State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XV. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1879. NO. 5.

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

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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:

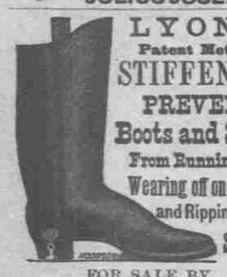
4½ lbs Rio Coffee	$1 00
4½ lbs Costa Rica	1 00
3½ lbs Java	1 00
1 lb Ground Java	25
Tea, Japan, ¾ lb, 75, 50 and	60
" Young Hyson or Gunpowder, ¾ lb	1 00
Soda or Picnic Crackers, ¾ lb	10
Sweet Crackers, ¾ lb	15
Sugar—9 lbs San Francisco	1 00
8 lbs Golden C	1 00
6½ lbs Crushed or Fine Crushed	1 00
8 lbs Powdered	1 00
Pickles—½ gal. jar	35
1 quart "	25
Worchestershire Sauce, ¾ bottle	40
Pepper or All-spice, in grain, ¾ lb	25
Sardines, ¾ box, 20 or	25
Oysters—McMurray's 2lb cans	25
Field's 2lb cans	20
Peaches, ¾ can	35
Shepp's Coconut, ¾ package	40
Sweet Oil, ¾ bottle 25 or	50
Comb Honey in glass jars	50
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. can	2 75

Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper and Allspice ground and put up by myself and warranted pure.

☞Cash paid for eggs.☜

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. 1tf

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.

JUNIUS F. WHITING, Artist,

FRESCO, SIGN, SCENE & Pictorial Painting.

DESIGNING A SPECIALTY.

Rooms 6 and 7, Parrish's Block. Albany, Oregon.

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.

AGENCY

—FOR THE—

New School Books

—AT—

ED. 'BAUM'S.

I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED AGENT AND HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LARGE and full line of the School Books which have been adopted by the authorities of this State, and am now ready to furnish them at introductory prices or exchange them for the old ones formerly in use in the public schools in this valley at exchange rates. For particulars in regard to their introduction call at my store, or address me.

TO TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

You are hereby notified that no new books will be exchanged for old ones, unless the person wanting them has an "exchange order" from a school teacher. Teachers wanting blank orders can get them of me free of charge, or I will send them free by mail. Call at my store, or address me at Box No. 101, Albany.

4tf ED. BAUM.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

—OF—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

The large stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES, ETC., formerly belonging to the firm of

JACKSON & KALISKY,

Is now being closed out at Assignee's Sale at very low prices. The sale will be continued at the old stand from day to day until the entire stock is disposed of. THE GOODS MUST BE SOLD, and consequently low prices will rule.

WM. GALLICK, Assignee.

3tf

DR. H. ROZSAS.

Physician and Surgeon,

Albany Oregon.

GRADUATED IN ALLOPATHY IN 1847, in Germany, and in homœopathy 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

WILLERT & BUSCH.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages and Wagons.

Cor. Second and Ferry Sts.

The best carriages and buggies in the State are made at their shops. Repairing and job work done on short notice, and everything warranted. v14n26tf

THE MORMON QUESTION.

NEW YORK, August 9th.—The *Herald's* Washington special says: The Mormon question, like a great many other of our political and social questions, has risen to international importance. A letter prepared by the Secretary of State, protesting against the conduct of the Governments of Great Britain, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, in continuing to allow their subjects to leave for the United States as Mormon emigrants, was read at the Cabinet meeting to-day, and copies sent by to-night's mail to our diplomatic representatives in those countries. The letter, it is understood, is an energetic presentation of the views of the Administration on the Mormon question and a determination on its part to make the institution of polygamy as odious as possible under existing laws.

It begins by setting forth that under our statutes bigamy is a crime in any of the Territories of the United States, and that men and women destined for Utah go there with the intention and for the avowed purpose of violating this law. The letter then recites that by the Act of July 1, 1862, every person, having a husband or wife living, who marries another, whether married or single, in a Territory or other place over which the United States have exclusive jurisdiction, is guilty of bigamy, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than $600, and by imprisonment for a term of not more than five years; and that under this law, which has been sustained by the United States Supreme Court upon a test case, George Reynolds, a citizen of Utah and a member of the Mormon church, was convicted of bigamy, and is now serving a sentence of two years in the Utah penitentiary. And further, that it is the purpose of this Government to prosecute every person in that Territory against whom evidence can be obtained of violation of this law.

Our Ministers are instructed to lay a copy of the letter before the Governments to which they are accredited, without delay, and to represent in the most friendly manner to those Governments that it would be an act of justice toward their subjects if the latter could be dissuaded from accepting inducements held out by mercenary agents of the Mormon Church to settle in Utah.

Reference is next made to existing obligations on the parts of the Governments of those countries not to allow persons to depart from their jurisdiction to the United States who are known to have criminal intentions, and further explaining that all who come to this country for the purpose of affiliating with the Mormon Church do so with the avowed intention of becoming criminals and subjecting themselves to the penalties of the criminal laws. Therefore, the United States will consider it a friendly act on the part of the Governments of these nations if they will also regard the matter in this light.

Attention is called to the large number of women who are induced to become emigrants, and who therefore aid and abet the crime of bigamy and the principles of the Mormon Church, which require a plurality of wives.

Our Ministers are instructed to call upon our Consuls in those countries without delay, to assist them in gaining information as to the manner in which the ranks of the Mormon Church are recruited, and to forward information as speedily as possible to Washington.

A member of the Cabinet said to-night that the Administration did not now consider Mormon immigrants any more entitled to respect than so many persons who had been convicted of felony, and that the purpose of sending the letter is to caution the people of the countries where this class of immigrants is made up, and to warn them what they may expect if they go to Utah.

"If this friendly request of the Government is disregarded, then," continued the Cabinet officer, "we will be in a position where we can refuse them entrance into our ports and forbid vessels landing them. It is hardly possible that our Consuls will not be able to ascertain every attempt made to ship this class of people to the United States, and the Administration recognizes the responsibility of duty which the law imposes upon it to prevent lawless people from landing on our territory."

THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

Any one who has seen the rivalry of the contestants in a spelling school will appreciate this incident from Edward Eggleston's reminiscences of his school days, published in *Scribner's Magazine*. He says:

It was in the same old Bethel schoolhouse, about the same time that the master, one Benefield, called out the spelling class of which my mother, then a little girl, was usually at the head. The word given out was "onion." I suppose the scholars at the head of the class had not recognized the word by its spelling in studying their lessons. They all missed it widely, spelling it in the most ingeniously incorrect fashions. Near the foot of the class stood a boy who had never been able to climb up toward the head. But of the few words he did know how to spell, one was "onion." When the word was missed at the head he became greatly excited, twisting himself into the most ludicrous contortions as it came nearer and nearer to him. At length the one just above the eager boy missed, and the master said "next," whereupon he exultingly swung his hands above his head and came out with "O-n, un, i-o-n, yun, ing-un—I'm head, by gosh!" and he marched to the head, while the master gave him a blow across the head for swearing.

"Keep way from dat nigger, I tell you," said Uncle Rube to his sable daughter; "keep way from him. He's like what de 'Postle John lived on in de wild'ness." "How's dat?" she asked. "Low muss and wild honey," said Uncle Rube.

(From the Dover, N. H., Press, Aug. 1.)

THE SPRAGUE CONKLING AFFAIR.

A quarrel occurred between Ex-Governor Sprague and Senator Conkling Friday evening. Either on last Wednesday night or Thursday morning Senator Conkling arrived at Narragansett Pier. With him or after him came a trunk and a large valise. The articles of baggage were taken to the Sprague mansion by the direction of Senator Conkling. He remained there as a visitor the next day, and was on a hotel piazza during the next evening conversing with some ladies. During Friday afternoon Gov. Sprague was observed driving about Narragansett Pier having been at home entertaining his guests the night previous, though he had been absent for a day or two before. He had a gun with him, which it is believed that he loaded earlier in the day. Finally he drove to the rear of his house, which is about a mile and a half from the Pier, and came through the house in a somewhat excited condition. He got out to the piazza, where he found Senator Conkling conversing with Mrs. Sprague, who was at a window. Gov. Sprague then said, addressing Senator Conkling, "Are you armed, sir?" and Conkling replied, "No, I am not." "Then," said ex-Governor Sprague, "I will give you five minutes to get off these premises. If you are not away I will fire at you." Ex-Gov. Sprague is said to have made use of some further exasperating language. Senator Conkling, seeming much surprised, but remembering that he was under ex-Gov. Sprague's roof, rose and walked a few steps away, while Mrs. S. came out of the house and stood between them. Ex-Gov. Sprague stood looking at Senator Conkling while a carriage drove up which had been ordered to take Mrs. Sprague for a drive. When Mrs. Sprague found that ex-Gov. Sprague was apparently determined on an unpleasant scene she called for her hat and shawl, which Mrs. Martin, a friend and a guest in the house, brought her. In the house at the time as guests were Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Miss Martin and Mrs. Alexander, as well as Senator Conkling. A story which has been circulated here that Senator Conkling carried an invalid out of the house is nonsense. He went away entirely alone. After ex-Gov. Sprague repeated his peremptory order to Conkling to quit his house, there was some hesitancy on the part of the New York Senator as to what should be done, but, seeing no hope of a rational solution, he finally took his hat and, entering the carriage, went down to the Pier, stopping on the way at Billington's restaurant. Scarcely had he arrived there and got out of the conveyance than ex-Gov. Sprague, who had followed, came up, and it is therefore certain that the latter must have kept his horse harnessed and ready for use to follow Senator Conkling. On the arrival of ex-Gov. Sprague at Billington's another exchange of words took place, but there is not the slightest testimony to show that at any time a hand-to-hand encounter, such as has been spoken of freely, took place. But it is certain that an excited and threatening colloquy took place between the two outside of the most public spot in the whole place, and thus it came to pass that the most exaggerated rumors were set in motion.

An exchange well says that if the Conkling boom is to start from Narragansett Pier, it must be acknowledged that its opening is not auspicious. For an ex-United States Senator to go hunting a present United States Senator with a shot-gun, and for such reasons as are alleged, is not to proclaim him in the most favorable light as a candidate for the Presidency. But above all else, admiration must attach to the self-restraint and moderation displayed by the Senator. It is estimated that Sprague would be in his athletic grip very much as a sparrow in the clutch of a hawk. If the ex-Governor's wife has been too fond of attention from others than her husband, it is one of the many illustrations of the dangers which always surround an attractive and accomplished woman who moves in fashionable circles. Ex-Senator Sprague states that Senator Gonkling has tried to destroy his household in Washington, and now he seeks to do it here. There are rumors that Mr. Sprague will institute proceedings for a divorce.

A TEMPERANCE PAPER ON GEAR.

The *Blue Ribbon News*, published at Davenport, is the acknowledged organ of the Prohibition party in Iowa. In its issue of July 24th it has the following:

CAN YOU SUPPORT GEAR?

There is not a Republican saloon-keeper, there is not a Republican beer-maker, there is not a Republican corruptionist, there is not a Republican bribe taker, or a Republican bribe giver, there is not a Republican, rascally, corrupt and bribe taking editor, there is not a Republican ring jobbing contractor, there is not a drunken Republican politician in the State of Iowa but who favors the re-election of John H. Gear to be Governor of Iowa. Can Temperance Republicans and Prohibition Republicans support the popular candidate of such men! Can they labor for Gear's re-election?

We do not claim, and would not claim, that all men who support Gear are bad men, for that would be false, but we do claim that every bad and corrupt man in the Republican party is a warm supporter of Gear, and they support him because they know Gear to be their friend. We place these facts before the Iowa Temperance and Prohibition Republicans and ask them to give them candid consideration, and now plead for the sake of Iowa's honor, for the sake of the protection of Iowa's homes, for the sake of all that is honest, pure and true, to come to a wise and conscientious decision, and give an emphatic answer next October at the ballot box.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S ANECDOTES.

Gotes buts, and Uncle Ned he said: "Johnny one day there was a gote in a field, and it took after Bildad, which you better explain to yure bnited readers is the new dog. Bildad he run toward a hi fence for to get over but the gote it cot him and butted him crull on the tail, and he whirled over and over, and lit on the uther side of the fence but didn't kno it cos he was bewildered, and scrambled back over the fence again, lifely as he cude, and the gote it let him have it a other time, and wocked away. Bildad he was a stonish dog, and shuke his hed, much as to say: 'I never see so many buttigotes, one in evry feeld!'"

If I was a gote I rather be a sheep, cos gotes is milked, but sheep is shingled, and the rose is red and the vilets blu. But Billy says let him be a crocky dile with fritelle teeth, and notches on his back like a saw.

Mister Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, says ther a dile wich was a sho, and it was in a pond. Mr. Jonnice set on the edge of the pond a watchin the dile swim, but the keper he said, the keper did: "Better look out for yure legs, sir, this ere dile is powerful fond of legs, and he don't git menny here, pore fellow."

So Mister Jonnice he tuke of his wuden leg and hid it, and wen the keper he cum round agin Mr. Jonnice he sed: "You was rite about that dile."

The keper he looked and was astonish, and he sed: "Shant I run for a docktor?"

Then Mister Jonnice he thot a wile and bime by he sed: "No, I don't think I wude, not for a wile yet, enny how. Diles is use to overeatin theirselfs."

The keper he sed: "You are the coolest man, wots left of you, which I have ever saw."

Mister Jonnice he sed: "Well, I have all ways went on the principle its no use cryin for yure leg off, but Ide be mighty bliged to you for a drink of whisky."

When the keeper he brought it Mister Jonnice sed he had been standing up looking at the dile, and the keper he was astonisher than ever, pertickler wen Mister Jonnice sed he had been standing there an our and had never see him before.

One time there was a rinosy rose met a cammle, and it sed, the rinosy rose did: "If I had sech a xcressence on my back like thatn of yourn Ide hav a operation p'formed."

The cammle it sed: "Taint very pretty, that's a fack, but seems to me that yure nose, isent jest the kind wich ot to be turned up at xcressences."

And now for a story about ole Gaffer Peters.

One day Jack Brily, wich is the wicked sailer, swears and everything, he was goin by old Gaffres house, an he foun him digin a well, and a boy was pulin up the rocks in a windlass. So Jack he give the boy 2 bits, and sed, "You go and git some candy, and Ile pull for you till you get back," and the boy done it. Then Jack he puts his bull dog in the bucket, and let it down, and the dog it jumped out in the wel with Gaffer, wich holered wild, and the dog too. Then Jack he cot ole Gafferses cat and pitch that down, too, the dog tackled the cat between Gafferses legs, and the cat it run up Gaffer like he was a tree, and all yellin like Injens, there wasent never such a fite! After a while Jack he let the bucket down and hauld old Gaffer up with the windlass, lookin' mity beat and his close tore bad. Fore Gaffer cude get his breath Jack sed: "Tell you wot, Gaffer, if I hadent come along yude had a pretty rough time of it Iges, cos that boys gon for a other cat."

Then Gaffer he helped Jack git the dog out wich had kild the cat, and Jack and the dog they went away, and wen the boy come in Gaffer met him half way and licked him till he was sick a bed, and wen Billy he sassed the scoohl master he was licked, too, yes, in deed, and made beller.

AN INDIAN AGENT AND AGENCY WITHOUT INDIANS.

Mr. C. Cram, who went from this place some time since with two teams carrying 11,000 pounds of government freight to Camp Harney, returned here on Thursday. He was accompanied by Mr. B. L. Jones. They went by the Canyon City road across the Blue Mountains, striking the Canyon City and Winnemucca road and returned by the way of the Malheur agency. There were no Indians at the agency, at Harney, or anywhere on the road, only the rumored presence of a few bucks and two squaws, who are reported to have wintered at Castle mountain and to be seen there occasionally. Castle mountain is about four miles northwest of the agency. Rinehart is at the agency, where he has with him a blacksmith and two other men, who are engaged in hauling hay, but no sign of a single Indian anywhere near. Rinehart's mission among the Piutes near the town of Winnemucca, where he offered the old Chief Winnemucca $500 and Chief Nachez $60 to come to the agency, and offered $5 each for every Indian they would bring with them, was entirely fruitless. Netther of the chiefs would listen to his magnificent offers, and not a single redskin could be tempted to return to the reservation.

A New York doctor says that men catch cold through their ankles; but the Chicago *Tribune* thinks they would not if they looked after their own as anxiously as they look after a pretty girl's.

The citizen of Michigan gives expression to a feeling of self-reliance with the words, "I'm a hull boom full of saw logs."

BALL AT NEWPORT, 1781.

Probably no society tournament since held in any of the elegant satin-hung ball-rooms of Newport has attained the fame of that given in the spring of 1781 at the simple hall known as Mrs. Cowley's Assembly-Room. The decorations were intrusted to Dezoteux, one of the aides of the Baron de Viomenil. Washington, who had to confer with Rochambeau, opened the ball with Miss Chaplin, at that time the reigning belle of Newport society. Rochambeau and his suite took the instruments from the musicians and played the air, "A successful Campaign." Other popular dances of the day, some of which were footed on this occasion, were "Stony Point" (named for General Wayne), "Merrick's Graces," "Lord Eath's Gate," "Innocent Maid," "Flowers of Edinburgh," "Hay-Making," "College Hornpipe," "Faithful Shepard," "Love and Opportunity," "Lady Hancock," "Miss M'Donald's Reel," "A Trip to Carlisle," "Freemason's Jig," and "I'll be Married in my Old Clothes."

Dancing was an art in those days. A celebrated expert of the time was Master John Trotter, who is described as having "great fame as a man of knowledge and experience in his profession. He is about fifty years of age, a small, genteel, well-proportioned man, every limb and joint proclaiming that he is formed for his profession, and the ease and grace with which he moves on the floor evince that he has lost none of his agility by age. Under the tuition of such a master," the writer goes on to hope, "we flatter ourselves that in due time that we shall be able to figure in a ball-room." That many of the ladies who "figured" at the ball just referred to were able to converse with their foreign partners is to be inferred from the advertisement of a Monsieur Bonnemot. (*Query:* Trotter and Bonnemot!—had the masters of that day a tendency to punning, and a desire of making their *nonaide plume* walking advertisements of their profession?) This gentleman announces that he has been a teacher of the French language two years and a half in the town and college of Providence. He presents his complements to the inhabitants of Newport, and offers himself to teach French.

Of the coiffures worn on this occasion we can gain some idea from the advertisement of Benoni Peckham, who "informs his customers that he has furnished himself with a new supply of Hair, and is now ready to furnish ladies with braids, commodes, cushions, and curls in the newest fashion. Also cues and coverings for the head for those gentleman who have lost their hair."—LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," died at New York in 1842, aged 57. He was a printer, and served his apprenticeship at Bostop, in the office of Mayor Russell, the publisher of the *Sentinel.* The popular and beautiful ballad, for which he is best known, is said to have its origin under the following circumstances:—

He was employed in an office on the corner of Chesnut and Chambers Streets, in New York. One day, with a knot of brother typos, he dropped in at an establishment kept by Mallory, on Franklin Street, for the purpose of taking some brandy and water, which Mallory was famous for keeping. The liquor was excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to any thing he had ever tasted. "No," said a comrade, "you are quite mistaken; there was one thing which in both our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field, on a sultry day in summer." The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True, true!" he replied, and soon afterquitted the place. He returned to the office, grasped the pen, and in half an hour "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready, in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations."

BULLDOZING HIS EMPLOYER.

New Hampshire voters are, it seems, proverbially independent in their action. A good story is told, never before in print, of an old fashioned New Hampshire Democrat who once went down to work for the rich John J. Williams, of Roxbury, Mass. When voting day came round, Mr. Williams asked his hired man how he was going to vote. He replied for the opposition candidate. Mr. Williams said: "If you do so vote I will not have you to work for me a day longer." The hired man then said: "If you dont vote for my candidate I will not work for you a day longer." They confronted each other at the polls, watched each other, and saw that they voted opposite tickets. The hired man went home, packed up, and demanded an immediate settlement. Mr. Williams laughed and said: "I did not mean what I said; I can't get along without you; you won't go?" Hired man said: I did mean what I said, I will never work for a man who don't vote the Democratic ticket." And he went home to New Hampshire. This is a true account of how an old-fashioned New Hampshire Democrat attempted to bulldoze his employer.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

Don't go to the theatre, concert or ball,
But stay in your room to-night:
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer—
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love or counsel wise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them, quite;
That 'you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

A MELANCHOLY STRAIN.

Those midnight yells, those midnight yells,
How sad a tale their music tells
Of melons green, of apples hard,
Of peaches that should be debarred.
What touching accents these produce,
More mellow than the melon juice.
The human stomach little knows
Of greater ills than colic woes,
And to the world its anguish tells
By midnight yells, shrill midnight yells.

ODDS AND ENDS.

What a lonesome home without children or flies!

You can tell a young man raising a moustache as fuzz you can see.

Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet, he is there.

The name of the doctor should be attached to all death notices.

Was any boy ever caught crawling under the canvas of a gospel tent?

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished—a kiss for instance.

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort, comes an easy boot. Try both.

The period spent by the chicken in the shell might be designated as the inter-eggnum.

The man who finds a pocket-book with cash in it doesn't look at a paper for three weeks.

Men milliners are on the increase in New York, but no ladies have yet gone into tailoring.

There is nothing wilts quicker than overstrung moral courage. Except a white duck vest.

As Charles Lamb says, the best men in the world are like the archangels, only a little damaged.

An Ohio man told an Ohio milliner that she was twice as homely as her ten dollar hats, and she laid his ear open with a club.

"It's no use," said the boy as he saw the old man coming over the fence with the ox whip. "I can'telope with that melon."

Gardeners, did it ever occur to you that you might fasten up the vines with their own twine? Or won't they stay of their own a cord?

It was because George Washington could not tell a lie, says an Indiana farmer, that his father never sent him to town with fresh eggs.

"I don't want to do any blowing, but that's just the niftiest corpse I ever saw," is the way a Deadwood miner expressed his sentiments.

"Principles, not men," is what actuates a Chinese washee man to plunge the shirt of a State Senator into the same tub with a laborer's socks.

A Virginia judge holds that a husband cannot be slandered by his wife. They are one in the eyes of the law, and she has a right to slander either half.

"Poor man!" said the old lady, "and so he's really gone at last? Ninety-eight, was he! Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"

The philosopher says, "life is but a span." But at the rate some of the fellows are going through it, we should remark that they must have seven or eight horses hitched to them.

A brand of chewing tobacco is called "Hope." When a man asks for a chew and you pass him the box, the old proverb is reversed, and read:: "He who enters here leaves no Hope behind."

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."

When a handsome Baltimore lady asked a pedestrian to knock a man down who had been following her, he swiftly obeyed, and was not much astonished to learn that it was her husband.