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THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY

SAUEL E. YOUNG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CLOTHING

TERMS—CASH

State Rights Democrat

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1875.

NO. 37.

NOT A BIT JEALOUS.

Madame Syd Allaire threw down her morning paper with a great flourish. "Bah! I am ashamed of it. It is astonishing to me that it should show so little sense."

Signor Paecelli can take me down to the carriage when it is over. Her husband looked up in surprise. It was the first time she had ever expressed a desire to go out without him; indeed, she had always said she could not in the least enjoy the most charming entertainment unless he were with her; but he only said: "Certainly, you can go if you wish. There is not the least impediment."

"How did you enjoy your evening, dear, when I went to the opera?" "Never went near the opera," roared Tom. "Played casino in my library all the evening."

AN ACT SUPPLEMENTAL TO AN ACT ENTITLED "AN ACT TO IMPROVE THE TOWNS OF FOREST GROVE, ALBANY COUNTY, OREGON."

The conductor of a public journal who faithfully performs his duty generally leads a toilsome and thankless life. With a firm purpose to do equal and exact justice he arouses antagonisms and makes life-time enemies of many who, if he were engaged in any other pursuit would be among his best friends.

Ohio naturalized nearly 3,000 citizens last year. A grocer who complained to about selling bad eggs said: "At this season the hens ain't well and very often lay bad eggs."

"Oh, I don't need to wait. I am well enough satisfied. In my own mind now I have no romance with a man who is jealous—it is a weakness no true man will ever allow himself to feel, much less manifest. Can you imagine such a thing as my being jealous of you, Ethel?"

"You are devotedly, Paecelli. He turned very pale as he read, and was just thinking what he should say to Ethel, when he heard her come in and come running up stairs. She started when she saw the note in his hand, but only said: "Am I late?"

AN URSAPHY CORONER—He is a solemn looking boy about ten years of age, and he wears a long face as he drops into the Coroner's office and remarks: "What murder, wasn't it?"

A LITTLE HERO.—Two children still and sturdily on a snowy slope, the girl wrapped round in the coat of the boy, and both young faces fixed by frost in the calm repose of death—was the picture represented to the eyes of weary searchers near Mount Ayr, Iowa, the other day. The winter's cold has taken many a life, but none of the unfortunates were found in so touching an attitude as this. It was not in the heat of conflict that the boy died; there was no shrieking, the boy rattling drum to the thickening blood, nor comrades eyes to mark his heroic fall; nothing to rouse his young energy. But the little coat folded carefully about the girl's form, and his own naked breast, told of his quiet courage and self-sacrifice which had met his cold and bitter death.

THE ST. JOSEPH, MO., HERALD says: "A young woman thought to make a little fun for her neighbors on last Tuesday evening, and accordingly donned a suit of man's clothing and called on them. She created much merriment, and was succeeded nicely until she arrived at a certain house where the great-eyed monster had a habitation in the breast of the door, and the husband, who was sleeping a call, probably from some cause, answered it. Upon the caller inquiring for Mrs. —, the jealous Benedict took her square between the eyes with his fist and sprang her on her back. This ended her fun. The remainder of the night and a portion of the next day she spent in pulling her optics with raw beefsteak. They are both somewhat dilapidated."

ONE MORE DON STROY.—Stories have been told from time immemorial of the wonderful sagacity of animals, particularly of dogs, but one has come to our knowledge recently which outrivals the majority. In August, 1873, Miss Nora Bull, daughter of J. S. Bull, married and moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., taking with her a beautiful Italian greyhound. Two months after the arrival of the bride in Pittsburgh, the dog was missed, and being a great favorite, was mourned for by the mistress. A week ago last night, the dog was returned to her by the kind barkings of a dog, and upon going to the door, found the lost pet. He had traveled upward of seven hundred miles.

"What did you say, madam?" said her maid, gazing at her mistress. "I believe I was thinking aloud. I am going out, and shall not be home to lunch but will be in time for dinner. If Mr. Allaire comes in, tell him I am spending the morning with Mrs. Bascom."

"Oh, Syd, are you ill?" I heard you come in; but we were just in the midst of a duet, and couldn't stop. Did you hear it? Was it not pretty? "Yes, it sounded very well; but what silly nonsense it was. I should think you would dislike singing it."

"I am sorry you are not well, dear. We were going to the opera to-night, you know, and I invited Paecelli to meet us there and come in our box. Don't you think you can go?"

THE ALBANY HERALD has the following correspondence on the action of Senator Morton in raising anew the Louisiana questions in the Senate. "Let us have the cool impudence of Senator Morton's proposition that the executive session of the Senate, shall pass a resolution declaring the legality of the Kellogg Government in Louisiana has never been surpassed in our legislative annals."

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