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State Rights Democrat

VOL. XIII. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY JAN. 25, 1878. NO. 25.

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A PAIR OF DOVES. BY L. DAYTON.

Rosaline Golden was somewhat of a prude, and over particular as to the choice of her male admirers.

It must not be supposed that Rosaline was an illiterate girl—not at all; for she possessed a fine education, but, like many young ladies, she knew little how to use it to advantage.

Rosaline had a cage, containing two doves, hanging over the porch, leading to her garden.

She placed his hat and came upon the table, and coolly seated himself, much to her astonishment, who tartly said: "But I did not give you permission, sir."

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"Oh, yes, once or twice before; but as no kind friend volunteered an introduction, I have taken that formal responsibility upon myself, and—"

Rosaline interrupted him with another laugh. She then seated herself by her work-table, opened her little writing-desk, carelessly looked over some letters, and remarked, sarcastically: "You are quite a gallant."

"So I'm told. You have heard of Mr. Jactus Remington?"

"Oh, yes; he is a relation of mine."

"Yes, I am his son's partner. My name is William Duckworth, at your service."

"Whereupon Rosaline arose and bowed formally, saying: "Under such circumstances, I am pleased to say."

"Alas!" exclaimed he, quickly, and rushing towards her; "then I have pleased you at last!"

"No, no, sir! I—I mean that I am pleased that you have so good a partner as George Remington."

William said at once that he was gaining ground, notwithstanding her formal manner, and was upon the point of renewing the attack, when she pointedly said: "Since you have been to much trouble to inform me what I cared little to know, and as it is getting late, and I have much to do, I trust you will—"

"Call again—thank you."

"No, sir; one interview will suffice for all time."

"Oh, but you'll soon change your mind."

"Indeed! Is longevity one of the physical advantages of your family?"

"One of them," answered he calmly, "why?"

"Because, if I should live till I became one hundred years old, I might consent to become yours."

"But you're not. Proceed."

WASHINGTON LETTER. The first to arrive at the Presidential New Year's reception are the correspondents of different papers and the Marins band.

They were all stationed in the large anteroom, the band to furnish music and the correspondents to tell who were there, what they had on, and how they bowed and shook, and what they said.

Yesterday some lady correspondents were present in full dress, and a few male pen drivers had on swallow tails, white neck-ties, white kid gloves, and bouquets in their button-holes.

The ladies in full dress had special privileges accorded them. They were allowed to penetrate the sanctum sanctorum of the blue room, and to make accurate notes of the dresses of Mrs. Hayes and the ladies receiving with her.

This made the rest of us jealous. Were not our papers as respectable and well connected as theirs? And had not our readers also a right to know about the coiffures, and lace, and trains, and demi-trains, and demi-monde trains, as well as the readers of the papers of Jennie June or Mrs. Grundy?

"If this be treason make the most of it." The next to arrive was the Diplomatic corps, (corps) for, let it not be forgotten that diplomacy is the dried mummy of past ages and of effete systems of policy, and that it has no legitimate place in our day of printing presses, telegraphs and ocean cables, when Kings, and Cabinets, and Presidents learn what were formerly state or court secrets from the newspapers.

"It is time advancing civilization should shake its dust clear of this fine old antique, useless and expensive heritage. Some members of the Diplomatic corps are rich and gaudy. They came to the White House in coroneted carriages, bedecked with swords and sashes and gold lace, while their nearly padded chests (their stomachs next to padding) are covered with stars, and crosses, and other insignia of rank or office.

Among the more notable for elaborate decoration were the English, French, Spanish, Russian and Japanese Ministers. Others were poor in purse and salary, and Democratic in their attire. Among those were some of the representatives of the South American Republics, who appeared in the customary dress of gentlemen at an evening party, or waiters at a swell restaurant or first-class hotel.

They came on foot. This made a little awkward for them, for, when France or England entered the anteroom, he had only to turn his back to his accompanying servant, who took the cloak from his shoulders and displayed him in all his splendor. But some impetuous ambassadors, who had walked to the scene, were seen vainly searching for a place to hang their hats and overcoats. After the gilt-edged foreigners had disposed of their outer covering they waited for a few minutes jabbering aimlessly in many languages, mostly French, in a second smaller gas-lighted anteroom, until the band commenced to play, when they moved into the blue room, headed by Secretary Everts, and presented their distinguished compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. Then, to use a military term, they debouched into the grand east room, where they had a more open field for the display of their ineffable brightness.

The reception of the Military and Naval officers, the Supreme Court, and Senators and Members of the Lower House, followed close upon, and the Diplomatic corps, remaining in the east room, were soon reinforced by these, and the scene was exceedingly gay, animated, varied, brilliant, picturesque, statuesque, grotesque, etc., etc. For once the gentlemen out-dazzled the ladies in splendor of attire. The most richly dressed woman was Senora Mantilla (in English Mrs. Cloak, I suppose), wife of the Spanish Minister. She wore a rich dress of green velvet, trimmed with blue satin, and wrought round the physalactery with designs of heavy silk pink roses in repousse. She was not at all averse to showing her dress, and frequently shot off, like a comet, from the dazzling constellation in the south of the room, and pronounced its entire length, first with one attitude and then with another, of which flirtation, or relief, her fat and sleepy husband seemed unconscious or grateful.

To sum my observations: Secretary Everts wore a rather short tailed frock coat, buttoned close, and it looked a little like it had been renovated and made to look as good as new for two dollars. Postmaster-General Key wore a full dress suit, and had his coiffure arranged by a Heenan. Mrs. Key, who is a large and handsome lady, was dressed in an elegant black silk. She and the P.M.G. are both of heroic size, and the handsomest couple in the Cabinet. The Secretary of the Interior and of the Navy were present with their daughters. The daughters of the latter are rather pretty young ladies, with perhaps a slight excess of rural grace in their air and manner. Miss Schurz has a face in which is an almost pathetic combination of intelligence and refinement, with rare homeliness; the outlines of her features are like those of Maggie Mitchell. Mrs. McCreery wore a lady suit, with a long train, and I heard a lady say that she looked dowdy. There was one lady present with bare arms, and such arms! Imagine Senator Judge Davis or Congressman Gustav Schleicher of Texas with their shirt sleeves cut off at the armpits. I was pleased to see that she had been vaccinated, and that, from the size of the scar, it had taken.

Of course comment in this style is very brutal, but would it not be well to make a new departure in this sweet branch of journalism, and write what many say and what all think about these extravagant displays? I do not refer to naked arms and necks especially, but it has become the fashion of the local press to slaver with eulastic rhetoric the styles and natural or fictitious beauties of ladies who appear at marriages, receptions, hops, etc. We blame them for their vanity and extravagance that has brought on the panic, and is making marriage a burden or an impossibility, and yet we are continually stimulating their vanity and extravagance by printing flattering lies. No woman of intelligence and refinement cares to have her physical points discussed, and those without intelligence or refinement, who solicitously court this discussion, had better be encouraged to stay at home by having the truth told about them. It may not be realized—it may seem innocent, so venial is the custom—but flattery is just as pernicious as any other lie.

Senator Edmunds was the only gentleman present who did not have on the customary black. He wore a pepper and salt suit. I am unable to account for this breach, unless the Vermontier has turned iconoclast, or is trying the dodge of singularity, or is advertising some New England woolen mill. We might have the Diplomatic corps take the matter under consideration, since it has nothing else to do.

As receivers I must say that the present incumbents are an improvement on General and Mrs. Grant. They have a hearty manliness and womanliness of manner in shaking hands, and pronouncing the name of the person presented, that is urbane, cheerful and magnetic.

HOW A YOUNG WIFE CURED HER HUSBAND OF "BRUISED FEET." A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house, the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was sick, and to lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortably settled on a sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish purple, his breathing was heavy, and altogether he was a pitiable-looking object. The doctor was sent for post haste and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse and examined him, and found he was only drunk, he said: "He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used. "You must shake his head and apply blisters," she urged, or I will send for some one who will. The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain. About daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered soles. "What does this mean?" he said, pointing his hands to his blistered head. "Lie still—you mustn't stir," said the wife; "you have been very sick."

What Philosopher Billings Thinks and Says of the Wonderful Insect.

The honey bee is an inflammable humor, sudden in his impression and hasty in his conclusion, or end.

His moral disposition is a warm cross between red pepper in the pod and fusil oil, and his moral bias is 'tgit out of mi way."

They have a long body, divided in the middle by a waist spot, but their physical importance lays at the terminus of their suburb, in the shape of a javelin.

This javelin is always loaded, and stands ready to unload at a minute's warning, and enters a man as well as thought, as spry as lightning, and as full oph melancholy as the toothache.

Bees never argue a case; they settle awl of their differences or opinion by letting their javelin fly, and are as certain tew lit as a mule is.

This tasty critter lives in congregations numbering about 20,000 souls, but whether they are male and female, or conservative, or matched in blood of wallcock, or whether they klob together and keep one wife tew save expenses, I don't know nor don't care. I never examined their habits much; I never considered it healthy, for what would it profit a man to kill ninety-nine bees and have the hundredth one hit him with his javelin?

The drones seem always lazy, but what they are about the Lord only knows. They don't lay up any honey; they seem tew be busy only gait for the sake of eating all the time; they are always in as much of a hurry as the they were going for a doctor. I suppose this uneasy world, would grind around on its axel-trees onst in twenty-four hours even if they would enjoy leisure; but drones must be good for something, but I have never heard it in rain, nor one that wasn't a good job; there is ever lots of human drones loafing around blacksmith shops and other aims all over the country that don't seem tew be necessary for anything but tew beg plug tobacco and swear and drink watermelons, but you let the chokers break out onst, and then you will see the wisdom of leaving just them laying around loose; they help count.

Bees are not long-lived—I kaint just state how long their lives are, but I know from instink and overbushness that any critter, be he bug or be he devel, who is mad all the time and stings every good chance he can git, generally dies away.

The only way tew git the exact coloring weight of the bees is tew touch him; let him hit you with his javelin, and he will be willing to testify in court that somebody run a 1-tined pitch-fork into yer; and as for git, I will state for information of those who haven't had a chance to lay in their vermin wisdom as freely as I hav, that one single bee who feels well will break up a large camp-meeting!

When the bees do for amusement in another question I kaint answer, but some of the best readers and heaviest thinkers among them naturalists say that they have target excursions and heave their javalins at the mark; but I don't imbibe this assurshun raw, for I never knt enny body so bitter as heart as the bees are to waste a blow.

There is one thing that a bee does I will give him credit for on my looks; he always tends tew his own business, and won't allow any body else tew attend tew it, and what he dux he dux well; you never see him alter enny thing; if they make enny mistakes it is after dark and it ain't seen.

In ending of this essay I will cumter a spot by concluding that if the bee was a little more pensive and not so darnel greedy with their javalins they might be guilty of less wisdom, but more charity. But you kaint alter bug nature without spitting it for any thing else, enny more than you can an elephant's egg.—Josh Billings.

While they were resting from work at noon yesterday, Amos said: "I heard of er white woman m reedin in de paper dis mornin' that fokes was 'bavin' de wudder dere was enny hell or not."

"Stucks!" said Old Si. "Youse got dat wrong end 'o wuz shes?" "No, sah; dat wuz what he red in de paper."

"Whudder dere wuz enny hell?" repeated Si. "Yes, sah; whudder when er man give out 'o hys he went ter hell, er jus' disintar ter dux 'agin'?" "Lookie heah! I don't want no 'sente wid nobody, but of enny man come foolin' round me wid dat srtter skriptur he's gwine ter leak me git up yander inter shoutin' 'mons'!" said Si. "Why is dat?" "Kase tain't gwine ter do. Yer jessa make er nigger belebe dar ain't no heah-aver, an' see whar yer comes ter. Every secun' bou'll be er court-house an' er 'houses twixt 'em'll be jale-houses. Hirs' noughty hard ter keep 'em strate now, wid de Sheriff an' hell bofe 'om dar eyes!" "Den you 'ae on de side ob de fish an' brinastone?" "Youse right, honey! If you 'ink youse gwine ter lebe de wudder ter play snow-ball somewhar youse wrong. Dar'er warm place jese beyant heah fer de managers ob de Freedman Bank er chicken-lifters ginrally, else I 'gwine to swar my him-book fer er pack er kyard's!"

BEES, BY BILLINGS.

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Table with columns: DATE OF ADVERTISEMENT, and rows of dates and prices.

Business notices in the Local Columns 20 cents per line.

For legal and transient advertisements 50 cents per square, for short notices 10 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

TTVQ KINES IS A LOVE STORY. Suppose a youth with his hair in his eyes. That alone like the flight of the beautiful dove.

Used moderately, promotes digestion, used to excess it is very injurious to health. It is employed in cooking to soften the fibres of tough meat.

COCOA. Cocoa as a beverage is very nutritious and wholesome, and does not produce those effects which render tea and coffee objectionable to some people.

Physicians are all agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to its use by young people.

There is more support to be obtained from a pint of milk than from a gallon of beer. Beer furnishes none of the essential necessities of support for the system, while milk supplies them all to a certain extent.

Coffee is more stimulating than tea, and if taken after eating promotes digestion. Like tea, if drunk strong, it produces wakefulness, an effect which will sometimes last for hours.

Soda must not be used in cleaning colored clothes, as it changes many colors. If white clothes, after being washed with soda, are not perfectly freed from it by rinsing in pure water, they will turn yellow, when heated or tanned, or even in drying before a fire.

People who keep fowls must remember that they require cleanly living places as much as animals or human beings. Keep them shut up in close quarters, and where their own filth accumulates, and they soon become sickly and cease to lay.

A certain portion of salt is absolutely necessary to our stomachs, and digestion cannot be properly carried on without it. When taken in the food it supplies two substances, an acid which helps to form the sour fluid of the stomach that digests the food, and soda, which is the bile principle, and which must be added to the dissolved food before the nourishment can be extracted.

As a writer in the London Lancet remarks, people should know the value of lemon-juice. A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days; it should be renewed daily, and morning.

Most persons feel poorly in the Spring, but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast every day as a week—with or without sugar, they like—they will find it better than any medicine they could take.

Used according to this recipe will sometimes cure consumption: Put a lemon in a bowl, and pour over it cold water, and let it stand for a day or two. After that time, strain the juice into a glass, and add a little sugar, and drink it.

Another use for lemons is in a refreshing drink for summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as directed above, and add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons squeeze out the strain carefully; then to every half-pint of the juice add one pound of loaf sugar, boil and stir a few minutes more until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully and bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling, and the preparation keeps better.

Do people dress in black because they dislike it of the blue? Sixteen-carat gold wouldn't flavor soap.