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
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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:

4 lbs Rio Coffee	$1 00
4 lbs Costa Rica	1 00
3½ lbs Java	1 00
1 lb Bread Java	25
Tea, Japan, ₩ lb, 35, 50 and	60
" Young Hyson or Gunpowder, ₩ lb	1 00
Soda or Picnic Crackers, ₩ lb	10
Sweet Crackers, ₩ lb	15
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	30
Oysters—Mcmurray's 2lb cans	35
Field's 2lb cans	30
Peaches, ₩ can	30
Shupp's Cocoanut, ₩ package	40
Sweet Oil, ₩ bottle 35 or	60
Comb Honey in glass jars	60
10 lbs Honolulu Rice	1 00
Syrup, ₩ gallon	75
5-gallon keg	4 00
5 lb 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 00.

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. v14n38tf

MRS. S. NICHOLS, M. D.

Homepathic Physician,

Office and residence on Ferry street, between Second and Third. n38tf

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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 planed 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 horse 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.

v13n49 C. P. & A. A. SETTLEMIER.

ESTABLISHED 1871.

L. C. F. U.

WAREHOUSE.

SEASON OF 1879--1880.

THIS WAREHOUSE WILL BE IN THE BEST of order throughout at beginning of the season, and will store grain on the most favorable terms consistent with a square deal. I propose to devote my attention exclusively to this business. Parties interested are invited to call and see me.

A. WHEELER, Lessee.

Shedd, July 14, 1879. 50tf

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Linn County:

Thomas Daniels, Plaintiff, vs. Agnes E. Daniels, Defendant.

To Agnes E. Daniels, the Defendant above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above named Plaintiff, in the above entitled Court, now on file therein against you, on or before the first day of the next term of the said Court, to-wit: October 27th, 1879, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: a dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between you and Plaintiff, for the custody of the minor child, George A. Daniels, named in complaint, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit.

HUMPHREY & WOLVERTON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Dated this 16th day of July, A. D. 1879.

Published by order of Hon. B. F. Harding, Judge of said Court, made this 16th day of July, 1879.

v13n36

A BARGAIN!

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE ALDEN FRUIT DRYER,

Including the building and lots upon which it is situated, is for sale at a bargain. There are two dryers and they can be sold separately. This is a good opportunity for fruit raisers to secure the best dryer made, at a low price.

The lots are very valuable lying on the river front, and having a railroad switch running by them. It is a good location for a custom flouring mill, foundry, or any such business.

For further particulars call on the President or Secretary of the Company.

G. F. CRAWFORD, President.
L. C. RICE, Secretary. 30

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 Redfield's grocery store, where diplomas can be seen. v14n20tf

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

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XIV. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1879. NO. 51.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1w	1m	3m	6m	1yr
1 inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	14 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
½ Col	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	48 00
¾ 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.

JOHN WALTON'S FARM.

A Story for the Present Time.

"Hadn't you better subscribe for it?"

"I tell you no. I hain't got the money to spare; and, if I had, I hain't got the time to waste over newspapers," said Eben Sawyer, with some emphasis.

"But you will gain some information from it in the course of a year, sir," pursued John Walton.

"I tell you I don't want it!"

"Well, what do you say, Mr. Grummet! Shan't I have your name?"

"No, sir!"

This was said so flatly and bluntly that Walton said no more, but folded up the prospectus of a periodical which he had with him, and then turned away.

Eben Sawyer and Ben Grummet were two old farmers—that is, old in the business, though they had not reached the middle age of life; and, after their young neighbor had gone, they expressed their opinion concerning him.

"He'll never make a farmer," said Sawyer, with a shake of his head. "He spends too much time over them papers and books of his'n. He's a leetle mite above farmin'. That's my opinion."

"Them's my sentiments," responded Grummet. "I tell you, Eban, the man that thinks to make a livin on a farm in this country has got to work for it."

At this juncture Sam Bancroft came past. He was another old native of the district.

"We was just talkin' about young Walton," said Sawyer.

"I've just come from there," replied Sam.

"He's been boring me to sign for a paper; but he couldn't come it."

"Ha, ha! So he bored us. He is getting a leetle too high for a farmer."

"He's rippin' his barn floor up," said Bancroft.

"Rippin' the floor up!" repeated Mr. Grummet. "Why, Mr. Amsden had the whole floor put down new only three years ago."

"The stable floor, I mean," pursued Bancroft. "He's got a carpenter up from the village, and his two hired men are helpin'."

"Whew! I opine he'll make a farmer."

And so they all opined—with a reservation. In short, there was something highly ridiculous in the thought of a man's thinking to be a farmer and a student at the same time, and all sorts of jests were discharged over it.

John Walton was a young man—some five and twenty; and, though he had been born in the neighborhood, yet much of his life had been spent in other portions of the country. His parents both died when he was quite young, and his father's farm had passed into the hands of a Mr. Amsden. But now John had married, and he meant to be a farmer, and his thoughts naturally turned to the old homestead. He found Amsden willing to sell, and he bought—paying $2,500 down, and giving a note and a mortgage for $2,500 more, which had been cashed by Mr. Piddon.

This farming district was upon a broad ridge of land which had been cleared for a great many years; and, though they were the handsomest and smoothest looking farms in the county, yet they were by no means the best. The summit of the ridge was crowned by a ledge of granite, and the soil, over the whole broad swell, was more or less wet and cold. This was particularly the case with John Walton's farm, some portions of it being wholly unfit for cultivation. There was one field of twenty acres which was never fit for plowing. The soil was so wet and heavy that it had never been worked to any advantage; yet there was some good land upon it, and Mr. Amsden had gained very fair crops while he lived there.

Ben Grummet had a curiosity to see what was going on in Walton's barn, so he dropped in there. He found that the whole of the floor, where the cattle stood, had been torn up, and that they were digging a wide, deep trench the the whole length of the tie-up.

"What is all this for?" asked Ben.

"Why," returned Walton, who was busy in superintending the work, and also in working himself, "I am having a place fixed here for making manure. I mean to fill this trench up with good muck, and thus save the liquids which have heretofore been lost. I think, by proper management, I can get fully double the quantity of manure which others have got on this place."

"Do ye?" said Grummet, sarcastically.

"Yes," returned the young man. "It is a fact that liquid manures, could they be saved, would fully equal the solids, both in bulk and value; and when combined with well-rotted muck, and some other articles which shall take up and retain all the more volatile parts, I feel sure that they will afford more fertilizing powers and properties than the solid manure can."

"You don't say so! Where d'ye learn all that?"

"Partly from reading and partly from observation," answered John, smiling at his neighbor's open sarcasm.

"I don't s'pose it costs anything to do all this!"

"Oh, yes; it will cost me considerable before I get through."

"Yes, I should think 'twould!"

"I say," he cried, as he met Sawyer shortly afterward, "John Walton's about as nigh being crazy as a man can be."

"Eh—crazy, Ben!"

"Oh, he's got his head full of all sorts of nonsense. He's got his stable floor torn away and a trench dug there big enough to hold more'n twenty car-loads of dirt."

"But what in nature's he goin' to do?"

"Why, he's goin' to save the liquids, as he calls 'em. And he's goin' to put in something to take up the—the—vol *voluntary* parts."

"*Voluntary* parts! What's them, Ben?"

"It was *vol* somethin'. But I don't know. I wouldn't ask him. I s'pose he just used the outlandish word so's to get me to ask him what it meant, and then he'd show off his larnin'. But I wasn't so green."

"I wonder if he thinks he's comin' here to larn us old farmers how to do work?" said Sawyer, quite indignantly.

"He thinks so," returned Grummet.

"Then he'll find out his mistake," added the other. "You mark my words, Ben, he'll be flat on his back afore two years is out."

And these were not the only ones who looked for the same thing. The idea of a man's coming in there with any such new-fangled notions was absurd.

Autumn came, and after John Walton had mowed over his twenty-acre field—some of his coldest and stiffest land—getting hardly enough to pay for the labor, he set the man at work digging deep trenches all over it. He had two dug lengthwise, running up and down the slope; and then he dug quite a number running across there. They were quite deep and broad, and into them he tumbled nearly all the stones that could be found in the fields.

"A pooty expensive way of getting rid of your rocks," remarked Grummet.

"It's a better place for them than on the surface, isn't it?" returned Walton, with a smile.

"Perhaps. But what on earth are ye doin' it for?"

"Why, I'm going to see if underdraining won't improve the land."

"Underdraining! What's that?"

"It is simply drawing off the water from the surface. This land is cold and wet; but if I can get the water to drain off among these rocks, the sun may warm the surface and give me a good piece of soil here."

But it looked very foolish to Ben Grummet. He believed that "what was the nature of the soil couldn't be altered."

"That's a sur'us contrivance," said Sam Bancroft. He and Ben Grummet had been at work for Walton hauling muck. He alluded to a large vat at the back of the house, into which ran a spout from the sink. This vat was capable of holding several cart-loads of stuff, and was about half full.

"That's a compost vat," explained Walton, who overheard the remark. "All the slops from the house—the soapsuds and such stuff—which most people waste, I save by this means, and turn to good account; and, instead of throwing away refuse matter, I put it in here, and let it rot and ferment and make manure."

"But what's this charcoal dust for?"

"It answers two purposes, though by only one office. It takes up the ammonia and other volatile matter, thus holding them for fertilizing agents, and at the same time prevents the disagreeable effluvia which would otherwise arise from such a fermenting mass."

"That all sounds very well," remarked Ben, after Walton had left them; "but let me tell you, it don't pay! He'd better let such fandangles alone if he ever expects to make a livin' at farmin'."

Before the ground froze out, Walton threw out most of the muck behind his stable, which had become well saturated, and filled the trench anew.

The old farmers had a great many apple trees, and made a great deal of cider; but the fruit was of an inferior quality. When spring came, Walton went to some of his neighbors, and asked them to go in with him and send for some good scions to engraft upon their apple-trees. He explained to them just the plan he had formed for his own orchard. He had engaged a competent man to come and do the work of grafting, and, while they were about it, it would be cheaper to get grafts enough for the whole neighborhood.

It was of no use. The old orchards were just such as their fathers had, and were good enough. So Walton went at it alone. He had his trees all pruned and dressed, and nearly all of them grafted to such fruit as he thought would thrive and sell best.

A little while later and Ben Grummet had occasion to open his eyes. He found that John Walton had contrived to have 104 full loads of manure, all of which had been made within the year. However, he finally shook his head and said: "Wait; we'll see if it's good for anything."

A little while later, and the grass began to spring up on the twenty-acre lot as it had never sprung up before, the two acres, which had been plowed and harrowed up light and fine, being the best crop of corn that was grown in the whole county, and all the manure put upon it was some that had been manufactured.

And so the time went on, and John Walton was continually studying how to improve his farm. At the expiration of a few years the new scions had grown large and strong in his orchard, and began to bear fruit. He had taken care of his trees, and they were about to return him interest for his labor.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Eben Sawyer as Ben Grummet and Sam Bancroft came into the house one cool autumn evening, and the three filled their mugs with new cider; "have you heard about John Walton's apples?"

"I knew there was a man up to look at 'em," returned Ben, "but I ain't heerd no more."

"Well, I was there, an' heerd the whole on it, so I know. I never would have believed it. An orchard turn out like that."

"But how was it?"

"Why, Walton was offered—cash right down—$500 for the apples he's got on hand; and he tells me he sent nearly $300 worth of early fruit off a month or so ago."

It was wonderful—more than wonderful. But they had to believe it.

"And look at that twenty-acre field," said Bancroft. "Ten years ago it wouldn't hardly pay for mowin'; now look at it. Think o' the corn and wheat he's gained there; and this year he cut mor'n forty tons of good hay from it."

"But that ain't half," interposed Sawyer. "Look at the stock he keeps, and see what prices he gets for his cows and oxen! Why, he tells me he's cleared over $2,000 this year on his stock."

At this moment Mr. Walton came in. He had grown older and was somewhat stouter than when he first became a farmer, and his neighbors had ceased to question his capacity, and had come to honor and respect him.

"We was talkin' about you, Mr. Walton," said Sawyer.

"Ah!" returned John, as he took a seat by the fire. "I hope you found nothing bad to say of me."

"Not a bit of it. We was talkin' about the wonderful improvements you've made on the old place, and of the money you make."

"And do you think it wonderful?"

"But ain't it?"

"Well," replied Walton. "I don't know about that. But I'll tell you what I do know; there is no class of people in the world who may study the arts and sciences to better advantage than the farmers, and yet, I am sorry to say, there is no class, as a class, occupying the same social position, who read and study less. There are many honorable exceptions, of course. Farming is a science—one of the most deep and intricate—and he must be a man of more than ordinary capacity who can master it all. But farmers must not be afraid of books; they won't, if they are wise, follow every advice which experimentalists give, but they may study, and reason, and experiment for themselves. So I have done, and so I mean to do."

"He's right!" remarked Ben Grummet, after Walton had gone. "What fools we was that we didn't go into that graftin' operation!"

"And that under-drainin'," added Bancroft.

"And that muck and compost arrangement," suggested Sawyer.

"Well," said Ben, with a serious face, "it isn't too late now. They say it's never too late to learn, and I'm sure it hadn't ought to be too late to commence to improve after a body has learned."

"True as a book!" added Bancroft.

"Good evening."

"Good evening."

A CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENT.

While the American army lay before the City of Mexico, Gen. Shields performed one characteristic deed, a recital of which reads like a chapter from a mediæval romance. An English boy arrested as a spy obtained a private audience of the General and told him that a Mexican desperado had sought his sister's hand, and being refused had threatened vengeance and obtained from Santa Anna the control of that part of the city in which the boys father, mother and two sister's lived, and hired a gang of villains who were to plunder the house, keep the booty and deliver the girls to this Mexican. Properly disguised the boy had entered the American ranks to beseech assistance of General Shields, whose fame was known in the enemy's ranks. There was little time for debate, and as it was certain that General Scott would refuse to sanction any plan for attempting a rescue, Shields got together 400 volunteers and dashed at the wall. The Americans went over them with a fierce rush, bayoneted the few sentries, took the English girls and their parents and started back for the American lines. A Mexican infantry regiment which had been turned out to stop them, were scattered by a resolute charge, and the girls were brought in safety to Shields' headquarters. The most indescribable confusion reigned in both armies; the Mexicans were all under arms, apprehending a general assault, and the American commanders turned out their men, anticipating a sortie. Scott was furious, as from a strictly military point of view he might well be, but the sight of the rescued captives and the story which they told him appeased him, and General Shields was not even court-martialed.

HOW SHE DESCRIBED IT.

He was a bald-headed bacheler, whose heart for the first time had been moved by the tender passion.

"Then you confess," he said, in a trembling voice, to the object of his regards, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady.

"And may I ask," he continued, in a voice of emotion, what those qualities are?"

"I can hardly explain, said the young lady, bashfully; "but I thing it is because your head is so mellifluent—I can't explain it more clearly."

"And you can never know how I appreciate your high opinion," exclaimed the happy bachelor, as he pressed her hand.

He didn't know just what "mellifluent meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for something grand and ennobling, and when he bade her good night he rushed eagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary and feverishly turned to the endeared word. His blood changed to ice as he read:

"Smooth, soft, mellow."

GOSSIP has it that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh favored the bill for legalizing the marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and that the reason thereof was that the Queen, their mother, whose wish is law, desired that her daughter Beatrice should marry the Prince Louis of Hesse and take charge of her dead sister's children. The bill, however, has been defeated, we believe.

A YOUNG lady who has been engaged to be married for some months past to a young man, is reported to have received a letter from him a few days since which read as follows: "Money is scarce and girls are plenty. Guess I will give up the contract."

OLD BAZEMBEE MAKES A REPUTATION.

Old Bazembee was returning from the club the other evening, when, as he hung up his overcoat on the hat-rack and prepared to go up stairs, he heard such strangely excited voices in the front parlor that he paused to listen. A voice that he recognized at once as belonging to that fast-looking young Snyder he had warned Maria to be careful about, said, contemptuously:

"Peace, woman, and weary me no longer by your reproaches. I tell you the day of my wedding with Alice Montressor is fixed, and, by heavens, nothing shall prevent our union."

Could these words be addressed to his own daughter? Yes, it was indeed Maria's sob-choked tones that replied:

"This, then, is the reward for my sacrifice—my devotion. Ruined and forsaken, you taunt me with your latest conquest. Monster—coward!"

It only required a second for Bazembee to rush up stairs and get his shotgun out of the closet. The next moment he burst into the parlor with blazing eyes, and, hurling the black-hearted betrayer to the floor, he placed the muzzle of his breech-loader at his temple, hissing:

"Villain, swear to me that you will make an honest woman of this poor duped angel, or I will strew the floor with your devilish brains!"

"Hooray!" shouted young Snyder, sitting up and clapping his hands. "That's way up. Magnif! Sperlendid!"

"Beautiful, papa. Encore! Encore! Bravo!" added Maria, delightedly. "Never saw anything better at Baldwin's."

"Eh? What? I—er-er!" stammered the bewildered parent, grounding arms.

"We were so afraid that you would object to my taking part in the private theatricals. Ma said you'd never listen to it. But you act better than any of us—doesn't he, Bobby?"

"You bet!" replied Bobby, fervently. "Guess you must have been a regular amateur Macready once, sir!"

Then Mr. Bazembee coughed and wiped his forehead, and mumbled about his having seen a good deal of that sort of thing when he was young, and that Maria must be sure to take in the mat when her young friend had gone, and then went up to bed and dreamed he was playing an outraged community to crowded houses all night.—*San Francisco Post.*

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

Between the ages of 45 and 60 a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to an attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal. All his functions are in the brightest order. He assumes mastery over his business; builds a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two over 60 he arrives at a stand-still. But athwart this is the viaduct called the turn of life, which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without boat or causeway, to effect his passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile material, and it depends on how it is trodden whether it bend or break.

Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge on in safety, and with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "the turn of life" is a turn either into prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers having reached the utmost expansion now begin either to close like a flower at sunset or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

THE New York *Sun* says: He saw that nothing but Divine Providence could prevent Grant from running if he could get anybody to vote for him, and Father Borie sailed away to San Francisco a wiser man. But he is weak about the head, and notwithstanding he has made this extraordinary trip around the world to prevent Grant from running a third time, he thinks he will vote for him.

THE largest diamond in the world has recently been discovered at Parteali, India. Its weight is said to be four hundred karats, which is thirty-three karats larger than the Rajah of Mattan's celebrated diamond, and nearly three hundred karats larger than the "Regent" stone, for which the Duc d'Orleans paid $650,000.

A MAN coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replied to a policeman who interviewed him, "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went to see the man what writ it, an' he war thar!"

Two young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm-house, and yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves."

"DID you ever dabble in stocks?" asked a lawyer of a witness who was known to have fled from his native land to this asylum of the free. "Well, yes, I got my foot in 'em once, in the old country," was the reply.

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HEAVEN.

Oh! Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on,
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main—
No brilliant but distant shore,
When the loved ones who are called away
Must go, to return no more.

No, Heaven is near; but the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye—
That we cannot see the Angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in the dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the Heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And their smiling faces will greet us there,
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft, in the hour of holy thought,
To the thinking soul is given
The power to pierce through the mist of sense
To the beauteous scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall,
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the Angel's call.

I know, when the silver cord is loosed,
And the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark will the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

—*Charlmont, in Chico Enterprise.*

GENERAL SHIELDS AT CERRO GORDO.

* * * * Early in the morning Shields' brigade had orders to advance across rugged, broken ground, attack the Mexican reserve under Santa Anna and seize the Jalapa road in order to cut off his retreat to the capital. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Santa Anna had hardly time to escape into the woods, leaving his carriage, baggage, money and plate in the hands of the volunteers, and the whole medical staff of the Mexican army was surrounded and captured. A few minutes later Shields was struck down while leading his troops, a big copper grapeshot passing through his lungs. His soldiers halted to attend to their idolized commander, but he said to them, "Men, I am of no further use to my country; you are. Lay me down and let me die. I might as well die here as be taken off to die. You are all strong, able-bodied men—able to do your country some service. For God's sake lay me down and go to your duty!" But he was not fated to die then. One of the captured Mexican surgeons drew a silk handkerchief through the wound—the silk went in at the breast and came out at the back—and cleansed it of clotted gore, and thanks to a splendid constitution and careful nursing Shields recovered. He was breveted Major-General of Volunteers, and both Twiggs and Scott eulogized him in their reports, the latter as a "commander of activity, zeal and talent." Four months later he was in the field, and August 20, 1847, fought at Contreras and Cherubusco, leading in the latter bloody encounter the famous charge of the Palmetto and New York regiments, 400 against 4,000, fighting till Worth came up with reinforcements. General Quitman, Shields' division commander, highly eulogized him for his "distinguished conduct."

ROTHSCHIEDS AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Nathan Rothschild, father of the last dead banker, early in his English career measured weapons with the bank of England itself, which had declined to accommodate the Rothschilds in a trifling matter. The Baron amused the clerks by going down solemnly to the bank with a roll of notes, for each one of which he demanded gold, carefully examining each coin as he received it. The young men laughed heartily at the millionaire's freak, and all the more heartily when he returned the next day with a pocket-book full of notes and resumed his occupation of demanding gold for each. Presently it was found that a Rothschild clerk was at each desk, monopolizing the teller's attention to the exclusion of all other customers wanting gold, and that as fast as the teller could shovel out the gold the clerk presented more notes for redemption. The laughing ceased, and with much deference Baron Rothschild was asked how many bank notes he had for which he wanted gold. The amount he named was greatly in excess of the specie in the bank's vaults. Had a run been precipitated the bank must infallibly have suspended. So the directors instantly made their peace and thereafter it was never said in Threadneedle street that the bank "didn't know Rothschilds!"

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, Dysthenetic 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.

Inventers and Patentees

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Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. Hundreds have been cured after all other remedies have failed. His Eastern Dandelion Pills have no equal in all cases of Diseased Liver, Dyspepsia, or any Bilious derangement. Many of the leading citizens of this city will vouch as to their virtues. To be had of all druggists. 23

At Columbus, Miss., a Sunday or two ago, a negro armed with an ax chased another into a church, up the aisles and over the pulpit in an endeavor to kill him.