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State Rights Democrat

VOL. XV.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1879.

NO. 16.

FREE! FREE!

Underwriter's Sale! The \$22,000 stock of S. KAHN, in Froman's Brick Block, damaged by water and must be sold immediately, regardless of cost!

700 Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks, 30 doz. Shawls, 500 Pair White and Gray Blankets, Waterproofs, Cassimeres, Ladies Cloth, Tweeds and Jeans, 15 doz. Bed-Spreads, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Wool and Felt Skirts.

Ladies' Merino Underwear, Gent's Red Flannel Underwear, Merino, Canton Flannel, 50 pieces Canton Flannel, Red, Gray and White, all wool Flannel, 250 pieces Assorted Dress Goods, Brown and Bleached Cotton, Navy Blue and Bottle Green Cashmere.

The Biggest Stock of Hamburg Edging in Oregon!

The Finest Assortment of Ladies Gowns, Chemises and Drawers in the Valley!

Full Stock of LADIES, CHILDREN'S & MISSES' SHOES, and thousands of other articles too numerous to mention.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO QUOTE PRICES. Now is your chance to lay in your supply, and save from 50 to 75 per cent. Remember the whole Damaged Stock must be sold, no matter what they bring.

REMEMBER THE PLACE. THE EASTERN STORE, 112 FIRST STREET, FROMAN'S BRICK BLOCK, Albany. Look for the big canvas sign marked "THE EASTERN STORE."

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF EXECUTION issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Linn, to me directed and delivered, on the 1st day of October, 1879, in favor of Isaac Sanders, J. Sternberg and A. Wachenheimer, partners as Sternberg, Sanders & Co., plaintiffs, against E. G. Michael, defendant, for the sum of four hundred and eighty-five and 25-100 dollars in U. S. gold coin, with interest at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum from the 27th day of September, 1879, and the further sum of thirty-eight and 50-100 dollars costs, I have applied to the following real property heretofore attached as the property of said defendant at the suit of said plaintiff to-wit:

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF FORECLOSURE in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Linn, and an execution issued in pursuance thereof on the 12th day of November, 1879, to me directed and delivered, in favor of W. Dawson, Mary E. Dawson, his wife, George F. Settlemyer and J. G. Reed, Defendants, for the sum of \$1020 84-100 in United States gold coin, with interest thereon in like coin at the rate of one per cent. per month, and the further sum of \$244 88-100 costs, and whereas, it appears from the provisions of said decree that the said defendant, J. G. Reed is a subsequent mortgagee of the premises hereinafter described, and that there is now due and owing to the defendants, George W. Dawson and George F. Settlemyer, the sum of \$1020 84-100 in United States gold coin, and the further sum of \$244 88-100 costs, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of \$1265 00 in United States gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month, now, therefore, by virtue of said writ of execution, I have levied upon the mortgaged premises situated in Linn County, Oregon, described in said decree as the premises of the said defendant, J. G. Reed, and designated on the maps of the United States surveys on file in the Land Office in Oregon City, Oregon. Also, Donation Land Claim No. 4293, being the Northwest quarter of Section 26, in Township 12 South and Range 1 West, in Linn County, Oregon, as designated on the recorded plans of the United States surveys on file in the Land Office in Oregon City, Oregon, and on Saturday, the 15th day of December, 1879, at the Court House door in the City of Albany, Linn County, Oregon, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., I will sell the heretofore described property at public auction for cash in hand to the highest bidder, the proceeds of sale to be applied first to the payment of the costs and expenses of sale, next to the payment of the said sum of \$1265 00 due to the plaintiff W. H. Dadd or his assigns, with interest as aforesaid, and the balance of the said sum of \$1265 00 to be due to the defendant J. G. Reed.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT an election will be held in the City of Albany, Linn County, Oregon, on Monday, the 1st day of December, 1879, for Mayor, City Recorder, City Marshal, City Treasurer, and three Aldermen (one Alderman for each Ward), polls to be opened at 9 o'clock A. M. and closed at 6 o'clock P. M. of said day. Polls will be opened at the following named places, to-wit: First Ward-In the Jury Room in the west side of the Court House. Second Ward-In the County Treasurer's office on the east side of the Court House. Third Ward-In the office of the Farmer's Warehouse Company. P. C. HARPER, City Recorder.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 20.

Editor Democrat:

The National Fair is booming this week and Washington presents a livelier appearance than it has for many a day before. The national character of the exhibition is not fully developed yet, and the general outside interest is not so great as it will be in future years, but from a Washington standpoint the enterprise is a grand success. The immense procession on the opening day was four miles long and comprised a representation of all the business interests of the city. For a community not much engaged in manufactures it was a big thing, and the industrial exhibition on the grounds is surprisingly good. Of course, as I expect to be an angel when I die, I won't say anything about the "chess races and such." But speaking of industrial matters reminds me of the lecture delivered here on last Tuesday evening by Mr. Holyoake, the English author and promoter of co-operative trade among the working classes of that country. He described in detail the plan upon which the co-operative societies of England were organized, and astonished his auditors by detailing the remarkable degree of success which has resulted from their efforts. He said that the societies now have two ships running between this country and England, transporting supplies purchased here for the co-operative stores. The societies have also established permanent purchasing agencies in almost every producing country in the world, in order to obtain absolutely pure articles of food at first prices. The newspapers have had a good deal of fun over the suggestive appearance, on a platform in Brooklyn, of that domestic trio, Conkling, Beecher and Hicks, and Frank Leslie's illustration entitled "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," was a timely hit. Conkling fresh from Canochet, Beecher with the odor of Elizabeth's confession clinging to him, and Hicks fresh from Florida, where he is known as "The Devil's Deputy." Hicks is probably the worst seducer of the lot, but he has the advantage of not professing to be much better than he is. The three on a platform certainly made a striking picture. They tell a good story apropos of Conkling's vanity and love of admiration from the fair sex, which is worth repeating. There is a lively little lady in New York, who keeps on her center table, under a glass case, a lock of Auburn hair labeled "The Rape of the Lock—rare and curious." It is nothing less than the historical curl which people who have seen Conkling will have noticed hanging proudly over his forehead. Somebody wrote a verse on it thus:

"There was a big Senator and he had a little curl, That hung right down the middle of his forehead, And when he was good he was very, very good, But when he was bad he was horrid."

This little lady heard Roscoe speak in Hooper institute, and was so struck with his inordinate vanity that she sent him a letter setting forth that she was a young girl just out of school, and so enamored of the handsome, eloquent man that she begged of him a coquet's confidence, and, if possible, an interview. The able man who vanity makes him an ass, and sometimes a vicious ass, fell into the trap, and he first corresponded with, then sought out and courted the little wif in petticoats. She had but one objective point in view, and that was a capture of the lock of hair that the statesman had cultivated into a distinguishing feature. She made its possession a test of his love and won, and then she disappeared from his gaze, leaving the "Bully Bottom" of the Senate transformed out of all recognition to his immediate friends.

The result of the Ohio election seems to have emboldened John Sherman, and he now declares openly that "when a member of Congress or an officer of the National Government is to be elected, Congress has power to regulate such elections, and the Republican party intend, if the present law is not strong enough, to make it still stronger." This indicates that the Republican party are looking forward to another disputed election. Their original plan was to capture the present House of Representatives. In this they were foiled; hence the raising of the bloody-shirt banner in the fight which has just closed in the Buckeye State and is now on in New York, in the hope of securing the governments of those States for next year. If they succeed in New York as they have in Ohio the plan for 1880 is to give the electoral votes of those States to the Republicans, whether they are entitled to them or not. How they will do this in New York is indicated by the plan for a sort of eight by seven electoral commission which they concocted last winter at Albany, and which they dared not press while Governor Robinson was in the executive chair. With two such unscrupulous partisans as Foster and Cornell to exercise executive power in Ohio and New York, the project of a "Solid

North" is feasible, and the declaration of John Sherman, quoted above, shows that the Republican leaders are ready to resort to any means of perpetuating their power, no matter how reprehensible it may be.

John J. Ingalls, United States Senator from Kansas, by virtue of Jay Gould's money, has been strutting around Washington since the return of the ap-commission sent there to investigate the manner of his election. He feels confident that he will not be unseated, and from all I can learn I guess he is right. Not that such a result will be in accordance with his desires or the facts in the case; but instead of making the inquiry when the circumstances were fresh, it was postponed until late in the summer, after the artful dodger had been given time to fix witnesses and destroy all positive evidence against him. I saw a letter last winter from a Republican now in Kansas, formerly connected with the Radical organ here, in which he expresses his conviction that Ingalls brought his election outright. He was a clerk in the Legislature at the time and based his opinion upon personal knowledge and observation. The charges all came from Ingalls' own party, and a Republican member of Congress from that State told me he had no earthly doubt of his escape will be due to the delay and sympathizing tactics of his Senatorial colleagues quite as much as to his own manipulation.

PHOENIX.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

One knows not of a more terrible situation for a man to be in than to be awoken by a venomous snake falling on him. An English officer in India tells of his experience in this sort of a terror. It was the worst season of the year for venomous creatures when Tom Norris and myself were occupying a small bungalow at Jubbulpore.

We slept in the same room, each of us having a lounge, and it was about two o'clock in the morning, and pitch dark, when I was awakened by something striking me on the back and falling on the second seemed to indicate, in a coil upon the floor.

"What's that?" exclaimed my friend, who awoke at the same instant, and I made no reply, for I had the strongest possible dislike to say what I believed it was.

"What's that?" he asked again; and then I answered, "I think it's a snake, and he has bitten me; will you get up and go for a light?"

My friend lay still for a while, then he said: "Now, look here, old fellow, if a cobra has bitten you, he won't do you the least additional harm if he bites you again; but what is the use of my being bitten? Hadn't you better get up and go for the light yourself!"

Could any logic have been more reasonable! I at once got up, and after some trouble procured a light, and we began our search for the snake.

But first Tom Norris examined the place where I had been bitten, and his face grew very grave, for there were two punctures, and it seemed clear that a snake had injured me.

We hunted about the house for ten minutes, and although I felt myself growing drowsy, I began to hope that it was not a cobra, but some less venomous reptile that had bitten me.

At last the mystery was solved. As we entered the bathroom, a wild cat, for some incomprehensible reason had taken refuge in the bungalow, went flying, half mad with fright, out of the window, carrying half a dozen panes of glass with her in her exit.

In her confusion she had evidently jumped upon the bed, and her claws had penetrated my back, making two little holes precisely like the bite of a cobra.

To say that I was relieved would give you a very poor idea of my sentiments at the sight of the crawling creature through the window. All my drowsiness vanished, and I slept no more that night.

HOW THE HEROES CREEP IN.

A lady who recently published some verses on "Autumn" in these columns, writes to ask, "who is responsible for the typographical errors in your paper?" Lean down here, while we whisper in your ear:—ah; nobody is. The editor writes so plainly that even a blind man could spell out his words, the compositors are college men who have edited papers of their own, and they set up the matter exactly as it is written and correct what mistakes the editor makes; the proof reader is a professor of rhetoric and philology in an Iowa college, and never made a mistake in his life, and he corrects what few mistakes the compositors may make; the foreman is a Göttingen graduate, who has nothing to do but to see that the matter is perfect when the forms go down. There isn't a mistake in our paper when the type reaches the press. But we'll tell you, as a professional secret, how the mistakes creep in. The pressman sets the matter, and the manager told us; it's the ink—it's the ink. We pay out thousands and thousands of dollars a year for good ink, and we can't get an article that won't fairly meander the paper with typographical errors.—Hawkeye.

The Indians call General Grant "John Grant."

LINN COUNTY.

[The following is from A. T. Hawley's correspondence to the S. F. Indicator.]

The city of Albany lies nestled in the heart of the Willamette Valley, and it has a rich country north, southeast and west of it, a river on one hand and a railroad on the other. Its entire aspect is one of thrift, permanence, prosperity and steady growth. It is the county seat of Linn County, which embraces an area, say, forty miles long by seventy miles wide. Not being a parallelogram, the acreage is estimated at about one and one-quarter million acres. A very large proportion is valley land, generally characterized as sandy loam. Successive cropping for many years has unquestionably impoverished the soil. In a conversation I held this morning with a gentleman who evidently knew what he was talking about, he said that the need of phosphate of lime is beginning to make itself apparent. If such is the case, it only remains for somebody to go to work and find a marl bed. This valley was an arm of the sea once, and the marl is here somewhere. The valley proper is from fifteen to twenty miles wide, extending easterly from the river to the foothills, when the face of the country changes, and is diversified by small valleys with soil of rich loam and rolling hills abundantly productive of rich natural pasture grasses. The county extends to the summit of the Cascade mountain range, the slopes of which are finely wooded. But little, if any, vacant land is found until those portions of the foothills thirty miles back of the river are reached.

PRICE OF LANDS.

Farms within three miles of the town of Albany are held at \$100 per acre, from thence the price declines to \$50, and thence on down to \$5. A fair average may be set down at from \$20 to \$25.

RUST IN WHEAT.

But the appearance of rust in wheat fields has had the effect of making some people believe that the end of all things, agriculturally speaking, in Linn County, is at hand. I am inclined to think that such views are fallacious. The rains for the present season were exceptionally heavy and late, and most of the grain was spring-sown, and from the best information I can obtain, the fall and winter-sown grain was unscathed. The farmers of Linn county are learning the same lesson that Californians have had to pay for so dearly, and they are taking advantage of the present fine weather to get in their crops. If it is only spring-sown wheat that is liable to rust, the farmers of Linn will require more storage room next season.

TAXABLE PROPERTY.

The assessment roll for 1879 footed up \$6,784,800; indebtedness, \$1,825,346; exemption, \$471,000—total sum upon which taxes are levied, \$4,488,454. The rate of taxation is as follows on the one hundred dollars: State, 70¢; county, 60¢; school, 20¢; total, \$1.60. It may be mentioned in this connection that the tax-roll for 1879 footed up some \$200,000 less than that of 1878.

EDUCATIONAL.

Linn county makes a good showing in her Public School Department. There are 87 school houses in the county of the average value of \$579 13 each. The number of teachers employed is 140. Wages paid teachers range from \$20 per month to \$100. Probably a fair average would be \$45 for male teachers and \$33 for females per month. The number of school children enrolled is 5,367; the per cent of attendance does not show so well, the average being a little less than half of the whole number enrolled.

FARM LABOR.

The wages paid to farm laborers range from \$25 per month with board, the year round, to \$1 50 per day in harvest time.

TIMBER LAND AND SAW AND FLOURING MILLS.

One third of the area of Linn county is timber land, the principal varieties being fir, (or Oregon pine), white pine, maple, ash and oak. Home manufacturers convert the ash, oak and maple into very attractive furniture. There are in the county fifteen sawmills, with cutting capacities ranging from 5,000 to 15,000 each per day. The price of lumber ranges from \$8 to \$14 per thousand. There are also flouring mills in the county, one with the capacity of 250 barrels per day, another 150 barrels, and the remainder running down to custom mills.

TOWNS.

There are numerous towns in Linn County. Albany, with 3,000 inhabitants; Harrisburg with 700, with an agricultural implement manufactory; Brownsville, 600, with a woolen factory employing from twenty to forty hands the year round, and manufacturing superior blankets, cloths and woolen goods generally, with the principal sale depot in Portland; Seas, 500; Lebanon, 400, with a mill, which latter point a branch of the O. & C. R. R. will be run in time for the next year's crop. Tangent Shedd, Halsey, and Peoria are other small towns in the county.

MANUFACTURES.

Albany manufactures furniture, linen twine from flax raised in the county, wire cloth, coopers' wares and the usual articles turned out at local foundries. The lint flax raised in Linn county, the premium over the Irish and Holland exhibits at the Centennial. The flax grows here to the length of four feet, sometimes five. A large area has been devoted to its culture, and a very large trade with the East and Europe is looked upon as a certainty. All mills and machinery in this section are run by water power; with one exception—a small steam mill raised the wheat in one elevator at the railroad depot. The water power in Albany is practically exhaustless in quantity and capacity, and forms one of the most certain elements of wealth and prosperity.

MINING INTERESTS.

For the past ten years considerable gold has been taken out annually on the bars of the Santiam river. At the same time prospecting for quartz leads has been vigorously prosecuted in the country above the placers. The result has been the discovery of mining regions near Mount Jefferson which will soon be the scene of active operations. A quartz mill is now in route, and a company is about to expend a large sum on a toll road to the new diggings. Old hands at the business expect to see the largest mining camp in Oregon in the above named locality next spring.

"FIGHTING JOE HOOKER."

Tom, Merry, in the Dalles *Independent Empire*, gives the following beautiful tribute to the dead hero, Gen. Joe. Hooker:

Last Saturday's telegrams brought the mournful news that Gen. Joseph Hooker was no more. And what a host of recollections the mention of his name brings up at this time. Just twenty years ago, at the California State Fair, we met this gallant gentleman, by all odds the handsomest man in America. He lived over in Sonoma on a small farm, which did not support him. He made frequent visits to San Francisco, and soon the clubs had devalued what little means he had.

The war broke out, and found him disgraced, because he had not the means to go East and offer his sword to the Government in its hour of peril. One night at a club-house a man said, "I will give a hundred dollars to send Joe Hooker East to fight for Uncle Sam." In twenty minutes a thousand dollars had been raised, and Hooker next day left for Panama. His adopted State caught the next view of his graceful figure and classical face through the veil of mist and romance that enveloped the brilliant apothosis of Lookout Mountain.

The war ended, and the centuries became again tilted by the clock. The "piping times of peace" threw our hero into the company of what the world calls an old maid—in other words, a tripe and beautiful woman, whose queenly grace had led her to disdain the fascination of early marriage until her mature and cultivated womanhood had made her worthy of the grandest suitor in America. They were made man and wife, and his was the proudest presence in the land. "Hope told a flattering tale."

The dread blow came like a thief in the night—he was paralyzed. For years the faithful wife nursed over his bedside, till, worn out by affection's holy labor, she sank to a rest that was not of earth, and her gentle spirit ascended to the God that gave it, leaving a world which was a better one for her presence. Timandra, being dead, who shall bury Alcibiades!

Now heavily throbs the great heart of a bereaved country at the grave of one who fills the same station in American martial history that Ney did in the army of France. But our Grand Marshal is a handsomer man than the Prince of the Moskova, who was also a vulgar and illiterate man, and whose sons and daughters grew up to live of ill fame and disrepute. So we like our man the best. He goes down to history as a counterpart of Job Stuart and Stonewall Jackson, rather than of Grant or Lee. He was a grand brigade fighter, but not strictly *à l'armee*.

Oregon claimed Hooker once as a citizen, and later as a guest. He laid off the old military road from Winchester to Scottsburg, in Douglas county, before he went to live in California; and in 1874 he revisited our State, and was properly welcomed as he deserved. He has left behind a brighter name than many who survive him; and Grant breathes more freely since "Fighting Joe" is a clod in the valley. And now we renew our question—Timandra being dead, who shall bury our Alcibiades!

A CLEVER INSTAR.

A Lake George letter describes an amusing scene caused by a clerk at one of the hotels on the lake. He had observed the devotion of a man of sixty to a widow much younger, and believing that an intrigue was going on, according to the old man very rudely interrupted that such proceedings were not allowed there. The man of sixty flew into a passion; threatened to chastise the impudent fellow, and made a grand scene. The sequel proved that he was the woman's husband, and I had been for ten years. The clerk humbly apologized; expressed his profound regret, but added that his mistake was natural enough. Asked afterwards to explain, he said he had noticed that the patron of the house had, while sitting on the piazza in the evenings, repeatedly put his arm around his feminine companion and bent down and kissed her warmly, and in his clerical judgment that was not the way husbands were in the habit of treating their own wives.

SENTIMENT—AND SENSE.

To study the world is better than to slum it.

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

To understand the world is better than to condemn it.

Employment for the mind is what thousands are in need of.

By being contemptible we set people's minds to the tune of contempt.

To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

When alone, watch your thoughts; in your family, your temper; in company, your tongue.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.

The David Davis boom, we learn, has been sold to a circus for a bass drum.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND STATE DEBTS.

The Republicans of this State are making a great howl about the doctrine of State rights and the position of the Democratic party on this question. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* has the following to say as to the position of the Republican party on the question of State rights before it had occasion to change its views in order to hold on to the affairs of the government:

In 1850 the Republican party was in the buoyancy of youth, in the hope and pride of a sanguine ambition, and in the meekness of a good behavior, like that of a stranger seeking to make friends. Like most boys it was full of good resolutions. Without patronage, it was compelled to make itself useful to the country, to the cause of justice, to the judgment and reason, and it was forced to base its appeal upon the constitution, the fundamental law of the land. It dared not then openly and flagrantly defy the constitution, for it was humbly knocking at the gates of power. The constitution, even so short a time ago, was held in some respect and reverence. There was something fine in the spectacle of a young and lusty party, in a melancholy minority, without money to disburse or offices to dispense, pleading with millions of men to vote for it because it claimed to represent an idea within the constitution that hovered about freedom. The Republican party never before and never after occupied a position so eminent. It was not yet corrupted by power, and was in some sense made lofty with hope. It seemed to try to stand upon the constitution, and plead for liberty for all men. In that convention of 1850 were some of the men who have lent lustre to the Republican party, and have been identified with its only glories. John A. Andrew was there from Massachusetts, brave, eloquent, lofty, tender, with convictions made beautiful by courage and flavored with sentiment. George S. Boutwell, from the same State, was there, frank, but cautious, somewhat dull but firm, not showy but tireless. Eben F. Stone, who was temporary chairman of the recent Massachusetts Republican Convention, was a delegate, and Wm. Claflin and Samuel Hooper, both since then prominent in the politics of Massachusetts, were delegates to this convention. Gideon Wells, of Connecticut, was a delegate at large, as were William M. Estlin and Preston Kimball, of New York. George William Curtis was the first delegate from the first district of New York; and it was he, of the melodious voice and scholarly face, the gentle, cultured dreamer, then so much of the hope of our literature, who asked the convention if it was prepared to go upon the record as voting down the declaration of independence. William Curtis was there, frank, but cautious, somewhat dull but firm, not showy but tireless. Eben F. Stone, who was temporary chairman of the recent Massachusetts Republican Convention, was a delegate, and Wm. Claflin and Samuel Hooper, both since then prominent in the politics of Massachusetts, were delegates to this convention. Gideon Wells, of Connecticut, was a delegate at large, as were William M. Estlin and Preston Kimball, of New York. 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