

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT
OLDEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN OREGON.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
MARTIN V. BROWN.
OFFICE IN FARRIS'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.
TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, \$3; Six months, \$2; Three months, \$1; One month, 50 cents; Single Copies, 12 1/2 cents.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. IX.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1874.

NO. 28

Year	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
1 Year	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
3 Mos.	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75
1 Mo.	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25
1 Day	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05
1 Week	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35
1 Month	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
3 Months	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50
6 Months	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50	4.50
1 Year	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
10 Days	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50
1 Week	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35	.35
1 Day	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must give the name of the writer or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. GUNSKY,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Has opened a first-class tailor shop in Albany, and is now making custom-made suits, coats, etc., in the latest styles.
F. A. CHAMBERLAIN, 1. S. WHITE, Corvallis, This Co.

CHENOWETH & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
Office at the Court House, v627

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
AND Notary Public.
Special attention given to collections.
Office—Up stairs in Parrish's Block, Albany, Oregon, v423M.

JONES & HILL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS
ALBANY, OREGON.

S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in the Court House, v627

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER
AT REASONABLE PRICES AT
HENRY PLINDT'S SHOP,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Work warranted to give satisfaction, v4

W. C. TWEDDALE,
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 in every public house.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, one door west of Wells' grocery store. Residence at the late residence of John M. Randall, near the site of the Court House, Albany, Oregon, v423M.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, between Ferry and Broadway. Residence on Third street, v423M.

J. W. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts in the State, and in the Federal District of Oregon, and in the United States District and Circuit Courts of Oregon, and in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Oregon, v423M.

DR. E. O. SMITH,
DENTIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—Opposite corner of Chamber's Bank, v423M.

GEO. R. HELM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON, Nov. 11, 1873.

HARRIS & BOUGHTON,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, over A. Carothers' drug store. Dr. Harris' residence on Fourth street, near the residence of Mr. T. W. Harris, v423M.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
CORNER FRONT AND WASHINGTON STS.,
ALBANY, OREGON.
This house is the most commodious in the city. Table supplied with the best market produce. Free rooms to the public, and for transient guests. Office of Commercial and Stage Company, v423M.

G. F. SETTLEMIER,
Druggist and Apothecary!
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS,
Paints, Window Glass, Pyroxylics, Liquors,
Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.
All at low and Drugs in our line warranted to be the best quality.
First street, Post Office building, Albany, v423M.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of the bathhouse, and is now opening to the public, and paying particular attention to business, expects to call all those who may favor him with their patronage.
First-class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he wishes to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBBER, v423M.

DR. G. W. GRAY,
DENTIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE IN FARRIS'S BLOCK, CORNER OF FIRST AND FERRY STREETS, ALBANY, OREGON, v423M.

**Chapped Hands and Feet,
Sore Lips, Dryness of the Skin,
&c., &c.,**
Cured at once by **BEHRMAN'S CAMPHOR OINTMENT** (G. W. GRAY'S). To keep the hands soft in all weather, wash with **DR. MAN'S**. Sold by all Druggists, 25¢ a tin. Manufactured only by **BEHRMAN & CO.**, Chemists and Druggists, New York. 1874, v423M.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

It was nearly 3 o'clock on a hot Summer's day; the long polished counters of our bank, the Royal Domestic Bank, were crowded with customers—money was flowing in and running out in the usual business-like manner. From a raised desk in my private room, I, the manager of the Royal Domestic Bank, looked out on the busy scene with a certain pride and pleasure. The Royal Domestic is not a long-established institution, and, without vanity, I may say that much of its prosperity and success is attributable to the zeal and experience of its manager. In corroboration of this statement, I might refer to the last printed report of the Directors, laid before the shareholders at their annual meeting, in which they are pleased to say—But after all, perhaps I may be thought guilty of undue egotism and conceit, if I repeat the flattering terms in which they speak of me.

A clerk put his head inside my door. "Mr. Thrapstow, sir, to speak to you."

"Send him in, Roberts," I said. Charles Thrapstow I had known from boyhood; we had both been reared in the same country town. The fact that his parents were of considerably higher social status than mine perhaps made our subsequent intimacy all the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set a value upon his good opinion greater than its intrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stockholder, a very clever, pushing fellow, who had the reputation of possessing an excellent judgment and a great good luck. At my request he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account; he always kept a fair balance, and the cashier had never to look twice at his checks.

Charlie, like everybody else in business, occasionally wanted money. I had let him have advances at various times, of course amply covered by securities, advances which were always promptly repaid, and the security redeemed. At this time he had five thousand pounds of ours, to secure which we held city of Damascus water company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand. My Directors rather demurred to these bonds at being somewhat speculative in nature; but as I represented that the company was highly respectable, and its shares well quoted in the market, and that I had full confidence in our customer, our people sanctioned the advance. I had perhaps a little uneasy feeling myself about these bonds, for they were not everybody's money, and there might have been some little difficulty in finding a customer for them in case of the necessity for a sudden sale.

Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good-looking fellow, with a fair beard and mustache, bright eyes of blue hazel, a nose tilted upward, giving him a saucy, roguish air. He was always well dressed, the slightest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his tight trousers and gloves, the glossiest of blue frockcoats, a neat light dust coat over it, a blue bird's-eye scarf around his throat, in which was thrust a massive pin, containing a fine topaz, full of luster, and yellow as beaten gold.

"Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds waiting at my office; will you sell 'em to me?" he said, and I felt really pleased, not only for Thrapstow's sake, but because I should be glad to get rid of the bonds, and the Directors' struggles whenever they were mentioned.

"Hand 'em over, old fellow," said Charlie, "and I'll bring you Billings' check up in five minutes. You won't have closed by then; or if you have, I'll come in at the private door."

I went to the safe and put my hand upon the bonds. Charles looked so frank and free, holding out his hand for the bonds, that I didn't let the heart to say to him, as I ought to have done, "Bring your customer here and let him settle for the bonds, and then I will hand them over." I should have said this to anybody else, but somehow I couldn't say it to Charlie. There would only be five minutes' risk, and surely that was no risk at all.

The thing was done in a moment; I was carried away by Thrapstow's irresistible manner. I handed over the bonds, and Charlie was off like a shot. I waited seven minutes to three, and sat watching the hands of the clock in a little tremor, despite my full confidence in Thrapstow; but then I had so thorough a knowledge of all the rules of banking that I couldn't help feeling that I had done wrong. A few minutes, however, would set it right. Charlie's white hat and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

Just a minute to three the cashier brought me three checks, with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's checks, for £1,500, £1,200 and £300 each respectively, and his balance was only £500 odd.

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the Cashier.

When he went out I sat in my chair quite still for a few minutes, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me. Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was one chance—he might have given the checks in the confidence of selling these bonds, and placing the balance to his account.

In due course these checks, which were crossed, would have been brought to my clearing-house, and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the checks to be demanded out of the course.

The clock had struck 3. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a clang. I could endure the suspense no longer. Telling the bank porter that, if Mr. Thrapstow came, he was to be admitted at the private door and was to be detained in my room till I returned, I went out and made my way to his office, which was only a few yards distant. He wasn't there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, knew nothing about him. He was in Chapel court, perhaps—anywhere he didn't know. Had he been in within the last half hour? Well, no; the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office was a lie.

With a heavy heart, I went back to the bank. No; Mr. Thrapstow hadn't been in, the porter said. I took a cab and went off to the office of Mr. Gredgeman, the solicitor to the bank. I told him in confidence what had happened, and asked his advice. "Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow for stealing the bonds?"

"Upon my word," said Gredgeman, "I don't think you can make a criminal matter of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned the possession of the bonds voluntarily. No; I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a bankruptcy of him, and then you can pursue him, as having fraudulently carried his assets."

But that advice was no good to me. I thought I was wrong in taking it. I ought to have gone straight off to the police office, and put the affair into the hands of the detectives. Dignified men of law like Gredgeman, always find a dozen reasons for inaction, except in matters that bring grist to their own mill.

I went home completely disheartened and dejected. How could I face my Directors with such a story as that I had told? The only excuse that I could urge, of private friendship and confidence in the man who had robbed us, would make the matter only the worse. Clearly, at the same time that I told the circumstances to the Directors, I should be bound to place my resignation in their hands; to be put into force if they thought fit. And there would be little doubt but that they would accept it. How, damaging, too, the story would be to me when I tried to obtain another appointment.

I had promised to take my wife and children for an excursion down the river as soon as the bank closed, and the youngsters eagerly reminded me of my promise. I replied so vaguely and indistinctly that the children made off in tears; my wife, coming to see what was the matter, fired little rebuffs. I must have had a stroke or something, she told me, and brought bandages and can de cologne.

I flung them away in a rage and went out of the house. I must be doing something, I felt, and I hailed a cab and drove to Thrapstow's lodgings.

Mr. Thrapstow wasn't coming home that night, his landlady told me; she thought he was away for a little jaunt; but she didn't know. He occupied the ground floor of a small house in Ezeleford street, Edinburgh, two rooms opening into each other. I told the woman that I would sit down and write a letter. She knew me well enough, as I had frequently visited Thrapstow, and she left me to myself. Then I began to overhaul everything, to try to find out some clue to his whereabouts. A few letters were on the chimney piece; they were only circulars for tradesmen. In the fireplace was a considerable quantity of charred tinder. He had evidently been burning papers recently, and a quantity of them. I turned the tinder carefully over, spreading it out upon a newspaper. I found nothing legible except one little scrap of paper, which the fire had not altogether reduced to powder, on which I saw the name Isabel shining with metallic luster.

Then I went to the bedroom and searched that. Here, too, were evident preparations for flight; coats and other garments thrown hastily into cardboard boxes turned out, an old glove or two lying upon the dressing-table. I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were left in all the receptacles, an instance of Charlie's thoughtfulness for others in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the washstand was a card, which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet, as if it had been soaked in water, and near the upper end of it was a round, irregular cut, which did not penetrate the card. It had evidently once had a photograph fastened on it; accordingly, the card had been wetted, to facilitate the removal of the photograph and had evidently been cut out, in order to put it in a pocket, or something similar, had and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

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In due course these checks, which were crossed, would have been brought to my clearing-house, and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the checks to be demanded out of the course.

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Mr. Thrapstow wasn't coming home that night, his landlady told me; she thought he was away for a little jaunt; but she didn't know. He occupied the ground floor of a small house in Ezeleford street, Edinburgh, two rooms opening into each other. I told the woman that I would sit down and write a letter. She knew me well enough, as I had frequently visited Thrapstow, and she left me to myself. Then I began to overhaul everything, to try to find out some clue to his whereabouts. A few letters were on the chimney piece; they were only circulars for tradesmen. In the fireplace was a considerable quantity of charred tinder. He had evidently been burning papers recently, and a quantity of them. I turned the tinder carefully over, spreading it out upon a newspaper. I found nothing legible except one little scrap of paper, which the fire had not altogether reduced to powder, on which I saw the name Isabel shining with metallic luster.

Then I went to the bedroom and searched that. Here, too, were evident preparations for flight; coats and other garments thrown hastily into cardboard boxes turned out, an old glove or two lying upon the dressing-table. I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were left in all the receptacles, an instance of Charlie's thoughtfulness for others in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the washstand was a card, which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet, as if it had been soaked in water, and near the upper end of it was a round, irregular cut, which did not penetrate the card. It had evidently once had a photograph fastened on it; accordingly, the card had been wetted, to facilitate the removal of the photograph and had evidently been cut out, in order to put it in a pocket, or something similar, had and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

Just a minute to three the cashier brought me three checks, with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's checks, for £1,500, £1,200 and £300 each respectively, and his balance was only £500 odd.

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the Cashier.

When he went out I sat in my chair quite still for a few minutes, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me. Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was one chance—he might have given the checks in the confidence of selling these bonds, and placing the balance to his account.

In due course these checks, which were crossed, would have been brought to my clearing-house, and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the checks to be demanded out of the course.

The clock had struck 3. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a clang. I could endure the suspense no longer. Telling the bank porter that, if Mr. Thrapstow came, he was to be admitted at the private door and was to be detained in my room till I returned, I went out and made my way to his office, which was only a few yards distant. He wasn't there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, knew nothing about him. He was in Chapel court, perhaps—anywhere he didn't know. Had he been in within the last half hour? Well, no; the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office was a lie.

With a heavy heart, I went back to the bank. No; Mr. Thrapstow hadn't been in, the porter said. I took a cab and went off to the office of Mr. Gredgeman, the solicitor to the bank. I told him in confidence what had happened, and asked his advice. "Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow for stealing the bonds?"

"Upon my word," said Gredgeman, "I don't think you can make a criminal matter of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned the possession of the bonds voluntarily. No;