

BUSINESS CARDS.

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I SCREAM ICE CREAM.

State Rights Democrat.

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HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.

It was in the month of January, in the year 18— The lamps were lighted in the gay city of Paris. Although still early in the evening, it was quite dark, for the gloom of a stormy winter night was gathering over all. A young man, evidently an artist, to judge by his appearance and from a portrait he sought to project by his mantle, was seen to hurry through the Palais Royal and on toward the Latin Quarter.

He was just about to pass the Hotel de Ville, when, jostled by one of the pedestrians, his attention was attracted by a woman. She stood close to the houses as though seeking protection from their cold walls. As each one hurried by she would timidly extend her hand; this action alone expressed the muttered wish. At length the urgent requirements of her purpose seemed to stimulate her to redoubled efforts, and stepping out from beneath the sheltering eaves, she gently touched the artist upon the arm, and in a low voice, said: "I am perishing for want of food; be quick, for even now my mother may be dying."

"A watchman had just ordered her to follow him, saying it was his duty to arrest all found begging; but the artist interposed, averring that he knew the young woman, whose unfeigned terror and evident gentility had aroused his sympathy." The request was spoken harshly, as though the heart, overstrained, could bear no more. In an instant a piece of gold lay in her hand. "God bless you!" she fervently repeated. Then, without another word, she turned and fled swiftly down the street, the artist's eyes and ears held her receding figure. Suddenly a thought seemed to suggest itself to her mind, for in an instant she had retraced her steps, and was again beside him.

his face. In her large, expressive eyes there was a strange yearning. "Diderot," she reiterated. "Clarion Diderot." Her voice trembled as she uttered the words, and its tone awakened a thrill in the artist's heart. As though actuated by a sudden thought, she extended her hand, kindly saying: "It is I who should offer excuses. I mistook you for a friend I much desire to see. Pardon the passing annoyance."

She drew the check rein, and in a moment more Diderot found himself upon the sidewalk watching the retreating carriage, and dreaming of the brilliant eyes of the singular woman. Her voice had awakened a train of thought which recalled a never-to-be-forgotten circumstance; but contrasting the two women, the one seen, with the vision of the hour, he laughed bitterly at the passing thought that could tempt him to think there could be any similarity between two, and scoffed at the folly that led him to cling to a hope which each succeeding month rendered more fallacious.

On the following morning, while standing in the art gallery attending to the hanging of a picture which he had just finished, Diderot was accosted by a fellow artist, an old man, who had in earlier days encouraged and befriended him. "Clarion, are you invited to Mme. de Camargo's reception for to-night?" he inquired. "I am, but have declined," he replied. "I know your dislike for society. I have accepted, and feeling unwilling to go alone, I beg you to accompany me. I would have declined, but the late Marquis de Camargo was one of my best friends, and his widow desires my presence at this, her first reception since the death of the Marquis. Will you go, Diderot, as a favor to me?"

As she spoke, Diderot bent over her, the great love that was in him, trembling for utterance; his dark eyes burning into hers as though seeking a response. Without appearing to observe him, she continued: "In a moment more, I was hurrying down the dark street, the proof of the stranger's kindness clasped tight in my hand. He had disappeared, but his name was known to me. On reaching home I found one application had been answered—a position in a large store had been offered me, with an advance of salary which I accepted, and the gold coin given I treasured."

"I had been with my employer but a month, when the Marquis de Camargo met me. He heard my story from others, became interested, and finally offered the position of a father together with his proud name. He was an old man and honorable. For the sake of my feeble mother I accepted, and but a brief space of time elapsed ere she died, blessing me with her latest breath. Her death was soon followed by that of the Marquis, and I was, although rich in worldly wealth, nevertheless alone in the world."

"And the stranger you speak of, did you never see him after that one night?" inquired Clarion huskily. "Yes, one evening prior to my marriage, as I was returning from the store, I met him. Unseen I followed, but approaching too near, he saw me and fled."

Spelling "Indian." An impromptu spelling school was inaugurated in Merrill's grocery one Saturday evening. A young man, who, last winter, aided Mr. Couch in the management of the North Centre School, conducting the class. The first word he gave out was Indian. The first man said: "I-n, i-n, d-i-n, dia-India." The teacher shook his head. "Well I declare, I thought I had it," said the speller, with keen disappointment; but he picked up when the second man started, and eyed him with considerable anxiety. The next man with desperate earnestness, said, "I-n, i-n, d-e, de, u-n-Indian."

Then he sighed and gazed anxiously at the teacher, while the old party at the end of the bench, who was watching the efforts with derisive amusement, turned the quid in his mouth, and said: "You ain't in a rod on it; but go on; let's see more try." The teacher told the second speller that he also had failed, whereupon he sighed again. The third man took hold. He squared himself upon his seat, and holding up one finger ticked off the letters with devoted solemnity as follows: "I-n, i-n, d-d-a, da, i-n, i-n-Indian." The old party on the end of the bench, who had been teetering on the precipice of a laugh while this effort was being put forth, snickered right out in a loud guffaw at its conclusion.

Historic parallels.—This is the second "Elizabethan Age." In the former time many a gallant knight seized his lance and tilted to please Elizabeth. To-day equally brave champions lance Titton for the same purpose. The ancient time also instituted the "Elizabethan ruff," while the present age is rough on Elizabeth.

Can any of you gentlemen tell what the "B" stands for in Susan B. Anthony's name?—St. Louis Rep. As the "B" is after Susan, perhaps it wants to extract honey from her lips.—Christian Observer. But as the "B" is before Anthony what can it be for?—Continental Dam Builder Organ. The "B" in question is the imperative mood, and command is uttered in this shape: Susan B. Anthony, and never be anything else.—Educational Journal. It is believed in Brooklyn that Theodore Tilton is responsible for that "B." When somebody told her to get out of his lap he remarked, "Let Susan B!"—Brooklyn Eagle. The Globe prints these opinions to show what a vast amount of misinformation can exist concerning a simple matter. It is consoling to know that Susan B. will continue to be long after these editorial have ceased to buzz. The "B" in her middle name—according to the inscription on the Moabite stone—but we can't think of it at this minute.—Boston Globe. It is so curious that so plain a question is in such a muddle. Gentlemen you all mistake the point. The young lady was dissatisfied with plain Susan, and wished to be "B" Anthony. The peculiarity of this particular "B" is that B-for Anthony, B-for Susan and B-between both. To effectually dispose of this important question we suggest that it be referred to the next North American Bee-keeper's convention.—Pittsburg Chronicle. If you will let Susan "B," gentlemen, she will still "B" Anthony, which might be more congenial to her tastes than "B"-ing Bennett, Brown, Beecher, or any other man. Perhaps not.—McKeepers Times. We are satisfied to let Susan B. Anthony as long as she desires. She has long solved the question of "To be or not to be," in her own way long since.—Detroit Commercial Advertiser. We go a guess that it was put more capital between Susan and Anthony which would be B natural, in case Susan had no other capital. Of course Susan meant business with Anthony.—Blow Your Bugle. All this nonsense about bees leads us to propose the conundrum: If a man has a bee by the tail which would B the safest to hold on or to let go.—American Journal. If B stood for Bull instead of bee, it would be safer to "hang on to the tail." To prove it we call Southwick Waterman to the stand.—The Roy Gazette. If you fellows don't want to get a lively thing you just better beware of the reckless way in which you lay hold of Susan's middle "B." B goes, she is liable to B-labor some of you.

THE DEFENDANT AND HIS WIFE. He has the last Scribner in his hand and, cutting the leaves, he talks to the lawyers in front of him. Beecher has grown thin in three days—actually thin. His hair, so long and sparse, trickles in an aged way behind his ears, but his face is not old. The exceeding long, straight upper lip looks swelled, and the young peculiar bull-froggy bulge about the eyes is still greater, but the eyes are bright and the complexion young, and his smiling mouth shows good teeth, not of Dr. Skinner's manufacture. Mrs. Beecher is small and white as a rabbit. Her skin is marvellously white and her hair is snow itself. She wears more clothes than a doorway in Chatham street. She divests herself of wraps and woolen things and knits things, and finally sits confessed the severe Spartan spouse in all her glory. She takes off her bonnet, beneath which is a close cap of black lace and blue silk and holds the hat in her hand. Contemporaneous with the suspension of navigation and the resumption of pedestrianism on the part of Nosh and his family was the creation of that bonnet. A regular farewell visit was made to the foundry, whereupon a stretched valve by the yard. No slough of a hat is the Beecher hat. It is as good as a chaise top, and only lacks the wheels. Anyway it gives great dignity of carriage to Mrs. Beecher, and affords her much solace during the trial. If anything brings Beecher through this ordeal it won't be legal seamen or pluck, or cheek, though there's lots of it, but it will be the sustaining, unflinching support of that bonnet, which is a sort of military tow-line, a black velvet beacon, a veritable capillary cocktail. I'd go to battle with that bonnet quicker than a wink. UNAVAILING SORROW.—When Mr. Blank lost his wife he lay down on the floor for seven hours without intermission, except for meals, he beat the carpet vehemently with his boots, and cried: "What shall I do?" When his elderly servant mildly said, "She is a better place," he beat the ground still more violently, and roared more piteously than ever. Still nothing seemed to come of it, so he merely sent his wild question back again upon his swelling heart. In a sympathetic tone his faithful attendant warned him that he would wear himself out, whereas he became inconsolable, and frantically exclaimed: "What shall I do?" The elderly woman advised him to look out of the window awhile. He looked out and in six months he was a newly married man; his neighbor, who had sustained a similar loss, never groaned and never married again.

A Rhode Island woman says that she'd rather have the nightmare seven straight nights than let her husband that the flour barrel is empty. Rhode Island bristles with spelling matches. Some of the dictionary words reach clear across the State.

THE REV. HAMMOND AS A "POICIE." The Rev. Mr. Hammond is a revivalist of religion, pot of poetry. With heavenly aid he can make the wayward sinner turn, but though the muses lend him grace, he fails to cheer the jaded reader with his sales of blank verse. Mr. Hammond has given to the world a metrical account of his wedding trip to the Holy Land, and though "They were written ere dawn, Some by sparring Pharaoh's waters," the verses have none of that magnetic effect which attends the personal appeals of the distinguished divine. Like the good Moody, Brother Hammond jerks sin out of a sinner with neatness and dispatch, but on Mount Parnassus he is the veriest pigmy. Let us quote a passage: "When at length the eager pilgrims stood beside the massive pyramid, Oh how different seemed their aspect. From their appearance in the distance? Quicker than their first attraction? Towering, O how high toward heaven! They're across the important question: Who'll ascend the impost summit? Over these steps three feet in thickness at summit, read of Pharaoh's waters. Quick say: 'Yes, I will do it.'—I'll, from the summit, Full of zeal, said: 'I will do it.' Edward that was much delighted With his wife, an energetic, Who was ready to go with him To the top of great Cheops. In form this verse is something like "Hiawatha," but only in form. We think that Brother Hammond might have greatly improved his description of this visit to the pyramids, if, after prayerful consideration, he had had the useful nine turn tail, while he made use of simpler prose. It would then have read: "At near view the aspect of the pyramids was different from their appearance in the distance. Cheops, which the pilgrims first examined, covered at least fifteen acres and is very high. The writer determined to ascend to the summit, and was much delighted that his wife and a lady from Florence determined to accompany him." But it is too much to expect a man, even a white-choker, to refrain from gush upon his wedding-tour. There is a power of grace in Brother Hammond, and we have no doubt of his ultimate salvation, but at the last day, before final judgment is pronounced, that book will cause him a heap of uneasiness.—Chicago Times.

Bro. SIMMONS preached a sermon last Sunday at the First Methodist Church, which contained many excellent points on Family Government. Bro. Simmons takes the old-fashioned sensible side of the question, believing that the husband is the head of the household, and that the children should be compelled to render obedience. Peace in the family was a necessary requisite for happiness, and peace cannot be obtained where children brawl and women scold. The husband when he comes home at night, tired out, nervous and harassed with the perplexities incident to business needs rest, yet if he meets a scolding wife and ill-humored children he involuntarily wishes himself in any other place. Bro. Simmons continued to some length in a similar strain and surprised many of his hearers by his plain practical, common-sense view of the subject. If preachers would devote more attention to the subjects which they know something about and cease throwing out their dry theological husks for people to feel upon, they would increase the number of their hearers and do more good in their day and generation.—Ottawa Democrat.

MODOC AT CHURCH.—We were really beginning to think that the Modocs had been made in vain, but it seems we were mistaken. They can be utilized to give boys lessons in deportment. A Lexington, Ky., paper says: "Several of the Modoc Indians attended the Baptist Church last Sunday morning. A gang of Lexington boys were seated before them, who during the starting process until it became unendurable. One the Indians took a boy's head gently in his hands and turned it toward the minister, giving a significant gesture to the other boys at the same time. It was enough, the boys listened to the preacher, and left off staring operations. An aged couple on Wooster street are very fond of checkers, and play quite frequently. When he beats at the game she loses her temper and declares she will not play again. It vexes him to have her set so, but he controls the irritation and talks to her about it. He tells her how wrong it is for people at their age in life to be disturbed by such trifles, and shows her so clearly the folly of such a course and returns to the game, and plays it so well that she beats him. Thus he throws the checkers in one direction and kicks the boards in another and says he will never play with anybody who cheats so readily, and stalks moodily to bed, leaving her to pick up the things. Said a colored Georgia preacher: 'Dar's robbin' and stealin' all around. Dar's de Beecher business, de Wood-bull business, Sumner is dead, tornados come whoopin' around, de Freedman's Bank has busted, and it 'pears as if de end was nigh, mighty cins at hand.' She used to keep bits of broken china and crockery piled up in a convenient corner of the closet, and when asked her reason for preserving such domestic lumber, she shot a lurid glance at her husband, and merely remarked: "He knows what them's for." A young lady of Michigan avenue dismissed her lover because he kept her so long on the steps to say good-bye one night that she took cold. Love that might outlive a fever will often succumb to a cold in the head. A bad thing to put up with—An unaccommodating landlord.

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows of numbers, likely a calendar or reference table.

Business notices in the Local Columns, 20 cents per line. For legal and transient advertisements, 100 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

FROM EAST TO WEST. BY STEAM COLONIZATION.

The boat which bears her name; "Good-bye," she said, with a smile. "Good-bye, Old World," she said, with a smile. "Good-bye, Old World," she said, with a smile. "Good-bye, Old World," she said, with a smile.

Long may thy rosy smile be bright. Above the ocean's billows. The ocean, undisturbed, rose to meet. Calling the whole world here. And ever to thy arms be held. To take the steamship in I.

A moving tail—a hungry dog's. The end of everything—the letter g. Can you spell consent in three letters? Y-e-s. Even the laziest boy can sometimes catch a whiffing. How much does a fool weigh generally? A simple ton. The only suits that last longer than you want are in-waists. Title for a five-cent savings bank—the St. Nicholas.—Mail.

As twice eleven are twenty-two how can twice ten be twenty, too. "That beats a w!" exclaimed a shoemaker as he looked at a shoe making machine. It is estimated that every paper in San Antonio, Texas, owns about seven dogs. What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went home.—

An Irish editor says he can see an earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men. What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? The belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys. With care a man can walk uprightly. One who is on the start will not be found on the orange peel.—Mail. "I am bound to have my rights," as the man said to the shoemaker who had sold him a pair of boots, both lefts. Enterprising. The Chicago Times sold twenty thousand extra copies on the strength of the editor's going to jail. When Agassiz was pressed to deliver a lecture for pay, he replied: "I cannot afford to waste my time for money." Love is said to be blind, but I know lots of fellows in love who can see twice as much in the y-galls as I can.—Josh Billings. Story, the sculptor, is making a sensation in Florence, Italy, by his impersonation of Statyke, who was also a chiseler.—Mail. A Gentleman observing the sign of "Caswell" upon a business establishment, remarked that it would be "as well without the O."—Mail. They wondered at the short collection in a Missouri church, and investigated to find that one of the collectors had tar in the top of his hat. "Is this the Adams House?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes," was the reply, "it's Adams' House until you get to the roof, then it's heaven." A traveler called for mint-sauce at a hotel the other day, and the waiter said they had none, adding: "Our cook makes all the mias into pie, not sauce." Why call him "groom" as eight out of ten people do? A groom's business is to look after horses. A bridegroom's business is to look after his wife's mother. "Lord, make so truly thankful for what we are about to receive—these basins ain't fit for a dog to eat," is the way a certain Moore, La., man asks a blessing. A little American lad who had just commenced reading the newspapers, asked his father if the word "hon." prefixed to the name of a member of Congress, meant "honest." A little four year old woke up very early one morning, and seeing the full moon from the window, he innocently remarked: "I should think it was about time for Dad to take that moon in." A person was told that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one-quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?" "My dear," said a husband, in startled tones, after waking his wife in the middle of the night, "I have just followed a dog of strabismus!" "Well, then, do for goodness sake like a girl, or it may come up." When a stockings like dead men? When they are used, or, perhaps, when their sales are depressed, or again, when they are all in holes, or when they are in the wash, or when they are past being worn, or when they are no longer on their feet.