STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

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STEWART & GREY.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Albany, Oregon.
Office in Foster's Brick Block. v15n18tf.

R. S. STRAHAN. L. BILYEU.
STRAHAN & BILYEU,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW
Albany, Oregon.
PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF this State. They give special attention to collections and probate matter. Office in Foster's new brick. 49tf

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
—AND—
Notary Public.
Albany, Oregon.
Office upstairs, over John Briggs' store, 1st street. v14n23tf

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
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Office up stairs in the Odd Fellow's Temple.
Collections a specialty. ap21.

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(NOTARY PUBLIC,)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF THE State. Special attention given to collections and probate matter.
Office in Odd Fellow's Temple. [14:2

J. C. POWELL. W. R. BILYEU.
POWELL & BILYEU,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
ALBANY, - - - OREGON.
Collections promptly made on all points. Loans negotiated on reasonable terms.
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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Office in the Court House v10n29y1.

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Will practice in all the Courts of this State. Special attention given to collections. Office up-stairs in Froman's new brick. 22

GEORGE W. BARNES,
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—AND—
Notary Public,
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Collections promptly made on all points.

E. G. JOHNSON, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon.
Albany, Oregon.
Office in Froman's Brick, two doors East of Conner's Bank. n10

Dr. T. L. GOLDEN,
OCCULIST AND AURIST
SALEM, OREGON.
DR. GOLDEN HAS HAD EXPERIENCE IN treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care. no8tf.

T. W. HARRIS, M. D.
Office in Foster's Brick, next door to office of Powell & Bilyeu.
Residence in the two-story frame building on South side of Second street, one block and a half East of Wheeler & Dickey's Livery Stable.
Albany, - - - - - - - Oregon.
vol6n19tf

DR. E. O. HYDE,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Foshay & Mason's.
Residence on Broadalbin St., Albany, Or. v16n22tf

ALBANY
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
ALBANY, OR.
The Third Term will open on Monday, January 31, 1881.
For particulars concerning the courses of study and the price of tuition, apply to
REV. HERBERT N. CONDIT, President.

ALBANY MEAT MARKET.
Fresh Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal and Sausage always on hand.
Highest Cash Price paid for all kinds of fat stock. 42tf LEVI WEST

REVERE HOUSE,
Corner First and Ellsworth Albany, Oregon.
Chas. Pfeiffer, Prop'r.
This new Hotel is fitted up in first class style. Tables supplied with the best the market affords. Spring Beds in every Room. A good Sample Room for Commercial Travelers.
Free Coach to and from the Hotel.

MONEY is now being made faster than ever by those at work for us. Persons of either sex can make $95 a week in their own towns if they are willing to work. No risk. $5 outfit free. Any one can run the business. Capital not required. All who engage prosper. No one fails. Particulars free. Address, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW FIRM!
R. SALTMARSH. E. W. LANGDON
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT R. Saltmarsh has sold to E. W. Langdon a one-half interest in his
DRUG STOCK
AND FIXTURES.
The new firm will continue business at the old stand,
COR. 1ST AND ELLSWORTH STS.
CALL AND SEE THEM.
All outstanding accounts and indebtedness contracted previous to March 1st, 1881, will be collected and paid by Mr. Saltmarsh. n32tf.

ALBANY
MARBLE WORKS
ALBANY, OREGON.
STAIGER BROS. - Proprietors.
MONUMENTS, TABLETS,
—AND—
HEADSTONES
Executed in Italian or Vermont Marble.
Also, every variety of cemetery and other stone work done with neatness and dispatch.
Special attention given to orders from all parts of this State and Washington Territory.
All work warranted. 16:35

ALBANY FOUNDRY
—AND—
MACHINE SHOP.
ESTABLISHED 1865.
By A. F. CHERRY, situated at corner of First and Montgomery Streets, Albany, Oregon.
Having taken charge of the above named Works, we are prepared to manufacture Steam Engines, Saw and Grist Mills, Wood-working Machinery, Pumps, Iron and Brass Castings of every description.
Machinery of all kinds repaired. Special attention given to repairing farm machinery.
Pattern Making done in all its forms.
16:11y1 A. F. CHERRY & SON.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.
DRS. STARKEY AND PALEN'S NEW Treatment by Inhalation for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.
Packages may be conveniently sent by express, ready for immediate use at home.
All requisites and full directions in each package.
Information and supplies can be had of H. E. MATHEWS, 606 Montgomery Street, S. F., Cal.
—ALSO—
AUDIPHONES EARPHONES } FOR {DEAF
People. On trial before purchase. Don't waste your money otherwise. Send for Free Pamphlet. 28

The Corvallis Fruit Co.
Will purchase Plummer dried fruit at full market prices;
Will send a competent person to advise fruit growers as to cultivation of or additions to orchards;
Will supply fruit trees of approved sorts at moderate prices;
Will sell Plummer Driers through Linn, Benton and Lane counties.
Letters to be sent to Corvallis Fruit Company, Corvallis, Benton County, Oregon.
WALLIS NASH, President.
JAMES READMAN, Sec'y.
January 1, 1880. 24w6

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

GUIDE TO SUCCESS
WITH FORMS FOR BUSINESS AND SOCIETY.
is BY FAR the best Business and Social Guide and Hand-Book ever published. Much the latest. It tells both sexes completely HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to be Your Own Lawyer. How to do business Correctly and Successfully. How to act in Society and in every part of life, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference. AGENTS WANTED for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attractions sells better than any other, apply for terms to
F. DEWING & CO., San Francisco.
18n6

Albany Bath House.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTfully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that I have taken charge of this Establishment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor us with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
we expects to give entire satisfaction to all Childien and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOS WERBER.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.
We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address and test the business we make this offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address, GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 2y1

NEW YORK SHOPPING!
Everybody delighted with the tasteful and beautiful selections made by Mrs. Lamar, who has never failed to please her customers. New Fall Circular just issued. Send for it. Address
MRS. ELLEN LAMAR,
18:7tf 877 Broadway, New York.

Selected Story.

ROMANCE OF A POCKETBOOK.

I was just twenty-five when I first met Alice Thorne, the daughter and heiress of George Thorne, the great banker.

I fell desperately in love with the charming girl, knowing well that such love was utter madness.

Her father was reported to be a very proud, ambitious man, who would look high for a son-in-law. I felt that he would not so much as give me hearing to my suit; and, as to winning her without his consent, what would that bring to her but misery? I had nothing with which to repay or compensate her for the sacrifice of a marriage with my poverty.

So we bade good-bye without a word of explanation, though I knew she read the anguish in my heart, and tears were in soft eyes averted from me. I kissed the trembling hand she placed in mine, and turned away and bade farewell to her and hope together.

Scarcely had I got back to town and was striving earnestly to drown vain regret in the bustle and interest of business when a terrible misfortune fell upon me. Mr. Overton had given me a check for $20,000, desiring me to go to the bank and get it cashed. Having executed the commission and returned, imagine my horror on discovering that the pocketbook containing the money was gone.

Whether stolen by villians or lost by my own carelessness, what mattered it? It was gone, and I utterly ruined.

What I suffered the next few hours God only knows; and when after being dismissed, I returned to my own room, I was nearly desperate; not only had I lost a lucrative position, but my future appeared to be irretrievably blasted, for there are suspicions which are as fatal to a man morally as would be physically the wound of a rifle ball.

But I was young and of a hopeful nature, and I began to realize that I had been leniently dealt with. On recalling all that had happened after my leaving the bank, and the utter impossibility of the pocketbook being taken from the breast of my coat, I came to the conclusion that I must have dropped it, and thereupon I resolved to have recourse to all means in my power to recover the money.

I had saved during the past few years a considerable portion of my salary, and determined to devote it to the purpose I had in view. I advertised daily in all the prominent journals, not offering the customary reward, but described my unfortunate position, my honor lost and my fortune blasted.

For two weeks I kept my loss before the public, and had almost begun to despair of any favorable results when, one morning, a stranger came to me a tall, dark, stern looking man, who regarded me with a pair of kindly brown eyes that had something familiar about them.

The stranger declined the seat I offered him, and began at once speaking brusquely and to the point. "I have heard of your loss," he said. "I have read your advertisement in the papers, and I feel deeply interested in and for you. I have just left your late employers, and after the satisfactory manner in which all my questions were answered, I became your surety for the $20,000."

"What!"

I sprang towards him in the wildest excitement.

"Oh, sir," I began, but he soon stopped me.

"Let me finish," said he. "I've done this because I am convinced that you are an upright, honest man, and the greatest proof of my confidence I can give you is that I am about to offer you the position of cashier in my banking house. My name, sir, is George Thorne."

George Thorne, the father of Alice, the girl I loved! Ah, the mystery was solved! It was of her his eyes reminded me; it was to her I was indebted for this help.

Fifteen years had flown since I had lost the pocketbook. I had now become a prosperous man, surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth affords. I had found in Mr. Thorne more than a patron; I found a friend. Under a brusque manner he had a heart of gold. From the first day of our acquaintance he had evinced toward me the liveliest interest and affection.

I was soon made partner, and when, on a certain blessed day, I became the husband of Alice and his son in-law, he presented me with a receipt for $20,000 that he had paid to the Messrs. Overton for my loss.

So time went on. The banking house known as the firm of Thorne & Wallace was the firm a thriving condition.

I had a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and yet with all these sources of happiness, I was not quite contented, there was a crease in the rose leaf.

For some time past I had been vainly endeavoring to account for the extraordinary interest which my father-in-law had taken in me, because I discovered, as I grew older and saw more of this selfish, egotistical world, that very few such generous actions were performed without motive, and the solution of this, to me, difficult problem frequently occupied my thoughts.

At first I had attributed it all to Alice's influence, but I knew now that it had been as great a surprise to her as to myself.

About this time Dr. Ponard, one of Mr. Thorne's most intimate friends, arrived in New York, and one morning while sitting at breakfast expressed great surprise at the numerous advertisements in the papers relating to money lost and found.

"Well," said he, "I have not the least sympathy for those who lose money. They are generally careless, stupid people, not fit to be trusted; although I remember having heard of a young man having lost a pocketbook some years ago containing twenty thousand dollars, and I declare when I read his piteous appeals, which were in all the papers, my heart fairly ached for him. But," continued he, addressing my father-in-law, who had become very pale, "you ought to remember the circumstances, for it occurred just at the time of the great failure in Philadelphia by which you were so heavy a loser."

"Yes, I recollect the affair," replied Mr. Thorne, who appeared to be suffering.

"I never heard," continued the doctor, "what became of the poor devil, and yet I should like to know."

"Should you?" said I laughing, then let me gratify your curiosity. I, Arthur Wallace, am that poor devil, doctor; saved from ruin and despair by my benefactor here." And then I related all the events of the last fifteen years.

The doctor sprang to his feet and grasped his old friend's hand.

"Well and generously done!" said he, but Mr. Thorne interrupted him.

"I am not well," he said, faintly. "I suffer greatly—let me go to my room."

The next day he sent for me to his private office. I found him looking pale and haggard.

"Sit down, my dear Arthur," said he, in a low voice, "and listen to me. For a long time I have had a confession to make to you, one that weighs on me so heavily that I must ease my conscience of its load. I can better bear to do so now, that I have in a measure made some amends for the trouble I once caused you."

"The trouble you caused me!" said I. "You have been the most generous of men to me. It is through your kindness I occupy my present position, it is to you I owe my happiness, and more than all, my honor."

Mr. Thorne opened his desk and took from it a pocketbook.

"Do you remember this?" said he, as he placed it in my hand.

"Yes," replied I, "it is the one I lost; but how—"

I could not finish my question. The truth stared me in the face. I sprang to my feet in dismay.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "you found the money."

"Aye! and kept it," he groaned, with anguish in his voice. "But, oh! do not condemn without hearing me. Yesterday you heard Dr. Ponnard allude to the great losses I had sustained by the failure in Philadelphia. I did not dare to make my embarrassments known, as that would have hastened my ruin—my ruin! God Knows it was not for myself that I cared, but Alice, my darling child. It was on the 14th, of December that you lost the money. Oh! I shall never forget the date. It was on that day that I meditated suicide. I was short $20,000 to meet my liabilities, maturing on the 15th. I was overwhelmed with despair; the air of the office seemed to stifle me and I rushed into the street. I had hardly gone ten yards when my foot struck something. It was your pocketbook. I opened it and the sight turned me giddy and faint. Then commenced within my breast one of those moral struggles which, even to conquer, is fearful, but in which, alas miserably vanquished. The next day I satisfied all claims upon me. To the world I was George Thorne, an honest upright man; to myself I was nothing better than a malefactor. You know the rest. Through my guilt you passed two weeks of indescribable anguish. I have since endeavored to make reparation for this misery I caused; but I also suffered. Moral atonements are the most cruel, because they are eternal. I have known and yet feel the bitterness of expiation. Say, my son, can you forgive my crime?"

Could I forgive! I looked at the pallid face, anguished eyes. What were my sufferings of those two terrible weeks compared to the secret pain and shame this man had borne for years! This man, the victim of one solitary deviation from rectitude, so upright in all else, and whose life had been one long atonement. I grasped his hand; tears filled my eyes.

"Father," I cried, "Alice's father and mine, all is forgiven, forgotten. Do I not owe all the happiness of my life to that same lost pocketbook?"

FROM THE TALMUD.

"Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot."

"He who sacrifices a whole offering shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burning offering shall have the reward of a burned offering, but he who offers humanity to God and man shall be rewarded as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world."

"There are four characters in scholars: Quick to hear and quick to forget, his gain is canceled by his loss; slow to hear and slow to forget his loss is canceled by his gain; quick to hear and slow to forget, he is wise; slow to hear and quick to forget, this is an evil lot."

"There are four characters in those who sit under the wise; a sponge, a funnel, a strain and a bolt sieve. A sponge which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and out there; a ttrainer which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a bolt-sieve which lets the pollard out and keeps back the flour."

"If thy wife is small bend down to her and whisper in her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark."

"He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him."

"Underneath the wings of the seraphim are stretched the arms of divine mercy ever ready to receive sinners."

Ammen's Cough Syrup cures coughs, colds, bronchitis and consumption.

HE WENT TO CHURCH.

And He Gathered Some Technical Points on Denominational Differences.

To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that calls for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some Union Mission Church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said; "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on a schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars, and $2 extra for a seat; fast time, and only stops at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, and conductor's punch and lantern silver plated and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Nice road, though. Dont often hear of a receiver being appointed on that line. Some mighty nice people on it, too."

"Universalist?" I guessed.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fair once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are vague though, and train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good people who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty straight road, but the carsare a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all.

When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It runs right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the free thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt roadbed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a line that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a Division Superintendent, where that road runs to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didnt believe they had a General Superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no conuections, runs nowhere, and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've rail-roaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh! Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engineers carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stop over checks given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, wholesouled companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan house airbrakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too one of the very oldest in this country. Good roadbed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; Directors don't interfere with the Division Superintendent and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but its pretty independent, too. See, did'nt one of the Division Superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptists?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweeps around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rails and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the road house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shop that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two gauges. But it runs througe a lovely country, these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and its a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday when the conductor came round for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting:

"Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"—*Bob Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

OFFICERS OF THE SENATE.

Following is a list of the officers of the Senate. It will perhaps explain why it is necessary to fight over the organization:

Secretary of the senate, $4500, and for compensation as a disbursing officer of the salaries of senators, $396; chief clerk, $3000; principal clerk, principal executive clerk, minute and journal clerk, financial clerk and enrolling clerk, $2592 each; librarian and six clerks in the office of the secretary, $2220 each; assistant librarian, $1440; five clerks, $2100 each; keeper of the stationery, $2102 40; assistant keeper of stationery, $1800; two messengers, $1206 each; one assistant in the stationary room, $1000; chaplain, $900; secretary to the vice-president, $2102 40; messenger to the vice-president's room, $1440; clerk to the committee on appropriations, $2500; assistant clerk to the committee on appropriations, $1600; clerk and stenographer to the committee on finance, $2500; clerk of printing records, $2220; clerks to the committees on claims, commerce, judiciary, private land claims, pensions, military affairs, postoffices and post roads, district of Columbia, naval affairs, library and census, $2220 each; sergeant-at-arms and doorkeeper, $4320; assistant doorkeeper, $2592; acting assistant doorkeeper, $2592; three messengers, acting as assistant doorkeepers, $1800 each; clerk to the sergeant-at-arms, $2000; postmaster to the senate, $2250; assistant postmaster and mail carrier, $2088; four mail carriers, $1200 each; superintendent of the document-room, $2160; two assistants, $1440 each; superintendent of the folding room, $2160; one assistant, $1200; twenty-four messengers, $1440 each; messenger to the committee on appropriations, $1440; messenger in charge of store room, $1200; messenger to the official reporters' room, $1200; chief engineer, $2160; three assistant engineers, $1440 each; conductor of elevator, $1200; eight skilled laborers, $1000 each per annum; twenty-four clerks to committees, $6 per day during the session.

SCIENCE ON THE RAILROAD.

An odd looking car has been run over the eastern part of the Erie Rail road recently. The top of the car was covered with windmills and revolving caps, so that it looked like the roof of a signal service station. The object was to test the pressure of the atmosphere on cars going at different rates of speed, so as to determine of what shape to make the front of the cars in order best to resist this pressure, which is very great. In the cabooses attached to freight trains on the Erie Railroad there is placed an automaticcontrivance called the "telltale," which registers all the stoppages and the rate of speed over every foot of the road. Freight trains are not allowed to run over 15 miles an hour, and if this rate is exceeded the fact is at once disclosed on inspection of the apparatus.

A Galveston newspaper man says the *News*, bought himself a hat (for cash) the other day, and the following is a sample of the conversation that takes place as he walks along the street: First Loafer —"By thunder, how he is fixed up; looks almost respectable." Second loafer—"You would hardly know he was a newspaper man." "At a distance." "If it was right foggy."

Following is a list of the Generals of the Army: General of the Army, Wm. T. Sherman; Lieutenant-General, P. H. Sheridan. Major-Generals—W. S. Hancock, J. M. Schofield, Irvin Mc Dowell. Brigadier-Generals—John Pope, O. O. Howard, A. H. Terry, E. O. C. Ord, C. C. Augur, Geo. Crook.

St. Louis and San Francisco railway bonds and shares advanced several per cent. in London and here, owing to the great success of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company's loan. Subscription books will be opened in London.

The stockholders of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company have decided to issue consolidated mortgage bonds to the amount of $30,000,000, bearing 6 per cent. interest.

Full many a gem of spurious ray serene
The spotless shirts of hotel clerks do bear,
Full many a simple, ignorant sardine
Believes theme purest stone of value rare.

INTENSITY OF CASTE.

Our British brethren and sisters often express their astonishment that the prejudice of color can exist in America. It is not less strange that the class or caste feeling is so strong in England. We never read of any exhibition of it so strange and ridiculous as is seen in this extract from the *London Quarterly Review*. It appears that the Government has been giving clerkships in some of its offices to ladies, the daughters of army officers or professional men; but now these offices are to be open to all who pass the requisite exam nation; whereupon the *Review* remarks:

"We regret to learn that, when the existing list of nominations is exhausted, it is proposed that candidates shall be admitted to compete without any restrictions as to their social position, a change which will tend to place the clerks of the Post-Office Savings bank on the same footing as the telegraphists and counterwomen. The daughter of a butler may be quite as excellent as the daughter of a bishop; but we believe there would be a slight awkwardness, according to the ideas at present prevailing of to social order if they associated and worked at the same desk. The work-woman, whether she toils in the city or the hamlet, in the factory or in the field, in the work room or behind the counter, in the higher or lower grades of domestic service, if she respect herself, has claims on the respect of every one. We fear, however that, until public opinon in England has undergone a complete revulsion friends of young gentlewomen will shrink from allowing them to work in offices that will practically be open to women of all classes. We cannot but feel apprehension that the result of the proposed change will be merely to add one more sphere of occupation to those already so numerous, open to the lower middle and lower class while the daughters of gentlemen will be practically excluded. Fathers in a good social position are usually most anxious that their sons should associate with gentlemen; we believe they have the same feeling with regard to their daughters mixing with gentlewomen."

"Practically excluded." Women who are obliged to work for a living, will actually decline the opportunity of obtaining good employment and wages, rather than work at the same desk with a shop-keeper's daughter. And this in Christian England.

POLK COUNTY SCHOOL MARM'S.

The Polk county, *Itemizer* says: "The following letter was picked up on the street. It was accompanied by a note, which may be of interest to the person to whom it belongs.

MONMOUTH March 26, 1881.

Too thi Directers of skule District No—in Poke kounty:—i, Jerusha Jane McGuire du maik aplication fur yore skule. I herd that yu wanted a womman pusson to teech yure skule that wood knot bee likly tu git maread beefour hur skule wuz dun. I feel that i am yure hukelbery. that you may bee satusfied thet I will du i will describe miselve. My age is unsartin purhaps 60 Odd; eye am kross ide, sow you sea the yunguns kant tel hoo i am seain then you no they wil bee a frade tu luck upp; eye am sum weat humpbaked, the brige of mi knows has bin busted; I ware the largest shus in the box sometims I hav too ware the box til mi corns get wel; so yu sea the fellers don't seam too take a liken tu me, and as for desiplen the pupills only nead tu luck at me tu no what decipléu is.

As fur purnounsin, orthography and spellin eye's goods O i no ide du, cum en get me. Yours largely.

JERUSHA JANE MCGUIRE

P.S.—i ma went a little munny afore mi skule is dun tu git a little snuf wth and a son bunnet. Don't think eye am stuck upp case i live in town four i aint. J. J. M.

I will P. S. agin tu let yu no that I wil teech as long as yu want me to for moast enny prise. J. J. M.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers the Publisher may continue to send them until arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from their office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

CONGRATULATORY.

We take much pleasure in congratulating our enterprising druggists, Messrs. Foshay and Mason upon having secured the agency for Slaven's Famous Yosemite Cologne, Harmless Yosemite Face Powder, and California Pine and Eucalyptus Porous Plasters. We call particular attention to the Eucalyptus Plaster, which is taking the lead of all others. The Yosemite Cologne has already become a household word, and all the ladies recommend the Face Powder. Foster's brick, Main St., Albany, Oregon.

Why does not the proprietor of Ammen's Cough Syrup publish testimonials from those who have been cured of relieved by his medicine? The answer is, the greater the humbug the more testimonials the publish. Ammen's Cough Syrup is no humbug, and to prove that and let it stand on its own merits, a 15-cent sample bottle is prepared, which is certainly more convincing than a testimonial from a stranger. Large bottles, $1. Ask your druggist for it.

Inventors and Patentees
should send for instructions, terms, references, etc., to Edson Brothers, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C., who furnish the same without charge. Edson Brothers is a well known and successful firm of large experience, having been established in 1866.

There's a striking difference between labor and capital.

FAITHFUL.

A long, bare ward in the hospital:
A dying girl in the narrow bed;
A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fell,
Smoothing softly that restless head.

Slain by the man she learned to love,
Beaten, murdered and flung away;
None beheld it but God above
And she who bore it. And there she lay.

"A little drink of water, dear?"
Slowly the white lips gasp and sip.
"Let me turn you over so you can hear,
While I let the ice on your temple drip."

A look of terror disturbs her face
Firm and silent those pale lips close;
A stranger stands in the nurse's place:
"Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows."

A glitter of joy is in her eye,
Faintly she answers: "Nobody did."
And one tear christens the loving lie
From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

"Nobody did it!" she says again,
"Nobody hurt me!" her eyes grew dim,
But in that spasm of mortal pain
She says to herself: "I've saved you, Jim!"

Day by day as the end draws near,
To gentle question or stern demand,
Only that one response they hear,
Though she lift to heaven her wasted hand.

"Nobody hurt me!" They see her die,
The same words still on her latest breath:
With a tranquil smile she tells her lie,
And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still,
Loving above all wrong and woe.
If she has gone to a world of ill,
Where, O saints, shall we others go?

Even, I think, that evil man
Has hope of a better life in him,
When she so loved him her last words ran:
"Nobody hurt me! I've saved you, Jim!"

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

MAXIMS.

I hold him great who, for love's sake
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold him more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fall has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God.
And earn the martyr's crown of light
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

NECESSITY FOR ORGANIZATION.

If President Garfield's words in his inaugural address are to be taken as a key note of the policy of the incoming administration, concerning the agriculture of this country, then the farming classes may take courage, and have hopes of such a recognition as this all-important industry demands.

The President says: "The interests of agriculture demand more attention from the government than they have yet received. The farms of the United States afford homes and employment for more than half of our own people, and furnish much the largest part (ninety per cent in 1880) of all our exports. As the government lights our coasts for the protection of mariners and the benefit of commerce, so it should give to the tillers of the soil the lights of practical science and experience."

We may hope for something better than glittering generalities in the nation's dealings with its agricultural interests, yet we may be doomed to disappointment if the farming classes fail to press their claims and to make their influence felt in the community at large, at the polls and in legislation. The farmers of the United States, comprising the great majority of its adult population, are not properly represented either in the councils of State or nation, and with themselves lies the blame. It is a singular fact that farmer after farmer will march up to the polls and deposit his ballot for some corporation lawyer, or some broken down professional man, who has no interest in, or sympathy with, the cause of agriculture, rather than nominate or help elect some good, common sense representative farmer. Organization under some fixed policy of action is essential to the best interests of our farming classes.

GRAIN AND STOCK.

Reports of April just received at the department of agriculture show an increase of nearly four per cent in the area of winter wheat sown. Kansas and Missouri show the largest increase. Ohio and Illinois but slight, and New York and Pennsylvania remain the same as last year. Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia each report some decrease. Owing to prevalence of snow at date of return the condition of crops is not given in large portions of the principal wheat growing states, but wherever mentioned it was stated below the average of last year. The alternate freezing and thawing during the month of March was the most detrimental of all weather during the winter. The live stock of the country, notwithstanding the scarcity of food and provender caused by the long and severe winter, has come out in fair health though reported very low in flesh. No malignant or prevailing disease is reported over any large extent of country. Local disorders of lungs and stomach are often mentioned. Great losses from cold and exposure are reported from the plains of the far west.