

Correspondents writing for the Democrat should send their names and addresses to the Editor, as follows: State Rights Democrat, Albany, Oregon.

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Office at the Court House, 7-6-27

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First Street, Post Office Building, Albany, Oregon.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment, and by keeping clean rooms and paying attention to business, expects to call the attention of his patrons to his establishment. Having heretofore carried on nothing but a first-class Hair Dressing Saloons, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.

Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBER, 7-23-77.

OYSTER SALOON.
CHARLES WENNER HAVING OPENED a new oyster saloon, in the building next to Taylor's saloon, invites the public to give him a call. Fresh oysters and all other delicacies served up in style known to the culinary art, on short notice.

NEW BARBER SHOP!
L. B. ROYAL, Proprietor.

HAVING LEASED A NEW SHOP ONE block west of Fox's store, and fitted it up in a neat and easy manner, I will be pleased to have my old customers continue their patronage, and will guarantee satisfaction to all new ones.

JOHN CONNER'S
BANKING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE
ALBANY, OREGON.

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Interest allowed on Time Deposits in Cash.

EXCHANGE ON PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, AND NEW YORK, for sale at lowest rates.

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Banking hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. 7-23-78.
Refer to H. COLETT,
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State Rights Democrat.

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Length	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th
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Business notices in the Local Column, 25 cents per line, each insertion. For legal and transient advertisements \$2.50 per square for 15 lines, for the first insertion, and \$1.00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

LOVE AND LABOR.
We do not all, for our own sakes, wish to be rich, and to have our money in our pockets. We wish to be happy, and to have our hearts in our pockets. Love and labor can conquer gain.

THE EMERSON BOY.
A Youth Who was the incarnation of Blahness.
That Emerson boy is dead, and there isn't any one about that house to make fun. He was a cheerful, lively boy, and he did his best to make that household put on a mantle of joyfulness. Emerson often remarked that Bob didn't seem ever to sit down and think of death and the grave, and he probably never did.

No, Bob wasn't of that make, he wanted to have fun. Both his ears were nearly used up by being buffed so much, and it required a whole row of current bushes to furnish whips to dust his jacket for the summer.

Emerson didn't know what fun was until Bob was eight years old. Then the boy began to launch out. He would bore gullet holes in the water-pail, put cartridges in the coal-stove, unscrew the door knobs, fill the kerosene lamps with water, and a good thrashing didn't burden his mind over five minutes. Sometimes his father would take him by the hair and yank him to the sofa and sit down and ask:

"Robert Parathon Emerson, what in blazes ails ye?"
"It's the yaller jaundies, I guess," Bob would meekly reply.

"Robert, don't you want to be an angel?" the old man would continue.
"And have wings?"
"Yes, my son."

"And be higher'n a kite?"
"Yes, sir."

"And fight hawks?"
"Yes, I guess so."

"But your beef I would—wheep! bully for the angel!"
"That's sacrilege, that is!" the old man would remark, and he would jerk Bob's hair some more and declare that the young rascal was bound for the gallows. After lying under the pear tree six minutes Bob would recover from his madness and go over to the barn, and run a pitchfork through the straw center, harness up the cow, and stick pins into the family horse.

One night he brought home a wolf-pup and set it in the middle of the wood-shed floor to catch a rat. He checked a good deal this evening at the thought of what would happen to that rat, and he fell asleep and dreamed that he was a hand organ, and that some one stole the crank to him so that he could not be played on. Just before going to bed old Emerson went out after a scuttle of coal, and stepped his bootless foot into the trap. He made a mighty spring and uttered a mighty yell, and it took two men ten minutes to spring the trap off his leg.

"It's that boy's work!" he groaned, as he nursed his foot, and he took up the boot-jack, humped into the bedroom, and gave Bob an awful clip just as the boy was dreaming of playing base-ball with a mermaid.

"I'll pound ye to death, if ye don't stop this fooling!" cried the old man, but he hadn't been out of the bedroom ten minutes before Bob was planning to stop up the chimney next day and smoke everybody out of the house. It wasn't many days before he fixed a darting needle in his father's arm chair and bounced the old man three feet high; and his barking hadn't got over smarting before he exploded a fire-cracker in his mother's snuff-box. That night his father said to him as he took him by the ear:

"Robert Parathon Emerson, do you ever think of where you will go?"
"Yes, sir," he answered, "I'll go to bed purty soon."

Then he got another mauling, and went to bed to dream that he was a three-tined pitchfork and that a man was using him to load hay with.

"Foor boy!" Even three days before he died, and while on his dying bed, he managed to slip an eight ounce tack into his father's left boot and got up another circus.—Detroit Free Press.

THE AGIN REDEMPTION.—The new currency party, just organized at Indianapolis, proposes to go it on the general idea of an old Georgian of whom General Robert Toombs told the President last Spring. During the hard times of '37, when money was scarce and the State bank was at its wit's end, this astute financier of the rural districts came to Mr. Ledgewell and sought his representative in the Legislature.

"Mr. Toombs," says he, "we must have more money. We're obliged to have more on a rainy day and so on." "Well," said Toombs in his brusque way, "how in the—are you going to get it?"

"Out of the State Bank," says the financier.

"But," says Toombs, struck by the earnestness of his constituent, "how is the State Bank going to get it?" "Stamp it," says the financier.

"Stamp it!" roared Toombs; and how in the—is it going to redeem the money it stamps?"

"Why, Mr. Toombs," says he, "that's just what I'm coming to. You see, Mr. Toombs, I'm agin redemption!"—Courier Extra.

The extraordinary contortions of a man who attempts to cross a New York street on a rainy day are not equalled by the sickly misery depicted on his face when he flops down in the gutter and finds he has made a mistake.

Recent experiments with cats have proved that a well developed tabby can successfully evade the approach of two brights, a bar of candle soap, a pair of No. 19 boots, a gold watch, a blacking brush and a horse-pistol.

It now turns out that oat meal doesn't make brain after all, the Philadelphia editors who laid in a dozen barrels upon for winter use will be almost mad enough to give it to the poor.

There is no such thing as a free lunch, and there is no such thing as a free ride.

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MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

By J. CLEMES (MARK TWAIN).

I had never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him. It was almost religious, there in the silver mines, to precede such a meal with whiskey cocktails. Artemus will give the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of these abominations. Hingston was present. I am a martyr for nearly any beverage you can mention except whiskey cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one. I said it would go right to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a Quaker before strangers. But Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treacherous mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing I might be sorry for. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus opened an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech. He said:

"Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about, before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail, and therefore you know all about the silver mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—well, the way the deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance: Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between castings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a carbuncle.

"Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the 'inclines,' maybe you go down five hundred feet, or maybe you don't go down but two hundred, any way you go down, and all the time this vein grows in size, when each time you come nearer or approach each other, you may say that, it is when they do approach, which of course they do not as yet do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would not, or not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do you think it is?"

I said to myself: "Now I just knew how it would be—that cursed whiskey cocktail has done the business for me. I don't understand any more than a clam." And then I said aloud, "I—I—that is you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again?"

"O, certainly, certainly! You see, I am very unfamiliar with the subject and perhaps I don't present my case clearly, but—"

"No, no—no, no—you state it plain enough, but that vein cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will—no, I do understand for that matter, but I would get the hang of it better if you went over it again—and I'll pay better attention this time."

He said, "Why, what I was after was this. [Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends.] "This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite, just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or maybe twelve hundred (it don't really matter, before you drift), and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it where the sulphures—I believe they call them sulphures, though they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained, wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same one not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced amongst us, could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said, sorrowfully: "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I tell you how it would be."

"O, don't mind it, don't mind it, the fault was my own, no doubt, though I did think it clear enough for—"

"Don't say a word, clear! Why, you stated it clear as the sun to any body but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again—and—"

"Don't say—no, for goodness' sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now, don't be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the beginning." [Leaning far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every

ONE OF THE CANDIDATES.

In looking over the pages of my Diary, which were filled while I was residing in Norway, Me., I found minutes, not at the time, of an interview which has afforded me food for many a hearty laugh, and though I have told the story, I think it will bear repeating in the Ledger.

At the time alluded to I was chairman of the Superintending School Committee of the town, and from having been several years an incumbent of the office, applicants for position as teachers were generally directed to me for examination. One afternoon, while busy at my desk, I heard a wagon rattle into my yard, and shortly afterwards came a vigorous thump on the door. There was a bell-knob handy, but the applicant either did not see it, or did not know its use. I went myself to answer the summons, and found upon my piazza a specimen of the genus homo that Yankee Hill might have copied with advantage for stage purposes. He was, in fact, a living presentment of the Yankee we often read about, yet seldom see. He stood full six feet in his boots; was lank and staid-shouldered, with sun-burnt face, and an unkempt shock of carrotty hair. His garb was entirely home-spun, and set "like a shirt upon a bean-pole."

"Morning," Squire," he said, with a sharp nasal twang.

"It was nearer evening than morning, but I returned the salutation without correcting him.

"You're the kermittee man?"

I nodded assent.

"Wal, I kind 'a thought as howt I'd come an' git you ter win me a sartrifick, seen 'as they want me ter hev one afore I begin ter keep skelw in this ere town."

It was in the autumn, and as the weather was cool I asked the applicant to walk in, telling him that he might first wipe his feet on the doormat. He gave his thick cow-hide a tremendous wipe, and then followed me to my study. He did not wait to be invited to a seat, but deposited himself upon my lounge, dumped his hat upon the floor, and then drew an old calf-skin pocketbook from his bosom.

"Ef you're in a hurry, Squire, I don't know 's there'll be any pick'lar need of your zaminin' me, for I've got a sartrifick from the skeel-kermittee an' a selection of sour-tawon. I kep' skelw last winter, an' you'd better believe I made the wool fly. Jes! let me tell ye 'bout it."

He went on with the most earnest self-assurance, as a veritable hero might have told of some grandly nutritious exploit:

"Yer see they've got the all-fredest ugly set o' boys over thar in Perdition Hollow yer hev heard them say. Why—they'd licked an' kerwollop'd the skeel-master; an' lugged him out inter the snow, every winter for six year, or more. By ginter-cumsumsher! it made me mad. Sas I, 'Jes! let me keep that ere skelw one winter.' The kermittee hears tell of me, an' knowt what I'd said, and they sent for me ter win. They win me a zaminashun, an' gin me a sartrifick, too, an' sot me a keepin' the skeel. Jerusalem, Squire! it was a great thing! A few of the big boys tried, once or twice, to kick up a row; but, good-sticks an' hoe-handles! didn't I wollop 'em! I don't believe you ever seed sich a skelw as I made of it. The folks said as howt 'er hadn't been sich a skelw for order an' behavin' for forty year."

The "skelw-master" took breath, and was evidently expecting some expression of approbation from me; but as I gave none, he went on:

"T' seems 'at some of the folks down in the Crooked River District hev heard tell how I got on over in Perdition, an' they want me ter take hold o' some of their hard cases."

I remembered, and called to mind at that point, that the school agent of our Crooked River District had spoken to me of a teacher who had proved a physical success in a neighboring town, and as a fair quality of bone and muscle was required in his district, he had thought of sending for this hero. Certainly, as regarded the man's frame, I could not doubt his capacity in the subduing and thrashing line.

"As I was sayin', Squire, ther ain't no particular need of your zaminin' me, 'cause here's the sartrifick 'at I was tellin' yer 'bout."

He handed me a soiled and crumpled paper, which I found to be a bona fide certificate from two of the superintending school committees of the town of A—.

But it was an exceptional document. It recommended "Elnathan—" (I will call him Dolger, as peculiarly adopted to keep the school known as—, etc.)

"Of course, you'll gin us a recommendation, Squire?"

"I believe I must, as it is duty bound, examine you somewhat first, I replied, having a curiosity to see how much the fellow really knew."

"Wal, o' course, you ken. Ef, rarily, Squire, I dono but I may be just a little rusty. He'n't brushed up lately, you see. Been t' work all summer on the farm. But I rather reckon you'll find me some. How 's yer take me? Yer comes fast?"

"Suppose we try a case of geometry first," said I.

"Jes, as you say, Squire," he responded, "bezevin' just the least bit of lack of confidence." "Go ahead, then," said I, "I told yer I may need brushin' up a bit."

"What is the capital of this State?" I asked.

"Port—let's see, ya-as, Portland."

"No, I said. Portland was once the capital, but Augusta now bears that distinction."

"Wal, know that kind o' curus. It was'n't been changed never I used-

EDUCATIONAL DECISION.

We are pleased to see that our able contemporary the Oregon City Enterprise perfectly agrees with the Democrat in regard to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Simon vs the State Treasurer, to which we alluded last week. The Enterprise submits the following pertinent and unanswerable remarks upon that important question:

In our opinion this is but a just and proper conclusion to arrive at. In the general appropriation act passed by the Legislature, there was appropriated but a little more than the indebtedness of the State at the commencement of the present fiscal year, and to interpret the act that it applies to the deficit warrants would simply defeat the objects of appropriation for the following two years from the second Monday of last September. While it will be unjust to some who hold State warrants issued prior to the second Monday of September, there can be no doubt of the soundness of such a decision in point of law. The Legislature which was sworn to provide for the payment of deficits which existed at the time of their meeting, is responsible for this neglect. Their plain duty was to provide means for the payment of the State indebtedness and also raise funds for the estimated expenses for the ensuing two years. This they neglected to do, and with them rest the responsibility. The present revenue of the State will not be much more than enough to pay the current expenses, and hence the old debt will have to take its chances before the next Legislature.

The cry that this debt was created by the Democratic administration is false. The State administration has no power to create indebtedness or issue warrants not previously authorized by act of the Legislature. The Legislature of 1872 was Radical, and that body brought into existence the present indebtedness, and it was their plain duty when they appropriated so much more than the revenue of the State for the two years following September 1872, to make provisions at that time to meet their extravagant appropriations. But that body fearing that the people would find out their extravagance had they increased the State tax, and hence they failed to raise the money, and now we have the outrageous warrants created by them unpaid, and the last Legislature, desiring to keep up an appearance of economy, appropriated barely sufficient to meet the actual expenses of the State for the two years from September last. That debt should be paid, no good citizen will deny, but that both State and warrant-holder are injured by the negligence of the Legislature is beyond question.

The decision of the Court will have some very beneficial effects on our State finances. The warrants which will hereafter be issued, will be paid on presentation, and the State can now go into the market as a cash customer. Heretofore the State has been compelled to pay the discount on its paper, and consequently paid from 10 to 15 per cent, higher for her necessities than private individuals. This is as contemplated by our State Constitution. The framers of that instrument never had in view the creation of any debt that could not be paid on presentation, and so far as the present fiscal two years are concerned, we shall be on a Constitutional basis, and all warrants issued will be paid on presentation.

This will result to the benefit of our State. It makes but little difference (with the exception of the warrant speculators) whether the State pays interest on old or new warrants. Had the decision gone against the State Treasurer, the State warrants would have been at least 20 per cent discount, and the State would have had to pay this sum, as those who furnished anything to the State would have added this discount to their proposals. Now the interest will be paid on warrants which have already been discounted. Some have charged that this will leave a surplus in the State Treasury unused. We are reliably informed that it is not so. Whenever there is any surplus in the Treasury, it is proposed to pay out the same on old warrants, in the order they have been issued. The Treasurer will only keep on hand such sums as he may know will be called for prior to his receiving other funds to meet them. We regard the action of the State Treasurer in this matter as most beneficial to the State finances, and whatever stock-brokers and those in their interest may say, it was the only course left for him after the failure of the Legislature to make the necessary appropriation, and if any have fault to find, let them place the responsibility where it belongs, to the model Legislature of 1874.

A young lady in the east end, who has just returned from completing her education in Boston, wanted her old lover last week, and her mother objected. The daughter threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Mother, terrible, tragical and unduly restrictive will be the course pursued by me if you refuse to allow him to place his alabaster lips to mine, and snare my immortal soul by imprinting angelic sensations of divine bliss upon the indispensable member of my physiognomy, and then kindly allowing me to take a withdrawal from his beneficent presence." The mother feebly admitted that her objections were overruled.

Andrew Jackson Davis, says that the Sumner Land is 55,000,000,000 miles from this earth. Spirits who would come back all that distance to visit unaccompanied must have been confirmed carpet-baggers.

THE EMERSON BOY.