STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

M. V. BROWN. C. H. STEWART

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FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
Has just opened out a shop in the rooms recently occupied by Dr. E. O. Smith, one door west of City Market, First street, Albany, and is prepared to manufacture
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in the best manner and at the lowest reasonable rates.
Give him a call. He warrants to fit you. v11n8tf.

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Nov. 11, 1870.

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THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS HIS fine family residence in Albany, Oregon, for sale on reasonable terms. It comprises about eight acres of land, a large orchard, a commodious residence and convenient outbuildings of all kinds. The place is one of the best improved and most desirable residences in the city. For further particulars enquire of G. A. Hill, County Clerk of Linn county.
JERE DIRUS.

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AT REASONABLE RATES AT
HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP,
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Work warranted to give satisfaction. v10n2tf.

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BARBER SHOP!
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HAVING LEASED A NEW SHOP ONE door west of Fox's stove, and fitted it up in a neat and tasty manner, I will be pleased to have all my old customers continue their patronage, and will guarantee satisfaction to all new ones. v10n15tf.

A. T. ARNELL,
will attend to all orders for
PAINTING, GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING.
Shop on Second street, in the old Pacific Hotel building. v10n2y1.

THE ORIGINAL BAYEAM
IS STILL ALIVE WITH
A NEW OUTFIT!
THANKFUL FOR PAST FAVORS, AND still desirous of continuing to meet the same, the proprietor is always ready and easily found at all times. Passengers and baggage carried to and from the cars to any part of the city at reasonable rates. A. N. ARNOLD,
Albany, Oregon. Proprietor
8n18tf

State Rights Democrat.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W	1 M	3 M	6 M	1 YR
1 Inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	10 00
2 In.	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 In.	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	22 00
4 In.	4 00	7 00	12 00	18 00	27 00
¼ Col.	6 00	8 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
½ Col.	7 00	12 00	18 00	30 00	45 00
¾ Col.	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 Col.	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

Business notices in the Local Columns, 20 cents per line.

For legal and transient advertisements, $1 00 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

TWO PICTURES.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,
Creep into my arms, my sweet,
Let me fold you again to my bosom,
So close I can hear your heart beat.
What! these little fingers been sewing;
One's been pricked by the needles I see,
These hands shall be kept from such labor.
When once they are given to me.

All mine little pet, I will shield you
From trouble and labor and care,
I will robe you like some fairy princess,
And jewels shall gleam in your hair;
These slippers you gave me are perfect,
That dressing gown fits to a T—
My darling, I wonder that Heaven
Should give such a treasure to me.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precious,
Time flies so when I am with you,
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, must I say it?—Adieu!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Oh, Meg! you are heavy—I'm tired;
Go sit in the rocker I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety,
When you plump down in that sort of way.
You had better be mending my coat sleeve;
I've spoken about it before,
And I wish to finish this novel,
And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing gown sets like the d——l;
Those slippers run down at the heel;
Strange anything can never look decent,
I wish you could know how they feel.
What's this bill from Morgan's? Why, surely
It's not for another; new dress!
Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year,
Or your store bills will have to grow less.

Eight o'clock? Meg, sew on this button
As soon as you finish that sleeve,
Heigh ho! I'm so decously sleepy,
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

"Is there no hope, Charlie?"

"Alas! Nellie, I fear not. The governor has refused to interfere in your poor brother's behalf, and unless his escape can be effected, and the chances are very faint, he will have to—"

"Don't Charlie, don't say that fearful word. O, God! My poor, poor, innocent brother!"

"Be calm, Nellie. Despairing words cannot help the matter. Your brother is yet alive and two weeks will elapse before his sentence is carried into effect. You know I have done all that lay in my power, so far, to save him—I shall do more. Promise me to be calm till you see me again. You can do this through hope, and God on our side, that hope may not be in vain."

"Why—what are you going to do, Charley? Is there the faintest glimmer of hope? Tell me quickly."

"Jack Holby and myself have thought of a desperate plan by which we may save poor Harold. To one chance of its succeeding there is a dozen against it. Still, if it fails, it will not be for the want of earnest, perseving effort on our parts. Harold is as innocent as you or I. The wooden-headed jury who pronounced him guilty would be his murderers, but we will try and cheat the gallows at the last moment. Until I see you again, Nellie, pray that our venture may succeed.'

"How fervently I shall do as you wish. There is another poor heart, beside my mother's that is terribly anguished. Poor, dear Mary, how she loves Harold. Have you seen her lately?"

"Yes; I saw her last evening," replied Charley. She is very pale and down-hearted, but has an unwavering faith in his innocence. I believe she would die if he were to be h—— Well, good-bye, Nellie, keep a stout heart."

Brave Charley! No friend has ever worked harder for the salvation of another than had he for Harold Vincent. Ever since the fatal day Harold had been arrested on the charge of murdering George Pollock, he had been near him uttering words of comfort or earnestly working for his acquittal. And now the sentence of death had been pronounced, and the dread day of execution appointed, he had not yet lost hope, but when Charley Lawrence and Jack Holby put their heads together they were a power at any time, but since a friend's life was at stake they would undoubtedly work wonders.

Harold Vincent was deemed guilty by the law of the murder of George Pollock. The evidence was purely circumstantial. The murdered man and the condemned had been rivals in love. Pollock was found dead in a suburban grove with three knife wounds in his breast. At his side was found a button which corresponded with those on a coat of Harold's, and there was a button missing from his coat. The prisoner had been seen in the vicinity of the murder on the evening it must have occurred. That was all there was of it. The prisoner, when charged with the crime had scornfully denied the charge, and all through his trial had conducted himself in a manner that left a very favorable impression on the minds of the spectators. He had never for once betrayed the slightest evidence of guilt, and while the awful sentence was being pronounced upon him, kept his blue eyes fixed upon the judge's, and at his conclusion bowed gracefully, and was led away. He saw that he was at the mercy of a train of fatal circumstances, and knew that nothing would save him but executive clemency. When that was denied him, he exclaimed. "God help my poor mother, Nellie, and darling Mary!" and commenced preparations for the last scene.

When Charlie left the presence of Nellie, after the interview narrated in the beginning of the chapter, he sought his friend Jack Holby. He found him at his hotel, and together they repaired to his room.

"I have been reconnoitering in the rear of the vacant house, Charley," said Jack in an undertone.

"Well, what success?"

"We can obtain an easy entrance through a back window."

"Good! No time must be wasted. If you will attend to the matter of tools and a lantern, I will sound the sheriff this afternoon. The undertaking is a desperate one, Jack, but perseverance may give us success. God grant that it may be so!"

"Have you intimated our scheme to Harold yet?" asked Jack.

"No," Charlie replied. "I thought it would not be best to do so until I had interviewed the sheriff. A great deal depends upon him, you know. Should I succeed in managing him as I wish, I shall then tell Harold what I mean doing for him."

Here the two friends shook hands warmly and separated.

Charley immediately set out on his search for the sheriff. The individual was an easy going fellow, always pecuniarly embarassed, always ready to take a drink when an opportunity offered. But since sentence was pronounced upon Harold Vincent, and it became plain that it would soon be his painful duty to place the noose about an old friend's neck and spring the gallows trap, he had been very much depressed, and had kept his room almost constantly. Thither Charley went and was admitted by the unhappy official himself.

"Good afternoon, sheriff," said Lawrence. "You don't seem to be yourself of late. What's the matter; approaching duties trouble you, hey?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said the sheriff, "I do dread what's coming awfully. I wish it was over."

"Well," replied Charley. "It won't help the matter any to sit around all day in a close room, what do you say to taking a walk around to Pendegrast's and trying some of his fresh beer?"

"Why I don't mind," said the sheriff, taking his hat; "I believe a glass or two of lager would do me good."

The two were soon on their way to Pendegrast's. Arriving there Charley was gratified at finding the place quite deserted, and seating themselves at the remotest table they leisurely enjoyed a couple of glasses of lager, which improved the sheriff's spirits wonderfully.

"Sheriff," said Charley, after a little, "I have got a peculiar request to make of you. I have always been a friend to you, and if you comply with what I am about to ask, I will be a greater one. I wish you to fix the cord with which you hang Harlod Vincent so that he shall break it when the trap falls."

"Why Charley! are you crazy?" said the official. "Do you wish to prolong your friend's sufferings? Why do you wish the rope to break. Do you contemplate a rescue?"

"It will not prolong his sufferings," repled Lawrence coolly. "The rope must be weakened so much by some means that a very trifling resistance will break it. Allow Harold to fall to the ground once, and then you can get a perfect rope and hang your victim effectually. I promise there will be no attempt made at a rescue in the court yard. There is no disturbance meditated whatever. My request is a singular one, but I will explain my motive after the execution takes place. Your compliance can in no way damage you—ropes frequently break, you know. Promise me faithfully that you will do what I have asked you, and you shall receive five hundred dollars on the day of execution."

The sheriff wavered. "The request you make is a singular one," he said; "but as you say, the fact of the rope breaking cannot damage me, and I am awfully pushed for money."

"You have simply to weaken the rope and allow Harold to descend to the ground," interrupted Charley, and the five hundred dollars will be your reward—five hundred dollars paid you promptly when all is over."

"I'll do it. Here's my hand, I solemnly promise to do what you wish," said the sheriff.

"Very well," said Lawrence.—"Where will the gallows be erected; do you know yet?"

"Near the northeast corner of the court-yard—same place where Dunkirk was hung fifteen years ago. We will put it up there this time, but somewhat nearer the fence, so as to obstruct the view from that vacant house of McArdle's. That's the only chance for a sight."

"Just so," mused Charlie. "Well I must be going—I have an engagement." And directing the landlord to replenish the sheriff's glass he went out.

When Harold Vincent was enlightened by Charley as to what was to be attempted in his behalf, he was thunderstruck.

"Your plan will fail at the last, I fear," he said mournfully, then brightening up a little he continued. "But I do wrong to discourage you, my brave friend. Depend upon it, that at the critical moment I shall not be slow to act. For the sake of those near and dear to me, rather than my own, I hope the plan may succed."

The two dread weeks intervening between the day on which the doomed man had received his sentence and the time appointed for his execution, passed rapidly away. The morning of the 25th dawned clear and bright, but on the heads of hunreds in the peaceful town of L—— lay dark clouds of sorrow at Harold Vincent's dreaded situation. The soon-to-be executed sentence of death was the subject of conversation at every breakfast table, and sad faced people gathered in knots on the streets to discuss the awful scene about to transpire.

Aside from the newspaper men of the place, the town officials and a specially appointed police force, few were admitted within the court-yard inclosure. At half past ten Harold Vincent was led to the scaffold.

He ascended the steps briskly and took his place on the trap, where his arms were pinioned and his collar unbuttoned and thrown back to facilitate the cruel work of the noose that dangled above him. The minister made a touching prayer, bade the doomed man farewell, and stepped back. Had he "anything to say?" Nothing, except that he was innocent. The sheriff nervously affixed the noose and drew the awful cap over the shapely head of the condemned.

Then there was a rattling of bolts, a suppressed exclamation of horror, and Harold Vincent shot like a bullet out of sight in the earth beneath the scaffold.

The crowd stood transfixed with amasement. Not a word was uttered for more than a minute—everybody, excepting the sheriff, who had fainted, stood watching the hole in the ground, not larger than a man's body, through which Vincent had disappeared. Then, suddenly, there was a clamor of voices and great activity among the police.

"Bring shovels—the prisoner has fallen into a cave—he must be dug out."

Shovels were brought and vigorously used, and the workmen soon found a newly-opened subterranean passage which they tremulously followed for quite a distance, and emerged into the cellar of "McArdle's vacant house. There they found a lamp burning, a black cap, some pieces of rope, among which was a hangman's noose and a couple of shovels. But they didn't find the prisoner.

Search was made for Vincent, but without success. As there was no reward offered for his capture, and the popular feeling being on his side, there was but little danger of being returned to confinement.

A month passed away and a dying man confessed to have been the murderer of Pollock. And then Harold returned, the names of the authors of the escape were divulged, and Charley Lawrence and Jack Holby were the lions of the hour. Shortly after there was a double wedding, and Harold Vincent married the gentle Mary Holby, and Charley Lawrence become blessed in the matrimonial possession of Nellie Vincent. Jack Holby, of course, was present, and laughingly said to Harold after the knot was tied: "Hope you won't regret the step, old fellow; remember there's no tunneling you out of matrimony."

The sheriff was also present and asked Charley if he hadn't better bribe the minister to weaken the matrimonial knot. The affair passed off happily; and may the parties live long to tell their children, and maybe their children's children, how they cheated the gallows."

[Written for the DEMOCRAT.]

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1851.

CHAP. 3.

Simon L., of Sangamon county, Illinois, had sold out his real and personal estate there and had a good outfit for Oregon; and with his family, constituted part of our train, and was with us in our water-bound trials at Elk Horn in 1851. He had lost his wife a few years before, and finding single blessedness no good, had sought out a woman who should fill the place of wife to him and mother to his children. He found one—a grass-widow—much younger than he was. She was hearty and good looking, but needed a home; and in the way of speculation, she married Mr. L. It was manifest to all that she did not love him. They lived on bad terms, but had not separated. George N. was also there with his family, and a good outfit bound for Oregon. His wife was a shrew, and they had a poor life of it. In the multitude of persons in our train, there fell in a couple of young men—well dressed, handsome and quite charming. They made love to L. and N.'s wives for a couple of weeks. They pretended to be *en route* for Oregon; would help those families all along the trip on extra good terms. The husbands were taken in, and did not suspect how the sly courtship between their false wives and the young men was progressing. The evening before the last of the trains crossed over, these ladies arranged so that they and their tents and chattels should be on the highlands west of the broad waters, and their husbands on the east side, to come over next morning. Mrs. L. placed three thousand dollars in gold on the ground under her pillow in the tent, and Mrs. N. placed an equal sum under her pillow. Each sack of gold could be taken from under the pillows by the young men from the outside of the tents. These fellows were to hide the gold and return and give the ladies the signal; they would then join their lovers, and all would remain concealed some days in the thicket near Platte River. Then they would cross the Missouri River at the lower ferry, (where Omaha now is) and under disguise and assumed names pass eastward, get married, and so enjoy their wealth. Their beaux got the gold but failed to give the ladies the signal. This incensed the women and they told on the thieves. One hundred hand-bills were struck off from the press at Kanesville next morning, the exact description of the men given, and a reward of five hundred dollars offered for the money and the thieves. These fellows had bought two horses and saddles for $150, and struck out; and on the hird day came to the ferry below, and started across. The ferryman gave the signal to men on the Iowa side, and when the thieves stepped foot on shore they were captured. The husbands recovered all the stolen gold and the horses and saddles. The The fellows confessed: but stated that the ladies had seduced them, and had laid all the plans. They were each sentenced to the Penitentiary for five years. Simon L. gave up his trip to Oregon, but George N. came through. Thus ended this love affair. L. and and his wife afterwards parted. On On Sunday morning, June 1, 1851, all of our trains, some for California and some for Oregon, took up their line of march for the Pacific Coast. As we made a late start, we drove only 12 miles that day, and camped at a very pleasant place on the north side of an excellent body of farming timber, on the edge of a large, rich and fertile prairie. The Mormons had named this point "Liberty Pole," having erected one there about four years before, on their way from "old Winter quarters" to Salt Lake. Late in the evening an old Indian came to our tents and told a sad tale about how destitute he was of blankets for himself and squaw. He begged for tqe loan of a bed cover from Father M,, and would return it after one sleep and at sunrise next morning. Father M. had read much about the poor Lo's, their nobleness of gratitude, etc. The Indian got the blanket, wrapped it round himself, and strode off, to be seen by us no more. This was foretaste No. 1 of our experience that year between Missouri River and the Dalles of the Columbia. Next morning, June 2, all safe and well, we started for Loupe Fork ferry, distant — miles. At night we camped on the Platte, which, here, is 900 miles wide; current, five miles an hour; water very muddy. The range is excellent, and roads good. June 3, we left camp early and came to Shell creek, a small tributary of the Platte. Just before we arrived at the bridge across Shell creek, we saw upwards of 80 armed warriors of the Pawnee tribe, running toward us from a south-west direction. They were all armed, had waded the Platte, and came to us in a very threatening manner. Their head chief enquired for our Captain, and some of our folks pointed him to me. He presented me a medal with the treaty between the U. S. under Van Buren's Administration and the Pawnees, in whose country we then were. The terms of the treaty were, that full and free permit by those Indians should be given to all white persons wishing to travel through that country upon the immigrant road, and were to have necessary wood, water and grass for their families and stock while thus passing peacably through their lands. I explained, by an interpreter, the contents of the treaty and desired that the Indians should disperse out of the road, so that we might pass. But the chief peremptorily told us that we could not pass on until we had paid him TRIBUTE. Our men had neglected our rifles and pistols, most of them being then unloaded and stored away in the wagons. There were about fifty men of us, besides our women and children. The chief ordered some of his men to adread down a large blanket, and upon this we were ordered to place flour, sugar, tobacco, bacon, bread and money. Some offered to hand the money to the chief, but he took it as an insult that we dare approach his Royal Highness. Well, we paid all the tribute demanded, and then desired to pass on; but no—we must duplicate it with some addittional articles. This we did, but were told to do so again. By this time our men had loaded our guns and revolvers, and had their pluck well up. But I have omitted to state that all this time about forty of those Pawnees chose out a fine Durham heifer of mine, killed and were roasting her over a large fire 20 rods up the creek. It seemed that the contest might as well come to an issue early as late. Our men jerked the tribute blanket out of the road, cleared the bridge and started the trains forward. I looked then for an onslaught, but those wretches quailed before us and we passed on. There was a regiment of U. S. soldiers then stationed at old Fort Leavenworth, and help at other points not far off; and had those marauders killed any of us then, a fearful reward would have been their lot.

About this time James G. sold out his outfit and gave up his trip to Oregon; and here was an episode. His young and pretty wife had been a coquette of the strongest type. Among all of her lovers there was one whom she loved deeply, if such a woman can thus love. And Preston H. loved the faithless one devotedly.

DAVID NEWSOME.

Seattle is one of the most flourishing little cities on the north-west coast. It has one whisky shop to every ninety inhabitants.

[From the EVENING DEMOCRAT.]

SALUTATORY.

The hands of the clock are upon the stroke of four. During the day nimble fingers have kept up a ceaseless click as each type dropped into its place. The foreman is locking up the forms—the pressman is oiling up the ponderous machine and in a few moments more the first number of the ALBANY EVENING DEMOCRAT will be launched out on the sea of journalism. Believing as we do in those great principles founded by Thomas Jefferson, and so successfully carried out in succeeding Democratic administrations, the EVENING DEMOCRAT will be unreservedly Democratic. Yet we will not lose sight of the fact that this paper is intended to labor for the best interests of Oregon in general and Linn county and Albany in particular. We ask the business men of our thrifty, enterprising city, to aid us by their suggestions, subscriptions, and advertising patronage, and we will promise to do our part by devoting special attention to your interests, and the welfare and prosperity of our city.

THE FUTURE OF OUR CITY.

The prosperity of a city depends greatly, if not wholly, upon the liberality and enterprise of its population. With the advantages possessed by Albany at this time, no locality in the State promises so rapid an advance in everything toward the making of the largest inland city in Oregon as it does, provided its citizens are true to their own interests in fostering and assisting enterprises in their midst. We are the center of the best agricultural portion of the State, and have a water-power, the importance of which few can appreciate at the present time. The advantages to be derived from the first are not to be despised; while to properly value the latter, one need but look to the large manufacturing towns of the East. Large cities are not built by agriculture alone, but are almost always the result of manufactories. The reason is, manufacturing gives employment to large numbers of people who desire work in a city, while to market agricultural products gives employment to but few. The money received by employees in factories and work-shops is again distributed among all classes of our population, and goes far toward creating a prosperity of the community in which they exist that cannot be attained without them.

Oregonians may lay on their oars and wish and pray eastern capital to come and build up the country, but wishes and prayers will not bring it. The cities around us and in other States which have prospered and increased in population and wealth, are those where the citizens have put their shoulders to the wheel and not waited for "eastern capital" to come and help them. As instances of this, we may cite Salem and Oregon City, where the business men of those places and farmers of the surrounding county have built a University, grist mills, an oil mill, woolen mills, foundries, machine shops, agricultural works, etc., etc. If eastern capitalists should ever come to help develop our manufacturing interests, it will be invested in those localities where the people have manifested a disposition to encourage and assist those interests, because it is the sheerest nonsense to expect capital to seek investment among a people who show hostility or even indifference toward enterprises in which it proposes to embark.

In the hands of our own people lie the future of Albany. By mutual co-operation they may build a city where the loom, the hammer and the plane will impart a prosperity and wealth to the city now unknown to any locality in the State—a city, whose population will far outstrip all rivals.

"SINCERD."

The *Oregonian* writhes and wriggles about in a most miscellaneous manner of the Penitentiary Superintendent's exhibit of pardons, and goes off into a metaphysical disquisition upon the relative numbers that have been, might have been, would be or could be pardoned if things had not have been about like they were or should be if they wern't more so than otherwise—or words to that effect. The fact is, our very able and astute metropolitan cotemporary has got his foot in it, and may as well acknowledge the corn.

OUR POLITICAL CREED.

Fear God, love the ladies, hate snakes and vote the Democratic ticket next Monday.

MRS. DUNIWAY'S *New Northwest* of this week "exhorts her sisters to self-sacrifice." From what we have observed of the woman movement we opine the "sisters" have been sacrificing themselves all the time.

[From the EVENING DEMOCRAT, Dec. 3d.]

HOME AND ABROAD.

Wire-pulling has just commenced for the office of night watchman.

The river is so high that boats can't run. This is too much of a good thing.

You should by all means read Dr. Plummer's new ad. in another column.

W. B. Barr & Co., under the DEMOCRAT office have the great holiday bazaar of the city.

Miss Lizzie Smith is preparing to leave for the Southern States on account of her health.

A. L. S. says that anybody who says it don't rain in Oregon is a liar and has been bought with British gold.

Work is being pushed to have the new Evangelical church ready for dedication by the first of the New Year.

The Sunday School concert of the M. E. Church, takes place at the Opera House next Friday evening, the 10th inst.

A. L. Stinson, one of the oldest and best printers of Oregon, is at present sojourning in our city. He is looking swayuply.

There is a time for everything; a time to weep, a time to laugh, etc., but now is the time to subscribe for the ALBANY EVENING DEMOCRAT.

WANTED.

Being somewhat a stranger in a strange *illiike*, we desire everybody that knows anything that nobody else knows, and that the public would like to know, to tell us what they know and then we will tell the public, and everybody will know as much as anybody else knows. In point of fact, items are what we are after. Anything from a Gospel Ridge sensation to a Dixie outrage will come in play. Petty larceny items will be accepted—grand larceny, ditto. A runaway, if the smash-up is a good one, our informant will receive our thanks. For a daring robbery or an audacious burglary, the person communicating the facts will receive the best bow of the entire DEMOCRAT establishment. For an assault with a dangerous weapon, item or murder in the second degree, we will stand treat. For a premeditated, unprovoked shocking murder we will do it up in sensation style and give our informant a front seat in the article. And to anyone furnishing us with a real, genuine Watkins-Whiteman affair, giving the facts well authenticated, he will be furnished with a copy of the ALBANY EVENING DEMOCRAT, one year for $6—if prepaid. So step to the front, pass in an item or two, and we will do our "tallest" to put them in King's English.

CHRISTMAS BALL.

A grand ball is to be given Christmas Eve, (Dec. 24th) at the Pacific Opera House, under the auspices of Engine Co. No. 1. Below we give the various committees that have been appointed to conduct the festival. The names upon the several committees gives "goodly token" that it will be a splendid affair.

Committee of Arrangements—Sig. Fox, Joseph Webber, Julius Joseph, J. R. Herren, R. C. Clark.

Committee on Printing—J. R. Herren, Sig. Fox.

On Decoration—John Circle, Wm. Pitt, Frank Purdom.

On Music—Joseph Webber, R. C. Clarke, J. R. Herren.

On Reception—M. V. Brown, Wm. H. Queener, Fred. Graff, Chas. Keifer.

Floor Managers—J. R. Herren, J. McMerrick, M. A. Baker, George Cline, L. Liggett.

VIGILANT OFFICERS.—During the early part of the week, and during the heavy storms which threatened to do considerable damage to property of all descriptions, Messrs. John Brandt, the Superintendent, F. D. Clark and James McKenneon, Road Masters of the O. & C. R. R., took unusual precautions to ascertain that all was safe on the line. These gentlemen left Portland in a special car and passed slowly over the road, examining every bridge, trestle, culvert and portion of the road. Such watchfulness and care on the part of Railway officials, give the traveler a feeling of security as he takes his seat in the cars.

A GOOD CHANGE.—We learn that Superintendent Brandt, of the O. & C. R. R. Co., has given orders to have the down-town track put in good condition, so that the Albany express can run as formerly to the St. Charles Hotel. This is certainly a good move, and Mr. Brandt will receive the thanks of many a person who now has to stumble through the darkness to the depot to take the morning train.

NEW ENTERPRISE.—Messrs. Deimering and Laughead, two enterprising young gentlemen from Salem, have recently opened a candy manufactory, corner of Front and Broadalbin streets. In connection with the above business, they have neatly fitted up oyster rooms. Their advertisement giving full particulars of their specialities will soon appear in the DEMOCRAT.

LODGE ORGANIZED.—Hon. W. R. Dunbar, G. W. C. T. of the State, organized a lodge of Good Templars at Stayton on the evening of the 1st inst., with twenty-two charter members. The following officers were installed: Wm. Capps, W. C. T.; Mrs. A. Kahler, V. T.; G. W. Cusick, W. S.; Dr. J. M. Kitchen, F. S.; Dr. S. D. McCauley, Lodge Deputy.

THE BENEFIT BALL.—The Ball held at the Opera House Friday evening, for the benefit of a widow lady, was a success in every way. Those who participated had a pleasant time, while contributing to the wants of a needy person. Mr. David Froman generously donated the use of the hall. The net proceeds were thirty-three dollars

THE ALBANY HOUSE.—Mr. John Frank has just opened an eating house in the building adjacent to the DEMOCRAT office. As Mr. Frank is a veteran in the hotel business, we have no doubt that he will get as he deserves, his full share of patronage. His advertisement will soon appear in the EVENING DEMOCRAT.

SOCIABLE.—The sociable at the residence of Mrs. Jennie Fish, Friday evening, was a success. The party was a pleasant one, and the hostess made every one feel at home the moment they crossed the threshold. A collection amounting to $9.37 was taken up for the benefit of the Calvary Society.

Late advices state that Mrs. Captain Harper is much better and will probably recover.

[From the EVENING DEMOCRAT, Dec. 6th.]

HOME AND ABROAD.

The Christmas turkey waxeth phat.

Oregon's greatest need is a good 5 cent cigar.

Rainbow this morning—farmers take warning.

"Swearing off time" is drawing alarmingly near.

Sorbin & Co. are agents for the Salem spice mills.

Clarence Hedges, a Salem print, called this morning.

The Corvallis mail came in to-day in a light spring wagon.

This portion of the "footstool" hasn't been so damp for years.

River "chock-a-block," making it impossible for the ferry boat to run.

Candidates for night-watchmen are as numerous as a delinquent tax-list.

Loungers on the street corners this muddy weather might be called "gaiter-gazers."

This weather produces much rustic anger among those who would till the soil.

Hon. J. H. Hackleman, Assistant State Treasurer, came up on the mail train to-day.

O. J. Carr, Secretary of the Alden Fruit Preserving Company, of Salem, is in the city.

Moses Horton, wife and seven children, from Kansas, are registered at the St. Charles Hotel.

Mr. H. Sterling is about to start a paper in Oakland with the old *Umpqua Call* material.

One of our newly fledged physicians recently directed a patient to "take one pill twice a day."

The Santiam was within a few inches o being as high, recently, as it was during the great flood of 1861.

A small boy was found this morning in front of W. B. Barr & Co's book store, supposed to be Charlie Ross.

Several hundred enthusiastic friends serenaded us this evening because they knew the daily would stick.

Were it not for the long dresses and skirts of the Gospel Ridge belles, the cross-walks on Front and adjacent streets would be in a deplorable condition.

RESIGNED.—Prof. Crawford has tendered his resignation as one of the teachers in the Willamette University at Salem. We understand the course has been rendered necessary by objections made by some of the short-haired trustees of that Institution to Mr. Crawford attending a spiritual seance in that city. Mr. C. is one of the most popular teachers in the State, and the present prosperity of Willamette University is to be largely credited to his efforts and popularity. We are not a Spiritualist, and do not hanker after the seances of that persuasion, and why intelligent trustees of any institution can deem it their duty to dismiss a teacher for visiting places where they are held, is something we cannot understand. Some of the trustees of this University might learn a great deal in a very ordinary common school, as is evidenced by forcing a teacher to resign for no better cause than that above given. If the trustees of Willamette University expect to force their professors on to a narrow guage sectarian track, they should rely only on their sect for support.

ELECTION DAY.—The citizens of Albany to-day are exercising the privileges of the ballot-box; and what free-born or naturalized American citizen does not feel an inch or two taller upon election days? To know and feel that your vote may decide who is to be the next Mayor, Recorder or other officer of the city for the coming year, is certainly an exhilarating thought. The amount of rustling done to-day by anxious candidates, borders on the marvelous. Up alleys, in stair-ways, on street-corners and behind doors, candidates may be seen arguing the "pint" with the free, independent but stolid voter, who, upon this day feels that he is at least a good big "unit" in the affairs of the city. Hurrah for election days! It is a bigger man than St. Patrick or the fourth of July ever was; and thus we glide, etc.

SALEM EMIGRANTS.—In a stroll around town yesterday afternoon, we counted twenty-two persons who had left the Capital city within the past six weeks to take up their residence in this go-ahead city. We can't blame them—they were wide-awake business people, who wished to leave the dull, provincial city for one that was more metropolitan. They wished to see something of the hum and stir of this great world that we live in. They couldn't see much of it at the Capital, so they came, as any one naturally would, to Albany. We give them a cordial welcome, and extend an invitation to all Salemites who are wearied with the dull monotony of their drowsy city, to pack up their household goods and come up and live awhile amid the bustle and stir of active life.

OREGON BILL.—We clip the following from the *Evening Star* of Philadelphia, of late date:

Among the countless other notabilities, who will be here next spring will be "Oregon Bill," an old Government scout and a friend of Buffalo Bill, (W. Cody.) He is now in the San Juan country, and during the Centennial he expects to exhibit a party of Caw Indians, whose language he speaks fluently. His private name is W. S. Speck, and he is 38 years of age. Bill has entered mines with "the other boys" to seek his fortune, but as long as he has enough to eat and a tribe of Indians to escort he is always perfectly happy.

TRACK OVERFLOWED.—The express train came to the depot Saturday night about one hour late, owing to the fact that it had to come a portion of the way by water. In crossing the Clackamas bottom the water was so high as to extinguish the fire in the furnace. Steam already generated brought the train through the water, when she stopped till steam was again raised. The water came up to the couplings of the cars.

OFF THE TRACK.—The engine of the southern bound freight train, Saturday evening, while switching cars on the Farmer's warehouse side-track, was thrown off by the spreading of the rails. A couple of hours detention and some good responsible swearing, by those who had to work in the rain and mud to get the monster on the rails again, was the only result of the accident.

BIG OX DEAD.—We learn that "Lost River Ranger," the big ox on exhibition at the State Fair, died at Miller's Station, a few days since. He was one of the largest animals ever in the State. Being poor, he did not rust, and died.