STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

—BY—

MART. V. BROWN

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Collections promptly made on all points. Loans negotiated on reasonable terms. Office in Foster's Brick. v14n18tf.

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THE DOCTOR IS A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY Medical College of New York, and is a late member of Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York.

Office in City Drug Store. Residence on South side of Second St., third door east of the main street leading to depot.

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Dr. [illegible]

OCCULIST AND AURIST

[illegible]

DR. GOLDEN HAS HAD EXPERIENCE IN treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are liable. [illegible] place the patient under treatment.

D. C. CLARK

[illegible]

NEW BARBER SHOP!

[illegible] Shop in the rear of Foster's Drug Store, on First street, one door east of S. E. Young's Ale-house, Albany, Oregon.

[illegible] and hair-cutting going on as usual. Rooms opposite Moelwain's store. 10tf



# FIRE FIRE!

# 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!

THE STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

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.
259 pieces Assorted Dress Goods,
500 " Brown and Bleached Cotton,
Black, Navy Blue and Bottle Green Cashmere,
Carpets and Matting.
Black and Colored Silk,
Black Laces,
White Laces,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Hose
8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Sheeting,
50 pieces Gingham,
Gent's and Boys' White and Colored Shirts,
Towels, Napkins, Irish Linen,
Children's Wool Hoods and Jackets,

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."

S. KAHN.


### Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF FORECLOSURE in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Linn, on the 27th day of October, 1879, and an execution issued in pursuance thereof to me directed and delivered, in favor of Kate McCune, Administratrix of the estate of Joseph McCune, deceased, Plaintiff, and against Earlow Mulker and Sarah Ann Mulkey, his wife, W. F. Alliard, Otto Fox and Ignatz Fox, Administrator of the estate of Sigmond Fox, deceased, Defendants, for the sum of $1862 15 in U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month from the 27th day of October, 1879, and the further sum of $150 00 attorney's fees, and the further sum of $32 00 costs; and whereas, the said defendant Ignatz Fox, Administrator as aforesaid, a subsequent mortgagee of the premises hereinafter described, recovered judgment and decree against the defendants Earlow Mulkey and Sarah A. Mulkey his wife for the sum of $868 00, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month from the 27th day of October, 1879, which said last mentioned mortgage is subsequent in time and subject to the mortgage of the said plaintiff Kate McCune, Administratrix as aforesaid, now, therefore, in compliance with the command in said execution and decree, I have levied upon the mortgaged premises situated in Linn county, Oregon, and described in said decree as follows, to-wit:

Beginning eight chains East of the North west corner of the Donation Land Claim of Joseph Robinett, it being Notification No. 2807, Claim No. 51; thence running East 500 chains, thence North 45° East 44 50-100 chains, thence South 45° East 21 74-100 chains, thence South 54° West 51 50-100 chains, thence West 8 76-100 chains, thence North 5 50-100 chains to the place of beginning, containing 65 43-100 acres.

Also the following described premises, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the center of the road leading from Kennell's bridge to Corvallis N. 45½° West 20 10-100 chains distant from another point in the center of said road 11 12-100 chains West of the Southwest corner of the Donation Land Claim of Hiram Bond, in Township 12 S., R. 4 W., of W. Willamette Meridian, running thence South 45¼° East along the center of said road 7 75-100 chains South, 40° West 9 20-100 chs. North, 17½° East 9 42-100 chains North, 54-100° East 5-100 chains to the place of beginning, containing 5 84-100 acres, all in Linn county, Oregon, and on

*Saturday, the 27th day of December, 1879,* at the Court House door in the city of Albany, Linn County, Oregon, a the hour of 1 o'clock P. M., I will sell the said real property, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to satisfy said decree, interest, costs, accruing costs of sale, besides the costs and expenses of sale, beside the plaintiff's costs in the suit, and the attorney's fee allowed, next to the payment of the said mortgage, to satisfy the said decree as aforesaid, to Ignatz Fox as Administrator as aforesaid.

Dated this 14th day of November, 1879.

J. C. DICKEY,

Sheriff of Linn Co., Oregon.

### 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. H. Dodd, Plaintiff, and against George W. Dawson, Mary E. Dawson, his wife, George F. Settlemier and J. G. Reed, Defendants, for the sum of $1039 84-100 in United States gold coin, with interest thereon in like coin from the 1st day of November, 1879, 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 from the defendants George W. Dawson and George F. Settlemier to the said defendant J. G. Reed the sum of $1053 00 in United States gold coin, and the further sum of $50 00 as attorney fees, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of $1103 00 in United States gold coin, with interest thereon in like coin from the 1st day of November, 1879, at the rate of one per cent. per month, now, therefore, by virtue of said writ, and order of sale, I have levied upon the mortgaged premises situated in Linn county, Oregon, described in said decree as follows, to-wit: Donation Land Claim Not. No. 4203, being the Northwest quarter of Section 20, in Township 12 South Range 1 West, in Linn county, Oregon, as known and designated on the recorded plats of the United States surveys on file in the Land Office in Oregon City, Oregon.

Also, Donation Land Claim Not. No. 5352, being the Southeast quarter of the Northeast quarter, and Lots four and five of Section nineteen, and Lots one, two and six of Section twenty, in Township 12 S., R. 1 West, in Linn county, Oregon, as designated on the recorded plats of the United States surveys on file in the Land Office in Oregon City, Oregon, and on

*Saturday, the 13th 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 hereinbefore 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 said sum of $1039 84-100 due to the plaintiff W. H. Dodd or his assigns, with interest as aforesaid, and next to the payment of the said sum of $1103 00 found to be due to the defendant J. G. Reed.

Dated this 14th day of November, 1879.

J. C. DICKEY,

Sheriff of Linn Co., Oregon.


BOOTS!

WM. [illegible]


### FARMING NOW AND IN THE PAST.

**The Difference Between our Methods and our Forefathers'.**

When we look back and view the past history of our country, which rehearses the hardships, privations and discouragements presented to the hardy settlers, and consider the undaunted courage and physical strength brought into requisition in changing the primitive forest to cultivated and fruitful fields, we are almost lost in wonder and amazement at the fortitude manifested by our hardy pioneers. Yet under all these discouraging circumstances, our forefathers and mothers, possessing an iron will, stimulated by fond hopes for better times, gradually overcame and rose above all obstacles in the way of progress, and by providential aid were enabled to succeed; although the scripture passage ("The destruction of the poor is their poverty") must have frequently entered their minds.

Then there was a great lack of the necessary tools for farming operations, and what they were fortunate enough to possess were clumsy, unwieldly things. Now the improved skill and ingenuity of our mechanics and artisans furnish us with implements neatly finished, light, strong and durable, which, placed by the side of those of olden times, would disdain to own a particle of relationship only in name.

Then many a farmer was not the owner of a cart or any other vehicle on wheels—all movables about the farm being drawn on a sled summer and winter. Now no farmer's outfit is at all complete without an array of carts, farm wagons, road wagons or pleasure carriages.

Then the industrious housewife clothed herself and family with the wool and flax produced by her husband's persevering labor, calling to their mutual aid the services of a seamstress and coriwainer at their dwellings, in fashioning the different styles of cloth of home manufacture (for there was no other) into household garments—or in making a year's stock of boots and shoes from the hides and skins transformed into leather at the village tannery. Now the raw material furnished by the farmer is freighted to different manufacturers situated about the country, of various kinds, the manufactured articles find their way from thence to the big sales-rooms of the cities, where they are sold to our country merchants, who retail them in turn to the producer of the of the raw material. This is one of the existing evils of our present style of doing business, which we may hope the present generation of farmers may remedy—we pay too many profits.

Then their plows were made of wood plated with iron and an iron plowshare pointed with steel; and when cast iron plows were first introduced they were scouted as of too brittle material for service in our stony fields—but for long years they have done and are now doing good service. Now the steel plows, the various kinds of cultivators, the horse hoe and the harrow are doing much of the labor once performed by the cast-iron plow.

Then our grain was cut with a sickle by hand-labor, at a subsequent date the grain-cradle was introduced to supersede the sickle. Now the great labor-saving reaper drawn by horse-power, with its broad sweep of swath and automatic or self-raking movement, depositing the grain in good condition for the binders, is taking the place of all former inventions for harvesting the various kinds of grain.

Then the grain was threshed with a flail at the rate of ten or fifteen bushels per day; this labor on many farms would occupy the time of a man a good portion of the winter. Now the horse-power propels the patent thresher and separator at the rate of 200 to 400 bushels daily.

Then the linen and woolen wheels, necessary aids to the loom so common and so indispensible in every household, the buzz and clatter of which was music more sweet and delightful than any thumbed from a $500 piano by any modern performer, as it brought health, peace and competence. Now if you would find any of the necessities of olden time you must visit some out of the way shed-chamber or unfrequented garret where you may possibly find the remnants of these ancient implements of industry, which may have escaped the vandalism of thoughtless boys.

Then the mower's scythe, which every boy was early learned to swing with a dextrous hand, and with which many a proud trial of skill was manifested between competitors in bringing into use every muscle of the body that will aid him in reaching the desired goal. Now that the Clipper and Buckeye and a host of other good machines are brought into requisition in severing the full-grown grass from the freebold, the time-honored scythe, whose bright and shining blade was once the pride of many a youthful son—is almost totally neglected, and is thought to hang much more lightly in the shed-chamber, or on an old apple-tree, where the rust corrodes and blackens its once keen-cutting edge.

Then the sower of small grain plodded over the fields with his basket of grain on his left arm, from which the grain was scattered over the furrows of the broad acres with a right free hand. Now he hitches horses to a combined machine (seed-sower and cultivator), geared for the desired amount of seed to the acre, drives and sows and covers in the seed at one time, saving the labor of six men. Then we had no machine for harvesting the grain, but we had more men, and could do more even and much more rapid work than can be done by hand, regardless of weather, except during a very high wind, which is a great detriment to harvesting any grain with a machine.

Then our farmers had no machine for cutting and binding the grain, but they had more men, and could do more work than can be done by hand, and when the grain is up smooth to show the rows, a man with a pair of horses hitched to a horse-hoe will hoe out the ten acres in a day as thoroughly as generally done by hand.

Then if a new ax was wanted the neighboring blacksmith was applied to, who would forge out a rough, uncouth thing and call it an ax and neither ground nor polished, and woe to the boy who would be compelled to turn the grindstone six hours, more or less, to bring the clumsy thing in condition for use. Now the hardware store (a blessed institution!) will furnish an implement at less cost than the one before described, beautiful for symmetry, and so highly polished as to reflect the image of the chopper as he wields his keen-cutting implement.

NEBO MONT.

### A Shocking Casualty.

One of the most distressing affairs that we have ever been called upon to chronicle is that of the violent death of a young man named James McKillop, of Willamina, and the shocking fate that followed his remains after death. The body of the young man was found, on Saturday last, literally ground to fragments under a large load of rails, where it is supposed it had lain for the past twenty days. The circumstances of the case are reported to us substantially as follows: On the day above mentioned Mr. Cochram took up a horse wearing a halter and a collar which he recognized as one belonging to Mr. E. F. Lamson, and mistrusting that something was wrong hastened to Lamson's residence with the horse. Lamson had recently sold the horse to young McKillop, and he in turn was struck, upon sight of the animal, with the conviction that some evil had befallen its master, and in company with several neighbors, commenced a search. Mr. Lamson knew that McKillop had been hauling rails from his—Lamson's—land, and at once turned his steps in the direction of the rail timber. The party had not gone but a very short distance when the object of their search lay before them in all its sickening ghastliness; there they found upon a steep hillside a wagon piled up in general wreck and ruin with the load of rails which lay upon the body of the young man and from which only his head and forearms protruded. Decomposition had rendered the body almost unapproachable, but finally, by means of hooks and blankets it was gotten out and taken to the village of Willamina, where a respectful burial was given it as possible under the circumstances. Before the body was removed a jury, consisting of H. Bailey, E. F. Lamson, Sames Miller, I. N. Branson, M. Booth and H. W. Lamson, were summoned by T. N. Faulconer, Justice of the Peace, and rendered a verdict according to the evidence that lay before them. The hill upon which the accident occurred was a very steep one and young McKillop had on a heavy load. It was evident that he had locked his wagon by tying the hind wheels with a rope, but it was also evident that in his descent one wheel had struck a tree which tore the rigging loose and let the wagon lurch forward with resistless force till it swung around, was capsized and hurled into a promiscuous wreck, with its human freight underneath the whole outfit. In the evolutions of the affair one horse was detached from the team, but the other was still held by its harness, and remained with the rig until the day it was discovered. The poor beasts had gnawed several trees and cropped everything bare within its reach, and when rescued, though still alive, was barely able to move, though he was gotten down to Mr. Lamson's pasture and was doing well at last accounts.

### THE RAILROAD BOYS.

**Henry Ward Beecher Says a Good Word for Them.**

Mr. Beecher had some very kind words to say in behalf of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He said he could not pay too high a tribute to the faithful engineers and conductors who manage the trains on the eighty thousand miles of railroad in this country. The public does not begin to appreciate how much it owes to these men. If one could take a bird's-eye view of the whole country on some week day, he could see thousands of railroad trains speeding on their course and he would be surprised to see how regularly they stopped and started again, and how marvelously exempt they were from accidents. If any one could foot up the number of miles traveled by all the people in one year, and then divide that by the number of persons in railroad accidents during the same time, the quotient would be amazing. He believed that insurance men had really solved this problem, but he had not the figures at hand to show the result. But he did know that, strange as it may seem, it was safer to travel than to stay at home. A man starting off on a trip to San Francisco seldom concerned himself about his own safety, but was always fearing lest some accident might happen to his wife or children at home. But the debt which the public owed to these men for their vigilance was small compared with that other debt which it owes them on account of their care, civility and gallantry. Thus a lady, single and alone, might travel from the center of Maine to the bank of Oregon, and in a manner as free from annoyance as if she was at her own home. Mr. Beecher said that few men in this country had traveled more he had, and he could bear witness to all that he said.

[illegible] and talking about [illegible] journey, he started "to go down to the office and balance the books." On his return home he had been asking around [illegible] Every man has his prejudices, and every woman her bias.

### Mark Twain's Cold.

The first time I began to sneeze a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot weather and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after another friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger, who had just opened his restaurant on Cortlandt street, near the hotel, that morning, paying so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it, anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this everybody in the hotel became interested, and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and loaf sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy, but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aqua fortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine-glassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days. When I felt a little better more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey buzzard and had to change my boarding place. At this new place they suggested a different remedy to any yet tried. A sheet bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a column. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beatings of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this a friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw a child with such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy. After all this experience you cannot wonder that I dread going to New York.

S. L. CLEMENS, (Mark Twain.)

### DIRECTOR'S MEETING.

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
RECORDING SECY'S OFFICE,
SALEM, OR., Nov. 17, 1879.

There will be a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association held at the Secretary's office in Salem, on Tuesday, December 2, 1879, at which meeting all of the board and officers are earnestly requested to be present, as business of considerable importance will be brought before the meeting. By order of

HON. M. CRAWFORD, Pres.

J. HENRY BROWN, Rec. Sec.

[State papers respectfully requested to publish the above.]

### A CAMPAIGN OFFER.

To any one sending us the names of five new subscribers, accompanied by the cash, we will send the DEMOCRAT free for one year. We make this offer because we are very desirous of increasing our circulation for the great political campaign of 1880. We respectfully solicit the assistance of Democrats generally in the work of procuring subscribers for our paper. If the subscriptions are sent in before the expiration of the present year we will add to the balance of this year free, and send the paper for the full twelve months in 1880.

A recent obituary notice says: "Mr. Smith was an [illegible] man. He died with perfect resignation. He has recently been married."

### FROM OUT THE DEPTHS.

**The Body of the Little Daughter of Mrs. Merrill, the Widow who was Recently Drowned at Seattle, Picked up on the Beach.**

The following from the Seattle Daily *Post* is as handsomely written an article as we have read for some time:

One week ago last night, Mrs. Merrill and her little daughter Ruth stepped off the North Seattle wharf into the water and into eternity. As it is well known the body of the unfortunate lady was recovered before the lapse of three hours, but the body of little Ruth was stolen away by the merciless waters and the most untiring efforts of grief-stricken friends were unavailing to wrest from the waters their secret. At the funeral of Mrs. Merrill it was remarked that the terrible accident was intensified by the fact that while the mother was sleeping peacefully in the cemetery, the grave of the little one who held her mother's hand so confidingly as they together walked unconsciously into death, was unknown save only to the whispering waves and winds. There was something so sad and pathetic in this thought that more than one tear fell for the little girl as the mother's form was lowered into its last resting place.

Search has been continued and watch kept along the beach to the north of the city in the hope that the body would arise to the surface and float ashore. And so, this morning, the body of little Ruth was found lying on the beach about 300 yards below the old warehouse in North Seattle. It was so hard to see the child lying on the cold, unfeeling ground, the light, brown hair matted and entwined with seaweed and the clothes filled and soiled with sand and stained by the cruel waters. The little form had lain nearly all night so, with its upturned face beaten upon by the cold and pitiless rain. One little hand was lying by its side and the other was raised up to its head, it took no quick imagination to believe, in pleading for friends who came too late to save.

Relations were notified of the finding of the body and at 2 o'clock it was followed to the cemetery and placed beside its mother, and so they sleep together at last.

### OUR VOLUNTEERS AT THE OUTSET OF THE WAR.

Beyond a very little drill, our officers at the outset knew nothing of their duties. I have seen a colonel, a man of much militia experience, deploy column under fire in such a fashion as to bring his rear rank in front, and the right of every company where the left should be, with the necessary result of throwing his regiment into utter confusion. I have seen a captain sent out on vidette when he did not know what a vidette was, and formed his men as skirmishers. Commandants of grand guard were ignorant of the necessity of vigilance, and thought it was a shame not to let their tired "boys" sleep on on post. No one can estimate the number of brave men who perished uselessly in small operations because their immediate officers did not know how to manage them. In large operations it was still worse. Of men fit for independent commands, or even fit to handle a division under clear instructions, the State troops had none to offer, as they always will have none. If we had not been opposed to men as ill-directed as ourselves, and if we had not had the science of West Point and the regular service to organize and discipline and guide us, our early experiences would have been far more disastrous than they were. The chief strength of the volunteer forces lay in the very superior character of the rank and file. They were brave, intelligent, self-respecting citizens, determined to master their new duties and determined to win. Mere drill they learned rapidly, and to admirable perfection. They soon discovered, the necessity of discipline, and actually aided their officers in establishing it. Of their patience under the cruelty of forced marches, and of their courage on the field of battle, I cannot write even now without a throb of emotion. The fragment of my old company in its last bloody fight with a gallant enemy made charge after charge under a corporal. "You don't go into such a place because you like it," explained a trooper, describing a dash through a cannon-swept valley; "you go in because you are ashamed to go back on the boys." "It's a burning shame that the captain should be sent up without his own company!" exclaimed a private soldier, when his officer was ordered forward to rally a forlorn hope which had already lost three commanders. "We may as well do it to-day as to-morrow," said the man to one another, as they advanced under Sheridan to recover the field of Cedar Creek. Such was the spirit of the masses of that memorable army, and also, as I suppose, of the very similar army which confronted it. Self-respect, a noble feeling of comradeship, earnest purpose and common sense supplied in a great measure the lack of complete discipline and of trained regimental officers.—*November Atlantic.*

### False Impression.

It is generally supposed by physicians and the people generally that Dyspepsia cannot be cured, but we are pleased to say that Graves' Rocky Mountain Tea, never, to our knowledge, failed to cure Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint in all its forms, such as Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, foul taste in the mouth, &c. Out of hundreds cured last year, not a single failure was reported, but the same or equal benefit received from druggists of wonderful cures. Three doses will relieve any case; try it! Sample bottles 10 cents, Regular size 75 cents. For sale by all druggists.

### SEYMOUR AND McDONALD.

**The Washington "Post" Names an Invincible Ticket for 1880.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—This morning's *Post*, in an article headed "The Men for 1880," says of the result of Tuesday's election:

The defeat of Gov. Robinson in New York finally disposes of the Presidential aspiration of Mr. Tilden. That gentleman staked his all on the result of the Gubernatorial contest and has lost. The issue was perfectly plain from the beginning. Mr. Tilden made it himself and the party accepted it. Robinson has been beaten, badly beaten, and in his failure is contained the positive proof of Tilden's inability to carry New York, and his consequent unfitness as a Presidential candidate. We have now the right to demand that Mr. Tilden, having thus conclusively established his weakness, give way to men better qualified to lead the Democratic party in the national battle of next year.

New York has established its position as a Democratic State. Any man whom the National Convention shall nominate can carry it next fall—except Mr. Tilden. The National Democracy cannot risk their hopes of success in the coming Presidential contest on the feelings of one man, and that an unworthy one. Our candidate next year must be able to unite every element of the party in his favor in every State in the Union, and especially in New York.

The article concludes as follows:

Seymour and McDonald would be invincible. Seymour would carry New York against Grant, Sherman, Blaine or any one whom the Republicans could put in the field. McDonald could not be beaten in Indiana. The South will come up solidly to the support of any candidate we may name. This is the ticket to win. Let us nominate it.

### AN ESSAY ON MAN.

Man was made in dry weather.

He was made of dust.

Quite a number have never recovered from their creator. They are still dry.

It is a man's nature to be discontented.

Adam had a monopoly but he could not be happy without some one to crow over.

For a while he knocked around over the Garden of Eden, and then went to the house, but he had to cook his own supper; there was no storewood chopped, and things were in a bad shape generally.

The next morning it was the same way. He had to make his own bed and sweep out. His socks were dirty, and his arm would run through a hole in his sleeve. So he was dissatisfied.

The next night, when he went to sleep, the Creator punished him by making one of his ribs into a woman—a great misfortune to the race.

It has been six thousand years since that rib was lost, and yet man continues feeling for it.

This is a very feeling subject.

Pursuit in this case is said to be sweeter than possession.

After Eve got acquainted with her mate she vowed that all men in the world were not worth Adam.

Goliah was a man.

He was a bigger man than Grant, but he couldn't steal as many slings.

A fop is a male who is ashamed of his sex, and tries to conceal the fact that he is a man.

Concealment in such cases is attended with but little trouble. It is only necessary to part the hair in the middle.

The family man resembles an oyster on the half shell.

The shell is his home—the soft side abroad.

Some men carry this resemblance in their faces. A great many have countenances like oysters.

Job is said to have been a very patient man.

He had boils all over him.

Many a man boils all over himself when the preacher reaches "thirteenthly" on a hot summer day, and never thinks of the grandeur of Job's example.

It is natural for a man to disregard a good example.

### Love-sick Maidens Determined to Die.

Many months ago, in that part of the city of Bordeaux which is known as the Quarter de la Comedie a scene was enacted, which, if it had been allowed to take its course, would have warranted the change of the name of the district into that of tragedy. Two young sisters, dressed in white garments, were discovered half asphyxiated in a room, from the middle of which a brazier sent forth the deadly fumes of burning charcoal. The windows were immediately opened, and after two or three days care in the hospital the girls recovered. They had been crossed in love, it appeared, and deeming life not worth keeping, they did their best to abandon it quietly and painlessly. So closed the first act of the drama. One day, by the side of an avenue of poplar trees leading to the residence of a gentleman of Bordeaux were found the bodies of two young women. Blood was trickling from their corpses, and lay in a pool around them. Two revolvers were close to their hands, and the people who quickly collected around the spot recognized in the dead before them the sisters who had previously attempted to commit suicide as mentioned above. A letter addressed by one of them to a local paper threw a sinister light on the history of these poor maidens. "We shall die," so ran the letter, "close to his abode." The name of the owner of the avenue of poplars was here mentioned, and relative, no doubt, to the family and friends of the people who, instead of repeating what they have said, actually had played a fearful comedy in order to become his bride. No wonder that parents find their children wanting in filial love when they are such as they.