

State Rights Democrat.

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MY DEAF AUNT'S DEAF LOVER.

BY ELLA M. HALLIFER.

"For mercy sake, Evelyn, do come to the window quick, and tell me who is this antiquated specimen of humanity that has stopped just outside the gate. Saint Jerome he is actually getting off his horse to come in; quick, Evelyn, who is he?"

"That," said Evelyn, coming near to the window, "why, Kitty, that is old Simon Hornet."

"And who, in the name of wonder, is old Simon Hornet?" I inquired.

"O, he's a wonder, and the very oldest mortal you ever saw. He lives just over the hill, in that little old fashioned red house that I pointed to you yesterday, when we were riding horseback."

"I should have guessed as much," I replied; "the house looks as though it was built some time before the flood, and old Simon Hornet, as you call him, looks comical enough to be father Noah himself. But what on earth can the droll old fellow be coming here after?"

"Ah, that's the funniest of it," laughed Evelyn. "You see, Kitty, he's lived there nearly twenty years, and never stepped his foot inside of our house till three months ago, and now he stops here almost every time he goes past on his way to town."

"For a long time we couldn't imagine what it meant, till all at once we discovered it's Aunt Sarah he's after."

"Aunt Sarah?" I exclaimed, perfectly astonished. "Aunt Sarah!" re-echoed Jane, and Rebecca, and Richard, and Harry, as they all rushed to the window to catch a view of the audacious personage who threatened to "molest the ancient solitary reign" of our venerable and highly respected aunt.

What that is, myself, and the said Richard, Harry, Rebecca and Jane—had just got home from school. We had been away nearly three months, and had, of course, on our return lots of news to learn about matters and things at home and in the neighborhood. But nothing we had heard had so completely astonished us as the fact of Aunt Sarah's having a lover.

Aunt Sarah had been a fixture in the family ever since my earliest remembrance. She was very tall and very straight, very eccentric and very deaf. She was moreover, extremely averse to all society except her own, which she seemed to enjoy vastly; for many a time I have watched her childish awe, as she would sit in her rocking-chair knitting, and all the while talking to herself as busily, (as uncle used to say) "as ten bumblebees in a pumpkin blossom."

Sometimes I used to ask her who she was talking to, but this enquiry always offended her, and as I was invariably sent down stairs as a punishment for my inquisitiveness, I soon learned the policy of repressing my curiosity.

Mr. Simon Hornet was also very tall and thin. We watched him with breathless interest, while he fastened his coral-colored wig to a tree outside of the fence, and then opening the gate proceeded with slow and solemn steps across the lawn to the side entrance.

Like old Grimes, "he wore a long blue coat all buttoned down before," with bright brass buttons. The bottom of his snuff-colored pants tucked carefully into his boots, and on his head he wore a "stove-pipe" hat, pitched back from his brow in such a manner as to bear a striking resemblance to a leaning chimney. He wore around his throat a white cravat, tied in front with a double bow-knot, and in his hand he carried a heavy whip, which, regardless of the heat, he applied to the door with thundering force.

"Come, Kitty, you must go to the door," said Evelyn; "for Margaret can never make him hear in the world."

"Not hear!" I exclaimed in amazement. "What, he isn't deaf, is he?"

"Yes, deaf as a post," laughed Evelyn. "But there, he's commenced knocking again! Run quick, Kitty, or he will batter the door down."

Away I flew, and in a moment I stood vis-a-vis with Aunt Sarah's nondescript aunt.

LOCAL OPTION LAW.

Full text of the Act known as the "Local Option Law," which passed both houses and has been approved by the Governor.

"It is entitled, 'An Act to permit the voters of every township or incorporated city in this State to vote on the question of granting license to sell intoxicating liquors.' The bill reads:

"Sec. 1. From and after the passage of this Act, whenever one-fourth the number of legal voters of any township, incorporated city, or town, shall petition the Board of Supervisors of such county wherein such township, incorporated city, or town is situated, to call a special election, to vote the 'Liquor License,' or 'No Liquor License,' the Board of Supervisors of the county receiving said petition, shall, within one month after said petition is filed with the Clerk of said Board, make proclamation for the holding of said election in the township, incorporated city, or town, as may be asked for in such petition.

"Sec. 2. The Board of Supervisors shall, by such proclamation, require an election to be held within such township, incorporated city, or town, as the case may be, on a day to be designated by such Board, and within thirty days from and after the day of issuance of said proclamation. Such proclamation shall be published in a newspaper printed in the township, city or town, in which said election is to be held, if there be one published therein, otherwise in a newspaper to be designated by such Board of Supervisors. Such a proclamation shall be published once a week for at least three weeks, previous to said election.

"Sec. 3. Said election shall be conducted and governed by the General Election Laws of this State, so far as the same are applicable thereto, provided that copies of the Great Register need not be used, and Section 1,056 of the Political Code, shall not apply to or affect such elections. (Concerning proclamations by the Supervisors.)

"Sec. 4. The tickets to be voted at such election shall contain the words, 'For License' or 'Against License.' If a majority of the votes cast at such election 'For License' or 'Against License,' then it shall not be lawful for any Court, Board, or officer to issue any license for the sale of any spirituous, vinous, malt, or other intoxicating liquors in said township, city or town, wherein said election has been held, at any time after the determination of the result of said election, provided that nothing contained in the provisions of the Act shall prevent the issuing of license to druggists for the sale of liquors for medicinal and manufacturing purposes.

"Sec. 5. The Board of Supervisors shall meet as a Board within ten days after any such election, for the purpose of canvassing the returns and determining the result.

"Sec. 6. If at any such election the majority of votes cast 'For License' or 'Against License,' shall be in favor of the latter, then from and after the result of said election shall have been determined by the Board of Supervisors, it shall be unlawful for any person to sell or dispose of any spirituous, vinous, malt or other intoxicating liquors in such township, city or town, at any time thereafter, until an election, as above provided, a majority shall vote in favor of such license.

"Sec. 7. No election shall be held under this Act oftener than once in two years.

"Sec. 8. Any person who shall sell, give, or offer to sell or give, any spirituous, vinous, malt, or other intoxicating liquors, in quantities less than five gallons, within any township, incorporated city or town, contrary to the provisions of this Act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and for every such offense shall pay a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars for the first offense, and not less than one hundred dollars for each subsequent offense, and not less than one hundred dollars for each subsequent offense, and not less than one hundred dollars for each subsequent offense, and not less than one hundred dollars for each subsequent offense.

"Sec. 9. All fines collected under this Act shall be paid into the County School Fund of the county wherein collected.

"Sec. 10. It shall be the duty of the County Judge to call the attention of every Grand Jury to the provisions of this Act.

"Sec. 11. This Act shall take effect immediately."

SEES THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.—"There is an old goat owned on Lewis street which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last Fourth of July they discovered that if they stuck a fire cracker in the end of a cane and held it at the mouth of the goat, and then threw the cane, and he would lower his head and go for them, and they have practiced the trick so much that the goat will tackle any human being who points a stick at him. Yesterday noon he was looting on the corner of third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen pointed his cane just to the left of the goat and said: 'That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town.' The goat had been eyeing the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen on the bell. The man went over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated better kegs and abandoned hoop-skirts, and the goat turned a summer's end the other way, while the citizens threw stones at a boy seated on a door step, who was laughing tears as big as chestnuts, and crying out, 'Oh, it's nuff to kill a feller.'"

The ways of women—anywhere from ninety to two hundred pounds.

LETTER FROM ARTHUR FABIE, ESQ.

PORTLAND, APRIL 28, 1874.
EDITOR NEWS: When Gov. Grover spoke in the Oro Fino Theater last, as is well known, I arose in the audience and, as an old Democrat, requested the privilege of asking certain questions. My object in asking said questions was not to cast blame on the Governor for his previous action in regard to the Police bill, nor to injure his prospects for re-election, but to give him a chance to explain his present views on a subject that very deeply affects the opinions of a great many Democrats in this city beside myself.

At the time of the passage of the Police bill, I am free to say that I was in favor of it, and when it was repealed two years ago I requested Gov. Grover to veto the bill. My action in both cases was governed by what appeared to be sufficient reasons, but since then developments have occurred which have opened my eyes and make me to know that I have been going wrong.

Myself and other Democratic taxpayers having been deceived into sanctioning a measure that statistics show very deeply affects our pockets, I cannot consent to allow it to longer appear that I censure Gov. Grover for not taking better care of my own business than I did myself. I am satisfied that Gov. Grover acted in obedience to what he believed to be the wish of the citizens of Portland in signing the Metropolitan Police Bill, and that he will be governed hereafter by the voice of the people, both as to any change that may be made in the law or as to appointing Commissioners who shall be more satisfactory to the people than at least two of the present incumbents.

In view of the foregoing then, Mr. Editor, I wish you to make it distinctly understood that I am no "sore-head" or "bolter," but that next June I will go to the polls as I have done at every election for the last twenty-five years, and vote the straight Democratic ticket.

And I wish to say by my fellow-citizens who urge the matter of the Police bill against Gov. Grover, that while searching for the ill he has done, to let them also take notice of his good actions. Recollect that he stood up in the face of the heaviest pressure ever brought to bear on any official in the State, and vetoed the Portland railroad Subsidy bill, which, but for his action, would have fallen upon us, and as Holladay threatened, literally made a rat-hole of our city. Let them recollect that Gov. Grover's Administration, when it came into power, found everything pertaining to the State Government in a state of chaos, and that it has wrought order out of disorder, and let in the light where darkness reigned supreme. Let them recollect that the enemies of the Democrat party have not been able to make good a single charge of fraud against any Democratic State officer, but that the affairs of them all have been submitted to close inspection by a Republican Legislature, and everything found regular.

In view of the whole record, I, for one, am willing to give my hearty support to the whole Democratic ticket, and believe that Gov. Grover will do justice by every section of the State, in obedience to the voice of the people thereof. ARTHUR FABIE.

AN ENTERTAINING COUNTRY EDITOR.

The Detroit Free Press contains the following:

He was out on a jaunt in the township of White Oak, Ingham county, sticking to every farmer he met, and so it happened he called at a house where death had just called a few hours before. The farmer's wife was laid out, and the husband and children were grieving over her loss when the editor knocked at the door.

"What's up?" inquired the editor, as he saw the farmer's solemn countenance before him.

"My wife is dead," replied the farmer.

"Is that so?" mused the editor; a little disappointed, "Did she die easy?"

"Dropped off like a lamb," "Did she say anything?" "Not a word—just went right to sleep like."

"I didn't know," continued the editor, "and I saw on his face, but what he might have requested you to subscribe for the *Cassado*, which you know is the best paper in the county. If you want it I'll take your name right in, and under the circumstances I won't charge a cent for the obituary notice." The farmer hung off for a while, but before the editor went away he had two additional dollars in his pocket, and had written an obituary notice for publication in his next issue, which the bereaved husband pronounced "a mighty smart piece."

A clergyman at Clarinda, was away from home when the crusade began. He returned in the evening and saw his wife standing at the bar of a saloon singing as loud as she could yell. He supposed she was drunk, and entering the saloon, the tears rolling down his face, he said, "Come home, wife, you have ruined me—drunk—drunk—drunk."

One of a number of rebels during the late war, when the commanding officer ordered them to retake several guns captured by the enemy—"Captain," said this philosopher in the face of danger, "the loss isn't very great, can't we take up a collection, and p-p-pay for the d-d-damned old guns?"

A gentleman afflicted with an impediment in his speech, was one day looking at the Siamese Twins when they were upon exhibition. After examining them for some time in silence, he turned to the showman and enquiringly remarked, "B-b-brothers, I presume sir?"

ANECDOTE CONCERNING GENERAL LEE.

In his lecture before the Georgia Historical Society, Hon. Ben. Hill related the following incident:

There were many peculiarities in the habits and character of Lee, which are little known and which may be studied with profit. He studiously avoided giving opinions upon subjects which it had not been his calling or training to investigate; and sometimes I thought he carried this great virtue too far. Neither the President nor Congress nor friends could get his views upon any public question not strictly military, and no man had as much quiet, unobtrusive contempt for which he called "military statesmen and political generals."

Meeting him once on the streets of Richmond, as I was going out and he going in the executive office, I said to him, "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government and going further South."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army and you must take the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General," said I, "but you will have to change that rule, and form and express political opinions; for, if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis' successor."

"Never, sir," he replied with a firm dignity that belonged only to Lee: "That I will never permit. What ever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but General," I insisted, "history does not sustain your view. Caesar and Frederick of Prussia and Bonaparte were all great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And all great tyrants," he promptly responded. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where I think we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant," I repeated.

And with a beautiful smile he said: "Washington was an exception to all, and there were none like him. I could find no word to answer further, but instantly I said in thought: 'Surely Washington is no longer the only exception, for one like him if not even greater, is here.'"

A GRAMMAR EXERCISE.
"John," says a country pedagogue to one of his scholars, "Bill likes Tom. Now parse Bill."

"Bill is a verb, sir."

"A verb! how do you make that out, sir?"

"Coth he likes Tom, sir."

"Well, if liking Tom makes Bill a verb, will you parse Tom?"

"Tom is a verb, too!"

"Yes, sir, too!"

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The bells of Oshkosh received one hundred and thirteen valentines.

Some courts have decided that jilting doesn't hurt a man worth cent.

Corry, Pa., has a woman girl poster, while McConnellburg girl in the same State, steel door scrapers.

King Koffee keeps his 3,223 negro under the same roof with his magazine of military munitions. They do about as he says.

There are over 10,000,000 women in America, and yet Tom. Hutton, of Georgia hung himself on account of a girl 15 years old.

"An Albany woman is going to found a dispensary for cats," said her neighbors are laying in a stock of remedies for the cure of cataplectic fits.

A Green Bay preacher rode 13 miles, married a couple on ice, took 50 cents as his fee, and returned home without losing his hand some.

"Portsmouth is now going to have a new 'young ladies' seminary." Would it not be slightly phenomenal to find "young ladies" who would confess to being old?

A French paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in this country, so that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

At a revival in a Western town, out of over 100 converts, fully two thirds are males; which the women explain by saying the women are mostly angels already.

"A sewing society is soon to be opened in Warren, under the patronage of the Y. M. C. A." Something very funny might be said in this connection if one dared say it.

An Iowa woman poured hot water down her husband's back to cure the toothache, and the jury held that she was practicing without a license and sent her to jail for six months.

No one but Brigham Young could have said that, "if necessary to the building up of the kingdom, I could bury all my wives without a sigh or tear." But then he is getting pretty old, you know.

When you repeat the proverb, "Fidelity, thy name is woman!" you must except hereafter Mrs. Chole Jones, (colored), of Raleigh, whose waist at its slenderest point measures seven feet in circumference.

In some natures the inflexible fatalism is often strikingly manifested. There is a Brooklyn man who keeps his family at a cheap boarding house, in order to spare the means for his mother-in-law to travel abroad.

Honorable mention is made of a Maine servant girl who is now serving her eightieth winter under the same roof. She has washed dishes 89,700 times, and comes yet gaily to her task. Blessed old girl!

"Follow-citizens," said a colored preacher, "if I had been catin' dried apples for a week, an' then took 'drinkin' for a month, I couldn't feel more swelled up than I am dis munit w'id pride an' vanity seeing such full' tendance har dis evinin'!"

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Married men will read this clipping with interest: First gentleman: "Why don't you kill her with kindness?" Second gentleman: "You might as well try to kill an elephant with codfish balls, or bluster a rhinoceros with mustard plaster." He was then referring to his wife's mother.

A poor old Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of versatile eloquence of his country. A gentleman and lady, young, gay and handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life, crossed the bridge. The man regarded not the piteous of the beggar, so just as they passed him, he exclaimed: "May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love, joy and wealth, and fine family follow you all the days of your life." A pause. The couple passed headlong on, and the beggar with a fine touch of caustic humor, added, "and never overtake you!"

SCREWED DEATH.—A little colored girl was killed in a very singular manner at Auburn, Alabama, a short time ago. The girl went to some sally that had been sent for the purpose of getting up meat, and on which there was a large number of red ants. While asleep the ants by the thousand made an attack on the child, and when she awoke she was literally covered with them, and all busy biting and stinging. They were so ferocious that a woman on the place had to sweep them off with a brush broom. The biting and stinging were, so very serious that fever ensued, which, coupled with the poison of the bites, produced death two days afterward.

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

KEELOOG, the spurious Governor of Louisiana, stands by his friends, and uses his unpaired authority for their benefit whenever opportunity occurs. He has pardoned nine persons who had been convicted of murder, besides a number of perjurers and thieves, all of whom, it is quite safe to say, are truly loyal to his Administration and that of Grant.

An Irish crier being ordered to clear the court, yelled out: "All ye blackguards who are not lawyers leave the court."

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. GOUNSKEY,
CLOTHIER,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

CHENOWETH & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
AND Notary Public,
CORVALLIS, OREGON.

JONES & HILL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
ALBANY, OREGON.

S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.

ROOTS MADE TO ORDER
BY **HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP,**
ALBANY, OREGON.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.

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DENTIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.

HARRIS & BOUGHTON,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
ALBANY, OREGON.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
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G. F. SETTLEMIER,
SUGGEST AND APOTHECARY,
ALBANY, OREGON.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
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DENTIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.

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