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THE RELATIVE HIGH BRANCHES AND

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A. L. MOYE, Agent

State Rights Democrat

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NO. 46.

WILLETT & BUSCH, CARRIAGE AND WAGON MANUFACTURERS

REPAIRING AND JOB WORK

SKILLFUL MANNER

STAR BAKERY

PROVISION STORE

FAMILY GROCERIES

FRESH VEGETABLES

DRY GOODS

GROCERIES

HARDWARE

MARK BAUMGART

Wholesale Liquor Store

THE FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO & CIGARS.

STONEMALL WHISKEY

Whiskies, French Brandy, Sherry, Port, Claret, and all other kinds of wines, Gin, Ale, Beer, and Porter.

Bitters of every kind, and the best brands of tobacco and cigars.

Mellwin & Magoon

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,

BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, WAGONS, ETC., ETC.

Agricultural Implements

FIRE INSURANCE

ALBANY GUN STORE

SCOTT & MONTEITH, PROPR'S.

GUNS, RIFLES AND REVOLVERS

Tobacco and Cigars

Baby Carriages, Steamboats, Games

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

THE STOLEN LOCKET.

In the elegantly furnished drawing-room of a West-end mansion sat a young man, whose general bearing, broad, noble brow, from which his chestnut hair was tossed back in graceful carelessness, and large, thoughtful eyes, bespoke him to be one of nature's noblemen.

At last, apparently unable to sit still any longer, he arose, and walking to the window stared tapping nervously on the glass, and watching with restless eyes the chameleon-like crowd that passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, occupied in their own conversation, had not noticed the sudden paling of their daughter's face, as she hurriedly scanned the familiar writing, till, as she reached the fatal termination, her eyes closed, and with a low moan of agony she sank to the floor in a death-like swoon.

For five years Guy wandered through Europe for five years he vainly strove to find fulfillment and happiness in constant excitement and change of scene; but failing in this he had at last resolved to visit again the land of his birth, if only to mark the ravages which time had made among his old friends.

Not once had a suspicion of Fred Acton's treachery crossed his mind, for to Guy he had always shown the better part of his nature, besides, the proof of Nellie's duplicity had seemed to conclusively admit of any lingering doubt his love might have suggested.

Guy Hartley, for such was our hero's name, had called, glad of an excuse, to acquaint Nellie with some arrangement which he had just completed with regard to their soon approaching marriage; and, after a short time passed in pleasant conversation he reluctantly arose, and bidding a tender adieu to the fair girl, left the house with a firm, elastic tread.

Hardly had he taken his departure, when the front door-bell again rang, and once more a young gentleman was ushered into the drawing-room. The newcomer was tall and slight, with jet black hair, and a piercing look in the black eyes that boded no good to an enemy.

At first she had hoped that some trivial affair would displease Guy, and as he recognized it he could scarcely refrain from an outburst of pleasure, for Fred Acton had long been the secret rival of Guy, each striving to win the hand of fair Nellie Pomeroy.

Fred Acton, after repeated refusals from Nellie, had at last given up all hopes of winning her hand; but, loving her still, as much as his selfish nature was capable of loving, he attempted to drown his sorrow in the wine cup, and with drinking and hot horses, was rapidly getting into the hands of the demon.

Knowing, then, that for him all the thoughts of revenge on Guy were useless, and that he must soon render up an account of his wild deeds, his thoughts turned to Nellie, with a foolish wish that he could undo the wrong he had done her. So he dictated a letter, confessing his sin, begging her forgiveness, and containing the locket, and dispatched it to the injured girl, who, true woman that she was, could not but pity the dying man, bitterly as he had wronged her, and that he might not die thinking himself unrepentant, sent a note to the hotel to which he had been carried, but the messenger reached there only in time to hear that the unhappy Fred Acton had breathed his last.

Guy had supposed that Nellie and Fred were long since married; but hardly had he set foot in London when he was recognized and accosted by one of his old friends, who, among the gossip he had to relate concerning Guy's old circle of acquaintances, mentioned the fact of Fred Acton's death, and also said that Miss Pomeroy was as beautiful as ever, but unmarried.

As they stopped to chat, Fred, as if anxious to conceal something, placed his hand carefully on his watch-chain, but Guy, as was intended, noticed the action, and said laughingly, "What is it that you are so jealously guarding, Fred? A love token from some fair lady?"

"Yes; but for fear that it might blight your hopes in that direction, perhaps I had better not show it to you at present," laughed Fred, nervously.

"Oh, never fear for me!" said Guy, "for I have already proved my kind, and so shall not prove a dangerous rival to you."

"Well, then, hold!" replied Fred, removing his hand, and disclosing to view the tiny locket.

Guy turned pale as death, but mastering his emotion by a violent effort, he playfully insisted upon knowing the name of Fred's charmer.

"Oh, come," said Fred, "you are feigning innocence; for surely you must often have seen this trinket upon the arm of fair 'Nellie the irresistible,' who has this day bestowed it upon me as a pledge of her true love."

Guy had stood as if turned to stone while this flippant speech was being rattled out, and then, with a few common-places, passed on; but his tread was not as true and elastic as before he met Fred, and his head, which then had been raised proudly, was now bent for ever low.

Fred watched him pass on with a sardonic smile on his handsome yet sinister face, and thought to himself, "Ah, my fine fellow, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, as you may find to your cost; and then you will know the consequences of standing in the way of Fred Acton!"

That evening, in her luxurious home, Nellie watched and listened in vain for the familiar footsteps she had learned to know so well; and she retired to rest at last, sad and dispirited, and with a dim sense of impending trouble, that was yet too vague to shape itself into connected thought.

The next morning, as the family were gathered around the breakfast table, a servant entered the room with a note addressed to "Miss Pomeroy." Grasping it eagerly, anxiously, Nellie tore it open, and with blanched face read the following laconic note:

NELLIE: All is over between us. Thank God, I have discovered your perfidy before you were late in the discovery. I shall leave you in the hands of the law, and I shall not be here to see you again.

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At Higginson, Conn., a loving couple after being divorced twice, have just celebrated their third nuptials.

PARIS LETTER.

(FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, May 19, 1878.

Editor Democrat: I have spent but two days on the Exposition grounds, my time having been taken up mainly in securing lodgings, and with the many things that a green American has to contend on entering for the first time a new country; which, no matter what may have been his preparations, he will find sufficiently confusing to give him some annoyance and cost him some money.

The Exposition impresses me, at first sight, as being more distinctively French than was ours American; more of a national fair and less of a world's fair than we had at Philadelphia. It will be remembered that, at our Centennial, we took the trouble to translate circulars, notices, signs, directions in to street cars, etc., into the French, German, Italian and Spanish languages.

Nothing of the kind is done here, although there are, perhaps, in Paris, fifty times as many people ignorant of the French language as there were in Philadelphia who did not know English.

The French are the least polyglot of all civilized people; their vanity will not allow them to admit the existence of any other language. But the spread of that language which philologists, of whatever nationality, have prophesied will one day be universal, is felt powerfully in Paris.

A salesman, a saleswoman, or errand boy that can speak ever so little English, he is sure to write on his window, in large gilt letters, "English spoken."

The exhibits of other nationalities have the same general features that characterized those at Philadelphia, and, in some instances, the precise articles. This is particularly noticeable in the department of fine arts, where those who were at Philadelphia in 1876 will recognize familiar pictures.

The French art section, I am told by one who is familiar with the subject, presents rather a series of revived memories than of new sensations. Very few actual novelties are shown, the gems of the last decade having been collected from the different salons, and distributed in the galleries of the Exposition with dazzling effect.

The gallery of the Luxembourg has been robbed of its latest acquisitions, and no effort has been spared to make the French section eclipse every other. The American art section, like nearly all the sections of the Exhibition, art or otherwise, is in a state of incompleteness, nor can it be regarded as a fair representation of our national art. Owing probably to the shortness of time allotted to our artists for preparation, but few of our prominent painters are represented.

The visitor sees nothing national or distinctive in this section, and an American nothing that reminds him of home or country. Our artists seem to have borrowed all their inspiration from foreign scenery and foreign subjects, and not to have found anything worth reproducing at home. Our section is fortunate in possessing two small fine works by the "General of a Mummy," by Mr. Bridgman, and "The Death of a Vendean Chief," by Mr. Wylie. But one cannot help asking why could not the artist have evoked his genius on the funeral of an Indian chief, a subject quite as rich in picturesque and dramatic elements.

And what is there more tragic in the death of a royalist of La Vendee than in that of a man who yields his life in faith or fanaticism for any other cause? Will we never excel in the production of anything but plows and prima donnas?

I will write more in detail about the Exposition when I have had time to give it more careful study. To Americans disposed to come here this year, Punch's famous advice about getting married is good: "don't." The wonders of the Exposition are little, when compared with the wonders of Paris, and Paris can be seen with much less expense in a year from now. Prices, everybody told me, have been doubled. It is not necessary to say more in emphasis of their exorbitance than that they are higher than they were in Philadelphia the first few weeks of our Centennial. Admission to the Exhibition costs only twenty cents, but the visitor will scarcely get out without having paid more; it would sound ridiculous, and not nice, to tell of some of the things for which these superlatively refined Frenchmen charge.

The Duke of Wellington's monument has just been unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral after having been twenty years in the course of construction.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

BY MARY J. STUBBLEY, M. D.

Marriage is the ultimate end and aim of every life, and true marriage is the holiest of all possible relationships. It is of God's own ordaining. The true wife and mother is the Queen among women—yes, among all created beings. All men honor her, and are ready to accord her the highest place in creation.

Second only to her is she who has had the courage to remain single because the right man never came, for I am of those who believe that no woman is ever single for her lifetime for lack of the opportunity to marry at some time in her life; and whenever I meet an "old maid," I am ready to do her honor for living up to the principle, "The best or none."

Said a little girl, who had just said "seven times one" to me, "Annie, what do you want I should be when I'm a woman?"

Said I, "I would like to see you just such a woman as your dear mamma, with a good husband and some very nice little children, all in a nice pleasant home."

Well, said she, "I'll get a husband if I can find a good one; and if I can't, I would have any. Would you, Annie?"

There, dear girls, is your motto for your matrimonial game. You can find nothing better in the whole range of literature. "The best or none."

And what constitutes "the best?" First, and always, the healthiest. And who is the healthiest? First, and always, the most temperate, and temperance, remember, means self-control. The young man who smokes has lost his self-control. His appetite has run away with him, and it will carry him to other forms of intemperance just as surely as night follows day. Beware of it!

Temperance is personal cleanliness, in modesty, in quietness, in reverence for one's shirt and hatters, in deference for one's mother and sisters, in gentleness, in courage, in withholding from night which leads to excess in daily living, in the eating and drinking only of that which will insure the best body which the best soil is to inhabit—my, temperance is all these and more.

I know a man and woman who took a sudden fancy for each other upon their first meeting. They were both old enough to know better, but they rushed into matrimony like two lions, on a six-weeks' acquaintance. Of course they were terribly disappointed in each other, and have been punished for their folly. They had never heard of each other till they met; they knew nothing of each other's personal habits, likes and dislikes, caprices or principles or lack of principles.

The man is eleven years older than the woman, and is one of those who "enjoy poor health," to such an extent that they follow up every new disease until they know and experience all its symptoms. At one time he had five different doctors prescribing for him, while he was attending to his daily occupation. He would take medicine by the wholesale, and was avers to taking a bath. He counted his pulses at every odd chance during the day, and looked at his tongue with a corresponding devotion. He believed that night air is a deadly poison, and that human beings should shut themselves indoors at sunset all the year around, close all the doors and windows, and keep them closed until sunrise. The woman was 19 years of age at the time they met. She had never known anything about "poor health," and was quite unprepared to unite with this man in enjoying it.

There are two periods when Congress does no business. One is before the holidays and the other after.

An opposition editor offers to bet his ears on something to our discredit. He should not carry gambling to such extreme lengths.

If the editor of the "sun" is a rogue he ought to bring a libel suit against his own face.

At the West Point military school the cadets are taught to jump hardsack to ride without stirrups, to ride hardsack, to use the pistol and sabre while riding, to "cut heads of right and left," and other feats. The heads are leather balls about four or five inches in diameter, which are placed on posts of various heights. The trooper moving at a rapid gallop must cut these heads riding to the right and left, and also cut heads resting on the ground, the last a rather difficult feat when done to the left, compelling the rider to swing his sabre over his bridle hand and reach down from a horse sixteen hands high. They also cut heads with the right and left on at the same instant jumping a hurdle. The most skillful maneuver is the cutting of a head upon the ground between two hurdles placed about forty feet apart, the trooper riding at full speed and cutting to the right and left in the interval between leaping the hurdles. The trooper is also taught to turn his horse at full gallop in a circle four yards in diameter. Most of these feats are performed in a riding hall, a room about one hundred and ninety feet long, by sixty-eight wide, with a tanbark floor. The parade ground is about three hundred and fifty yards long, by one hundred and fifty wide. Seventy-five horses are kept in use, the stables accommodate about one hundred. The animals are cared for by a detachment of regular soldiers provided for such service, the cadets being too busy to perform this duty.

A Connecticut flying-machine inventor, not having the feet of Darwin Green's fate before his eyes, wants the managers of the permanent exhibition at Philadelphia to allow him to sail around the interior of the immense exhibition buildings, "touching at various points, here and there."

A mixture of red lead, Indian meal and molasses will be eagerly eaten by cockroaches and will soon exterminate them. Paris green, phosphorus or arsenic are sometimes used, but are very dangerous. Borax, to which cockroaches have a great antipathy, will drive them away.

When an Indian gets mad and ready to fight, he would as soon hatch a baby as an Indian trader. That's the one great fault in his make-up, and he will never stand a 1 in society until he learns to go for the traders first.—Detroit Free Press.

An eastern editor throws up the sponge with the remark that "it don't pay to run a paper in a town where business men read almanacs and pick their teeth with the tail of a hairing."

Millions and millions of hairpins are tugging at the tresses of femininity in this country, and yet after all you seldom have an opportunity to chat with a bald-headed woman.

Table with columns for various items and prices, including flour, sugar, and other goods.

Business notices in the Event Columns 20 cents per line. For local and transient advertisements \$1.00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Down in Tennessee there is a beetle which shows tobacco...

Philadelphia is said to be the most drained city in the Union.

San Antonio, Texas, has only scored its first alarm bell once in eighteen years.

More than 17,000 applications for the war of 1812 pensions have been filed.

Italian and French agents are busy in all the American towns, they say.

The first large temperance convention in this country was held about the year 1854.

On underground railways it has been found that steel rails corrode and do not last nearly so long as iron.

Business is so thriving in Memphis that a belt railroad line is to be constructed for the transportation of cotton.

A Cincinnati firm advertises "Foreign welcome and shown through the windows without being imported to buy."

Some London doctors have been listening to the chest sounds of a patient thirty yards distant by means of a telephone.

When a French soldier gets tired of army life he begins to stammer and stutter, and the surgeons have to grant him a discharge.

When Mr. Moody praised a fine farm at New Haven recently, T. R. Foxbridge, Jr., offered to buy it for him if he would settle there, but the offer was not taken up.

As it is very difficult and dangerous to transport sulphuric acid in liquid form, a large manufactory in Bohemia is engaged in making it in the form of a solid anhydride.

A gentleman in Lawrence, Mass., has in his possession the identical bill or programme of the "Ford's Theater," which President Lincoln held in his hand at the time of his assassination on the night of the 14th of April, 1865.

The man in whose house Lincoln died asks the government to take the place off his hands at several times its value. He is the small shop who sent in a long bill for the use of the place, charging over for the soap which the physicians washed their hands.

The Cleveland viduet will cost that city millions before it is finished, but the Herald says that "at night, when radiant with gas or bathed in the glory of moonlight, it will be a beautiful, active, ample avenue delightful alike to the very man of business, the pleasure-seeker and the belated traveler."

Abraham Lincoln was very fond of stories which exhibited the wit of the soldiers. He loved to tell any anecdote which set forth "the boys" as a people in their privations. A writer in Scribner's Magazine says:

There was a story of a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, carried to the front of battle, with both legs shot off, who, seeing a pigeon-carrier passing about, said, "Boy, old lady, are they then sewed or pegged?" And the boy was "soldier" and a soldier at the battle of Chancellorsville, whose regiment, waiting to be called into the fight, was taking coffee. The hero of the story put by his lips a crochery mug which he had carried with infinite care through several campaigns. A stray bullet, just missing the coffee drinker's head, dashed the mug into fragments, and left only the handle in his fingers.

Turning his head in that direction, the soldier angrily growled, "So-berry, you can't do that again!" Lincoln relating these two stories together, said: "It seems as if neither death nor danger could quench the grim humor of the American soldier."

Editor Democrat: Please give publicity to the following in your widely circulated paper and oblige, Respectfully, E. B. WRIGHT, M. D.

Compmeeting at Happy Valley, March 10th, 3rd Sunday in June, commencing on Friday.

Compmeeting at Dixie, Polk county, 4th Sunday in June, commencing on Thursday. (This is the district meeting.)

Compmeeting at Forks of Sandbar, 5th Sunday in June, commencing on Friday.

Compmeeting at Sweet Home, 1st Sunday in July, commencing on Friday.

Compmeeting near Tazewell, 2d Sunday in July, commencing on Friday.

A MAN more than half-seas-over was observed one day supporting the jarring of the North Bridge, Ellensburg, by his head and repeating to himself "Foolish! It must be done, it must be done." And an old lady passing by, thinking he contemplated suicide, said to him: "What must be done, my man? I must go home and face my wife," was the woful answer.

THE phonograph may build up the voice and pass it down to future ages; but the smile that twinges the face of a man as he seeks solitude and gazes upon his name in print for the first time, will always have to be guessed at.