STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

MART. V. BROWN,
Publisher and Proprietor.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

LOWEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN OREGON.

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"Democrat" Building, corner of Second and Broadalbin streets.

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State Rights Democrat.

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Homeopathic Physician.
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on the corner of First and Broadalbin streets, up stairs, over the Postoffice. v12n16tf

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Physician and Surgeon
Having permanently located in the city of Albany, and entered upon the thirty-first year of his practice, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country. Office at the City Drug Store. Residence on First street. v12n40tf.

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TREATS ALL DISEASES ON TRUE physiological principals, and uses no poisons. Office with Dr. G. W. Gray, in Parish's brick block, Albany, Oregon. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 4 P. M. Apr20m6.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
W. H. COUMINSKY, Proprietor.
Shady, Linn County, Oregon.
This hotel has been recently thoroughly renovated, and its parlors, bedrooms and every part of the house has been kept in good order, and offers every inducement to the travelling public. Porters on hand to attend to waiting guests, and every attention will be shown. The Landlord will spare no pains to make his guests are well provided for.
Free hack to and from the House. The table is supplied with the best the market affords, and the bars stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars.
Stage Office for Corvallis, Lebanon and Albany. v8n1

CITY MEAT MARKET!
J. L. HARRIS, Prop.
WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND the best meat the market affords, and always be found ready to accommodate those who may favor him with a call.
The highest market price paid for pork. v8n41.

For Good Brooms
—GO TO THE—
Albany Broom Factory,
where the best material on the Coast is used, and warranted equal to any manufactured. Orders from the trade only $9.50 per dozen, and all other grades in same proportion. All work warranted, or no sale. Factory located between 1st and 2d streets, on Lyons street, leading to the depot.
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IN ADDITION TO THE
Liverpool & London and Globe
INSURANCE COMPANY,
With Assets of $28,000,000, I have recently been appointed Agent for the
Imperial, Northern and Queen
Insurance Companies,
With Gross Assets amounting to $23,000,000, affording the insuring public the protection of Companies representing
FIFTY-ONE MILLION DOLLARS!
Losses promptly paid.
MARK A. KING,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast.
HUMPHREY & HEWITT,
Agents for Linn County. n49m1

HOWE & VOLLUM,
PRACTICAL
BOOK BINDERS,
Paper Rulers, Blank Book Manufacturers, Book, Card and Job Printers.
Corner Washington and Front Streets,
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
Blank Books made to order, and ruled to any desired pattern. Newspapers, magazines, music, etc., bound in any style with neatness and dispatch, at greatly reduced prices. Orders left at Foshay's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. v12n49m6

KELLOGG'S
OREGON PLOW
—WITH—
Landside Coulter Attachment.
THESE PLOWS WERE AWARDED high merit at the late State Fair, and the report of a Committee who tried the draft of the Garden City Plow with and without the Kellogg attachment, was that plowing seven inches deep there was a
Gain of Nineteen Per Cent,
in favor of the Landside Coulter.
County Rights for Sale,
—BY—
A. B. KELLOGG,
Kellogg's, Douglas Co., Or. v11n19tf

ALBANY
GUN STORE!
W. B. SCOTT, Proprietor.
Customers can always find at this place a splendid assortment of
GUNS, RIFLES AND REVOLVERS
And Ammunition of All Kinds.
ALSO
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Baby Carriages, Steamboats, Games
Mechanical Toys, Locomotives, Dolls, Boys Wagons and Sleighs, in fact nearly every kind of toys manufactured. v10n18tf.

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AUCTIONEER
And Commission Merchant.
Postoffice Building, cor. 1st and Broadalbin sts.
ALBANY, OREGON.
REGULAR SALE DAYS:
SATURDAYS AND MONDAYS
At 10 o'clock A. M.
A large assortment of CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, Etc., constantly on hand, which will be sold at private sale.
Also, AGENT FOR DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, ETC.
Sales attended to in any part of the City v12n41tf.

J. H. BURKHART.
Real Estate and Conveyancing Agent,
ALBANY, - - - - OREGON.
CORNER FIRST AND BROADALBIN STREETS.
Farms of all sizes, improved and unimproved, in this and adjacent counties, suitable for grain raising, also timbered land and stock ranches for sale on easy terms.
Also for sale a number of dwelling houses and vacant lots in this city.
Parties desiring to either sell or purchase should call and learn terms and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Persons desiring help can be provided with any number of laborers by leaving orders. dn1'2f.

GO TO ED. BAUM'S
LECTICONIAN CIGAR STORE
FOR YOUR
Cigars and Tobacco.
Also a full line of
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY
For Sale Cheap.
Just received per last steamer, a large and well selected stock of Books and Stationery, Cigars and Tobacco, etc., etc. 42tf

JUNIUS F. WHITING,
DESIGNER & PAINTER.
House, Sign and Carriage
PAINTING.
WITH ALL THE RELATIVE HIGHER BRANCHES.
ARCHITECTURE A SPECIALTY.
Corner Ferry and Second streets.
ALBANY, - - - - OREGON. n50m6

STORAGE! STORAGE!!
P. G. HARPER & CO.
are prepared to store grain at their warehouse, corner First and Ellsworth Streets, Albany.
Sacks furnished, free, to parties storing. Will at all times pay the highest market price for Wheat and Oats.
Ferriage on grain paid by us. n50m6

A FAMOUS TALE RETOLD.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR, THE HEROIC ADVENTURES OF WALLACE AND BRUCE.

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

In the Spring of 1296 Scotland groaned under the yoke of the English Edward. King Baliol was a prisoner, and England's supremacy was acknowledged by all the Scottish nobles, save the youthful Sir William, who lived secluded in the glen of Ellerside with his beautiful bride Marion, whom he had tenderly loved from his childhood. Suddenly summoned to Douglas Castle, a small iron box left with Douglas by the captive Baliol, was confided to Wallace's care, with the charge:

"It will be at the peril of his soul who dares to open it until Scotland be again free!"

Returning home, he rescued the earl of Mar from a throng of merciless English soldiers, killed Arthur Heselrigge, their leader, and narrowly escaped with his own life. Pursued to Ellerside by the enraged English, the wounded Earl was hidden in a dry well, Wallace climbed into an oak, and Marion concealed herself in a thicket. The search being baffled, Wallace hastened to hide himself among the Cartlane crags, but the next day Governor Heselrigge, Arthur's uncle, came and violently demanded:

"Where is Sir William Wallace?"

Lady Marion remained silent.

"Speak, woman! If you refuse, you die!"

"Then I die," she answered, "and may heaven preserve my Wallace from the fangs of Edward and his tyrants!"

"Blasphemous wretch!" cried Heselrigge, plunging his sword into her defenseless breast.

"My Wallace—to God!" murmured Marion, as another fiendish stroke reached her heart, and her pure spirit fled to Heaven.

An aged servant escaped to Cartlane crags with the heartbreaking news.

"Oh, my murdered wife! my unborn babe!" cried the agonized Wallace. "Give me power, Almighty Judge, to avenge this angel's blood, and then take me to Thyself!"

Gathering a band of sixty brave Lanarkers, Wallace fell like a thunder-bolt on Heselrigge's fortress and slew the wretch with the same bloody sword that had ended Marion's life.

"So fall the enemies of Wallace," cried his exulting followers.

"Rather so fall the enemies of Scotland," he replied. "To work our country's freedom, who will follow me?"

"All! With Wallace forever!"

The first nobleman to join this daring crusade was the rescued Earl of Mar. But he was speedily captured and Bothwell Castle was seized by the Scotch Lord Soulis and the English Aymer de Valence, both of whom sued in vain for the hand of the Earl's daughter, the lovely Helen Mar. Dreading their violence, she escaped with her cousin Andrew Murray by a secret passage to the priory of St Fillans. Her father and his wife were confined at Dumbarton Castle, Wallace and a few followers were hemmed in on the Cartlane crags by swarms of English soldiers, and Lady Helen, decoyed from the priory, fell into the hands of the brutal Soulis. Crossing the mountains by night, he sought to take the utmost advantage of his helpless prisoner, whose hand was raised to save her honor by plunging a knife into her own breast, when an unknown knight suddenly fell upon Soulis, wounded him severely, and spirited Lady Helen away to a hermit's cell. The strange knight concealed his name, but both Helen and the hermit believed him to be young Robert Bruce.

Wallace, meanwhile, eluded his pursuers, joined his slender forces with those of Andrew Murray and a few other fearless Scots, and marched to attack Dumbarton Castle. By night the patriots scaled its walls, cut down the English garrison, and planted the royal Scottish standard upon the citadel. The Earl of Mar was released, and Edward Ruthven, his nephew, a lad of fifteen, was knighted for his bravery by Wallace, to whom he attached himself with more than a brother's devotion. The Earl's wife, Helen's young stepmother, was seized with a passion for Wallace, whose coldness only served to increase her guilty love. She persuaded him to escort the earl and herself to Rothsay Castle in the Isle of Bute, where she shamelessly petitioned.

"Only give me leave to love thee, and I shall be happy!"

He had scarcely finished rebuking her when a messenger arrived with the news that Wallace's grandfather and twenty other Scottish chiefs had been treacherously murdered at Ayr!

"This arm shall show how I loved that good old man!" cried the afflicted Wallace, and hastening to Dumbarton, he gathered his forces and marched instantly on Ayr. The palace was seized and surrounded with combustibles, and Wallace, tearing off part of the roof, showed himself with a flaming brand in his hand to the affrighted revelers within, and cried aloud, as he threw it among them:

"The blood of the murdered calls for vengeance, and it comes!"

Hundreds perished in the flames and by the sword, hundreds more surrendered, and a long train of captive chiefs found release. Castle after castle fell in rapid succession before the valor of Wallace, and at last Berwick was besieged and taken. At the height of this victory a letter from Helen Mar informed Wallace that she and her parents were prisoners at Sterling, and that the Earl's life was in deadly peril.

"I shall be on my knees," she wrote, "till I hear your trumpet before the walls, for in you and heaven now rest all the hope of Helen Mar."

Another swift march and fierce attack instantly followed. But while victory hung in the balance sixty thousand English were marching on Wallace's little army of five thousand. The first division of twenty thousand men essayed to cross the Frith by a bridge, the beams of which the Scots had previously sawed. By suddenly pulling this down a multitude were whelmed in the stream, and the rest, attacked both front and rear, were soon overwhelmed. The savage valor of Wallace's followers so dismayed the English that the remaining forty thousand men laid down their arms without a blow! The citadel of Sterling surrendered at once, and the Earl of Mar, his wife, and the lovely Helen, were again set free.

In the rejoicings over this triumph, Helen was amazed to find in Sir William Wallace the knight who had rescued her from the fierce Soulis, and for whom her heart had cherished a pure though hidden affection. Knowing his devotion to the memory of Marion she felt herself destined only to such love as a nun feels for her heavenly preserver. But her step-mother's wicked passion burned with renewed fierceness, and she plotted to win Wallace's regard and make him King of Scotland, hoping thus, at her husband's death, to gratify both her love and her ambition as Wallace's wife. But he repelled her wicked advances, refused the crown, and consented only to act as Regent of Scotland, till Bruce should resume the throne. Among his prisoners was the treacherous Aymer de Valence, who, full of jealous envy against Wrllace, sought to stab him in the chapel, whither Helen had gone to pray for his safety. A deadly stroke meant for him pierced Helen's arm, but de Valence's villainy was generously forgiven.

War being resumed after an exchange of captives, the English Percy was routed and Northumberland was sacked from sea to sea by the victorious Scots. King Edward then marched in person to subdue the insurgents, but in the opening battle between him and Wallace, the amazed King found himself obliged to retreat for the first time in his life. In this very hour of triumph, envy and treason began to plot the ruin of Wallace. A plan to surrender Dunbar was unmasked by the adroitness and bravery of Helen Mar; Edward invaded Scotland with a hundred thousand men; Wallace's authority was bitterly disputed by traitors, and on the field of Falkirk his army was nearly crushed. But, gathering his scattered forces, he fell by night upon the English camp, and rested not till he had driven Edward and his scattered host far over the border. Many a brave Scot was slain in the struggle, and Helen Mar was captured by the ruthless Aymer de Valence.

"Swear to me, valiant Wallace," ejaculated her grief-stricken father, "that you will rescue my Helen."

"So help me heaven!" answered Wallace, looking steadfastly upwards.

Resigning his Regency soon after, to quell the dissensions caused by envy of his glory, he disguised himself as a minstrel and traveled to the English court at Durham in search of Helen. Here he met young Robert Bruce, whom Edward held a prisoner, and even dared to play before the king and Queen Margaret, whose admiration of the strange minstrel excited Edward's raging jealousy, which was not allayed until Wallace, escaping to France, sent him a letter declaring the queen's perfect innocence. Followed soon by Bruce, the two traced Aymer de Valence to a castle near Rouen, where Wallace soon penetrated to Helen's prison chamber. He found her sleeping, and murmuring in her dreams, "Save me, Wallace!"

Dressed in a page's suit, which he had provided for her, the once more happy Helen safely escaped from her heartless captor, and journeyed with Wallace and Bruce to Paris, where the French king treated them all with the utmost kindness. Returning at last to Scotland with their fair companion, the chiefs thought it prudent to pass as two brothers, Guy and Thomas de Longueville. Joining thus with their countrymen in battle against an overwhelming English force the Scots were on the point of retreating, when defeat was changed to triumph by the supposed Guy, who raised his helmet and shouted, "Scots, if you be men, follow William Wallace to victory!"

This success re-established his authority, and again he devoted himself to expelling the English from Scotland. But an unknown knight who had joined his train and fought by his side, suddenly proved to be the Countess of Mar, whose husband was now dead, and who sought in this disguise to win Wallace's regard. Firmly repulsed by him, her passion turned to hate, and plucking his dagger from his girdle she stuck it into his breast, though not with fatal effect. Her eyes glared with maniac fury, and she exclaimed:

"Insolent triumpher, it is not for the dead Marion you have trampled on my heart, but for the living Helen!"

"I pardon this outrage," said Wallace; "go in peace, only remember, that with regard to Lady Helen, my wishes are as pure as her own innocence."

"I go," cried she, "to yield the rebel Wallace to the scaffold! My curse pursue you here and hereafter!"

Too well she kept her word, for upon charges of treason preferred by her, Wallace was arrested and brought to Sterling, where the wretched woman sought by the most shameless prejudices to swear away his honor and his life. While his enemies were quarreling over the charges, an English army advanced into Scotland with such resistless strides that his very accusers were compelled to solicit him to resume the command. On the plaud of Dalkeith he conquered again, but his malignant rivals once more combined with King Edward to crush him forever.

Outlawed by his own ungrateful country, and a price set on his head by England, his few faithful friends were powerless to save him. For gold a soulless traitor betrayed him to the English, and he was flung into the Tower of London, and condemned to die.

The frenzied Helen, dressed in the page's suit in which Wallace had rescued her from De Valance, journeyed to London alone, bribed the guard, and, gaining access to Wallace's cell, fell cold and senseless at his feet.

"Helen!" exclaimed he, in alarm; "dead! gone to tell Marion that her Wallace comes! blessed angel, take me with thee!"

But Helen revived at his voice and spoke such words of devotion to her benefactor that Wallace cried.

"Thy soul and Marion's are indeed one!"

To give her an unquestioned right to stay and comfort his last hours, the priest of the prison pronounced the words that made Helen Mar the wife of the doomed patriot. Life was offered him at the price of dishonor, but he refused the gift. The furious Edward would not relent, and Wallace was led to the scaffold. But as he clasped the brave Helen in a last embrace his soul escaped form its earthly tenement before the executioner could act his cruel part.

The agonized Bruce, whom weakness resulting from wounds had prevented from aiding his friend, followed Helen to London, and in his frenzied grief was hardly restrained from assaulting Edward, single-handed, in his palace. But calmer counsels prevailed, and the royal mourner returned to Scotland, where Wallace's death had relighted the fires of patriotism and steeled every true heart against the English usurper. At Bancockburn the power of Edward was broken and the Countess of Mar, baffled by Bruce's triumph, became a raving maniac.

Upon the day of Bruce's coronation the body of William Wallace was returned to his native land. Over his coffin the mysterious iron box, confided to his care the day he rescued the Earl of Mar, was opened, and found to contain the regalia of Scotland. The pale yet beautiful Helen, clad in a nun's black vestments, knelt by the bier as the crown was placed on Bruce's head.

"Look up," he cried, "and let thy soul, discoursing with our Wallace, tell him that Scotland is free and Bruce a king!"

She spoke not, she moved not. Bothwell raised her clay-cold face.

"That soul is fled, my lord," he said, "but from you eternal sphere they now together look upon you!"—*Illustrated Weekly.*

THE SILENT CAPTAIN.

How Stonewall Jackson Slept—His Singular Reticence.

(Col. Kyd Douglas in the Phil. Weekly Times.)

General Jackson's troops and his enemy's believed he never slept; the fact is, he slept a great deal. Whenever he had nothing else to do, he went to sleep, especially in church. I remember during the invasion of Maryland, on Sunday night he rode three miles in an ambulance to attend church in Frederick, and then fell asleep as soon as the minister began to preach; his head fell upon his breast, and he never awoke until aroused by the organ and choir. He could sleep anywhere and in any position, sitting in his chair, under fire, or on horseback. On a night march toward Richmond, after the battles with McClellan, he was riding along with his drowsy staff, nodding and sleeping as he went. We passed by groups of men sitting along the roadside and engaged in roasting new corn by fires made of fence rails. One group took us for cavalry-men, with an inebriated captain, and one of the party, delighted at the sight of a man who had found whisky enough to be drunk, sprang up from the fire, and, brandishing a roasting ear in his hand, leaped down into the road, and seizing the general's horse, cried out, "I say, old fellow, where the devil did you get your liquor?" In an instant, as the general awoke, the fellow saw his mistake, and then bounding from the road he took the fence at a single leap, exclaiming, "Good God, it's old Jack!" and disappeared in the darkness. Yes, Gen. Jackson slept a great deal, but he was never caught napping.

He gave to sleep many moments which other men would have given to conversation. He was essentially a silent man; not morose, but quiet. He smiled often, rarely laughed. He never told a joke, but did not discourage them in others, and if one struck his peculiar fancy, he would smile in mild approval. He did not live apart from his staff, but liked to have them about him, and they were nearly all very young men. Universally polite in manner, he encouraged the liveliest conversation among them, although he took little part in it. He was not a man of words; they seemed to embarrass him. When he had ideas, he put them into action, not into words. His military dispatches were as brief as if studied like the one he sent after the defeat of Milroy: "God blessed our arm with victory at McDowell yesterday." He never discussed his plans; indeed he never told them. The next officer under him never knew his intention or object. He never volunteered his opinion to his superior, nor asked advice of his subordinates. He was as self-reliant as he was silent, and believed "he walks with speed who walks alone." He was reticent to a fault. "If my coat knew what I intended to do, I'd take it off and throw it away," was one of his sayings. This reticence often led to complaint and embarrassment from the officer next in command, and might have led to disaster in case of his death; but he evidently thought it better to run that risk than the risk of having his plans discovered.

A Parisian paper says that one of the most aggravating circumstances in social life is when you have said rather a good thing to an acquaintance, to have it reported back to you a week after as excellent, and credited to the man you hate.

The best method of straightening warped wood is to wet it well on the hollow side and clamp a piece of hot wood top and bottom with hand screws, such as cabinet-makers use, until cold.

Steel annealed to a straw color, can be easily turned by using a mixture of petroleum and turpentine as a lubricant.

SODAVILLE.

A Letter Describing this Little Village, which is Soon to be One of the Chief Watering Places of Our State.

SODAVILLE, LINN CO., Ogn., July 26, 1877.

Mr. Editor:

Thinking that perhaps a short article from Sodaville, written by a stranger, would be appreciated by many of your readers who are personally interested in the development of this place, destined to become at an early day a place of much resort for invalids as well as pleasure-seekers, I have penned the following:

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the location of this beautiful summer retreat, with its life-giving fountain, let me first describe the place and location.

Sodaville is a pleasant village of some 25 or 30 buildings. Prominent among them are two stores, one kept by Mr. D. Foot, the other by Mr. E. Frum. These gentlemen keep constantly on hand such articles as are best suited to the wants of the people here, and of those, who, for a time, come here and pitch their tent. The Fountain House, kept in metropolitan style by the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. A. Foot, is a home for those who come hither in delicate health, no pains being spared to make it comfortable and pleasant for all of this class; while other guests receive every attention due from a first class hotel. The table is supplied with the best the market will afford at all seasons, while the Livery & Feed stable kept by the same gentleman is always at the service of guests, and the traveling public at reasonable rates. There is also a first-class butcher shop, kept by Mr. Jas. Miller, where first-class meats of all kinds can be had at reasonable rates. The balance of the town for the most part is composed of residences, not costly by any means, but neat, comfortable cottages, occupied principally by families who have come here for their health, preferring health in quiet retirement, to aches and pains incident to city life or a residence in the malarial districts associated with river bottoms. Prominent among these we may mention the names of Messrs. Thos. Summers, M. Vanderpool, D. Peebler, S. Hardman, E. Frum, D. Foot, O. Fry, R. Privett and others whom we have not formed the acquaintance of. Mr. Wm. Parrish has recently came among us, and at present is erecting a number of houses for the purpose, we understand, of renting them to parties desiring a residence here. Mr. P. with his well-known spirit of enterprise is supplying a want long felt by the people here.

No better location can be found in Oregon to-day, for a few good enterprising business men—men who have means to carry on the mercantile business can do so here with profit. There is a heavy trade here if it was only kept at home, this can be done by men who will sell at as low a figure as they do in Albany or Lebanon. Taking into consideration the absence of city taxes, the difference in rents, with little or no necessity for insurance, and it will far more than pay transportation on goods from depot or wharf, and enable them to sell at even a lower figure with profit, than in either of the above named places.

The present notoriety of Sodaville is chiefly due to the existence of an inexhaustible spring of mineral water, rivaling the famous Saratoga Springs of N. Y., and combining the following properties according to an analysis made by the class in Analytical Chemistry, of the Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

SODAVILLE WATER.

"An analysis of the mineral water at Sodaville, near Lebanon, revealed the presence of the following constituents: The rarer constituents, Iodine, Bromine and Lithia have not been specially tested for. The method used is that of Dr. Fresiners. The following are the constituents: Carbonic acid, Silicic acid, Phosphoric acid, Calcium, Magnesium, Chlorine, Iron, Soda, Potassa. The salts are therefore Carbonates, Silicates, Phosphates and Chlorides."

Aside from the benefits to be derived from using this water, there is, perhaps, in Oregon, not a more healthy location. The place is beautifully located on the side of a high hill at the end of a deep glen, and commanding a fine view of the Willamette Valley, the Coast range, and your own fair city of Albany, the broad waving fields of wheat (Oregon's glory and pride) receding backward with the valley and forming a checkered landscape of green and gold; and presenting to the eye a field in which the true artist could easily distinguish himself.

This is the proper location for an infirmary or hospital. We understand that steps have been taken to have such an institution erected here. I am satisfied the enterprise will pay largely, and hope the originators of this worthy enterprise may carry it to a speedy and successful termination.

It is a well-known fact that good schools will do more to build up a place than any other enterprises. The citizens of Sodaville have the opportunity now to distinguish themselves, and build up their little village by investing a few thousand dollars in a first class graded school or seminary, for the education of their own children and the hundreds that would come here.

Without this the more intelligent classes will go elsewhere, deeming education superior to all things else. Where can you find a stronger argument in favor of such an institution being located here than this. The pure air of the hills, free from all malarial poisons, the healthiest water in the world to regulate the liver and keep the entire system vigorous and healthy, thereby preparing the mind to delve deep in the mines of science and knowledge. This the student in many places is denied, being prostrated on a bed of pain by fever, or continually having his vitals gnawed at and his energy and vigor sapped away by some milder form of disease, unfitting him for deep thought and long continued application; for without a healthy body the mind must necessarily be weak and inactive. Here we have exercise, health and quietude, three things essential to the development of the mental faculties.

At present there are twelve or fifteen families bivouaced on the hill convenient to the spring; while all the houses in the village are occupied.

On Sunday the spring is usually visited by from three to six hundred people, many of them coming from Albany, which is a pleasant drive, the distance being only eighteen miles. But it is a lamentable fact, and one which speaks but poorly for the people of Linn county, (for they are all interested) and especially the people of Sodaville, that there is so little improvement done, and such poor care taken of the spring and grounds so generously deeded to the public by our worthy and respected fellow-townsman, Thos. Summers Esq., who, knowing the merits of this spring, and considering the benefits to be derived from it by the public, if kept out of the hands of speculators, generously deeded it, together with the block on which it is situated, to the public forever—a deed most commendable and worthy of the highest praise.

A. LOCHRIE.

EAT APPLES AND PEARS.

It is many years since, that the father of a large family told us that he saved nearly all his former doctor's bills by keeping a barrel of apples within reach of everybody in the house, so they could at any time help themselves to an apple if they desired it.

Pears are equally good, but as they only last a short season, not being so well fitted for preservation, the main reliance must be placed upon apples, which besides being nutritious to some extent, are a most beneficial stimulant to the secretive organs, far superior to vinegar bitters, sarsaparilla, buchu, or any cathartic. We hope some day to see the "apple cure" introduced, and have no doubt that it may be as beneficial as the celebrated "grape cure" in Germany.

A writer in a cotemporary, states, that after being troubled with heartburn, wakefulness, indigestion, etc., he adopted the practice of eating apples with each meal. It cured him entirely, and his weight increased in two months from 130 to 160 pounds, and he felt stronger in proportion.

It is a fact people in general do not fully realize the blessings provided by bountiful Nature, in providing fruit, and in giving to man the appetite for it and the relish of enjoying it. Unfortunately, many men perverts this natural appetite by the unnatural use of tobacco and alcohol; and when the latter stimulants are indulged in, the blunted organs do not find much relief in fruit. Drinkers of alcohol are not fruit eaters, and vice versa; fruit eaters are not easily seduced into the vices of indulging in the use of tobacco or alcohol. So says an exchange. We know it is more than true—are constantly receiving evidence to this effect. In these days of cheap apples let them be eaten by all who like and can digest them.—*Herald of Health.*

POOR KATE CLAXTON is having a rough time of it. She has been burnt out of so many hotels that whenever the guests see her name on a register now, they either leave the house or go down to dinner with a Babcock fire extinguisher on their backs and a fireman's helmet on their heads. She was recently in Minneapolis, and had occasion to ring the bell for a waiter to bring her some matches. The domestic informed her that he had orders not to allow matches in her room or the use of gas. Miss Claxton also noticed that a four-inch hose was laid all round her apartments, and that the fire brigade was in constant attendance under her windows. Becoming aggravated with the servant, she threatened to fire him out, and the man replied that was what he was afraid of, but that he had removed his valuables to a friend's house. Miss Claxton says in her letter: "At first I was inclined to laugh at strong men acting in this superstitious, silly manner, but the persecutions I am subjected to are becoming serious. Even newspaper editors, who, from their positions, one would be led to believe possessed brains, yield to the general feeling, and I rarely meet with a paper that has not an unpleasant allusion to myself in connection with fire in its columns."—*S. F. News Letter.*

(From the Globe (Conty Gazette of January 6, 1852.)

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

What means that solemn dirge, that strikes my ear?
What mean those mournful sounds—why shines the tear?
Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
Ah!—why those sighs that do my heart agitate?

Where'er I turn, the general gloom appears,
These mourning badges fill my soul with fears;
Hark!—Yonder rueful notes!—'tis done!—the dread
The silent bark invades our WASHINGTON!

Must virtue, so exalted, yield their breath?
Must bright perfection find relief in death?
Must moral greatness fall?—a glorious name!—
What then is riches, honor and true fame?

The sagest chief, the father, and the friend,
The generous patriot—let the muse commend
Columbia's glory, and Round Virginia's pride,
Thou lies enclosed with numbers at his side!

Then let the sigh respondent from the breast
Leave in rich numbers!—let the glowing vest,
Of tears refulgent beam with grateful love;
And while mourning our affliction prove.

Weep!—kindred mortals weep!—no more you'll find,
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind;
Rejoicing Angels, hail the heavenly sage!
Celestial Spirits greet the wonder of the Age!

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

The plumed knight from Maine is the big dog with the brass collar, under the administration wagon.—*Toledo Democrat.*

One thing will be favorable to Mr. Blaine in case of a war with Mexico. He is past the age to be drafted, and will not be obliged to call on the city to pay for a substitute for him again.—*Maine Standard.*

Mr. Blaine says it remains to be seen "whether our wisdom in peace is equal to our prowess in war." So far as we can remember Mr. Blaine's prowess in war, we should say it was—fully equal.—*Boston Herald.*

The mills of the gods are at work, and the men who profited by the Louisiana swindle will have to take their place in the hopper and pass under the stones. It is the fiat of fate. Every consideration of justice demands it, and a vast majority of the people recognize the proceeding with patriotic approval.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Senator Blaine is undoubtedly right in his statement that it is undesirable at present for this country to annex any portion of Mexico, but the fact, however, remains that two or three hundred acres of Mexican banditti would be less troublesome to the country than Senator Blaine.—*Portland Argus.*

Appointing a man Marshal of Dakota Territory because he had been declared by the Supreme Court of Florida to have made a fraudulent count of the Presidential vote, may be pleasant for the new Marshal, but is not complimentary to Dakota.—*Boston Herald.*

Joseph Medill, whose facetious paragraphs in the Chicago *Tribune* have made countless thousands weep, is at the bottom of a conspiracy to circumvent Gail Hamilton. He proposes to get somebody to marry her, so that her wrath can be centered on one object. But we are afraid it will be difficult to find the man.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Wells, Anderson, Kenner and Casanave, the quadrilateral of rognery in the Returning Board business, have been indicted for "uttering and publishing certain alleged false, forged and counterfeited records." We hope the Louisiana authorities will not condone the offenses committed by these men, on some mistaken idea that their prosecution would be breaking faith with Mr. Hayes. Mr. Hayes has no right to be consulted on the subject. An infamous crime against the people has been committed, and it should be punished without fear or favor.—*Quincy Herald.*

ELEPHANTINE GAMBOLS.

Pursuant to announcement the five elephants of Sanger's British Menagerie connected with the London Circus, were conducted to the frog pond on the Common Friday forenoon at 10 o'clock, and given full liberties, their keeper, however, being near enough to them at all times to control them by his voice, which they recognized even amid the noise which the crowd made. The sides of the pond were lined with people four or five rows deep, and the elevations commanding the water were black with people. For about three-quarters of an hour the huge children played about in the water, showering each other occasionally with barrels of water which they drew up in their trunks, pelting at each other, jumping on each other's backs, wallowing, cantering, rolling or looking with apparent dull curiosity on the spectators. The phrase "elephantine gambols" may seem a little odd, but the beasts did play like kittens, and were wonderful quick in their movements. Adults and juveniles all enjoyed the exhibition very much. But who in a democratic country don't enjoy anything that is free? There is one thing that may be said, and that is, the natural actions of these leviathans of the forest as they exhibited their habits before captivity, were fully as interesting as are their wonderful exhibitions under their trainer in the arena.—*Boston Transcript.*

IN Augusta, Me., the Rev. H. W. Tilden is pastor of the Baptist Church and is highly esteemed, especially among the children of his parish. Recently a little five-year-old boy, who is a Republican, true-blue, and thinks very much of the clergyman, was about to retire, and closed up his bed-time prayer with, "Oh Lord, bless father and mother, and bless Mr. Tilden; Oh Lord, you know which one I mean."—*Bangor Whig.*

It is probable that the little innocent prayed for the Reverend gentleman, he needing it more than the other man.

MERCURY freezes at 40° below zero and boils at 50°. Ether freezes at 47° below zero. Wine freezes at 20°; sea water at 28°. Alcohol has been exposed to 110° and 120° below zero without freezing.