-five dollars out of this d-n negro's pocket." "Hold on, boss, you have read um wrong," ejaculated the astonished darkey, as he snatched the paper and carried it to another man who began to read, "As Moses lifted—" Here he was interrupted by the negro, who exclaimed: "Look-a-yar; just gin me dat paper, I'm gwine to lift dat white man out'n his boots, 'fore God I is." With this he left, and not having been heard of since, it is supposed he is still looking for the man to whom he paid his tax.—Dimeson, Ga., Journal.

The editor of the Louisiana, Mo. Press, in relating what he knows about farming, touches up the hog question in this style: "To make Berkshire pigs out of your harel splitters, select a cool day, stand them on their hams, tied to a sapling, and drive their noses back into their shoulders, leaving about an inch protruding. If you look at the agricultural papers, you will see that all blooded hogs are fixed that way. If you have any whose noses are longer than the rest of the body, better sell them to an artesian well company for drills, as you cannot drive the nose back without telescoping the whole pig. When you cut up hogs, leave the ham square, leave some hair too, salt everlastingly, and they will be worth several cents less per pound than when trimmed and cured so that a Christian can eat them."

Although he has been postmaster of a town in Iowa for thirteen years, and his name is John Thief, his accounts are invariably correct.

An English Judge has decided that thread manufacturers who mark "200 yards" on spools having but 150 yards are guilty of no offense if they ship the spools to America. Can't we ship them another load of woolen hams and nutmegs?

Dog fighting has been prohibited throughout Japan, and the transgressors in this respect are to be fined and the dogs will be killed.

Business notices in the Local Columns cost per line, each insertion. For legal and transient advertisements per square of 12 lines, for the first week, and 91 per square for each subsequent insertion.

SCISSORING. An obituary notice in a Western paper contained the touching intelligence that the deceased "accumulated a little money and ten children."

In 1863 Massachusetts had 1,186 miles of railroad, and Kansas has nearly 2,000 miles. A Chicago man wrote to Agassiz that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and when Adams wrote for it the paper said it was the apple of his eye.

A Maine woman ate four quarts of oysters at one sitting, the other day won \$100 by so doing, after deducting her burial expenses (\$85), left her \$15 to commence the next world with. "Is it a sin, non pere," said a bold to her confessor, "to listen to men who say I am handsome?" "Certainly, 'non enfant," replied the abbot, "you ought never to encourage insincerity."

This manifesto was recently posted in the streets of a Down East town: "To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have failed; my creditors may go and hang themselves. Ws. Roy." Tommy cut his finger with the long bidden jack-knife, and was told by his sympathetic old nurse: "Never mind," "Bad physic," says Tommy, "it would have been better if I had minded."

A dry-witted soldier of the Tenth Vermont regiment, during the war, was heard to pray when the bullets were falling in showers about him, as follows: "Oh, Lord make me as this as a knife!" Bailey, of Danbury Vt., expatiated some remarks in a prayer meeting recently, by saying solemnly: "I would not live always; yet when I get pretty sick, I always send for the doctor."

Life is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must endeavor our pattern as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another. Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest mind. The poorest one is rescued from the hottest furnace; and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

A young lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "moment of question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life, as in grammar, we always decline before we conjugate." The scientific world, which has lately been excited over the reported discovery of a balloon in a tree in the remote part of Northern Africa, is now set at rest by the announcement that the article found was a baboon.

An Indiana man stole a lawyer's tombstone and had a beer counter made of it, and the justice refused to try him for larceny, holding that the lawyer could be found at the last day, even if his grave is hidden under a six-story building. A TRUE LADY. A Washington correspondent, in speaking of Washington society, says: "In a family where death is entered since the year 1873 dawned, there was a reception. It was held by Mrs. Sprague, daughter of the late Chief Justice and wife of the Senator from Rhode Island. The reception was an informal one—that is, the lady extended no invitations, but saw those who called. To say that it was not announced in the papers would be superfluous. The press has yet to find the 'Sesame' of those aristocratic doers. Ever since the days when, as Katherine Chase, this beautiful woman, then a lovely girl, was presented to Washington society, she has been in a measure its ruler and its idol. Others have risen, and shone, and set; but her brightness wanes not. Imagine a woman rather above than below the medium height, slender, and most exquisitely graceful. Her small, perfectly-shaped head sets proudly on a long swan like neck, and whatever fashion may decree—be it topknot, puffs, or ponderous braids—nothing but a simple coil of her own golden brown hair is ever worn by her. The contour of brow, cheek, and chin is faultless; her mouth good; her complexion clear and fair. In her eyes is her chief charm—long, Egyptian eyes, over which the dark-tinted lids are, drop so languidly, so heavily, so sadly sometimes, that the same beauty gleams almost black. Her nose—ah, well! what sort of a nose should such a woman have? See her as she passes down her broad steps, trained by good breeding into a semblance as cold as the stone under her high-arched foot; haughty, if not active a creature, scarcely youching a glance to the footman who stands obsequious by the carriage door, and as she turns from the luxurious recess to give her orders, you see her profile; you see that it ought to be classic; you see that it isn't classic, because the nose is neither Grecian, Roman, nor even Anglo-Saxon. But I began with her New Year's reception. All the profane and vulgar glare of day was shut out. A subdued light of waxen tapers illuminated rooms whose air was redolent with a faint, delicious fragrance of rose flowers. And em-bowered fifty in this delicate loveliness as cold, without jewel or lace, robed in a marvelous garment of snow-white cashmere, clasped around her throat, and falling unbelieved to her feet.