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The Doctor is a graduate of the University Medical College of New York, and is a member of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York.

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Office on Main street, between Perry and Broadway. Residence on Third street, two blocks east, or below, the Methodist Church.

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A full stock of trusses and surgical appliances. Remember Flunners' name.

W. C. TWEDALE, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, YANKEE NOTIONS, Outlets, Crockery, Wood & Willow Ware, OAK AND BEE HIVE.

Store on Front street, Albany, Oreg.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER AT REASONABLE RATES AT HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP, ALBANY, OREGON.

Work warranted to give satisfaction.

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

HAVING LEARNED A NEW SHOP ON THE corner west of First street, and fitted it up in a new and happy manner, I will be pleased to have all my old customers continue their patronage, and will guarantee satisfaction to all new ones.

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 the business, expects to suit all who may favor him with their patronage. Hereafter carried on exclusively.

First-Class Hair Dressing Saloon, and give entire satisfaction to all. Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and styled.

SAMUEL E. YOUNG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, TRUNKS, REFRIGERATORS AND HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES, PLOW, SEED, DRILLS, AND BROADCAST SEED SOWERS, Etc.

TERMS—CASH. First St., Albany.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. X.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1875.

NO. 35.

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.

BY PAUL PLUM.

Not a very great distance outside the old walled town of Saafold, the road abruptly turns from the banks of the Saale, and begins to ascend the central ridge of the Thuringerwald. A few huts used to be upon the spot, but they have all disappeared now. The occupants, who were popularly supposed to be wood-choppers, lived there with their families. But 'twas very little wood-chopping they did, being more disposed to carry on the business of smuggling across the frontier. The occupation was a dangerous one, for soldiers were constantly moving over the mountain and forest to prevent smugglers from defrauding the Saxons Government; yet such was the dexterity of the lawless wood-choppers, that it was rarely they were apprehended. A good night's venture would enable one of these fellows to live for months without turning his hand to work.

It was a dark evening in Winter, when Jacob Krone entered his hut and bade his daughter prepare to follow him.

"Whether do you go, father?" faltered the girl, getting ready to obey the command.

"What is that to you?" replied Krone. "Women are always asking such silly questions. Come, hurry. I suppose your mother won't return for a couple of hours? Well, she'll know where you have gone."

Martha Krone would much have preferred remaining at home that night, for young Frederick Anker, the best looking fellow in the neighborhood, was coming to see her, and Martha was pretty well satisfied that Frederick was in love with her.

However much she might desire to remain by her friend's side that evening, she knew it was useless to expect it, for when Jacob Krone commanded every member of his family had made him imperious and quick-tempered, and he learned lessons when he carried a musket, that he never had never forgot; and to the least of these was to obey blindly and quickly, or punishment would be speedy and severe.

Martha knew the temper of her father too well not to be diligent in everything the undertook. He was a man who expected and made women do their fair share of work. This work was sometimes so heavy that it taxed female endurance to the uttermost. "But what of that," he would say, "must we not all bear burdens? Can we expect to go through the world dressed like butterflies and idle as drones? That might do for the king's court, but it wouldn't answer for poor folk."

"Come, follow me," he said, as he stepped outside the door.

Martha had enveloped herself in some warm clothing, and had found time to whisper a word to her younger sister. It was a message to Fred Anker, when he should come that evening.

The wind blew intensely cold as they set out, and the higher they ascended the hills, the keener became the blast. Snow flakes, too began to fall, and altogether the night promised to be a bad one.

Martha trembled by her father's side, never speaking unless he addressed her. She had no need to inquire whether they were going, for she was too well accustomed to these adventures to have any doubt upon the matter. They walked in silence along the unfrequented mountain path, and climbed with difficulty up the rocky places.

"Lay hold of my belt," commanded her father, in a low voice, as they came to a difficult piece of road. He spoke in a subdued tone, for he was apprehensive lest the guards might be lurking in the numerous caverns that were in the mountains, and take him prisoner.

The girl trembling with cold and fear obeyed her rough conductor, and they reached a spot of table land, where they paused to take breath.

"Hold!" whispered Krone, suddenly; "do you hear anything? Listen! I believe in my soul those were men's voices."

Martha bent her head to listen. "No!" she replied. "Is't the wind howling through the pines, and making enough it sounds?"

Her father, however, was not satisfied. "Stand still!" he continued. "Listen, now. Surely I hear footsteps, and quite plainly, too."

"No, father," answered Martha, "it is the ice bursting in the chasm and falling upon the rocks. Oh, 'tis very cold!"

Krone paid no heed to the last remark, but put his ear low to the ground and listened. Presently he said, "Come on."

For a while the road was smooth, but afterward it began to grow difficult, for the rocks were so abrupt. Jacob Krone pulled his daughter close to his side, and said:

"Should any misfortune befall me to-night, tell your mother she must not give up the business. I have made it very profitable, and I should not die easy if I believed it would drop with my life. You are old enough now to lend a hand, and Ernest will soon be growing up to assist you. You can carry it on well enough, I should think."

Martha felt a gloom steal over her heart; her father's words sounded like an omen.

After awhile they reached an open space. Dark as it was, they could perceive they had overcome the worst difficulties of the road.

Jacob took his daughter by the hand, and led her to a cave in the rock's side.

would only be in my way over there," and he pointed ahead of him. "When I return," he continued, "I'll whistle, and as soon as you hear me, stir yourself, for we'll have to be in a hurry."

Martha sat down upon a stone, and began to eat a piece of black bread, while her father went his way.

In the mean time Fred Anker had called to see his sweetheart, and received the message. Martha had sent by her younger sister.

When Fred heard it, his brow grew gloomy, and he pondered a few minutes. Then, as if suddenly resolved, he left the hut, and began to follow the path that Jacob Krone and his daughter had taken.

When Martha had eaten her bread, she sat and listened. She could hear the monotonous fall of the water and the sighing of the wind. The snow had now ceased falling she gazed out of the cavern and saw that the stars had come out, and the moon was rising. How slight a thing will sometimes drive gloom from one's heart! Martha actually felt cheerful when she found the bad weather had disappeared. She thought of Frederick, little supposing that he was climbing the mountain that moment to serve her if she needed his assistance.

As she sat there, calling to mind the bright face and kind words of her lover, she heard the signal and footsteps approaching, and suddenly her father came to the cave with a pack which he dragged after him.

"Here," he said, "pull it in, it is not heavy; but 'tis a good round sum, though."

Martha hauled the pack into the cave, and her father disappeared again. After awhile, she heard his whistle, and he returned with a second load. He commanded her to shoulder the first package and go on before him.

"'Tis unfortunate the moon has risen so soon. I thought we were going to have a dark night," growled Krone. "But we must hurry, 'tis dangerous to be carrying the contraband over these roads. One mile further," he continued, "then I am safe."

"Father, do you hear the barking of dogs?" asked Martha.

"No, no, girl; travel on," replied Krone. "Now, you see at a glance the by this plan we have the water two miles in the proper direction at a cost of not to exceed \$1,500."

Now let us see the other route to be made by an artificial ditch by starting 200 feet above the head of the slough and keeping above high water mark. You get a cut about 17 feet to low water level; then three feet for depth of water in the canal, and you have 20 feet of depth which will continue, if the canal is kept above high water mark, for a mile and a half, averaging from 12 to 15 feet deep, then gradually getting to the surface, I should think, within the next mile. I do not think I am very well qualified to judge of the cost of such a work, but think perhaps it would cost from thirty to forty thousand dollars to get the water to the surface by an artificial ditch, and I believe in starting this work above the present outlet of the water, and keeping it above high water, you would come in contact with the hardest kind of iron or basalt rock for two or three hundred yards, as for this distance the canal would be hugging the surface of a high hill.

Mr. Editor, your readers have the lay of the two routes for the first two miles. By way of the slough route the first two miles can be completed at a cost of from \$800 to \$1,500, and by way of the other two and a half miles will cost thirty or forty thousand dollars. The water stands at ten feet below the surface, and can be run out on the surface within a half or three-quarters of a mile at a cost of about ten or twelve thousand dollars. Take the first extreme cost of this route (\$15,000) and the extreme cost of taking the water from the hill on to the surface (\$12,000) and we have a cost of \$13,500. Now take the extreme lowest figure of the other route (\$30,000) and you have a difference of \$16,500. Now we have the water on to the surface (that is to say on paper) and what will we do with it? I presume the people of Harrisburg will say they will take it, but this is not all; will your Company take sufficient stock in it to build it, with out outside help you can get, or are you playing "the dog in the manger" on this question. You have not established much by the leveling you had Judge to have done to do for you. We people in this little corner saw too much of leveling and surveying done by the Ball Road Co., to think it means much. A Canal to Harrisburg would be better than nothing for the people in the upper end of the valley, but we think a Canal to Albany—straight down through the country—would be of a vast deal more importance to us, and would accommodate ten times as many people as to run one simply to Harrisburg. But it seems that the people about one of those little villages think an enterprise is of no value unless they center at them. We do not dislike the people at Harrisburg, nor do we wish them any ill success; on the contrary, we feel that we have many good friends there, but liking them will not nor does not cause us to think any the less of ourselves, or to watch less carefully our own interests. We would enquire where is the wealth in Harrisburg? There may be found eight or ten men there that are able and willing to do something, but that is about all. What is the prospect on a straight line? Almost every farmer on the line will give it aid. Quite a sum of money can be had from the people on Muddy to have fresh, clean and clear water turned down that stream.

Mr. Editor, I have not space in this letter hardly to make mention of the importance of such an enterprise. All the wheat, flour, and all other

ball from Krone's shoulder. That night's work, however, finished Jacob's contraband business. He never could carry a pack afterward.

Fred Anker married Martha, and in doing a respectable business in Saafold as a goldsmith.

THE MCKENZIE CANAL.

WILLIAM T. FORBES, Editor Democrat.

Knowing you to be an advocate of the interests of the people in all matters of a public nature, and more particularly the advocate of the interests of the farming community, I therefore address this communication to the DEMOCRAT.

We feel justly impressed that the time is just dawning upon this country when its resources will be more fully investigated and every avenue of its wealth sought and improved. Among the most important is a Canal, to tap the McKenzie River, at or near Spores' ferry. At this point you have a supply of pure water that flows into the Willamette Valley, sufficient to furnish any amount. There have been several surveys already made at this point, all of which prove the practicability of the enterprise. But it would be attended with a heavy outlay if a company should be so blind to its interests as not to see the difference between the two points where the water may be taken out. They both really and absolutely come out of the McKenzie at the same point, and within 300 feet of each other, for it would be impossible to get more than from 50 to 80 yards above the head of the slough, from which the water is obtained to run the Brumly sawmill. With an outlay of from \$800 to \$1,400, this slough can be so improved as to carry any amount of water two miles in the direction the canal ought to take. At the head of this slough the water stands within eight or ten feet of the highest ground that would have to be encountered, and can be brought to the surface within three fourths of a mile. Now, you see at a glance the by this plan we have the water two miles in the proper direction at a cost of not to exceed \$1,500.

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kinds of produce raised now, and all that may hereafter be introduced into this extraordinarily rich and fertile district, will be shipped through to a place on the river where boats can reach it the year round. And this is not all by perhaps half. It has the effect to open up one of the finest lumbering districts on the Pacific Coast. It has already been demonstrated that both cedar and fir timber of the finest quality can be brought from the inexhaustible forests on the McKenzie River. From this source alone there might be as many twenties put into circulation as from all the grain grown in the same district. If the people of Albany wish to know whether I have stated facts or not, send some of your practical, common sense men and make a thorough examination for yourselves.

B. B. COCHRAN.

THE RIVAL BABIES.

A MAN-TRAP.

Uncle Toby Beecher's grand cooperative baby-show, which was to have been the feature of the poultry and dog exhibition at Young Men's Hall, is not visible to the naked eye as yet, but it came very near making a start on Saturday afternoon. Two women with babies entered the parlour set aside for the little poppy-wipers, and taking seats on opposite sides of the room, proceeded to stare at each other coldly and suspiciously. One was a tall female with auburn hair, and the other was a little lump of a woman with very black eyes and a determined look. Although they were alone in the room, neither spoke, but they commenced to unpack their offspring. The auburn-haired lady finally produced from the midst of innumerable wrappings a pale, scrawny-looking infant, wearing miserably good-chain, and an expression of settled melancholy. The other lady was a chip of the old block, so to speak—a corpulent cherub, with puffy cheeks and big eyes, who proceeded to suck his fat thumb with much composure.

The silence was becoming oppressive, when the tall woman broke it. She remarked with affected solicitude: "What is the matter with your baby, mum? The poor little thing looks quite unwell."

"The little woman's black eyes snapped, but she answered with forced composure: "Minerva Geraldine was never sick a day in her life, madam, and she's sixteen months and ten days old. Has your little one been ailing long?"

The tall woman's hair began to rise up, and she pretended to be looking to see where the pin was pricking her sad-faced baby, and made no reply. Presently she wound the infant's gold chain around her finger in an abstracted manner so that the other woman could see it.

The rival mother produced a coral necklace with a blue locket, and carelessly clasped it about Minerva Geraldine's neck.

"Then the other in tones of alarm exclaimed, "Why, Alphonso, boy, you have lost your gold ring!" Alphonso, who was thirteen months old, yawned-as if to reply, but only looked sad, and his mother after a brief search produced the ring from a needle-case, and, with a glance of triumph, forced it on his finger.

The little woman was pale, but compressed her lips with stern determination. Reaching down in her basket, she brought out a silver mug and a wax doll with real hair, she trembled with excitement, for she had shown her full hand. She won: the silver mug settled it.

"Did you intend to put that overgrown monstrosity on exhibition here?" inquired the fair-haired female, glaring wildly at her rival.

"Why don't you hire out your living skeleton to a side show?" screamed the little woman, her eyes snapping with rage.

"Woman!" "Creature!" It looked as if there might be bloodshed, and a humane reporter, who had overheard the wrangle, rushed in to interfere.

"My little darling a monstrosity!" "Is my Alphonso a living skeleton?" Both interrogations rang out simultaneously with a shrillness that dawned the yelping of the canines and cawing of the prize roosters of the next apartment.

"Ladies," said he, with an expression of great solitude, "they are both angels. But for Heaven's sake don't detain me, for I have just been exposed to the scarlet fever."

And each exasperated female clapped her baby and nursing-bottle and blanket and bounced out. He was alone.

Bishop Ames tells a story of a slave master in Missouri, in the olden time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel: "Pompey I hear you are a great preacher. You massa, de Lord do help me powerful some times."

"Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes staid little things on the plantation?" "Ise mighty 'fraid they does, massa."

"Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing."

"You see, massa, dat would never do, cause 'twould throw such a coldness over de meetin'."

PLAIN UNDERSTANDING.—In the office of one of the hotels Saturday a gentleman snuffed his finger to a boot-black, and as he put his foot on the box he said:

"You look like a good, smart boy."

"See here mister," replied the boy as he rose up, a brush in either hand, "I've had that game played on me a dozen times, and now I want to know whether this is a cash shine or whether you're going to put me on the head when I get through and tell me that I'll be Governor of Michigan some day?"

A good looking house girl employed in a family on Congress street received a present of a muff the other day, and in a day or two after the lady of the house discovered a receipted bill in her husband's desk reading: "For one muff—\$20." She hadn't a new muff, and when the man came home to supper that night the old girl was gone and a new one was wresting the dishes about.—Detroit Free Press.

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If you should tell a Vermont man that carry six black beans in his vest pocket wouldn't keep contagious diseases away, he would set you down as one who believed the world was flat.—Detroit Free Press.

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A NEVADA LUMBERMAN PLAYED THE TRICK BY WHICH THE ITALIAN MAIDEN, GENOVA, VIDE ROGERS, LOST HER LIFE; BUT OUR WESTERN FRIEND DID IT IN A MORE PRIMITIVE MANNER, AND WAS MORE LUCKY IN GETTING OUT OF HIS OAKEN PEN THAN THE MAID FROM HER OAKEN CHEST. HE WISHED TO CATCH A GRIZLY. SO HE MADE A TRAP AFTER THE FASHION OF A SMALL SQUARE HOUSE OF HEAVY LOGS AND COVERED IT WITH A STRONG ROOF. THE DOOR, OF HEAVY LOGS ALSO, WORKED UP AND DOWN IN GROOVES, AND WHEN IT IS UP THERE IS AN ENTRANCE ABOUT FIVE FEET HIGH AND FOUR WIDE.

A sheep was killed and hung inside the pen to a rope which is connected with a trigger,