STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

—BY—

MART. V. BROWN

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

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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:

4½ lbs Rio Coffee	$1 00
4½ lbs Costa Rica	1 00
3½ lbs Java	1 00
1 lb Ground Java	25
Tea, Japan, ¾ lb, 25 and	50
" Young Hyson or Gunpowder, ¾ lb	1 00
Soda or Pienic Crackers, ¾ lb	10
Sweet Crackers, ¾ 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	35
1 quart "	25
Worchestershire Sauce, ½ bottle	40
Pepper or All-spice, in grain, ¾ lb	25
Sardines, ¾ box, 25 or	20
Oysters—McMurray's 2lb cans	25
Field's 2lb cans	20
Peaches, ¾ can	25
Shepp's Cocoanut, ½ package	40
Sweet Oil, ¾ bottle 35 or	60
Comb Honey in glass jars	60
10 lbs Honolulu Rice	1 00
Syrup, ¾ gallon	75
5-gallon keg	4 00
5 lb Cheese	1 00
Coal Oil—Downer's, ¾ gal	60
" 5 gal. csp	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 " - - - $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 M'Ilwain'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, AUGUST 1, 1879. NO. 52.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1w	1m	3m	6m	1Yr
1 Inch	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 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	45 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.

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.

SCHEEER'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 saved 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.

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 18th day of July, A. D. 1879.

Published by order of Hon. B. F. Harding, Judge of said Court, made this 22nd day of July, 1879. n50w6

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

EARLY OREGON HISTORY.

THE INDIAN WAR OF 1851.

Editor Democrat:

In June 1851 I started with a small party of young men, made up at and near Oregon City, all aiming for the gold mines in California, at or near Yreka, where I had for a time been mining. We made our outfit and set out on the 15th, and had each day the usual pleasant day's ride and at night a pleasant camp, with plenty of grass for our ponies, and good spring or branch water to drink and plenty to eat. Our trip was pleasant, and nothing occurred to disturb our journey until we arrived at Rogue River. There we learned that Major Kearney, of the U. S. Army, who had preceded us some days on his way to California (and who had employed that splendid early pioneer, Jesse Applegate, to pilot him through a new route to the Rogue River Valley), had had a sharp fight with the hostile Indians of that valley, who hardly allowed any whites to pass through their country without giving them all the trouble and doing them all the harm they could; and that Lt. Stewart had been killed (I was acquainted with Lt. Stewart and esteemed him for his courage and good conduct upon many battle-fields in Mexico). It was near dark when we heard of the fight, and here I had intended to camp, but the news changed my plan, and we hurried forward in the direction where we supposed Kearney would be in camp. Our party were very tired, and we halted after making a distance of twelve miles after dark; we placed out a sentinel to be relieved at proper times, and slept until daybreak; then we mounted and very soon reached Kearney's camp; found him up and preparing for a forward movement in search of the Indians, who had taken the mountains to avoid another fight with a man they found could not be trifled with. On riding up the Major stepped forward, took me kindly by the hand and asked me to dismount and take breakfast with him. "And you will," he said, "go with me and aid in hunting out and punishing these bad Indians. They have killed our brave Stewart, and they must be punished." "Very well, Major," said I, "we will act as your scouts; I made acquaintance with these Indians last summer, and I think we can find them. We are good at tracking, and you see they have taken all their women and children with them and will have to make something of a trail. My opinion is we can find them before nightfall; for however much they may travel on the hills and mountains, as night approaches they will come down and camp on some one of the many creeks or branches, and we will be with them before they get to sleep." The Indians, as we knew, crossed the river and were making for the mountains lying north and in the direction of the South Umpqua. All ready, the bugle called to mount; then forward, and we went down Rogue River to a ford some miles below—my party in front here in this wild, unsettled, savage country. As I rode along I looked back upon the squadron led by Kearney with pride and feelings that a man seldom experiences in a lifetime, and although now very old I still feel the thrill that I experienced upon that occasion. Moving along in fine order and in plain view was as brave a squadron of mounted men as has ever been mustered into the service of the United States. They had distinguished themselves in every battle on Scott's line, from Vera Cruz to the taking of the city of Mexico, led by Major Kearney, as brave a man as ever drew sabre, and who had lost an arm at one of the gates of the city while leading a charge upon a body of Lancers, that bravely made their escape under the enemies' guns. This brave and fearless man, Gen. Phil. Kearney, fell at the 2nd battle of Bull Run, on the 29th day of September, 1862, on the same day and at the same time that our gallant and beloved Isaac I. Stevens fell. Two braver men never fell on any battle-field!

Well, we moved on down the river for some miles, and finding a ford crossed to the other side. Here you must allow me to relate an incident which resulted to our advantage, so far as lunch is concerned, and that, too, without detaining the command. Among our scouts were two of the Baily's, of Lane county. Just before reaching the ford (which was quite deep, almost swimming) we saw in the brush not far distant a small deer, standing quite still; the younger Baily, who was not quite seven feet high, jumped off his horse and with his rifle to his shoulder leaned forward, fired, and down came the deer. It was thrown on a horse and the march resumed before the command reached us. Well, Baily hurried forward, with two or three other scouts following, and by the time the command had crossed the river had the deer dressed, cut up and roasted. Each scout had a chunk of boiled venison in his hand and led off without detaining the command. We pressed forward ahead of the command in order to make sure of the trail and very soon found the fresh trail and followed it at a brisk trot. Very soon, on turning a sharp point on Evans Creek, we came in sight of four or five Indians, who had evidently been left behind to watch and detain the command should they attempt to follow the trail. The moment we saw them the scouts were ordered to charge, and off they went pell-mell in pursuit. The Indians scattered, each one aiming to take care of himself. My son, Joseph L——, then a lad, who had been with us from the start, and who carried a double-barreled shot-gun, each barrel loaded with an ounce ball, and riding the fleetest horse of the party—overtook one of the Indians and shot him in the back. The fellow stumbled and wheeled round to face him, when he let him have the second ball in the breast. The Indian now fell upon his knees; by this time I had ridden up, saw how the Indian was shot, and ordered the pursuit of the others who were scattered in the brush on the mountain side, and off they dashed. But the brush was thick, the mountains steep, and consequently the remainder of the small party of Indians made their escape. Kearney, having heard the firing, now dashed up to join in the fight, if a fight was to be had. There stood the wounded Indian, reeling to and fro, just ready to fall; but such is their tenacity for life and revenge that they will live under almost any circumstances, and such is their thirst for blood that nothing but a shot through the brain will kill them outright. One of the soldiers asked permission to dismount and give the poor devil, as he called him, a drink of water; the Indian straightened up as the soldier approached him, no doubt believing the time for revenge had come, and when the soleier had approached near enough to enable him to strike, quick as thought he jerked a sharp dirk knife from under his belt, and, with all the force of a last effort for revenge, struck at the soldier, and but for the quick backward movement of the latter he would have been cut open from his breast to his hips; as it was his clothing was cut down some six or eight inches and the skin cut through, but not enough to do any serious harm. The Indian fell forward on his face and half a dozen pistol balls passed through his head.

The scouts being now recalled by the bugle, the march was resumed, and late in the afternoon my little party of of scouts came upon the main body of Indians, where they were making camp. Kearney was well up and the scouts were ordered to charge. As usual the yell was raised and forward dashed the little party. The Indians had selected their camp on the banks of a small stream that ran through a very narrow valley between two steep and high mountains. The warriors took up the mountains, too steep for horses, and up they went amidst constant firing and yells, firing back occasionally. Kearney's squadron dismounted and undertook to pursue on foot, but this was impracticable. We took thirty-seven prisoners, mostly squaws and young people. Many squaws, with their papooses lashed to their backs, were permitted to escape. Night coming on, the dismounted squadron were recalled and with our prisoners we moved down the creek some four hundred yards, where we camped for the night. Strict discipline was maintained; sentinels posted; the prisoners made safe, and as comfortable as their situation would admit of. Among the prisoners was the wife of old chief Joe, to whom I had at his request one year before given the name of Sallie, and at the same time and also at his request gave him the name of Joe. By these names were they known while living and by these names will be known in history for many years to come. Sallie was the mother of old chief Joe's only children, to-wit: Princess Mary and the young chief, Ben, whom also I had named by the wish of old Joe. During the night old Joe and many others of his tribe came to the top of the mountain overlooking our camp, called to their squaws and children to let them know who was in command of the troops and what he was going to do with their women and children? Sallie turned to me and asked what answer to make. I told her that the big "Tye" was Kearney, a new man in this country, and that he was "hias sulax," and all the chiefs and warriors had better come in and make peace, otherwise he would take all their wives and children away out of the country as prisoners. I then opened a talk with Joe, and told him that I was no longer a "Tye," but only a "tenas" man, and could do nothing for him or the prisoners—that he must come and bring his people with him and make peace with the big soldier "Tye." But he said he could not bring his people—that "they were afraid of the soldiers who fight on horseback—that they had too many guns and long knives, and his heart wac not strong, and strong aud he could not come till the men on horseback had gone away I think that he did not believe that Kearney would take the prisoners out of the country. (How little he knew of Kearney's temper and strong will). Sallie did not sleep any that night, but sobbed and called to her chief all night. I slept but little, for well I knew that if the Major took—as he swore he would—the prisoners out of the country, that it could not be explained to the Indians, and that small parties of whites would have trouble in passing through their country. Indeed, it could not be done. War and rumors of war would be the result. However, early the next morning, after full consultation, we agreed that the Indians, frightened and scattered as they were, could not be brought to another fight or even overtaken in force, consequently we took up the line of march on our return to Camp Stewart—where the Lieutenant had a few days before been buried—which Camp we reached at dark with all our prisoners, but they were well worn out, foot-sore and hungry. But they had given to them by Kearney's order plenty to eat. In the night Sallie sought an interview with me and begged that I would intercede with Kearney and beg him not to take them to California. I told her that I could do nothing with him—that he was "hyas sulax," (very mad), and that I could do nothing with him. "But," said I, "I will overtake you at Yreka. By that time, perhaps, his heart may be good. If so, I will bring you all back and give you up to your chief." And I left them to sleep, which they did soundly, for they were very tired. Kearney the next day set out with all his prisoners, notwithstanding my earnest remonstrance, telling him that we could have no peace with the Indians until the prisoners were returned. His plan was to take them to Alcatras, and then send up Commissioners and bring the chiefs to terms with a lasting peace, and then bring the prisoners and deliver them to their people. "And in the meantime," said I, "every white man that undertakes to pass through this country will be killed." "Well," said he, "I am determined to take them," and at once took up the line of march, prisoners and all, squaws packing their children and some small ones walking, all more or less foot-sore from their long march of the day previous. I, with our small party, remained in camp. Some of our boys wanted to go, but I insisted on their staying with me, and they did. Our ponies were put on good grass and for two days we remained in camp; hunters went out and killed some deer and we "made meat" (that is, jerked the venison), and on the third morning, we set out for Yreka, where we in the first place stated to go. The weather was hot, the roads hard, dry and stony. Consequently, I believed that by the time Kearney would reach Yreka, his prisoners would be so worn out that he would be glad to get rid of them and then I would bring them back. On the next day, after leaving Camp Stewart we overtook the Major just going into camp a little way from town. I rode up, saluted the Major, and asked him how he got along with his prisoners. "O, curse your prisoners," said he; "they have all given out, are footsore and sick. Will you take them back?" I told him that was just what I had come for. "With your permission, I will undertake to bring them back to their people." "Well," said he, "you will oblige me by taking them off my hands." "Very well, Major, I will take charge of them and deliver them to their people. But how about rations for them?" He promptly replied that he would furnish rations and hire a packer to pack them and be ready to start at any time that would suit my convenience. I told him that I would be ready to leave the next morning. All things being settled, I turned to Sallie and told her that the "Soldier Tye" had agreed to send her and her people back to their homes and their people, and that to-morrow I would take charge of them and start back for the Rogue River Valley." I can assure you that I had not before in my travels seen any Indians appear to be so grateful and happy as were these poor wretches. They danced and sang, and would if permitted, have kissed my hand; and they danced around Kearney in their gratitude to him for releasing them to my care, making every demonstration of thanks to him, and continued to sing and rejoice. Finally, I told them to stop and sleep—that now we had arranged to start early the coming morning. Kearney looked on and at last said, "d—n them, they would in three weeks all have been dead if you had not come to take them back. General, I thank you. Come to my tent and take a parting drink." This I did with pleasure, and left for the camp of our little party. A few besides my son Joseph wished to return. The balance went to work digging and washing out gold. I found a few miners ready to return to their homes and made ready to travel with us, knowing that we would be safe in passing the Indian country. Everything being ready by nine in the morning, I rode over to Kearney's tent and found he had rations issued, packed on the mules ready to go. The prisoners were directed to move off on the road that led to their homes. After a short conversation I took leave for the last time of the brave and high-souled Kearney. He fell in his country's cause. May heaven rest his soul in peace!

I soon joined our party, and with our worn out and lame prisoners made slow and easy marches. After being several days longer on the road than we would have been had not the prisoners been so sore and lame, we arrived at Rocky Point, on Rogue river, where we communicated with the Indians and let them know of the return of the prisoners. Not far from this we met Gen. Gaines, Governor of this then Territory, who, on hearing of Kearney's war, had raised some men and come to render aid. The prisoners were turned over to him, the chiefs and warriors were called together, peace was made and the prisoners delivered to their people.

In writing this brief history, or sketch of incidents of the summer of 1851, I have endeavored to state facts as they occurred, therefore, the reader may rely upon the correctness of the narrative that has been written; first, for in a conversation I had with you about the incidents of that year, I had promised you that I would write them; second, for the reason that B. F. Dowell, Esq., who had by the Pioneer Association of Southern Oregon been appointed and requested to collect all information relating to the early settlement of Southern Oregon, the Indian troubles, and so on, in a letter to me not long ago received, had especially called my attention to the return of the prisoners above mentioned, and said that now there was no one living but myself who could write an account of the incidents of that summer. One other reason for writing is to perpetuate the truth of history.

JOSEPH LANE.

Ainsworth Royal Arch Chapter No. 17 located at Dallas, Polk county, Oregon, was duly instituted on the 17th inst., by J. B. Congle, M. E. Grand High Priest of the State of Oregon, assisted by E. C. Seth, L. Pope, G. C. of H., and the following officers duly installed: Robert Clow, H. P.; James Tatom, K.; Thomas G. Richmond, S.; Warren Truett, Sec.; H. C. Fox, Treas.; Geo. Tatom, C. of H.; J. M. Connaway, P. S.; L. M. Hall, R. A. C.; D. F. Sears, M. 3d V.; L. Bettman, 2d V.; — McDonald, M. 1st V.

Joseph Gale, once prominent in Oregon, is now living quite hale and hearty at Eagle Creek valley, in Eastern Oregon. He is seventy-six years of age, and yet preserves good health and a most wonderful memory. He was one of the party of thirty-four men, says the Walla Walla *Statesman*, who crossed the mountains after Lewis and Clark. Dr. Newell, Craig, and Jim Bridger were the last survivors. Of the remainder, half were killed by the Blackfeet, and the others by whisky.

The *Statesman* says: Statistics go to show the quantity of wool raised in Oregon has increased 750 per cent. in the last eight years, and as it is reasonable to suppose the same increase will follow in the next ten years, the production of wool will amount to nearly 59,000,000 pounds, or 29,500 tons. This amount of wool at only 15 cents per pound, would make the sum of $8,850,000.

The young woman who made the following remark, says the Kinston *Freeman*, is the same young lady who asked for the soap when about to wash the lettuce: "What miserable little eggs again! Take 'em out, Jane, and let the hen set on them a little longer!"

When we told a new subscriber the other day that we never trusted, and he promptly and innocently asked, "What, never?" we let him have the Democrat one year for a sack of watermelons, to be paid when he can raise 'em!

An exchange says a young lady in Hartford, Conn., has been poisoned by the aniline dye in a new blue veil that she wore. If she was a homely girl she has our sympathy, but if she was handsome and wore a colored veil it served her right.

In the East they are celebrating the 25th anniversary of the birth of the Republican party. Only 25 years old, and so rotten and corrupt and festered that even Beast Butler holds his nose as he turns away from its foetid breath!

Richard Gogan, working for A. W. Nye, in Umatilla county, fooled with a carbine, and lodged a ball in his left side. He will live, but has laid that carbine away.

Mary Anderson, the actress, it is stated, has saved $80,000 within the past three years.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR TITLES.

The following circular has been issued from the State House by the Board of School Land Commissioners. The impression has been given out that the parties who have purchased school land were compelled to go to the local agent of the Board and have a certificate issued that they are the owners of the land. This we are informed is not the case. Where parties live near the Capitol it is advisable for them to apply to the Board in person, when they will be informed what steps are necessary to go to the County Clerk and have him issue a certificate that the title is vested in the person named, when a new deed will be issued, without any expense to the owner. We would advise all who have heretofore purchased land from the State to examine their title and if it is defective secure a new deed immediately. The circular reads as follows:

SIR:—Having been informed that you are depending upon an old deed from a County School Superintendent to certain School lands, of which you are now in possession, it is deemed advisable in order to protect your interest of the State, to call your attention to the fact that the Board regards all said Superintendent's deeds as made and that without the power to convey a title to such lands, as the Territory never had any title to them, they being only "reserved" (not granted) by the United States by the organic act, (see act 9 U. S. Statutes at Large, p. 323, section 20) and "granted" to the State by the act of admission (see act in U. S. Statutes at Large, p. 383, section 4) and by the same act our State Constitution became our fundamental law, which prohibits the sale of such lands, except by the Governor, Secretary of State and State Treasurer, (see Oregon Constitution, article viii, section 5, and on construction thereof, see General Laws of Oregon, compiled by Deady and Lane, p. 635, foot note 2.)

Hence, as far as practicable, to protect persons who purchased from such Superintendents, as also the assignees of such purchasers, the Board has determined, upon a proper application and showing, to make to purchasers or their assigns, confirmatory deeds for all such lands so purchased and paid for, in all cases wherein the State still holds the title at the time of such application and showing.

As the State has no record of such Superintendent's deeds, the lands included therein is liable until the making of such application and showing to be sold and conveyed to some other person, and the rights of such original purchasers or their assigns thereby defeated. Hence, you will observe the advantage that may accrue to you by prompt attention to this matter. Services rendered in your case, done by this Beard is without fee or charge.

If you know of any of your neighbors who are depending on such Superintendent's deeds, you will probably confer a favor on them by calling their attention to the matter and showing them this letter, which is applicable to all similar cases arising in your county as well as your own.

Very respectfully yours,
E. P. McCornack,
Clerk of said Board.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Never fails of a crop—a hen.

Metto of the tailor—press on.

A hoppertune movement—a polka.

The hackman's business is driving.

Greatly to his credit—a bank deposit.

Sharp practice—learning to strap a razor.

All town pumps are popular watering places.

Iowa pound-keepers are called "hog-bouncers."

Job was probably the first doctor, as he had patients.

A touching incident—a physician feeling a patient's pulse.

When is sugar like a hog's tooth? When it is in a hogshead!

"Mankind," said a preacher, "includes women; for man embraces woman."

The saying that it is "more blessed to give than to receive" applies only to medicine and advice.

A live turkey would seem to be less noisy than a dead one, for one makes only a din, and the other a dinner.

Nothing will more remind a man of the value of little things than a plate of strawberries at a church fair.

The muscles of the human jaw exerts a force of 534 pounds. Think of that, young man, in choosing a partner for life.

He said but little, yet as he gazed on the mutilated edge of his best razor, he mentally vowed never again to marry a woman with corns.

About the guiltiest looking people in this world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

Even worms reason. That's perhaps why they don't polk their noses above ground when an old speckled hen stands close by with a yearning for some fresh meat.

Two little boys in a neighboring city who had been kept in the house on account of the rain, were standing at a window looking mournfully out upon the dreary outlook, when the youngest suddenly said: "Oh, mamma, won't you please ask Dod to shut off the water?"

In the opinion of the New Haven *Register*, you might as well undertake to put a barndoor in your vest pocket as to try to convince a woman that she looks just as well in a last summer's suit as she will in something new, fashionable, and altogether "lovely."