

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT
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J. GUNSKY,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Has opened a first-class tailor shop in Albany,
and is ready to receive customers. He has
specialties made in the latest styles.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
Office at the Court House.

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PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS
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BOOTS MADE TO ORDER
AT REASONABLE PRICES AT
HENRY PLINDT'S SHOP,
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Work warranted to give satisfaction.

W. C. TWEDDALE,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Tobacco, Cigars and Yankoo Kettles,
ALBANY, OREGON.
I will strive to keep on hand the best of
everything in my line, and to meet public
demand.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, between Ferry and
Broadway. Residence on Third street.

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DENTIST,
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Building.

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OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.
Nov. 11, 1878.

HARRIS & BOUGHTON,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, over A. Carothers'
Drug Store. Dr. Harris' residence on Fourth street,
near the corner of Court House. Dr. Boughton's
residence on Fourth street, opposite Dr.
Tule's.

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
dainties. Free rooms to the public. Bath
rooms. Office of Corvallis Stage Company.

N. S. LUDWIG, PROPRIETOR.
This house is the most commodious in the
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G. F. SETTLEMIER,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY!
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS,
Paints, Window Glass, Pyrexide, Liquors,
Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.
All at low prices and in the best warranted
First street, Post Office building, Albany,
July 25, 1878.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vicin-
ity that he has taken charge of the bathhouse
located on the corner of Third and Broadway
streets, and by keeping clean and paying
particular attention to business, expects to call
upon those who favor him with their patronage.
Having heretofore carried on a bathhouse
First-class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he wishes to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut
and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER,
Proprietor.

DR. G. W. GRAY,
DENTIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE IN FARRIS'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.
Corner of First and Ferry streets. Office
hours from 8 to 10 o'clock A. M., and from 1 to 4
P. M. (Sundays) Outside Fifth and Ferry streets.

**Chapped Hands and Feet,
Sore Lips, Dryness of the Skin,**
&c., &c.,
Cured at once by **HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR
ICE WITH Glycerine.** To keep the hands
soft in all weather. Sent at you get **HEGEMAN'S**. Sold by all Druggists, 25¢ a box.
Manufactured only by **HEGEMAN & CO.** Chem-
ists and Druggists, New York. 1847, 1878.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. IX. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1874. NO. 28

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

It was nearly 3 o'clock on a hot
Summer's day; the long polished
counters of our bank, the Royal Dom-
estic Bank, were crowded with cus-
tomers—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 Dom-
estic is not a long-established insti-
tution, and without vanity, I may
say that much of its prosperity and
success is attributable to the zeal and
experience of its manager. In cor-
roboration 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 con-
siderably 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 in-
trinsic 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 lent him advances at various
times, of course amply covered
by securities, advances which were
always promptly repaid, and the ac-
count redeemed. At this time he
had five thousand pounds of ours, to
secure which we held city of Demas-
cus 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 mar-
ket, and that I had full confidence in
our customer, our people sanctioned
me in my promise. I replied so
savagely and sternly that the children
made off in tears; my wife, coming
to see what was the matter, fired
little fire. I must have had a stroke
or something, she told me, and
brought bandages and can de col-
iques.

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, Em-
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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 clew to his whereabouts.—
A few letters were on the chimney
piece; they were only circulars for
freedom. In the fireplace was a
considerable quantity of charred tin-
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papers recently, and a quantity of
them. I turned the tinder carefully
over, spreading it out upon a news-
paper. I found nothing legible ex-
cept 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 evi-
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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 recep-
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fulness 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
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in water, and near the upper end of
it was a round, irregular cut, which
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had been wetted, to facilitate the re-
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dently been cut out, in order to put
it in a pocket, or something similar,
but it glittered and sparkled so
that I had an opportunity.

Just a minute to three the Cashier
brought me three checks, with a lit-
tle slip of paper attached. They were
Thrapstow's checks, for £1,500,
£1,200 and £300 and only £500 out,
and his balance was only £500 out.

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 confi-
dence of selling those 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
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He wasn't there. The clerk, a youth
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"Upon my word," said Gredge-
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No; I don't see how you can touch
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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 custom-
er 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 confi-
dence what had happened, and
asked his advice. "Could I get a
warrant against this Thrapstow for
stealing the bonds?"

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

But that advice was no good to me.
I think 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. Dis-
tinguished men of law like Gredgeman,
always find a dozen reasons for in-
action, except in matters that bring
grist to their own mill.

I went home completely disheart-
ened and dejected. How could I
face my Directors with such a story
as that I had told? The only ex-
cuse 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 circum-
stances 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 remem-
bered me of my promise. I replied so
savagely and sternly that the children
made off in tears; my wife, coming
to see what was the matter, fired
little fire. I must have had a stroke
or something, she told me, and
brought bandages and can de col-
iques.

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, Em-
ber, 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 clew to his whereabouts.—
A few letters were on the chimney
piece; they were only circulars for
freedom. In the fireplace was a
considerable quantity of charred tin-
der. He had evidently been burning
papers recently, and a quantity of
them. I turned the tinder carefully
over, spreading it out upon a news-
paper. I found nothing legible ex-
cept 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 evi-
dent 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 recep-
tacles, an instance of Charlie's thought-
fulness 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 re-
moval of the photograph and had evi-
dently been cut out, in order to put
it in a pocket, or something similar,
but it glittered and sparkled so
that I had an opportunity.

Just a minute to three the Cashier
brought me three checks, with a lit-
tle slip of paper attached. They were
Thrapstow's checks, for £1,500,
£1,200 and £300 and only £500 out,
and his balance was only £500 out.

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 confi-
dence of selling those bonds, and
placing the balance to his account.—
In due course these