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No. 22.
1236

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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 coun-
ty.

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dence on First Street. 1237

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ALBANY, OREGON.

THE DOCTOR IS A GRADUATE OF THE UNI-
VERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE OF NEW YORK, and is
a member of the New York Hospital Medical College of
New York.

Office in Dr. Henton's Drug Store. 1238

R. ARNOLD, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician.
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE HOURS FROM 10 TO 12 AND
FROM 2 TO 4, Chronic Diseases and Sur-
gery a Specialty. 1240

G. W. WILCOX,
Homeopathic Physician,
ALBANY, OREGON.

Office over Freedale's Grocery Store.
1241

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY APRIL 5, 1878.

NO. 35.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.				
	1st	2d	3d	4th
1 Inch	1 00	8 00	6 00	5 00
2 In.	2 00	16 00	12 00	10 00
3 In.	3 00	24 00	18 00	15 00
4 In.	4 00	32 00	24 00	20 00
5 In.	5 00	40 00	30 00	25 00
6 In.	6 00	48 00	36 00	30 00
7 In.	7 00	56 00	42 00	35 00
8 In.	8 00	64 00	48 00	40 00
9 In.	9 00	72 00	54 00	45 00
10 In.	10 00	80 00	60 00	50 00
11 In.	11 00	88 00	66 00	55 00
12 In.	12 00	96 00	72 00	60 00

Business notices in the Local Column
50 cents per line.
For legal and transient advertisements,
\$1.00 per square for the first insertion,
and 50 cents per square for each subsequent
insertion.

C. COHEN,
—Dealer in—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Patent Building, cor. 1st and Broadway sts.,
ALBANY, OREGON.

Will keep constantly on hand a full
assortment of

**Clothing, Dry Goods, Furnish-
ing Goods, Hats,
Caps, Boots, Shoes,
Groceries, etc.,**
and will sell the above named goods
CHEAPER than any other house in the
city. Give him a call before purchasing
elsewhere.

SAM. COHEN,
AUCTIONEER
REGULAR SALE DAYS:
SATURDAYS AND MONDAYS
At 10 o'clock A. M.

Will also go to any part of the country
and hold special sales when directed.
1242

**ALBANY
GUN STORE!**
SCOTT & MONTEITH, PROP'RS.

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 toy manufactured.

DAVID ANDREWS, BORN MOCALLY.
McCalley & Andrews,
—IN THE—
Odd Fellow's Building,
LEBANON, OREGON,
—DEALERS IN—

**Dry Goods,
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Crocery,
Willow Ware, &c.**

Our stock is new and will be sold
cheap. Give us a call.
McCALLEY & ANDREWS,
1243

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
JOHN FOSHAY,
(Successor to G. P. Seitzler.)

—DEALER IN—
**Drugs, Medicines, Toilet
Articles, Paints, Oils,
Window Glass,
Etc., Etc.**

Having had several years' experience in
the drug business, he feels justified in assuring his
customers and proper care will be used in the
preparation that dispensing of medicines.
1244

**The Office of the
Corvallis, Lebanon & Dallas
STAGE LINES.**

is at the St. Charles Hotel, at Albany, in-
stead of the American Exchange, as re-
presented by the proprietor of the latter hotel.
1245

THE PARKER GUN.
SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR
**PARKER BROS.
& WEST MERIDEN, CT.**

JAMES DANNALS,
TRADE IN AND MANUFACTURER OF
SOLID WALNUT BEDROOM SETS,
Marble and Wood Tops.

**Parlor Sets and Lounges, Mar-
ble Top Center-Tables,
Spring Beds and
Mattresses,
WALNUT, MAPLE AND OAK BRACKETS,**
And all kinds of
Whittens, Chairs, Bedsteads, Extension Ta-
bles, Stands, Gift and Fancy
Woodings, Etc.

Intend to keep everything in the furniture line,
and will guarantee satisfaction to all who will call on
me at Miller's Brick. **JAMES DANNALS.**
1246

Albany Marble Works.
MORGAN & STAIGER,
BROADWAY STREET, ALBANY, OREGON.
—DEALER IN—

Monuments, Obelisks
—AND—
HEAD STONES,
EXECUTED IN
ITALIAN AND VERMONT MARBLE.
ORDERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE
and Washington Territory received and prompt-
ly forwarded. 1247

THE DOUBLE LESSON.

"Have you told me the whole truth,
now, Lillian, about the gentleman I saw
you talking with upon the bridge—the
whole truth, remember?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed, Reginald," she
exclaimed, looking at him piteously,
with her forget-me-not eyes swimming in
tears, and her little childish hands
clasped in supplication.

"I wish I could believe you, but I
don't!" groaned Reginald Trevor, start-
ing up and beginning to pace the floor,
angrily, while his fragile little wife sob-
bed about in her excitement and terror.

"If you did not meet the man by
appointment, what made you pretend to
have a headache to get rid of coming
down to tea; and what made you, when
we were all seated at table, go stealing
out the back way instead of the front,
and walk straight there and now-here
clear! And what made you look so fright-
ened when you saw me! Tell me that,
will you?"

"I—I thought the air would do me
good, and I didn't want to disturb you.
Indeed, indeed, it is true, Reggie, dear."
"And what made your polite acquaint-
ance turn and go off as though he had
been shot out of a gun the moment he
saw me coming? No, no, Lily, it won't
do. Your very terror now contradicts
your story. Will you tell me the truth,
or shall I write it out of that man?"

Lily rose to her feet, trembling, her
face waxen white, but strangely calm.

"If you will let me, I will go back to
my aunt, Reginald. That is the best
place for me now."

Reginald Trevor's stern, handsome face
grew a shade paler, and his hand clenched
and unclenched nervously. If he
could only believe her, his little snow-
drop, that he had sheltered in his bos-
om, and whose purity and truth he
would have sworn to.

"Will you tell me that man's name,
Lily?" he asked, more angrily.

"No, Reginald," was his firm reply.
"You have doubted me. I will not put
it in your power to question another
conscientious man."

"I will find him, though. I should
know his sneaking, handsome face among
a thousand," cried Reginald, passion-
ately, as Lily, pale, but stately as a little
queen, swept past him to the door.

She was back again very shortly,
dressed for going out, and looking like a
snowy water-lily in soft, white furs,
with her dove eyes and colorless face.

She paused beside the door.

"Have you any objection to my go-
ing to my aunt's?" she asked.

Reginald strode across the room, with
his back to the door. He did not an-
swer. She crossed the room, and just
touched his arm with her gloved hand.

"Have you any objection to my going
to my aunt's?" she repeated.

"A faint tremor crept around Lily's
lips, but she looked him steadily in the
face, and answered:

"No."

"The sooner you go to your aunt's,
then, and the longer you stay, the better
I shall be pleased," he said, with cold
indifference.

With a deep, inward sigh, the wife
turned swiftly away, nor paused till she
knocked at the door of a handsome resi-
dence a few streets off.

A sprightly little lady, whose reser-
vance to Lily Trevor marked her at once
for that aunt who had almost since her
babyhood supplied a mother's place to
the orphan, rose eagerly from under the
glow of the chandelier at sight of her.

"Why, Lily?" was her dismayed
exclamation.

"Dear auntie, don't question me, please.
I've quarreled with Reginald, that is all,"
Lily said, hysterically.

"But, Lily—"

"I don't know, it can't be helped now,
and I dare say I was just as much to
blame as he was. Let it settle itself,
won't you?"

Aunt Myra looked as though she
doubted the chances of such an event;
but she said no more. She knew some-
thing of Lily's firmness.

The matter, indeed, did not seem in-
clined to settle itself in a hurry. Lily
waited in vain for some sign from her
husband. She sent for her trunk in the
course of the next day, and it came
without a word.

A week passed, and though Lily grew
paler day by day, and Reginald more
desolate, neither gave one sign to the
other. As Reginald was returning from
his club one evening, he found himself
behind two men, who were talking in
low but sufficiently distinct tones. It
was some moments before he took enough
note of their conversation to discover
that they were talking of him.

"Disgraceful!" said one. "I should
think so; and I haven't a single doubt,
myself, that Trevor is one of the blame.
He was always a haughty, jealous, ty-
rannical fellow. Lily Ramsay was al-
ways a great deal too good for him."

"I wouldn't swear by the goodness of
any fellow that could quarrel this way
with a girl like Lily Ramsay within six
months after he'd married her. When
a man takes a woman to love, cherish
and protect, he don't do it to my notion,
by making his house so hot that she is
very glad to stay out of it."

Reginald Trevor quickened his pace,
and passed the two gentlemen unrecog-
nized. He had heard enough to irritate
him excessively. There might not be
one particle of justification for these
men speaking as they did of him; but
as he paced angrily homeward, the words
kept ringing in his ears, "haughty, jealous,
tyrannical!" Was that Lily's opinion
of him, he wondered.

He walked around by Mrs. Ramsay's
house, keeping on the opposite side of
the way, and regarding the mansion
stealthily as he passed, though it was
dark for any one to see him. At the
corner he even hesitated, as a slender shad-
ow crossed the blind, which might be
Lily's. Then murmuring, "No; I told
her the longer she stayed the better I
should be pleased, and so I shall, till she
comes to her senses," he hurried glori-
ously home.

But his fate was not in his own hands,
that night his house was entered by bur-

WASHINGTON LETTERS.

The Corcoran Art Gallery—Recent Addi-
tions—Administration of Justice for the Char-
lotte Corday at Louis Muller—Tragic Land-
scape—What Artists Think of Bierstadt—
An Artist Paid \$2,000 to Perpetrate a
Contemptible Historical Incident, with a
Hasty Reply.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Bliss Democrat.

Among the many benefices of Mr.
Corcoran, the millionaire, there are none
that address themselves so directly to
the cultured public as the art collection
which he has established in Washing-
ton. For three days in the week, Tues-
days, Thursdays and Saturdays, the gal-
lery is open to visitors without charge,
and on these days it is a favorite resort
for both the permanent and transient
resident at the capital. Here may be
seen the connoisseur, who will stand
long in critical inspection of some pic-
ture which to the unlearned in art is al-
together uninteresting; while the un-
artistic confine their admiration to those
paintings distinguished for breadth,
brightness and sensation.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fri-
days an admission of twenty-five cents
is charged, and on these days, the gal-
ery is frequented chiefly by artists,
twenty or thirty in number, who are
painting copies of the different pictures
or making a study of the statuary.

There is one picture that seems to be
equally attractive to the artists and to
the unlearned; there is always an ad-
miring group before it; many copies of
it have been attempted, and when I was
at the gallery to-day two artists were in
front of it with their easels, with cop-
ies in different stages of completion. It
is a remarkably expressive and impres-
sive study of Charlotte Corday at the
window of her prison. The gloomy
stagnant casing of the window and the in-
extinguishable iron bars are only accessories.
The illumination is the pale, determined,
sad-heroic face of the beautiful assassin.
The face may not be true as a portrait,
but its fidelity to a received historic
ideal is a triumph of art. The emotion
excited in the beholder is sympathy of
admiration rather than of pity, for there
is no weakness of hope, of fear, or of
signation, in the face of the woman; no
doubt that her endurance will not be as
victorious as was her daring.

In close proximity to Charlotte Cor-
day is a picture which, from its grotes-
que mixture of the serious, comic,
and tragic, must have been placed there
for the sake of contrast. It is called
"The Edict of William the Third." The
subject is taken from these words of
Irving, in Knickerbocker: "Finally he
issued an edict prohibiting the use of
tobacco in the New Netherlands. The
immediate effect of the edict was a popu-
lar commotion. A vast multitude
armed with pipes, tobacco boxes, and
an immense amount of ammunition, set
themselves down in front of the Gov-
ernor's house and fell to smoking with
great violence. The testy William is-
sued forth like a wrathful spider and
demanded the reason of this lawless
tumult; the stony rioters replied by
rolling back in their seats and puffing
with redoubled fury. Without the in-
terpretation of the text the picture would
be inexplicable. The artist has painted
a large congregation of men with faces
of great variety, but in all of which
the Teutonic physiognomy is pronounced,
each with a pipe in his mouth, and with
cheeks puffed in the act of smoking,
while the petty governor appears on the
porch of his house brandishing his
edict and came in impotent rage. It
cannot be denied that the artist has
made the most out of a contemptible
subject, but when nature and history
furnish no many subjects worthy to be
perpetuated, it is inconceivable how
genius can waste itself on anything so
trivial and obscure. The artist, Mr.
Geo. H. Boughton, was offered \$5,000,
with the privilege of selecting his sub-
ject, for a painting, and this is what he
produced.

A number of new pictures have been
recently added to the gallery, and the
general effect has been improved by re-
arrangement. An autumnal landscape
by J. F. Kensett is a picture of marvel-
lous scope, detail, and variety. The
sunlight, an immense stretch of frost-
crimsoned forest, while mountains, lake,
and islands extend until they are ob-
scured in the haze of distance. Artists
are enthusiastic in their admiration of
this picture, and they criticize, without
remorse, a painting of more imposing
appearance, by Bierstadt. I have ob-
served that very few artists will allow
that Bierstadt has real genius, or any-
thing beyond sensational reputation.
His landscapes are miraculous, almost
tragic. It is only necessary for him to
paint a prairie against a background of
fire, and green sky, with a solitary fox
worshipping a wild goose in a swamp,
in order to produce emotions of admi-
ration in the uncritical. If Bierstadt
and Gustav Dore should form a partnership,
the one to paint impossible landscapes,
and the other to fill them with uncer-
tain figures, the combined effect would be
too intolerable for mortal vision.

This painting, which the artist, with

WHAT HE SAW.

The La Grande Gazette is a woman
suffragist.

There are three families in North
Carolina that poll 35 Democratic votes
each.

A delinquent subscriber writes to u
that we shall hear from him "in the
sweet by and by." When in thunder
is that?

A New Orleans minister is worth
half a million dollars. There are no
camels or needles-eyes in his sermons,
rest assured.

The Ohio Legislature fired a national
salute over the passage of the silver
bill and then adjourned out of respect
to Ben Wade. Bimezz.

"What number?" a Nevada dry
goods clerk asked, when a girl inquired
for stockings. "Do you think I've only
got one leg?" she retorted.

There is one big sore spot on Eng-
land's body yet, and that is the Russian
acquisition of Asiatic territory. But
Johnny Bull has to bear it.

The public debt of Ohio, including
state, cities, township, etc., \$50,000,000,
about one third of which is covered
by the municipal debt of Cincinnati.

"If you would succeed in this life,
my son," said Tom Corwin, "be solemn,
solemn as an ass. All the monuments
of this world are built to solemn uses."

Chicago Tribune: "When Ebenezer
Ward, of Oakbrook, refused to have the
ceremony performed, his girl promptly
knocked him down—in other words,
she raised his Ebenezer."

Times are so hard among the grain
gamblers of Chicago that they are in-
venting all sorts of cheap ways to bet
on the market—a good deal like your
old gambler, who defeated at faro takes
refuge in chuck-a-luck.

Snipkins refused to get his wife a
new hat, and soon after his little girl
came in and said: "Mama, won't you
buy me a monkey to play with when
you go down town?" "No my darling
—wait till you are older, and then mar-
ry one," as I did, replied the grief-strick-
en wife, her tears bursting forth afresh.

THE BISHOP INGENUOUS DENIES.
A Washington correspondent of the
13th says:

Col. Bob Ingersoll still continues to
bombard the different Christian churches
with his guns so heavily overloaded with
ridicule that a Graphic correspondent
estimates that he has made himself
amenable to an old Colonial law still in
force here, although it has fallen into
disuse since a century ago and its ex-
ecution seems to have been forgotten for
several generations until recently. This
correspondent says: "Col. Bob Ingersoll
is delivering his lectures on religious
subjects here, and for his informa-
tion it should be stated that the At-
torney-General recently decided that the
old Colonial law is still in force in this
district, never having been repealed.
The first section of this law provides
that 'if any person shall deny our
Saviour, Jesus Christ, to be the Son of
God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity,
the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost, or
the Godheads of any of the three per-
sons or the unity of the Godhead, or
shall utter any profane words concern-
ing the Holy Trinity, or any of the per-
sons thereof, and shall be thereof con-
victed, he or she shall, for the first of-
fense, be bored through one of his ears;
for the second offense shall be stig-
matized; for the third offense shall suf-
fer death." Judging, however, from the
crowds who came out to hear Ingersoll,
to laugh at his sallies, and to applaud
what would have been regarded as blas-
phemies only a few short years ago,
there is a very poor show for him to gain
a Washington audience. It is said that
his hearers include many of the most
cultivated minds here, male and female;
and what may still appear more anom-
alous is the fact that many of his most
enthusiastic hearers—those boldest in
their approval—are members of evan-
gelical churches, in this city or else-
where.

HOW TO GET ALONG.
Don't stop to tell stories in business
hours.

If you have a place of business be
found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting around
stores and saloons.

Never fool in business matters.
Have order, system, regulation and
also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you
know nothing of.

Do not kick every thing in your
path.

More miles can be made in one day
by going steady than by stopping.
Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as
he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never
give what you cannot afford because it is
fashionable.

Learn to say no. No necessity of
snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it
firmly and respectfully.

Use your own brains rather than
those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.
Keep ahead rather than behind the
times.

SYMPATHIZERS.
What can be more discouraging than
the feeling