STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

—BY—

MART. V. BROWN

OFFICE, In "Democrat" Building, (up-stairs Corner Broadalbin and Second Sts.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copy, per year.....$3 00
Single copy, six months.....2 00
Single copy, three months.....1 00
Single number.....10

HERE WE ARE

—AT OUR—

NEW HEADQUARTERS!

Opposite the New Odd Fellow Temple.

And there is no use talking if you want

GROCERIES!

I tell you without hesitation that I have the STOCK and make the prices that cannot fail to meet your approval.

☞ To control large trade I know that my prices must give universal satisfaction, and I shall use all honorable exertion to accomplish that end.

Look at My Prices:

4½ lbs Rio Coffee.....$1 00
4½ lbs Costa Rica.....1 00
3½ lbs Java.....1 00
1 lb Ground Java.....25
Tea, Japan, 50, 75, 85, 90 and.....60
" Young Hyson or Gunpowder, ⅌ lb.....1 00
Soda or Picnic Crackers, ⅌ lb.....10
Sweet Crackers, ⅌ lb.....12½
Sugar—9 lbs San Francisco.....1 00
8 lbs Golden C.....1 00
6½ lbs Crushed or Fine Crushed.....1 00
6 lbs Powdered.....1 00
Pickles—½ gal. jar.....25
1 quart " 25
Worchestershire Sauce, ⅌ bottle.....40
Pepper or All-spice, in grain, ⅌ lb.....25
Sardines, ⅌ box, 20 or.....20
Oysters—McMurray's 2lb cans.....25
Field's 2lb cans.....20
Peaches, ⅌ can.....25
Slapp's Cocoanut, ⅌ package.....40
Sweet Oil, ⅌ bottle 25 or.....60
Comb Honey in glass jars.....40
10 lbs Honolulu Rice.....1 00
Syrup, ⅌ gallon.....75
5-gallon keg.....4 00
5 ⅌ Cheese.....1 00
Coal Oil—Downer's, ⅌ gal.....60
" 5 gal. can.....2 75

Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper and Allspice

☞ Cash paid for eggs.☜

ground and put up by myself and warranted pure.

Also, the most complete stock of JOSE BLANCO'S CIGARS, together with a full line of Tobacco, Smokers Articles, Toys, Notions, and numerous other articles which I have not time to enumerate, all of which I will sell at prices that defy competion.

5 JULIUS JOSEPH.

LYON'S Patent Metallic STIFFENERS PREVENT Boots and Shoes From Running over, Wearing off on the Side and Ripping in the SEAMS.

FOR SALE BY

E. BOYLE,

Custom Boot and Shoe Maker.

None but the best stock used, and a good fit guaranteed.

French Kip Boots to order - $8 00.
Philadelphia Kip - - - $6 50.

Repairing neatly done.

Give him a call.

n35tf Albany, Oregon.

Sportsman's Headquarters.

SCOTT & MONTEITH,

—DEALERS IN—

Guns, Rifles & Revolvers!!

And Ammunition of All Kinds.

Just received a large invoice of the latest improved Remington, Sharp's, Winchester and Ballard repeating rifles, Moore, Remington and Steven's breech-loading shot guns, and muzzle-loading rifles and shot guns of every description.

Also, a large and well selected stock of Fishing Tackle, Cutlery, Dog Collars, Fancy Goods, and in fact anything you could wish for in our line.

Remember That

We Cannot Be Undersold

Anywhere in this State. 1-tf

JAMES DANNALS,

DEALER IN AND MANUFACTURER OF

SOLID WALNUT BEDROOM SETS,

Marble and Wood Tops.

Parlor Sets and Lounges, Marble Top Center-Tables, Spring Beds and Mattresses,

WALNUT, MAPLE AND OAK BRACKETS,

And all kinds of

Whatnots, Chairs, Bedsteads, Extension Tables, Stands, Gilt and Fancy Mouldings, Etc.

I 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.

LEON CORDIER,

FASHIONABLE BARBER

—AND—

HAIR DRESSER.

(Late of San Francisco.)

BESIDES DOING A GENERAL BARBERING and hair dressing business, for gentlemen, he wishes to notify the ladies that he manufactures switches, puffs, frizzes and all kinds of false hair from combings and at a low price. Rooms opposite McIlwain's store. 44tf

THE PARKER GUN.

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR

PARKER BRO'S

WEST MERIDEN, CT.

C. C. Kelly, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

ALBANY, OREGON.

☞ Office in McIlwain's Block. Residence, one door north of U. P. Church. v14n8tf

MRS. S. NICHOLS, M. D.

Homepathic Physician,

Office and residence on Ferry street, between Second and Third. n18tf

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XIV. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1879. NO. 50

THE EASTERN STORE

Is selling off at cost for the next

THIRTY DAYS,

in order to make room for the large stock of Fall and Winter Goods now on the road from the East.

S. KAHN.

PREPARING FOR FALL TRADE!

I will offer for the next 30 days the residue of my Summer Goods at way down prices, to make space for a large consignment of Fine Clothing and Gent's Furnishing goods. J. M. NOLAN,

Farmer's & Mechanic's Store.

LOOK! LOOK!

LADIES WILL FIND IT PROFITABLE AND Pleasurable to call at

MRS. A. E. MARTIN'S

MILLINERY ROOMS

And examine her elegant stock of

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS,

(Just arrived per Steamer Oregon),

Comprising the latest styles in HATS, BONNETS, SILKS, LACES, TISSUES, SATINS, CRAPES, ORNAMENTS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, and other ornaments too numerous to mention.

The Best of Dressmakers Employed in the Establishment.

SCHMESS'S BUILDING, Cor. Main and Ellsworth Sts., Albany, Oregon. n38

PELTON

HORSE POWER!

I HAVE FOUR SIZES of Powers, 4-horse, 8-horse, 10-horse and 12-horse,

Warranted for 5 YEARS!

Farmers are invited to call and examine them at B. F. DRAKE'S, Salem; at A. M. ROOP'S, Albany, and at THOMPSON & SON'S, Halsey.

44m2 THOS. HOLMAN.

DR. H. ROZSAS.

Physician and Surgeon.

Albany Oregon.

GRADUATED IN ALLOPATHY IN 1847, in Germany, and in homeopathy in 1858, in Austria. Consultations in either English, French, Italian or German. ☞ Office with Dr. Griffin, over Reidfield's grocery store, where diplomas can be seen. v14n39tf

FASHION

Bathing and Hair-Dressing

SALOON.

I HAVE JUST COMPLETED SOME VERY EXtensive improvements at my place of business, and am now prepared to furnish

HOT OR COLD BATHS

at all hours.

Everything is neat and clean, and I will do my best to please my customers.

39tf GUS. ENGLANDER.

LUMBER!

LUMBER! LUMBER!

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, take this method of informing the public that we have 1,150,000 feet of the finest quality of lumber on hand at our mill on Hamilton Creek, 3½ miles from Lebanon, ever offered for sale in this county, consisting in part of rustic and finishing lumber, which has been sawed and stacked with great care during last fall and winter, and consequently is partially seasoned. We also have a large amount of fencing, barn siding, scantling, timbers, etc., in fact everything wanted in our line. Besides, we have a large amount of logs on hand, which will enable us to fill all orders entrusted to us. ☞ Also, in connection with the mill is a planer, where you can get anything needed in house building at greatly reduced prices, and put up in workmanlike manner.

Remember we mean what we say, and every one will find it to their advantage to see us before purchasing elsewhere.

Settlemier's Mills, May 23, 1879.

43m3 G. F. & A. A. SETTLEMIER.

MADY'S RESTAURANT

HOT LUNCHES, 25 cents.
COLD LUNCHES, 25 cents.
SINGLE MEALS, 50 cents.
MEAL TICKETS, 3 for $1.

69 FIRST ST., ALBANY. 46

E. BOYLE,

Fashionable Boot-Maker.

A GOOD STOCK OF BOOTS ON HAND ALL THE time. Perfect fits guaranteed. Shop in O'Neil's brick, in the rear of Nolan's store. 20tf

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 6.

Exactly when matters are coming to a focus here seems to be one of the things that "no fellow can find out." The Democratic Senators were not united upon the proposition to adjourn promptly after the veto of the judicial bill, leaving Hayes and the courts to settle it between them, and they could not have done so if they had been united. So many members of both Houses are away pleasure-hunting and sight-seeing, in Europe and elsewhere, that the Democrats have no quorum of their own, and can put through no measure upon which the Republicans refuse to vote; and they certainly would have refused to vote for adjournment after the veto. So we have had more planning and some more bills launched out. Dividing the Court and Marshal appropritions narrows the issue between Mr. Hayes and Congress right down to the question of Marshals, and there is not a Democratic Senator or Representative who will vote one dollar for election deputies, under any circumstances. Hence this plan to make the party a unit, and if Mr. Hayes vetoes either of these last bills, as he doubtless will, nothing further will be done.

Touching this matter of absenteeism, too much cannot be said. The time of a private individual is his own, but the time of a member of Congress belongs to the public, whose servant he is. Congressmen are elected to guard certain interests and perform certain duties, and when they slip off to Europe to spend the liberal salaries paid them, leaving a few to legislate, they are guilty not only of a breach of faith, but of downright robbery. The House of Representatives numbers, when full, 293 members. On the vote to pass the judicial bill over the veto, but 184 names were recorded. The vote to adjourn *sine die* without further action, was two better. Thus over 100 Representatives are shown to be absent. Of these the largest proportion are Republicans, but that side still have enough to make or break a quorum at pleasure, and as they are in the minority that answers their purpose. The constituencies of Democratic members who have thus been unfaithful to their trust should settle with them. No man who has too much private business to attend the sessions of Congress, has a right to accept the position, and any man who neglects to attend because he prefers to do something else, is unworthy of it. There are plenty of good men who would discharge the duties with ability and fidelity for less than $5,000 per year.

The "draw at sight" plan of campaign to be carried on by the Republicans of Ohio makes necessary contributions from headquarters here, and the preliminaries are already being worked up. John Sherman will roll out his b'r'l, and his banker partners will respond freely; but, with all this, the poor clerks have got to ante up their little percentage. Gen. Robinson, Chairman of the Ohio Republican Committee, has been here some days to see about some speakers, he says. He hadn't thought of anything else, of course; but no sooner had he reached the Capital than the Government clerks, particularly those in the Treasury Department, spontaneously crowded forward and insisted upon being assessed for the purpose of raising a campaign fund to elect the Republican ticket. The information that the employes came forward in this way is official; Secretary Sherman says they did. Everybody knows it must have required the greatest fortitude on the part of the clerks to fight their way through civil service reform orders and brave the frowns of our great moral President; but the Government clerk is always looking around for some cheap way to dispose of a portion of his salary, which is too large, on the average, to be handled conveniently, and this is the cheapest way he can find, no doubt. Some of these clerks are so anxious to come forward as voluntary contributors to campaign funds that they have been known to neglect their wash bills. Of course, when there was such an unanimous uprising of the victims themselves in behalf of contributions, Secretary Sherman, could not, single-handed, undertake to repress the spontaneous enthusiasm, and he has therefore given reluctant permission to the clerks in his department to voluntarily contribute to the success of the Sherman movement in Ohio. This decision creates the greatest enthusiasm among the clerks, and they will all give something. None of them will be so parsimonious or so wanting in patriotism as to refuse, for they have seen examples made of misguided clerks who refused to make voluntary contributions to the campaign fund. And this reminds me that an Ohio Republican has telegraphed Hayes to hold open the position of Prince Imperial until he can come on with his recommendations.

Nothing new has transpired in the Conkling-Lamar unpleasantness. Conkling had no more to say after he found Lamar meant business. But while still in the pleasant humor that made him so famous, he turned up his nose at Don Cameron, who happened to be talking to a couple of Senators while Conkling was speaking. He wheeled around and told Don to "stop talking." The latter replied that Conkling might "go to hell," and now they are at outs. Conkling was the first and only man in the United States who so utterly and thoroughly disgusted the members of the press that, in a body—Republican, Democratic and conservative journalists—they tendered him a public demonstration of their regard by arising, leaving the gallery, and refusing to listen to his prosy and stupid speech. This was done on Friday night last, and is a clean, genteel, and forcible rebuke remains unparalleled in parliamentary history.

The poor old overworked and tired-out Washington Monument Association is going to take a rest. They have fiddled around and looked at plans and specifications, discussed propositions and been cussed themselves, with about the same result that has transpired these last 25 or 30 years. The other day they came together and solemnly resolved that they couldn't work during the warm weather. What a burlesque! But they will turn up their toes some of these fine days, and then perhaps a new lot may take hold of this monument business and finish it. If not, when these fellows are under the sod, I hope somebody will propose to dedicate this rusty, old, unfinished shaft to their memory.

PHONO.

THE BRIDGE OF LODI.

Napoleon's Dashing Charge.

The battle of Lodi was fought on the 10th of May, 1796, and resembled rather a grand storming party than a pitched battle. It was Bonaparte's purpose to cross the Adda to Lodi, and it was Beaulieu's purpose to prevent such a crossing; and, had the opposing commander destroyed the bridge destined to become historical, the French advance upon Milan would, to speak moderately, have been made a very difficult matter. The Austrians did not even defend the town, though it was very susceptible of defense, and the French were covered from the Austrian fire by the walls of the town, and by the town itself. Beaulieu defended the place on the left bank of the Adda, where he had many guns placed, supported by a strong body of infantry—only that this supporting force was drawn up too far in the rear of the batteries to prove a support. Covered by the town, 3,000 French grenadiers wree formed in a column, while the cavalry forded the Adda. As soon as the cavalry was seen on the Austrian flank, against which it had been directed to operate, the French column rushed to the bridge, and the Austrians turned all their cannon on it, pouring into it showers of grape-shot, in good grape-spreading distance; and Austrian infantry in the houses on the left bank of the river added a tremendous fire of musketry. The bridge was several hundred feet in length, and it was not in human nature to stand such a pitiless storm of pelting shot without some hesitation, though the column was composed of the best soldiers in the world. But Bonaparte, Massena, Berthier and other officers hastened to the head of their men, rallied them, and led them on—and the Austrians were routed, losing their position and their guns, and 3,000 men. The victory was as complete as it could be made; and the effect was to establish the ascendancy of the French. Bonaparte has been much censured for the daring manner in which he acted, and it has been argued that he might have accomplished his purpose without running so immense a risk. Perhaps the critics are right, but the best answer to their criticism is the success that crowned the dashing operation. Besides, it was so very brilliant an affair that it established Bonaparte's character for heroic courage only a few weeks after he had assumed command; and, of all things, men most admire daring bravery in war, if it succeed. The French commander had his character to make, and he made it at Lodi.

THE scene of the Mountain Meadows massacre is now the very picture of desolation. Before the Mormons murdered 131 innocent men and women there in 1857 the Meadows were known far and wide as a paradise in the desert, with an abundance of grass, crystal streams and ever flowing springs. To-day the grass is gone, the water courses dried up, and nothing but a dreary waste marks the once beautiful spot. It is said that the earth is also sinking, and the bones which were collected after the massacre, though thrice buried, continued to reappear, while settlers in the vicinity shun the spot as haunted, and say that the winds from the Meadows bring piercing cries for help to their ears.

When a humming-bird primed with the fragrance of myriad meadow blossoms, sinks from sight in the bell of some delicious breeze-waved flower, it must feel inexpressibly happy. In fact, it must feel as jubilant as a man does in a crowded horse-car when the conductor passes him, thinking he has already collected his fare.

About this time of year city people are getting terribly anxious about the welfare of the country cousin. This anxiety and solicitude will grow as the season advances and when they can bear it no longer they will pack up four children and two trunks and go and see about it.

NEW YORK'S OBELISK.

New York is to have an Egyptian obelisk. The scheme which the New York *World* started about a year and a half ago to bring to New York Cleopatra's Needle, has been successfully carried through its earlier stages. The proposed obelisk is the familiar landmark still standing in Alexandria, its prostrate mate having been set up on the Thames embankment in London last year. The Khedive of Egypt has formally presented the obelisk, so the *World* announces, the State Department at Washington has accepted it on behalf of New York, and the expense of transportation has been pledged by a wealthy native New Yorker; the last designation excludes W. H. Vanderbilt, whose name has usually been mentioned in this connection. Getting obelisks is less immediately in the line of newspaper enterprise than getting news, but the success of the *World* in the first direction may perhaps compensate its readers for some failures in the other. In any case the success of its efforts to procure a notable and noteworthy monument for the city in which it is published is only another illustration of the fact that in these days the profession of journalism lies nearest the springs of action which move communities. It would have been a difficult matter for the most eminent members of any other profession in New York to set in motion the machinery which has so nearly put the obelisk on its way to that city. For the head of a great journal the undertaking has been an incident in the management of his newspaper.

From the statement which the *World* makes, it appears that no steps remain to be taken but the transportation of the great mass of granite from the sandy edge of the harbor of Alexandria where it now stands. Those who have seen the obelisk there will not easily forget its desolate look, the worn edge, the apparently insecure foundation, and the low huts about it. It is as much out of place in its present site as it will be in Manhattan island. When erected in Alexandria it was as little a legitimate part of the Greek city of the Ptolemies as it will be of New York. It stood originally with its mate in front of the temple of the Setting Sun at Heliopolis, up the Nile. The coincidence of its removal to a western harbor now will not be lost on the curious.

Its ocean carriage will be a difficult but not an impossible task. Its fellow weighed 200 tons, as a single monolith of rose-colored syenite 68 feet long might be expected to. It was cased in boiler iron, a hull built around it with air chambers, and the tubular mass towed to England, although a storm in the Bay of Biscay had almost wrecked the whole enterprise. On general principles anything which can live in the Bay of Biscay can live in the Atlantic Ocean, and, while the voyage to this country will be full of risk, the probabilities favor success. The site which the *World* suggests for its erection is Reservoir Square, near the Grand Union Depot, and there is much to be said for the location, although Madison Square offers a wider field of approach. But one insignificant city, Arles, has an obelisk set up within its limits. Every metropolis whose public monuments are enriched by such an addition—Rome, Constantinople, Paris and London—has had fair claim to be considered at some date in a true sense the world city. It is New York's turn next.

THE CIRCUS IS COMING.

The avant courier of the ex-Presidential party has already set foot on American soil. The dispatch announcing Mr. Borie's arrival in San Francisco is very brief, and gives us absolutely no information of the purpose of his coming. It may be that the daring mariner wearied of the long dalliance by India's coral strand, and determined to show his pleasure-taking associates what an American sailor could do in the way of rapid transit; or it may be that he had undertaken to excel the historic tour of Phineas Fogg, and that a wager awaits his coming at the Union League. But the more probable explanation of this hasty circuit of the earth and this unannounced arrival is that he comes as an advance agent to bill the towns through which the Grant caravan is to pass, and to secure the customary notices in the newspapers. One can picture in the mind's eye now the gorgeous posters that shortly will adorn the fences and dead walls along the route of the Pacific Railroad: "Look out for the Grand Imperial and Oriental Circus, patronized by all the crowned heads of Europe and Asia. Wait for this Great Show. All others are imitations. The only Genuine and Original Third-Term Aggregation. Go and see the Man on Horseback in his Great Ring Performances. All the Old Favorites Re-engaged for the Celebrated Bayonet Trick. Places secured six months in advance," and so forth, and so forth. There has been no circus seen for many years such as this circus will be. From San Francisco to Philadelphia its progress, as the advance agent will take occasion to remind the rural editor, will be a continuous triumph, a great popular ovation, and all that, and the rural editor, as he takes his free passes gleefully from the genial agent, will throw his whole soul into the task of whooping it up. It will be part of the advance agent's duty, also, to invite the prominent citizens of each town, the clergy and the leading statesmen, to assist at the great moral show, and Mr. Souder and Colonel Charles Thomson Jones and other Chairmen of Committees will doubtless find him prepared to make all necessary arrangements. But applications should be sent in early, for the demand for front seats, with a share in the distribution of gifts, will certainly be very great. For further particulars see small bills.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Philadelphia young lady has vainly consulted all the ladies' journals to see if it is fashionable to wear liver-pads this Summer to picnics.

THE DESPAIR OF THE SKEPTIC.

The sad, pathetic and almost hopeless cry of Robert G. Ingersoll over the grave of his brother has been widely read. It is eloquent with feeling, and shows that his heart is tender and affectionate, and one cannot but sympathize with a grief which is not soothed by any hope of a reunion hereafter: He says, speaking of death: "Whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all; and every life * * will at its close become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death." And "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry."

This, then, is the despairing moan of one of the brightest infidels of our country—of one who is doing more to destroy faith in God and immortality than any other! How striking the contrast between such a "wreck," as Ingersoll calls it, and the joyous, happy death of a Christian.

I have lately been reading an account of the last hours of Sir Walter Scott. As death approached this great and healthy-minded Scotchman, he asked Lockhart to read to him.

"What shall I read?" asked Lockhart.

"Need you ask?" said Sir Walter. "There is but *one* book." And the words that have comforted the dying and soothed the living for 1,800 years fell gratefully upon his ear:

"Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

"Lockhart," were the last words of Scott, "I have but a moment to speak to you; my dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious! Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Ingersoll sadly says over the remains of his beloved brother: "We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry;" and, speaking of his dead brother he says: "He climbed the heights, and left superstition far below."

If such are the results of "climbing the heights;" if to climb is only to look into the black gulf of despair, to hear over the grave only the "echoes of our wailing cry," who would not rather stay in the warm valley of faith and hope?

I would kindly ask Ingersoll: Are not faith and hope better than doubt and despair? And, if so, why make it your life's mission to ridicule, satirize and destroy the faith and hope of the thousands who find in their religion the only refuge from the sufferings and sorrows of this life? Why labor to make your brother of humanity believe that he is but

The pilgrim of a day?
Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower?
* * * * * * * * *
A child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and transitory fire
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm.
And then
To night and silence sink forevermore!
If these
The pompous teachings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world and demi-gods of fame,
The laurel wreath that murderer rears,
Blood nursed and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As the deadly nightshade round the skeptic's head.

Infidelity is, indeed, the "deadly nightshade," deadly alike to happiness and to virtue. There are exceptions, like Ingersoll, who have inherited from their Christian ancestors natures so generous that their sturdy virtues have resisted the deadly influence.

But every blow this modern apostle of infidelity strikes against Christianity is a blow in favor of vice and immorality. To the young man whose faith Ingersoll, by his wit and eloquence, has shaken, I would say, listen to his cry of despair over his dead brother, and compare it with the Christian's triumphant death and joyous hope, and choose the truth.—*Isaac N. Arnold.*

WOMEN ARRESTING A TORY.

It was a man who sketched the days preceding the American Revolution by the significant words, "These are the times that try men's souls." If a woman had written them she would have inserted, "and women's."

The insertion would have been justified by the facts. Women encouraged the men to resist the claims of Parliament. When war resulted, and the men went into the army, the women worked the farms, run the mills, and looked after the family.

On at least one occasion the women armed and equipped themselves, and did military duty.

It was in 1775, when the men of Pepperell, having heard of "Lexington," had left to join their countrymen. A rumor ran through the town that the "red-coats" were approaching, and would cross Nashua bridge.

Clothing themselves in the garments of their absent husbands and brothers, and seizing such weapons as were at hand, the women, led by Mrs. David Wright, thronged to the river. "No enemy to freedom should cross that bridge," they said.

While the women, ranged at the Pepperell end of the bridge, waited for the "red-coats," a horseman crossed. He was a neighbor, and a notorious Tory.

"Seize him!" ordered Mrs. Wright.

The women surrounded the horse and forced the rider to dismount.

"Search him!" was the next order.

Dispatches from the English to some of their adherents were found in his boots. Surrounded by these women the Tory was marched across the bridge and handed over to the "Committee of Observation" at Groton.

DOWN in Indiana when they don't want a man to be a candidate for office they get the papers to speak of him as "an aged citizen whose many infirmities will prevent him from entering the political field."

HAMBURG FIGS for sale by all druggists.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1w	1m	3m	6m	1yr
1 Inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	15 00
2 In.	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 In.	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	22 00
4 In.	4 00	7 00	12 50	18 00	27 00
¼ Col	6 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
⅓ Col	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	48 00
½ Col	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 Col	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

Business notices in the Local Columns 20 cents per line.

For legal and transient advertisements $1 00 per square, for the first insertion, and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

BY WILLIAM ANGUS M'PHERSON.

[An old man and his little daughter about thirteen years old called at the residence of a wealthy farmer in California recently and asked for work. The proprietor, supposing them to be tramps, and having plenty of Chinese help, turned them away. Next morning they were found dead on the margin of a small stream, the child's head pillowed upon her dead father's breast. They had evidently died of fatigue and starvation. It was afterward ascertained that they were from the East and had been unable to find employment.—Eastern paper.]

"What do I want?" Work, if you please;
I've traveled far, and know these knees
Shake and tremble, but a little rest
Will give me strength. I will do my best
To earn for my self and darling here
Bread and shelter—curse the tear
That comes unbidden when I should be
Firm as a rock in a storm-vexed sea.

"Who is she?" The child at my side?
My daughter, sir: I would have died
Rather than bear what I have borne—
Begging for toil from early morn
Till the sun went down, at the close of day,
Only to be turned with a scowl away—
Had it not been that her failing breath
Nerved me up for the race with death.

"Why am I poor?" Spare me the pain
Of telling the sad tale over again.
Though I could a story of wrongs unfold
That fires my blood, though I am old,
Till every drop that flows to my heart
Pierces and burns like a poisoned dart;
And my soul recoils in its prison cell,
Dark as the Turkman paints his hell.

Once, in the light of a sunny home,
I had wealth and friends—both have flown;
And of those who sat round the ingleside,
Save this frail darling, all, all died.
Then I turned from their graves, newly made
'Neath the sombre pall of cyprus shade,
And, allured by the fame of your golden shore,
Sought in this fair land to increase my store.

Great God, how I've struggled! Early and late
Have I battled in vain with cruel fate.
From the palace homes of your cities grand
To the farmer's cot, where the generous land
Yields wealth and plenty to frugal care,
I've traveled and begged for a little share
Of the toil performed by a menial train
Of Mongol slaves, but begged in vain.

"Begone!" did you say? Then come, my child;
I will not curse him, though a tempest wild
Of pent-up anguish for the wrongs you bear
Surges and seethes in my breast; but swear
I will not now, for the end is near.
See how the stars beam forth, my dear;
Let us seek yon grove by the river side;
We will there find rest. Heaven be our guide.

* * * * * * * * *

'Tis morn. Dewdrops glow like a silver sheen
On each willow bough of emerald green.
The birds are singing their matin song
And the sun's first rays cast shadows long
Toward the west, where gurgling rills
Come rippling down from the verdant hills.
On the father's breast was pillowed the head
Of the fair young child. BOTH WERE DEAD.

'Twas a sad, sad scene. To her marble lips
Was pressed that sacred symbol, a crucifix,
While murmuring on the morning air
Seemed to linger still her last faint prayer,
God pity the poor, where Mammon's sway
Imprison's the soul from the light of day,
And honor and virtue and truth are sold
To increase the hoard of a rich man's gold.

[London World.]

THE "SHENANDOAH."

Everybody has heard of the Shenandoah, the notorious privateer of the the Southerners in the American civil war, but I do not suppose that many know what was the ultimate fate of the ship when the war ended. Of all places in the world she now lies "fathoms deep" off the island of Socotra, in the Arabian gulf. Her story is a strange one. She was busy burning whalers in Behring Straits when Waddell, her commander, the mildest-mannered man who ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat heard of the collapse of the South. His occupation being gone and without home or harbor to which he durst safely return, he ran the *Shenandoah* to Liverpool and immediately surrendered her to Her Majesty's ship *Donegal*, in the Mersey. She was handed over to the American consul and afterwards bought at auction by Nicol, Fleming & Co., a firm that has earned notoriety in connection with the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, for the Sultan of Zanzibar. After remaining idle at Zanzibar for some years, she was sent to Bombay for repairs, but foundered off Socotra, all hands being lost except one Englishman and a few Lascars.

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.—The only really Reliable Remedy for Wasting and Nervous Diseases.—After numerous experiments, Mr. Fellows succeeded in producing this combination of Hypophosphites, which has not only restored him to health, but has since been found so successful in the treatment of every other disease emanating from loss of nerve power, and consequently, muscular relaxation, viz.: Aphonia, Apparent Apoplexy, Anæmia, Angina Pectoris, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Dysphœtic Prostration, Epileptic Fits, Fever and Ague, Leucorrhœa, Marasmus, Mental Depression, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Nervous Debility, St. Vitus' Dance, Whooping Cough, Congestion of the Lungs, Emaciation, Palpitation of the Heart, Interrupted and Feeble Action of the Heart, Melancholy, Fear of Child-Birth, Dangers of Child-Birth, Liability to Miscarriage, Hypochondriasis, &c. Diseases produced by overtaxing the mind; by grief and anxiety; by rapid growth; by child-bearing; by insufficient nourishment; by residence in hot climates or unhealthy localities; by excesses, or by any irregularities of life.

We are glad to know that Tchernayeff has been reinstated in the Russian service. Not that we have any fondness for the man, but for the sake of his name we're glad. It does us good to see it and similar ones in print—so soft and mild, and having such a soothing influence on an aching tooth.

Inventors and Patentees

should send for instructions, terms, references, etc., to Edison Brothers, Solicitors, of Patent, Washington, D. C., who furnish the same without charge. Edison Brothers is a well known and successful firm of large experience, having been established since 1865. 4:12tf

HAMBURG FIGS for sale by all druggists.
HAMBURG FIGS cure the Piles.
HAMBURG FIGS the great fruit cathar
HAMBURG FIGS cure Indigestion.

HAMBURG FIGS substitute for Castor Oil.