STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

H. Y. BROWN. C. H. STEWART.

BROWN & STEWART.

Publishers and Proprietors.

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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAS. K. WEATHERFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Froman's brick, over post-office. v11n1.

W. R. GRAHAM,
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
GENT'S CLOTHING
in the best manner and at the lowest reasonable rates.
Give him a call. He warrants to fit you. v11n1f.

C. A. CHENOWETH. I. N. SMITH.
Corvallis. Linn Co.
CHENOWETH & SMITH.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
Office at the Court House. v6n27

S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in the Court House. v11n1f.

J. A. YANTIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Office in the Court House. v10n39y1.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
Special attention to collection of accounts. Office one door South of Fishers Brick. v10n39y1.

J. W. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Will practice in all the Courts in the 1st, 3d and 4th Judicial Districts; in the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in the United States District and Circuit Court. Office up-stairs in front room in Parrish's brick block, First St., Albany, Oregon. v8n15y1.

GEO. R. HELM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.
Nov. 11, 1870.

L. H. MONTANYE,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
—ALBANY, OREGON.—
FARMS OF ALL SIZES, QUALITIES AND prices to suit purchasers, and a number of dwellings in the city of Albany, for sale cheap. Emigrants and others desiring to purchase should call and learn terms before purchasing elsewhere.
Albany, Oregon, May 13th, 1871. v10n41y1.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON,
Office on Main street, between Ferry and Broadalbin. Residence on Third street, two blocks east, or below, the Methodist Church. v8n38f.

O. P. S. PLUMMER, M. D.
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, Cigars, Tobacco, School Books and Stationery.
A full stock of trusses and surgical appliances.
Remember Plummer's v10n39y1.

W. C. TWEEDALE,
—DEALER IN—
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS.
TOBACCO, CIGARS, YANKEE NOTIONS.
Cutlery, Crockery, Wood & Willow Ware.
CALL AND SEE HIM.
Store on Front street, Albany, Oregon. v8n39y1.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.
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.
v8n. JERE BRIGGS.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER
AT REASONABLE RATES AT
HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Work warranted to give satisfaction. v10n51f.

NEW
BARBER SHOP!
L. B. ROYAL, Proprietor.
HAVING LEASED A NEW SHOP ONE door west of Fox's store, 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. v10n18f.

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. v10n49y1.

THE ORIGINAL BAY EAGLE
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
8n28f

THE OLD
BROOM FACTORY
W. D. BELDING, THE GENTLEMAN who manufactured the first brooms in this city, has just returned from California and is again engaged in the old business at his old stand in the Metzler building, near Foshay's mill. v10n18f.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XI. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1875. NO. 19

[From the EVENING DEMOCRAT, Dec. 10th.]

HOME AND ABROAD.

Wheat 85.

Greenbacks 86½ to 87½.

Pleasant last night—wasn't it?

Trot out your Christmas turkeys.

Many a pullet will soon lay her last lay.

Many a rooster will soon crow his last crow.

This weather is as good as anybody's weather.

Many a turkey gobbler will soon strut his last strut.

This is the season of "high ticds"—gaiters, we mean.

"Fowl play" will be admissible two weeks from to-morrow.

Never such a Fall in Oregon. So says the oldest inhabitants.

Those "Pan Roasts" at the Albany Candy Manufactory, are gay, you bet!

Komic kandy toys will soon adorn the show cases of Kriss Kringle's age.

The weekly DEMOCRAT in wrappers ready for mailing can be had at this office.

For your morning cock-tail drop into Sorbin & Co's, First street, near Broadalbin.

Mr. J. C. Berry, of the Salem Flouring Mills, is stopping at the St. Charles Hotel.

As we journey through life, let's live by the way. Subscribe for the EVENING DEMOCRAT.

Photographs of departed friends raised to life size by A. B. Paxton, in Froman's brick.

The weekly STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT issued to-day. Send one to an Eastern friend.

The thermometer at Dr. Plummer,s stood, Dec. 9th, at 7 a. m. 54°, at 12 m., 61°, at 6 p. m., 58°.

Collarettes, scarfs and ties at Mrs. S. A. John's, Broadalbin street, opposite the DEMOCRAT office.

Johnny Cronin, at the Palace Oyster Rooms on Washington street, dishes up the bivalve in every style.

Mr. C. P. Burkhart informs us that he has sown winter wheat as late as the 4th of April and got a good yield.

Mr. George F. Simpson, Superintendent of the Farmer's Warehouse, has bought 13,000 bushels of wheat since Wednesday noon.

The editors and compositors of the EVENING DEMOCRAT can "surround" more wedding cake in less time than any office on the coast.

A small farmer in Sweet Home Valley, who is the father of 14 children, is puzzling his brains to account for the hard times in that vicinity.

KILLED BY THE INDIANS.—A letter received at Halsey last Tuesday, from Spokane, contains the information that Mr. James McMahon, formerly of this county, was found murdered about the 18th ult., in his bed, his head having been split open by a hatchet or tomahawk. It was probably the work of some of the Spokane Indians that were in the vicinity of Mr. McMahon's ranch. The circumstances of the affair as far as can be conjectured, or are known, are as follows: Mr. McMahon, who is a step-son of Mr. Jas. Bamford, of Halsey, is about 26 years of age, and for several years past has been engaged in stock raising on the Spokane. He "bached" in a cabin some distance from any white neighbors, and was a sober, industrious young man. Some days since, an Indian under the influence of liquor, came to McMahon's ranch and made the boast that he was bullet-proof, and to prove his assertion he put his own gun to his head and pulled the trigger. The result was that his brains were scattered on the ground and the Indian went to the happy hunting grounds of his tribe. His "tillicums" accused McMahon of making the Indian drunk, causing him to commit suicide. To revenge his death, the Indians doubtless killed the young man. He had been dead several days when found as above described. As McMahon was strictly temperate, the Indian could not have got any liquor from him. McMahon at the time of his death, had about three hundred head of stock, and one of the best ranches in the Spokane country. We learn that efforts are being made to bring his murderers to justice.

HEAVY SHIPMENT.—Mr. O. P. Beardsley the general Agent of the Alden Fruit Company of New York, shipped this date to that company, five tons fruit put up by the Alden Fruit Preserving Company of this city. The shipment consists of three and a half tons of apples, one ton of plums and half a ton of pears. Mr. B. informs us that he has sent a number of tons of Oregon fruit dried by the Alden process to New York during the last two seasons, and says that fruit from this State is worth five or six cents more per pound than from any other section of the country.

SPECIAL MEETING.—The Old Maid's Society will meet in secret session this evening at the residence of John Conner, Esq. The special object of the meeting is to expel one of its late members, Mrs. Wm. Peters nee Blain, who has been guilty, recently, of violating one of the fundamental laws of the Society. Other business of importance will be transacted. The two young gents who recently sent a communication to this venerable body, will doubtless get a "set-back" to-night that will "send them weeping to their beds." The society is said to be in a prosperous condition, but we are inclined to believe that "leap year" will send it up higher than "Gilderoy ever flew his kite."

ENTERTAINMENT.—At the meeting last evening of the committee of arrangements of Linn Engine Co., No. 2, appointed to take charge of the proposed entertainment, it was decided to have a sociable and musical and literary entertainment combined on New Year's eve. The committee also have under advisement the scheme of having a ball on the 8th of January. The readers of the EVENING DEMOCRAT will be kept posted as the arrangements for the festival progress.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Place the sea shell to the ear, and "the delicious murmur of the sea" steals like enchantment through you; but the same effect may be produced by placing to the ear a beaver hat, a tin pot or a pickle bottle, which last mentioned fact takes all the poetry out of the sea shell.

[From the EVENING DEMOCRAT, Dec. 11th.]

HOME AND ABROAD.

Turkeys are getting ripe.

A good supply of Lo's in the city.

What are you going to stuff your Christmas turkey with?

The sound of the hammer and saw are heard on all sides.

Capt. A. W. Waters, of the Oregon *Statesman*, called this morning.

A Lebanon belle has tresses 3 feet 10 inches long—all her own.

The costs in a recent dog suit in an adjacent town amounted to $83.

Oregon has ever been singularly free from tornados, plagues and pestilences.

The handsomest girl in the city has red cheeks, and wears a number two boot.

A youngster in Dixie got his ears boxed recently, for calling his sister "a big sunflower."

The thermometer at Dr. Plummer's stood), at 7 a. m., 55°, at 12 m, 60°, at 6 p. m. 56°.

A popular First street clerk talks of going to Paradise. [Paradise is a small town in Idaho.]

Seventy car loads of wheat were shipped from this city this week to Portland over the O. & C. R. R.

A lot of one-story houses for renting wanted badly in this city. Who will help supply the want?

Get ready to "turn over a new leaf" New Year's day. That is the Orthodox date for doing that thing.

Rube says his girl didn't exactly say no, but he considers what she did say as "cata mount to a refusal."

Husbands should see that their wives are kissed, petted and caressed even if they have to perform the job themselves.

ALBANY PRAIRIE GIRLS.

A Spicy Letter from Rebekah of Albany Prairie.

Editor Democrat:

Are you aware of the fact that there are no old maids, in the general acceptation of the term, on Albany Prairie? Nevertheless it is a plump, beautiful truth. Not that our girls all marry; some of them live lives of single blessedness—and it is blessedness, indeed. They are not man-haters, nor are they akin to Macbeth's witches. They are the sort of girls that wouldn't marry a man sour as a crab-apple, for the sake of a home. They have strong and brave hearts, and can make sunny little homes by their own noble efforts. They possess strong, good sense, and sufficient sentiment to keep the heart as fresh as the daisies that gem the prairie in springtime. They have been, or seem to have been baptized in the fountain of perpetual youth. They are not fleshless, vapid sort of women—women that have been laced, frizzed and painted, until they look like a dandelion pressed in the "Saint's rest."

Our Albany Prairie girls—why, there is music and vitality in the words! The goddess of health has laid her rich well upon their warm, flushed cheeks and given firmness and grace to the step, which high-heeled art is not in the least responsible for. Laugh if you will, but I have seen feet and ankles skipping over Albany Prairie, that one of your Gospel Ridge belles would give a fortune to claim as her own. And hair, teeth and graceful outlines go to sleep with the possessor. There's no having aside those adjuncts to woman's beauty on the prairie. If you enter their room, it don't remind you of a smash up on the cars. Dressing bureaus and tables are not loaded down with dead people's hair, minus brains. Not long ago one of our prairie girls told me that she had been visiting a former schoolmate in Salem. Their sleeping apartments joined; the Salem lady was taken suddenly ill. The prairie girl ran to her room, and in searching for a match safe, her hands came in contact with great rolls of damp smelling hair. "Oh," said she "I felt as if I had thrust my hand into the very midnight of the grave. How the cold waves did chase each other up and down my spinal column!"

It is refreshing to see these bonny girls of the prairie, whose lives are singularly earnest and pure as a mountain breeze. They can play the piano, milk the cows, make corn-bread and ginger-snaps, and do anything in the wide world that a good, true woman may or can do. Yours,

At home, Dec. 6. REBEKAH.

IN TOWN.—Mr. John Holman, Superintendent of the Machine shops of B. F. Drake, at Salem, has been in the city for the past two days for the purpose of changing the feed of the planer at Carter & Co's sash and door factory, so as to do the work of manufacturing those articles properly. Mr. Holman is the only person on the northwest coast that has ever attempted the manufacture of planers. He has made fifteen during the past three years, and they are considered, by those using them, to be superior to the Eastern machine. Mr. H. is a thorough master of his profession, and we hope that he may find it to his interest to start in the spring, a first class machine shop in Albany.

WELL ATTENDED.—The literary exercises at the Institute and at the Dixie school were well attended yesterday afternoon, but we learn that the number of visitors at the Central school were small. The exercises were interesting, varied and in most instances, well rendered. Parents and friends of the pupils cannot spend a more pleasant hour than by attending these weekly exhibitions. Besides the pleasure to be derived by the spectators themselves, their presence encourages the pupils and nerves them up to greater efforts in the future.

READING ROOM.—Articles of incorporation have been made out and will be filed the first of the week, incorporating the "Subscribers Association and Reading Room." The incorporators will be Messrs. M. V. Brown, N. B. Humphrey and J. D. Brower. Mr. Brower has the matter in hand, and judging from the way he is working the matter up, our citizens will soon have a good library and reading room.

WANTED.—Four competent musicians for the Band of the 21st Regment U. S. Infantry. For terms, etc., apply at Fort Vancouver, W. T., to First Lieut., George W. Evans, 21st Regiment U. S. Infantry, Recruiting officer. Here is a chance for first-class "blowers" to work for their "hard tack and $16 a month.

[rom the EVENING DEMOCRAT, Dec. 13th.]

HOME AND ABROAD.

Wheat 86.

Horse radish season.

All quiet on the Callipoeia.

All serene along the Willamette.

Greenbacks buying 86½. Selling 87½.

Which part of the turkey do you prefer?

Yesterday was good "shirt sleeve" weather.

Supreme court commenced its session in Salem this morning.

Thanks to Coll. Vancleave, of the *Register*, for special favors.

"The proper study of mankind" is—women. [Pope improved.]

Not one in twenty of the Gospel Ridge belles wear striped stockings.

Boston may have her Bunker Hill, but Albany has her "Hunker Hill."

R. A. Irvine, of this city, will be chief marshal at the next State Fair.

Now is the time to dish up the saner kraut you put down in October.

Hon. John Burnett went down to-day to attend the Supreme Court at Salem.

Holiday goods are now visible to the naked eye on Broadalbin and First streets.

Mr. S. F. Mathews, of the St. Charles, has "done gone" to Portland for a "rusticate."

Geo. Christie, one of the live workers of the DEMOCRAT, was over from the Forks yesterday.

It is a bad plan to judge a book by its cover or a Gospel Ridge belle by the dress she wears.

Business before pleasure; we always take a drink before listening to one of the major's "rich" yarns.

One "drunk and disorderly" deposited $5 and costs with Recorder M. A. Baker for the use of the city.

In Jefferson they fine a man $5 for kissing another man's wife—and $10 if he don't—when he has a good show.

The Wisconsin brigade hold meetings every evening at the St. Charles. Oregon weather is now under consideration.

A Gospel Ridge beauty recently sent a note to her young man, in which she accuses that individual of telling "phibs."

The ladies of some of our churches might get up a mite society after the Eastern style, and it might be profitable to their society.

This is the season for sportsmen to "pick their flints" and saunter out in the foot hills after the wild deer and fleet-footed roe.

The thermometer at Dr. Plummer's stood Dec. 11th at 7 a. m., 51°, at 12 m., 58°., 6 p. m., 58°. Dec. 12 at 7 a. m., 50°, at 12 m., 56°, at 6 p. m., 56°.

A full half quire of new subscribers for the WEEKLY DEMOCRAT to-day, and our sprightly little DAILY is looking up in proportion. "Let the mare see her colt."

A Dixie girl has ripped up her brother's carpet slippers and used the uppers to carpet the parlor. She has enough material left to make three good sized door mats.

Thanks to our old time Democratic friend Mr. Nimrod Price, for a club of new subscribers for the WEEKLY DEMOCRAT. If other friends will do as well, we will have a grand procession for the Centennial year.

SPEND YOUR MONEY AT HOME.—Do not send away from home for a bill of any size you want, under the mistaken idea that you can do better. The best that any man can do is to help build up his town and county. This is done by patronizing home men and measures. You spend your money with a home merchant, he lives; keeps clerks, they live; he improves, gives employment to men who also live, and the subsistence for all these men must come from the town and country and bring profit to the producer or maker. You patronize your home manufactures and help build them up, and as they yearly expand their borders, and employ more men, they benefit town and country, and there are more mouths to feed. Send away for your purchases, and you starve your merchant and manufacturer; he moves away, takes his clerks and hands, and your produce and work is a drug. And above all things do not go away from home to spend your money, and leave accounts unpaid at home. Spend your money at home. Your merchants are your neighbors, your friends; they stand by you in sickness—are your associates; without your trade they cannot do business. No stores, then no banks, no one wanting to buy property to settle on and build up your place. Merchants should do their advertising at home. They should get their bill-heads, circulars, cards, letter-heads, envelopes, and all their printing at home, of their own newspapers, who aid them in many ways, and advertise them hundreds of times without any pay whatever. Merchants should set an example to their customers by patronizing liberally their home newspapers. Men and women are imitative animals, and are prone to follow examples set them. How can merchants expect their neighbors to trade with them if they set the example of going away from home for their printing and advertising. Let the merchants and people of Albany patronize home enterprise, home industry and home trade, and in a few short years we will have one of the most flourishing cities of this fair commonwealth.

FINED.—Officer Wm. Queener arrested, this morning, G. H. Potter, the individual who gave a "Magic Lantern" show at the Opera House Saturday evening, for giving his show without first obtaining a license "as the law directs." After interviewing Recorder M. A. Baker he plead guilty to the soft impeachment and was fined $5 and costs, amounting in all to $16.50. His free admittance dodge didn't "pan out."

WILL BE ABSENT.—Dr. D. M. Jones, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medical Department of the Willamette University, will be absent on business connected with his Professorship, every day in the week except Saturdays and Sundays, from 12 m. to 3 p. m. The balance of the time the Doctor will be at his post in this city.

ROAD REPAIRS.—The citizens of Brownsville are to hold a meeting next Friday the 17th inst., to take into consideration the best means of improving the road between that town and Halsey. The road at present is said to be in a horrible state, but can be placed in good passable condition for a comparatively small amount if the citizens will pull together.

SCHOOL REPORT.

MR. EDITOR:—Herewith I hand you a condensed report of the public schools in District No. 5, as compiled from the teacher's reports which have just come to hand:

Number of boys enrolled, 144, with an average scholarship of 77, and deportment 80.

Number of girls enrolled, 161, with an average scholarship of 80, and deportment 82.

Total number enrolled 305.

The above summary shows that the girls are just a little ahead of the boys in both scholarship and deportment. Now, boys, try and improve. A. N. ARNOLD,
Clerk.

MASONIC ELECTION.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 13, 1875.

Editor Democrat:

At a regular meeting of Thurston Lodge No 28, A. F. & A. M., the following officers were elected for the coming Masonic year: W. W. Briggs, W. M.; J. M. Waters, S. W.; O. P. Tompkins, J. W.; Alex. Sommerville, Treas.; Saml. May, Sec'y. Officers appointed: Geo. Ward, S. D.; Wm McCulloch, J. D.; Chas. Levis and Enoch Hoult, Stewards. S. MAY.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Joan or Joanna Marney, daughter of Amos Marney, removed from Missouri to Texas about 1852 with her uncle Hale Hathaway. Joan was at that time about 14 or 15 years old. From Texas she removed to Los Angelos, California, where she married Wm. Maddux, by whom she had two children. Maddux lived but a short time, and after his death she married a man named Morgan, with whom she removed to the State of Oregon; since which time her friends have never heard from her. She is still the owner of some real estate in Missouri if she appears and claims it. Any information regarding Mrs. Morgan or her heirs will be thankfully received by JOHN M. WILLIAMS,
Attorney at Law,
California, Moniteau Co., Mo.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.—This best of family newspapers is as fresh and interesting, now in its fifty-third year, as ever before; and, indeed, we think it more so. Its letters alone are worth more than the subscription price of the paper. It repudiates all offers of premiums, pictures, &c., and sends to its patrons a splendid family newspaper of the largest dimensions, containing all the desirable news, religious, and secular, and an endless variety of reading for young and old, all of which is pure and good. Every family should have it. For specimen copies, address S. I. PRIME & CO., New York.

JOCKEY CLUB.—There is some talk of organizing a Jockey Club in this city and county, under the same rules and regulations as those of California and the Eastern States, and to have regular Spring and Fall meetings. We have a good track and there are certainly running and trotting stock enough on the Northwest coast to make each meeting interesting and to draw a large crowd twice a year to our go-ahead city.

CHURCH SOCIABLE AND FAIR.—The ladies of the Evangelical Church will hold a sociable and fair at the Opera House in this city, on Wednesday evening the 22nd, and cordially invite the public to lend a helping hand. Admission 25 cts. Oyster soup, cakes, peaches and cream and ice cream will include the refreshments for the evening. Any donations will be thankfully received. Exercises for the evening: Music, both instrumental and vocal. An agreeable time is anticipated. Come and see our "butter duck." Ministers of all denominations, with their families, admitted free.

KNEW THEY WOULD BUST.—A *debate* back woods, foot-hill storekeeper recently visited Halsey, and dropping into one of the stores in that lively little town, found the proprietors busily engaged in taking an invoice of stock preparatory to making their usual yearly exhibit. Upon learning what they were doing, he took a companion aside and remarked—"They are invoicing! invoicing!! just what I expected. I knew they would bust."

ONE THING TAKE NOTICE!—The following resolution was passed at the recent meeting of the Board of Managers of the State Agricultural Society, at Salem. "Resolved that a first premium of $150, and a second of $100, be offered for the best drilled, equipped and uniformed Hand Fire Engine Co. The members of the Company to be tested by trial on the grounds—the trial to take place on Thursday of Fair week, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

MARION STATION.—Mr. J. M. Johns has taken in about 40,000 bushels of wheat at his warehouse on the railroad at Marion Station, this season, a great part of which came from the Forks of the Santiam, in this county. Mr. Johns is now buying and packing pork, and informs us that he will pack several hundred hogs this winter, and intends to make a permanent business of it in future.

MASONIC ELECTION.—St. Johns Lodge No. 62, of this city, last Saturday night elected the following officers for the ensuing Masonic year: N. B. Humphrey, W. M.; W. K. Price, S. W.; W. B. Barr, J. W.; R. S. Price, Treas.; M. A. Baker, Sec'y; Geo. Humphrey, Tiler. The installation will take place on the 27th inst., at 7 P. M.

APT ILLUSTRATION.—A subscriber says that an Albanian who takes a Portland or San Francisco daily in preference to his home daily, because, perhaps it contains more reading matter, reminds him of the person who selected the largest pair of boots in the box, because they cost the same as a pair much smaller that fitted him.

DIED.—Thursday morning, Dec. 9, 1875, at 8 o'clock, within a short distance of each other, near Miller's Station, Mrs. Sarah Simison, daughter of Wm. Hale, of Albany, and Mrs. Mary Ann Lewis, daughter of John Layton, also of Albany.

Christmas poets designing to contribute this year to the EVENING DEMOCRAT, are requested to write on both sides of the paper; one printer can then work while the other commits suicide.

A DARKEY FINANCIER.

HE "FRAUDS NO MAN," AND MAKES THE MONEY "GO ROUN' SOMEHOW."

Adaptability to business is not exclusively confined to the Anglo-Saxon race, as the Hometic persuasion occasionally exhibit a marked force of character in that direction really worthy of being noted; and the following incident, says a Florida correspondent, proves conclusively that a great deal of business tact is sometimes to be found lying around loose even in this settlement.

Some few days since one of our contractors had occasion to tear down an old brick wall and remove the material elsewhere. He agreed with an old darkey to do the job for fifteen dollars, the job to be paid for as soon as completed. The sub-contractor, filled with the importance of his position, at once engaged the services of fifteen other negroes, agreeing to pay them at the rate of one dollar per day for their services. But, as the work approached completion, the idea suddenly entered Uncle Jake's head that he was not making any great profit out of the contract. This would not begin to do; so, calling in the aid of a white friend who kept a small grocery hard by, he submitted his case, and was advised to settle with his hands *pro rata* the best he could. It was a sight not readily to be forgotten. Seated upon a nail keg, Uncle Jake, after clearing his throat to attract attention, began by the assertion:

"I 'fraud no man. Now I want all you colored gen'lemen to un'stan' dat I loses on dis yer contrack. I don't see my way to nuffin 'tall. I wants ebery man to hab suffin, 'cause dat's right; but, see yere, dis yere money ain't gwine to hole out; clar it ain't; an' I don't want no grum'lin nor fuss kicked up wid me; you hear dat? How much I owes you, Lemuel?"

"Dollar'n'arf. You knows dat well as I do. Didn't I work a day'n'arf?"

"Y-a-a-s. Well, you take a dollar an' say no more about it; de money ain't gwine to hole out, I tells you. I wants ebery man to get a shar', and dat's all you gets any way. Say you Dan, what I owes you?"

"You owes me a dollar, Uncle Jake. I done work a day."

"Dat's what I thought. Here is haff a dollar and a dime to get a drink of whiskey wid."

"But I wants my dollar."

"Course you does. I 'frauds no man. Dis here money has got to go round somebow, you here me? Now I don't want any more foolin' round here. Jim!"

"Here I is."

"O, you's dar, is yer? How much I owes yer, Jim?"

"Dollar'n quarter."

"Mighty tight times for money, Jim—nebber seed such times afore. Here take this sebbenty-five cents, and thank the Lord 'tis no worse."

"Look heah, Uncle Jake, don't yer come noue 'o dat on me, kase I ain't gwine to put up wid it."

"Now don't you go makin' a fuss heah, mind I tole you. De money ain't gwine to hole out, I done tole you all dat. I 'fraud no man. Every man spects to get a little, an' how you tink dey'll get it, an' you makin, a fuss like dis? I done heerd enough. Joe."

"Now 'tore you begins to talk, ole man don't you fool wid me; I done my work, an' now I wants de spezerinctums. Butterberdam ef I takes any nonsense. Hand ober dat money—dat's wot you's got ter do."

"How much I ows you, Joe?"

"You ows me sebbenty-five cents, an' I wants it right away. An' besides I done lost my hatchet, so I don't make nuffin, any way."

"You done lest your hatchet?"

"Dat's wot I tole you."

"Sorry 'bout dat," responded Uncle Jake, "kase I allus 'dopted a rule, when a man lost any of his tools, he's got to be docked till day're fotched back. Here, take dis quarter, and trabble."

"But de hatchet was mine, you ole fool. You understand dat?"

"Don't know nuffin about it; you no business ter loose der hatchet. I 'fraud no man; when you fotches dat hatchet back den I talks more wid you 'bout it; But I never 'lows any man to lose de tools—dat ain't business."

"See here, man you's a fraud—you,s worse dan de Freedman's Bank. Hand ober dat money!"

"O, g'long chillin—I tole you dis yer's a loosin' job, any way. How you 'spects I makes anything by the operation? De money has got ter go round somehow."

The reprobate certainly gave anything but satisfaction to his employees all of whom went off highly indignant, but unable to help themselves in any way. It is barely possible that a similar mode of doing business might occasionally be found elsewhere, and not among the darkeys, either.

THE DEATH KISS.—Woman's love—is there anything like it? A Canadian's wife has just died at Raliegh, and he has taken her to Canada to bury her under native sod. She died in a land of strangers, but left behind her the name of a devoted wife. It was love in death! He saw her sinking fast; and she knew it; it was consumption! He nursed her like a little child—the great strong man—and there they were in the room together the night she died.

She wanted to see out; to gaze once more at the world outside, but he entreated her against it, and told her that to take her up would make her worse, but she said she was dying anyhow, so he lifted her about in the room, holding her to his breast, and showing this object, and that pointing out everything, and she kissed him with every breath, till the last breath was gone, and the kiss died cold on her cheek. Womans love! When God made man He put all heaven in woman's love, and He told him to win it and be worthy of it!

A RAILWAY EPISODE.

They came into the car at a wayside station together. She was in the lead; a position she is not likely to surrender so long as they travel together. A tall brunette, with a sharp face, and piercing black eyes, hair black as the ravens wing, a long aquline nose with a mole on the side of it, and a mouth the cut of which betokened determination and force. She had passed beyond the shady side of the teens, and climbed to the apex of a quarter of a century. He was a guileless youth over whose cow-colored head eighteen summers had passed, an innocent *hobblede-hoy* just released from his mother's apron-strings. On him she cast loving glances, and his face suffused with blushes, was turned with a timid, appealing look to her.

The car was crowded, and eligible seats not easily obtainable. About the middle of the car a sedate traveler occupied a seat all to himself. Thither the irrepressible lady pressed her way. The sedate traveler rose and with much courtesy invited her to take a seat next to the window, and when she was seated he calmly esconced himself upon the vacant half of the chair. By this time the young man whom she was escorting had come up. He placed his hand upon the back of the seat, looked appealingly into the face of his protectress and timdly around the car. He was evidently embarrassed and didn't know what to do with himself. The sharp nosed brunette eyed the sedate traveler by her side with a sharpness that almost amounted to malignunity.

But the traveler seemed all unconcious of scrutiny to which he was subjected, and looked away over the fields through an opposite window. The brunette could endure to see her sallow beau standing forlorn no longer, and thus addressed the sedate traveler, whose eyes were wandering far away, and whose thoughts were with the dear ones at home.

"I say, stranger—"

"Well say on," responded the sedate traveler.

"I say, look here, stranger!"

"Well, what have you to show me," said the sedate man.

"Stranger, I want you to know that this young gentleman standing up there is my feller."

"Ah! I'm glad to hear it. How long have you had him? Taking care of him, I suppose?"

"Now you just look here stranger; this young man is my feller and I'm bound to see that nobody shall impose upon him. You hear me. Now if you had any manners you'd just git right up and let him have a seat by me."

"Oh, I am very happy in your society. You cannot imagine how much pleasure it has given me to furnish you with a seat where you can see out through the window. Besides I always took especial delight in being near charming ladies like yourself," replied the sedate traveler.

"But, sir, he is my fellow, sir: my beau, do you understand?"

"Is that so and who would have thought it! And does his mother place him under your protection when he goes abroad?"

"Now, you look here, stranger, me and that youug man expects to be engaged, and we've been keeping company together, and me and him wants to have a talk together, and you are real mean if you don't give him a seat by me so that we can talk; that's what I think." The imperturable traveler straightened up, then leaned over in the direction of the sharp-faced brunette, smiled most benignly and lovingly on her, and thus spoke:

"Charming lady, I would be most happy to accommodate you, but you see I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, wayworn and weary, and a long way from home. Besides my heart is just now beating a tattoo of of ecstatic satisfaction, because of your, charming presence. Being a bacheler, and so near one so lovely and engaging, how can I forgo the great pleasure I now enjoy. I have had dreams in my time—bright—dreams—as I have wandered through this great big world, of sometime meeting with one to whom I could reveal all this sad heart of mine would fain not longer conceal. You are the impersonation of my dreams, and now would you drive me from your lovely side? Say has no bird sang in your heart? I saw you come as a star rise above the horrizon, and the light of your eyes has illumined my soul. Say beautiful stranger, will you drive me hence? The sedate traveler ceased to speak.

The fire had gone down in the brunette's eyes, the severe expression had vanished from her face, her stern lips had relaxed their rigidity, and apart just enough to reveal the ivory structure within: and in a tone that was soft and low; she asked:

"Did you say you was a bachelor?"

"Aye, beautiful stranger, that's my fortunate station."

Then the brunette turned her eyes softly upon her "fellar," who stood twitching his fingers, and gazing around in an abashed, timid sort of way, and thus she addressed him. "Tom, I guess you'd better git another seat, while I speak with this gentleman."

The officers of New York county, Me., have by a vigerous enforcement of the prehibitory law recovered $20,000 within two years.

Red, used on railroad, signifies danger, and says stop. The same color displayed in a man's nose may well be interpreted to give a similar warning.

A novel, but needful, in these times, insurance company is to be formed, called the National Burglary Insurance Company, with a capital of $1,000,000.

The progress of knowledge is like that of the sun—so slow that we cannot see it, but so sure as to change night into day.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W	1 M	3 M	6 M	1 YR
1 Inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
2 In.	3 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	9 00	16 00	25 00	35 00
½ Col.	7 50	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.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

You should not choose a minor part,
Or make yourself too cheap.
Without conceit, have self-respect,
And look before you leap.

Be not too proud, but do not stoop
To what's beneath your reach;
And should you advocate a rule,
Just practice what you preach.

"Tis well to feel yourself possessed
Of merit and of skill.
And talent, too comes well in play;
But tact is better still.

Choose noble aims and never swerve,
And grasp your honors tight,
And when you find the iron hot,
Strike it with all your might.

Charles Merritt

PACIFIC COASTERS.

Over 115 names are enrolled at the Lafayette Academy.

The weather has been quite cold Idaho City. Shoveling snow is said to be the principal occupation.

A new and commodious building is in course of construction at Central City, for a distributing office for the Coquille River.

Captain Parker & Co. are building a tug-boat on the Coquille, intended for the Coquille, and Coos Bay bars. Sixty feet keel.

Quite a number of new buildings were erected at Halsey the past season, prominent among which is the Granger's warehouse.

The precise date of opening the State University at Eugene has not been agreed upon. A corps of teachers have been engaged.

B. M. Washburn has bought out the interest of W. I. Mayfield, his former partner, in the Walla Walla *Spirit*, and is now sole proprietor.

The flouring mill at Dayton had a narrow escape from fire last week. The flames broke out in the engine room: but were discovered just in the nick of time.

A three-quarter interest in the Van Winkle Co., Lightning creek, belonging to Harry Jones changed hands last week at $4,000. Mr. P. R. Patullo was the purchaser.

Father Brabant, a Catholic missionary, was shot in the right hand and back by Matlahow, a Hasquot chief. He reached Victoria in the Rocket, and his wounds are healing.

The *Astorian* enters a protest against the further hazard of the public safety by the carrying of passengers by the Clatsop Chief on the route between Astoria and Skipanon.

A Dalles milkman has served his customers every morning for nine years. From present indications the little railroad town of St. Joe intends to keep pace with the demands of the times.

A man named Wigmore, formerly a captain in the British Army and recently in the employ of F. J. Barnard & Co., jumped overboard on a recent trip of the steamer from Portland.

The Eugene City people think they have discovered a clue to the thief who has committed several burglaries in their midst recently, but unfortunately they have not discovered the thief. He has sloped.

The *Mountaineer* is told that the steamer Idaho on her way from the Cascades to the Dalles on last Monday, caught fire near the smoke stack, but was extinguished before any damage was sustained.

Pieces of the wreck and articles belonging to the lost vessel continue to float ashore at Beacon Hill. Nearly every vessel that arrives sees something or other—a relic of the lost vessel.

We are informed that the hydraulic apparatus and other material to be used by the English Company in their claims at Galice Creek has recently arrived at Roseburg and is now on its way to that point.

Beaver Slough was thoroughly dragged, at the mouth, by a large party of men, for the body of the late Mr. Belt, who was drowned the day previous. We are sorry to say that the efforts were without success.

The wreck of the Shoshone, which has so long ornamented the river bank opposite Salem, has been carried away by the late high water, and has gone a last journey to that bourne from which no steamboat has ever yet returned.

Telegraphic inquries were received in Victoria from Ottawa and other parts of Canada, California, Nevada and nearly all the Eastern States, and from England and Ireland, as to the fate of persons