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BETSEY'S BONNET.

"Well, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home, I suppose, all done, crops all harvested, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain, country farmer in a suit of homespun gray.

"Wa'l, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bonnet; a real nice one; just as good a Yorker might want. Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this spring. Times are good, too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsey ain't look as good as anybody. 'Spose you don't want to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see—4 o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you want mind that, 'Come on!"

So they walked up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated out of the farmer's garments, which at home were worn all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carelessness. There was little likeness in their faces—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blonde mustache and settling of close brown curls to the bronzed and hairless one, with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well brushed hat; but the blue eyes were the same in both, and like those that were closed forever under the sod in the apple orchard of Uncle Abel's farm, where he had died in a fit of palsy when Johnny was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman; in spite of his perfumed hair and well gloved hand his heart was as true as steel to the good friend of his boyhood, and the inquiring glance of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madam Rossett's at last, and John lounged in the doorway as he straightway engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face of the girls in attendance. Josie Mellet, radiant with smiles and a little artificial bloom, came forward with the most bewitching glance to wait on the farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and fancying that she would show her superior quality by so doing made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel sensationally. Poor old man! He never was so miserable in all his life.

In response he would have made no trouble whatever. Miss Gaudoin, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get, and his little gray eyes would not have confused him in the least.

But here was a fine lady, with a great circumference of black silk trailing on along the carpet, a waist not bigger than a wafer, a head on which the hair seemed to grow in curls and curls to get away from the shoulders, and a pair of great black eyes looking straight at him, while the daisied held up one style after another, or tied them on capably, but derived no help from him.

"Now young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—red goal ones. None of your poor old-fashioned things for my wife!"

"Itching said this, Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no more trouble with her. Miss Josie called out and returned with a white chip gypsy, trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a red rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now, that will be just what you want, I am sure; only twenty-five dollars, too—so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel contented afterwards that he felt quite confounded at the price, but he did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh! It ain't a bit like Betsey's old one, though."

whereabouts on that dear old head any of those gypseys or fanchions would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her arrangements, and that this operation resulted in a hard knot at the back of her head, like a door-knob handle, which certainly would not harmonize with the capless head dresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with this thought, the pale girl came near Uncle Abel, her cheeks blushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Legion bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbon.

"She wore a mourning dress, and the plain bonnet at her throat held a lock of gray hair."

"I think this might suit you, sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions, these bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."

"Wa'l, now, tell me, for I have got so mixed with these things that I don't know one from the other. I want to get a bonnet for Betsey, and I mean to. Now just tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this! Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see, and she touched the sleeve of her black dress. 'I—I am sorry!'"

The young girl brushed off a tear quickly as she said, "I have no mother now; but if you will trust me, sir, I think this will suit."

"The girl stood, hitherto, just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Standing in the sound of her voice attracted him, and when Uncle Abel called—"

"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough toward them. The girl thrust the bonnet into Uncle Abel's hands, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught on one of the branching stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy Egbert, have I found you at last!"

"The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, still holding the hat in his hand, looking open-mouthed from one to the other.

"These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their base, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest, the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Luttiburg, of New Orleans, says that he once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but he was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like young puppies."

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snow flakes on her brow, allowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but she is not sweet and beautiful now! The lips are thin and sunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, but it ever glazes with the soft radiance of love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but she feels as she is, she will go further, and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You can not walk into a midnight where she can not see you; you can not enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can not mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues, until you almost forget your soul is disgraced by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

DEAR OLD MOTHER.

WINE THAT IS NOT WINE.

The wine crop in France last year was so deficient that the manufacture of wine from various articles was resorted to. All the means to be found were brought up, and wine factories sprang up all over the country. At first there was a profit of 100 per cent. on wine thus made, but competition has rendered the production unprofitable, and other substances are now resorted to. Wine is now produced from glucose, a sugary matter obtained from the potato, out of the residues of molasses, out of rotten apples, dried prunes, dates, figs and all kinds of refuse fruit, and even out of bectone. These abominable liquids are colored artificially and doctored with Spanish or white wines, and the imposture has reached such a pitch that not one-third of the wine drunk in Paris is real grape wine. The principal dealers have taken steps to put a stop to the fraud.—London Times.

The latest advices from the far west state that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad is being pushed southward toward the Pacific coast at the rate of nearly two miles per day, while the Southern Pacific is going eastward to meet it at an equally rapid rate. The average of track laid during the last thirty days having been 11,000 feet per day, and it is confidently expected that the two lines will meet before the end of January, and that the new line will then be opened through to San Francisco.

Eldest daughter—"I thing you might let me come out, mamma! I'm twenty, you know, and surely I've finished my education. Festive mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of chaperone and wallflower)—"Not yet, my love. Society is so hallow! I really must preserve that sweet girlish freshness of yours a little while longer."

"Punch."

"Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree—"Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for office," answered the Colonel.

"There is one part," said old Amy Homson, "of almost everybody strives for, and that's none other than 'What part is that, Aunt?' asked her nephew, and she meaningly answered, "Support."

"Oh, my friends," exclaimed a temperance orator, "that I had a window in my heart, that you might all look in and see the truth of that I tell you."

"Wouldn't a pain of your stomach do as well?" yelled a small boy.

CURRENT NOTES.

"Milk white!" "Nonsense; who ever saw a milkman's milk that was milk white!"

"A man never looks so much like a red-headed villain as when he is told by the photographer to 'look pleasant!'"

"The lightning used on theatrical stages costs \$20 an ounce; but there is no lightning in the world that will kill a \$60 brig and a \$12 brig and so beautifully for about two cents. A little lightning is a dangerous thing.—Boston Globe.

There are so many inventions that "cannot get out of order," and "will last a lifetime," that anybody who will last discover something that will get out of order and will only last long enough to be carried home, will supply a long felt want.—Boston Transcript.

"My experience in this life has taught me that man who swears mules wild his eyes shut an sartin to get de wust ob hit. Bruddey feelin' goes a good ways in case ob sickness, or want, or death; but it seldom reaches down to a loss trade. If I war by'n' a mule of a man I had knowed all my life, I should begin at de hooft an' look at dat axilla ob ear clar up to de point ob de nose. I shouldn't spect him to tell me dat he had filed down any tef or pulled ober any hoof cracks. My advice an not to lie or deceive in tradin mules, but to answer so few questions as you kin, an' swim sort of keeless whether your offer an accepted or not."

A lawyer, however skillful in cross-examination, can not succeed in telling the truth, provided the witness wishes to evade it. It is impossible to put a question in such exact language that it will demand the desired answer. It was necessary on a certain occasion in court to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which Mr. Smith treated his horse.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown all suspicions as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride?" The witness looked up and innocently replied:

"Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe."

"But, sir, what gat does he ride?" The imperterable witness answered: "He never rides any gat at all, sir, but I've seen his boy ride every gat on the farm."

The lawyer saw that he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating.

"How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in the company of others? I demand a clear answer."

Business notices in the Local Column 20 cents per line.

For legal or transient advertisements 15 cents per square, for the first insertion, and 10 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, who term as Lord Mayor of London has just expired, fed 12,000 visitors at breakfasts, luncheons and dinners during his year of office.

Rosa Bonheur, Mlle. Dodu and Madame Bléant, together with five sisters of charity, are the only women, it is said, entitled to wear the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The Duchess of Westminster is accused of wearing diamonds of such immense size that they can only be compared to the fortune teller's crystal ball, and are only interesting to the laity.

One of the Harvard faculty has a little daughter whose feet have been bandaged and crippled since her birth to make them small! It is true that he is a Chinese Mandarin. To him, lately, in Cambridge, was born a son.

The swallow-tail coat is the proper coat for full dress occasions, but for many day receptions and weddings the Prince Albert frock coat is worn, made of black diagonal cloth, with vest of the same and dark, mixed pantaloons.

There is a great scarcity of "inevitable" young men in Washington, a sad state of things, which is accounted for by the Star of that city by the fact that almost every family invites young ladies to visit it and nobody asks young gentlemen.

During the progress of a wedding at a New York church the other day one of the bridesmaids came forward at the wrong time to arrange the bride's glove finger for the ring, whereupon the bride laughed outright and the clergyman looked astonished.

Admiral Glyn, to whom Miss Nelson left her fortune, was hindered from marrying her, it is said, by the disapproval of the Prince of Wales. The Prince has lately had him to shoot deer with him in Scotland, and he was also invited to dine with the Queen at Balmoral.

A French paper says that Lady Dudley is one of the most beautiful women in Great Britain. She is 30 years old—the age referred to by Balzac—her eyes are blue, her features adorably delicate, and her figure as ethereal as that of a sylph. She takes gloves at 51 and boots at 41.

While a girl was using a celluloid comb a few days ago, it came in contact with a gas jet and was consumed in a flash, burning her face. Fortunately there are no longer any red-hot combs in the market, therefore it is not necessary to warn them of the risk they run in using celluloid combs.

A lady in Kansas propounds this interesting query: "What shall we do with our daughters?" And a farmer in the same neighborhood wants to know: "What shall we do with our corn?" The editor of a Topeka paper, eager to make himself useful and popular with both parties says: "Let us feed our corn to our daughters."

A fashion authority says: "A bride may wear white gloves, or else of a lighter shade than her traveling dress, and the groom's gloves must match hers. The ushers wear gloves similar to those of the groom. If the groom has a best man they come to the altar together, entering from the vestry room, and the bride's father brings the bride up the aisle to them. If he does not have a best man, the groom takes the bride's mother to church, and the parents stand just behind the bridal pair during the ceremony."

The Queen of Italy is much more popular than the King, and the people have made the Marguerite the national flower, in deference to her name. French fans have come to the front once again. They may be considered almost a novelty after their long exile from beauty's toilet. Helicones and other fashionable colors are set off with peacock feathers or the familiar marabout. A rich design is old-gold satin, brocaded with Japanese cubes and circles mounted on carved ebony sticks. But, with all their smartness, the gorgeous blaze of the Mandarin fan—paper though it be—is preferable, because more artistic in coloring and design.

Exactly—"I say, Clem," cried two disputing dandies, appealing for decision to a sable umpire, "which word is right—dizactly or dezactly?" The sable umpire reflected a moment and then, with a look of wisdom, said, "I can't tell perzactly."

"Ma," said a young lady to her mother, "is it wrong for young folks to lace round dances?" "I think," broke in a maiden aunt, "that when young folks dance round, dances there had better be some old folks round."

"Come," said one of a couple of lawyers sauntering through the State Capitol the other day, "lets take a look at the new court room." "Yes," said the other, "let's view the ground where we shall shortly be."

"What is meant by the power behind the throne?" asked the teacher. "The ace," replied a smart boy, "which is greater than the king." F. S.—The a. b. stayed in after school.

Even a deacon won't say grace when he steps into a railroad eating house. He knows that it would be asking too much to request that he be made thankful for anything he gets there.

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