State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XVI. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1881. NO. 46.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

—BY—

STEWART & GREY.

BUSINESS OFFICE—In Democrat Building on Broadalbin Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copy, per year	$3 00
Single copy, six months	2 00
Single copy, three months	1 00
Single number	10

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

	1 WK	1 M	3 M	6 M	1 YR
1 Inch	4 00	5 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
2 "	2 00	5 00	7 00	1 00	18 00
3 "	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	22 00
4 "	4 00	7 00	12 00	18 00	27 00
¼ Col.	6 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	40 00
⅓ "	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	48 00
½ "	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 "	15 00	20 00	30 00	60 00	100 00

Special business notices in Local Columns 20 cents per line. Regular local notices 10 cents per line.

For legal and transient advertisements, $1 00 per square for the first insertion and 50 cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. FLINN. G. R. CHAMBERLAIN.
FLINN & CHAMBERLAIN,
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

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

D. R. N. BLACKBURN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Albany, Oregon.
Office up stairs in the Odd Fellow's Temple.
Collections a specialty. ap21.

J. K. WEATHERFORD,
(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. [142

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.
Office in Foster's Brick.
v14n19tf.

T. P. HACKLEMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office up stairs in the Odd Fellow's Temple.
v13n50

F. M. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LEBANON OREGON.
Will practice in all the courts of the State. Prompt attention given to collections, conveyances and examination of Titles. Probate business a speciality. v12n30tf.

J. A. YANTIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
CORVALLIS, OREGON.
—o—
Will practice in all the Courts of the State
Office in the Court House
v10n29y1.

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Albany, Oregon.
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,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
—AND—
Notary Public,
PRINEVILLE. OREGON.
Collections promptly made on all points.

E. R. SKIPWORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
WILL practice in all courts of the State All business intrusted to me promptly attended to.
Office in O'Toole's Block, Broadalbin Street, 45y1 Albany, Oregon.

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. n08tf.

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

J. A. DAVIS, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon,
—AND—
OBSTETRICIAN,
Albany, - - - Oregon.
HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE OF HIS profession in this city and vicinity. Office at City Drug Store. 40tf

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

D. M. JONES, M. D. T. F. SMITH, M. D.
JONES & SMITH,
Physicians and Surgeons,
Albany, Oregon.
OFFICE—Odd Fellow's Temple, over Plummer's Drug Store.
43n3

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. ELBERT N. CONDIT, President.

MONEY is now being made faster than ever by those at work for us. Persons of either sex can make $96 a week in their own towns if they are willing to work. No risk. $5 outfit free. Anyone can run the business. Capital not required. All who engage prosper. No one fails. Particulars free. Address, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEACONSFIELD
IS DEAD!
—BUT—
CHAS. B. MONTAGUE
IS NOT!
AND HAS BROUGHT TO
LEBANON
ONE OF THE
LARGEST
AND MOST COMPLETE
STOCKS
—OF—
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE
Ever Purchased for this Trade!

NEW GOODS!
LOW PRICES!
QUICK SALES!

AN IMMENSE STOCK TO SELECT from, and with ten years' experience in supplying the wants of my customers, I feel confident that my recent purchases will meet their wants in every respect. I design to sell only good goods and at prices which will insure me a trade that will be profitable from the amount of goods sold, and not from the profit on any one article.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:
CHAS. B. MONTAGUE'S,
LEBANON, OREGON.
v16n28m3

J. W. BENTLEY,
Custom Boot & Shoe Maker.
BOOTS AND SHOES made to order, and repairing done with neatness and dispatch, and at low prices. Call and see him. First Street, Albany. 41y1

Oregon Marble Works.
H. A. CLARK, Proprietor.
—MANUFACTURER OF—
MONUMENTS,
Tomb and Grave Stones,
Mantels, Table-Tops,
Washstands, Etc.
All kinds of cemetery work done in Marble, Free Stone and Granite. All work done in first-class style and at the lowest rates.
West side of Ferry Street, between Second and Third.
ALBANY, - - - OREGON.
P. S.—I do not employ any inexperienced canvassers, and give my customers the benefit of the 25 per cent. commission allowed for such work.

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.

JAMES DANNALS.
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE & BEDDING.
Corner Ferry and Second Streets.
ALBANY, - - OREGON.
v16n41y1

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

FOSHAY & MASON,
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
Druggists and Booksellers,
ALBANY, OREGON.
v16n41tf

MALARIAL
BLOOD
POISONING,
Causing Chills and Fever Dumb Ague, Intermittent Remittent and Typhoid Fevers, Biliousness, Liver, Stomach, and Kidney disorders, and many other ailments, destroying the health and lives of millions, is driven out of the system, and radically cured by the use of the LION MALARIA AND LIVER PAD and GANGLIONIC BODY AND FOOT PLASTERS, the cheapest and only perfect treatment by the Absorption principle. The Plasters acting in conjunction with the Pad upon the nerve centers and remote parts of the body, in absorbing and thoroughly ridding the system from MALARIAL POISON.
The whole treatment, PAD, BODY PLASTER and FOOT PLASTERS, all combined, sold for $1.00 the cheapest and best remedy ever discovered, and a positive cure guaranteed if worn according to directions. Remember, Pad, Body Plaster and Foot Plasters, the whole, $1.00. Sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by
THE LION MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Children
CRY
FOR
Pitcher's
Castoria.
Mothers like and Physicians recommend it.
IT IS NOT NARCOTIC.

CENTAUR LINIMENTS; the World's great Pain-Relieving remedies. They heal, soothe and cure Burns, Wounds, Weak Back and Rheumatism upon Man, and Sprains, Galls and Lameness upon Beasts. Cheap, quick and reliable.

CATARRH of disgusting Mucus, Snuffles, Crackling Pains in the Head, Fetid Breath, Deafness, and any Catarrhal Complaint, can be exterminated by Wei De Meng's Catarrh Cure, a Constitutional Antidote, by Absorption, the most Important Discovery since Vaccination.

HEALTH!
PLEASURE AND RECREATION!
T. P. McKnight, at Lower Soda Springs, on the Santiam, 30 miles above Lebanon, has refitted his building and is now well prepared to keep a limited number of guests. He has a fine, clean, well-shaded camp ground for the free use of campers, and will furnish hay for their horses for 25 cts a day.
Splendid fishing, beautiful scenery, dead loads of blackberries in season, and the best soda water in the State. 42m2

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 Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOS WEBBER.

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 BEEMAN, Sec'y.
January 1, 1881. 24w6

$1500 TO $3000 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.

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,
15:7tf 877 Broadway, New York.

Poetry.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge;
He weaves and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

—*A. C. Swinburne.*

THE NEAR.

O, near ones, dear ones! you in whose right hands
Our own rests calm; whose faithful hearts all day
Wide open wait, till back from distant lands
Thought, the tired traveler, wends his homeward way!

Helpmates and heartmates, gladdeners of gone years,
Tender companions of our serious days,
Who color with your kisses, smiles and tears
Life's warm web woven over wonted ways.

O, shut the world out from the heart you cheer!
Though small the circle of your smiles may be,
The world is distant but your smiles are near,
Which makes you more than all the world to me.

THE ROSE.

Though they whisper, he and May,
I can hear each word they say;
For I rest,—
Clinging to the ballroom's queen,
'Mid the lace and silken sheen
At her breast.

"Give me but that rose of thine,
I will build for it a shrine
Near my heart."—
From my bed she draws me out,
For a moment seems in doubt—
Then we part.

In his waistcoat crushed I lie—
'Mid cigars and purse I die;
E'er the day,
Am forgotten, and, o'er night,
Trophy of a conquest light,
Thrown away.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

We've often thought of sixty swears,
While climbing up the sixty stairs,
Our sanctum high to reach.
But yesterday we had been glad
If in that oft cussed flight there had
Been twenty stairs for each.

For yesterday we fired a man
Down that same flight of stairs. You can
Just bet we made him sore,
On every step we made him screech,
And when the last one he did reach,
Wished there were fifty more.

Perhaps you'd rather like to know
Why we should treat the fellow so
Extraordinary rough:
The loathsome villian we'll unmask,
First of the season he to ask,
"Say, is it hot enough?"

Selected Story.

A BLACKSMITH'S LOVING.

I had resolved, with many persons no doubt who had shaken off its yellow dust, never to visit the dismal little town of Bloomsbury again. It was so called, perhaps, because of its utter lack in vegetation, and because of its being a Sahara of red clay roads and sandy plains, over which sickly shrubs and vines strove and knotted together. I had left it in July, with a dull, hot sun cracking and seaming the dry marsh leading to the town, and felt as if spared the commission of a crime by the sudden telegram which recalled me to the city. I whipped my horse into a mad gallop, and looked neither to the right nor left, animated by a vague wonder as to how any one existed there.

Again it was July, and by a singular chain of cirumstances I found myself ambling leisurely on horseback down the dusty high street of Bloomsbury. The same red sun was blistering the paint on the little new post-office, and the same brawny blacksmith wiped the sweat from his brow before his forge, and stopped work to stare at me in vacant way.

I had passed some idle hours in his shop before, and after a stolid scrutiny he recognized me.

"Back again, 'squire?" he asked, giving me a familiar nod. "It be a matter of three years now since I shod your gray mare in the off hand foot."

He was evidently proud of this piece of memory.

"Fully that," I said, again wondering how he had endured all these days and nights in this God-forsaken spot. He raised his muscular arm, and with a blackened finger pointed to the tiny gables of a house near by.

"I be married since. I've got a boy up there, an' he'll be a smithy I reckon, though his mother is inclined to the trade of shoe strings, tapes, and the like. I hate it, I do. Them be all white-skinned, creamy fellows, with no grit in 'em."

I had never deemed it a possibility that there could be marrying or giving in marriage here. In this respect Bloomsbury resembled heaven in my sacrilegious mind. Perhaps the "old, old story" of love had made it a paradise to the young blacksmith.

I gave my horse a brief rest and a drink from the good fellow's trough, as I inquired the current news of the town, though, the Lord knows, nothing could be further from my thoughts than to care what news there was. I had seen but once, for a moment, a face which even faintly interested me in that horrible place, and try as hard as I would, I could never drive away that vision.

I had strolled into the little yellow church one sultry day to escape the thunder-storm which was rapidly coming up from the west, and stepped into the porch just as the first heavy drops pattered on the roof, and on the bleached grass about the tumbled-down headstones in the yard.

It was indeed a lovely face which appeared as a pale star in the organ-loft, among common-place, tawny-featured faces, with black and brown ringlets streaming around them. She did not blush or return my gaze coyly, as young girls are wont to do in country places, but looked over and beyond me in a pitiful, vacant, meaningless way. I don't know whether she wore pink, or blue, or lavender. It was a cloudy, filmy sort of dress, admirably suited to her large gray eyes and rings of yellow hair. Her bonnet was a sweet little thing, tied up with white ribbon. Her chin was like alabaster, her cheek was scarcely less pale.

I lingered on the church porch after the congregation had trooped out and the sexton had shuttered up the gloomy little edifice. I had stupidly missed her in the throng, or she had gone out at the choir entrance. I had forgotten the incident directly, and remember it now only as young Jansen, the brawny Norwegian, spoke of his wife and baby.

"There was a rather pretty young lady here three years ago," I said, biting a bit of rice straw, and looking over the poliard window at the church steeple. "A pale, white girl in a straw bonnet."

An indescribable flush mounted to his swathy cheek and stained his brow. He dropped the hammer with a sharp clang, and let his iron cool while he looked at me threateningly for an instant. The tigerish green faded from his eye and left a dull, red glare.

"She was considered handsome then. I know who you mean."

"I hope she is as pretty still. That was a face I thought a man might see over his tea urn every day for a lifetime and not tire."

"Do you think so, verily?" said Jansen, sending up a shower of sparks. "It be all owing to how the face looks at you. If it be with dead, cold eyes and icy lips—why, man, death itself at times could not match it. It was a sweet face to hang in a locket."

With great simplicity he had expressed my thought.

"Now, your wife," I said in a bantering way; "I dare say she is a smart girl, given to tessing you, and coming to meet you with your son on her back, and then you three romp away home again."

A sigh of anguish burst from the honest fellow's bosom, and for the first time it dawned on me that in some way I was blunderingly torturing him. I began to talk of other things, and strolled away with my bridle on my arm until I reached a little gritty stone-yard, where a gritty fellow with dusty eye-lashes used to sing at his work of making grave-stones. He was at it still, evolving a Roman-nosed angel in a smock frock from a block of granite. He was by all odds the merriest fellow in Bloomsbury, and the gossip of the county.

He had many things to relate relative to his trade, and many inquiries to make relative to the rascals it was my business to hunt down. He declared himself very sorry that circumstances had made a stone-breaker of one whom fate clearly meant for a detective. He had a pair of pinkish eyes, deeply set under shaggy brows, and a face brim full of duplicity and conceit. He could climb like a cat, he told me, and could scale a lichened wall like a lizard.

Presently he said that he had seen me talk to a man for whom he had a great contempt—the blacksmith. This was very droll. I foresaw that the stone-breaker must have at some time injured the Norwegian.

He told me at great length a long scandal in which Jansen had mixed himself up. He had married a half-idiot girl and fathered her child, whose father no one had ever seen or heard of, and carried around with him a ponderous threat to kill any man, woman or child who should speak lightly of his wife.

"All that I say makes him a great ass—this blacksmith—the more so because he is a poor man and keeps his idiot like a lady, with white-ringed fingers and in stuff gowns instead of linsey; and, bless you, he has given up all his ways, dropped all his pipes and drinks at the public house for the sake of a wench who utters nothing but sighs. This Norwegian of yours is a prime calf, Mr. Detective."

This Norwegian was a lord, a demi-god, a philosopher, a humanitarian, whose bulk overshadowed puny men, such as the grave stone-maker and I, as a great tree would overtop a sumach.

Now I could understand all the mean little daggers I had driven into his heart a while ago—this great, splendid fellow, who wore his heart in his sleeve for jackdaws to pick at. Bit by bit during the next two days I gathered the whole sad history of his marriage. There had been no courtship at all. The poor girl's people had cast her off, being puritans who wore gray gowns and slept in night-caps. She had not a friend in the world and was in a sore strait, being in urgent need of women friends and medicine. Ugel Jansen went to her with the smoke and grim of his forge on his face and hands and spoke very feelingly and simply to her. She went away with him to the minister, and Ugel's sister, with much horror, but wholesome fear of Jansen, took charge until all was over. Daily and hourly Ugel watched by her, asking nothing in return, and by and by he gave the baby whom all hated his big brown finger to hold and the little fellow slept in peace.

All this made Ugel the sport of the village and furnished the town an ever lively scandal, but it was talked of in a smothered way. Jansen had the strength of an ox and kept it solely to lavish on one man when he should find him. I conceived the notion to help him in this project.

My mare understood her business well enough about this time to cast a shoe. Jansen was not at the forge, the shop was closed, and I was directed to his house, a retired little spot, with a cluster of clove pinks in a tiny pot in front.

The poor wife's baby was ill—dying—with a bunch of clove pinks on his pillow and Jansen's finger fastened in his cold little fist. Mrs. Jansen sat still and gazed vacantly at Ugel, while he shivered as with an ague. Perhaps he had prayed to God to take back that child. He had done nobly by it, though, and now he was even sorry.

It was the same pure pale face of the organ loft, surrounded by a tangled mass of curls of a rare dead gold hue, and the sight of her gave me a pang. Jansen unlocked the little hand and scattered the pinks recklessly. Then he bent over his wife and said, soothingly: "Come out into the air, Adelaide—Jane will take care of baby—he will be all right now."

She got up mechanically and they met me at the door. The sight of me had a strange effect. She began to remember days before her sorrow. She put her hand to her heart, and with a great cry fell at Jansen's feet. Afterward she was the same and begged of him to let her go away at once—forever. She thought he must loathe her. He held her fluttering little hand to his lips while a big tear fell on their wedding ring.

"You've had a great black wrong, lass; when I have righted that you may go, if you wish. Until then I am your brother—nothing higher, nor better. I am not fit for such as you. Such as I am you have me bound body and soul."

He came away with me, and in the shop began to whet up a huge knife.

"The poor little wretch be gone now." Jansen referred to that other man's child. He smiled in an ugly way at the broad, keen blade of the knife, and passed his fingers down it caressingly.

"Long ago," he said, speaking with a bitter taste in his mouth, "Adelaide had spells of sleep—she could not wake. She slept in a little place in the turret of her father's house. He was the curate here. He is a damned devil, though." Jansen began at the knife again.

"Some one sealed that wall. I must find that man. Then I will restore her good name—and I will leave this place—there is a curse of the earth there."

"I will help you," I said, simply.

He grasped my hand shut up the shop and put a huge chair across the door. He was gone out indefinitely. I went toward the stone-breaker's yard. His shaft was still, and a thin bit of steam arose from a damp stone on which the hot sun steamed.

A boy near by rigging a line to catch tad-poles said that Beccord, the mason, had gone to stop the coping in the third story of Tyler's mill, where the rocks had started it. It was a dangerous steep place, and Beccord was the only fellow who could climb and carry mortar. He had been a sailor once in French waters. I had well-nigh forgotten my own affairs at this time, but my game was safely housed at a little resort out of Bloomsbury.

At 6 o'clock all the bells in the place rang sharply, and housewives put on fresh aprons. I met Jansen at the end of the street leading to the mill.

His looks frightened me. He told me briefly that he had followed Beccord, who, looking down from his narrow parapet, saw a terrible knife waiting him. Whether with intent or from fright his foot slipped, and with a fearful cry the mason went down into the brawling race below. I dropped into the cottage after supper. I found Jansen and his wife sitting hand in hand in the porch.

"She be my wife now," he said proudly. "She won't leave me, but I know I am not fit for her. I am a blacksmith."

She got up and left a kiss on his forehead. "And do you think my friend Ugel, that I am so base or ungrateful as to leave you? Beside, I have nothing else. You forget that your goodness has made me love you."

Then he held her in his arms until the pinks were wet with dew. Jane was scandalized.

I have never known a happier pair than Jansen and Adelaide.

The compositor who set up a line from Burns, "Then gently skin thy brother man," knew more about Wall street than he did about poetry.

Subscribe for the DEMOCRAT.

THE NARROW GAUGE LEASE.

To satisfy public inquiry in regard to the narrow gauge lease The *Oregonian* has gathered and presents the following:

Fourteen months ago in April, 1880, the Oregonian Railway Co. and Oregonian Navigation Co., were both incorporated and have since made rapid progress in the extension of their lines of railway and steamboats in Western Oregon; having completed 135 miles of road, and an additional new steamer, the "City of Dundee," being now ready for their river trade. The low rates of freight which ruled during the winter on the river and rail followed the construction of these narrow gauge lines, and for a time the people of the Willamette valley were hopeful that the transportation of their products to market would be carried by two separate independent corporations. As usual in such cases competition induced the low rate of $1 per ton of freight on the Willamette river and extreme low rates upon the broad and narrow gauge roads of western Oregon, which proved unprofitable to all of the river and railroad lines, and could not of course remain permanent.

A communion of interests was proposed, and negotiations to that end have been proceeding since February last between Mr. Henry Villard and Mr. William Reid, to bring about a more satisfactory arrangement in the interest of those transportation companies whom they represent. These negotiations were for a time interrupted by propositions made in the narrow gauge company by gentlemen interested in the Central Pacific, with the view of changing the Oregonian Company's lines to the standard broad gauge, and extending the same to the Central Pacific main line at or near Winnemucca. For the purpose of arriving at a proper understanding, and the course to be pursued in the circumstances, Mr. William Reid proceeded to New York on the 5th, of May and had interviews with those interested in the transportation system of this coast. The Scotch company it seems were unwilling to change the gauge of their road, and declined to sell their railway lines out and out to any corporation, preferring that their moneys should remain permanently invested in the narrow gauge roads which they had constructed, and in the profitable result of which they had great confidence.

Accordingly an arrangement was proposed to meet their wishes by which the Oregonian Company's lines should be leased for a long period of years to Mr. Villard in person, and the organization retained as a separate concern in its own name as heretofore. The details of this lease have been adjusted between Mr. Villard and Mr. Reid to the satisfaction of both gentlemen, and the Scotch directors have since by cable indicated their intention of practically agreeing to the same. But before a formal lease can be executed it requires to have the approval and confirmation of a meeting of the stockholders in Scotland, to take place next month, and which will certainly be done.

Under the lease, should the annual rent which is to be paid half-yearly by Mr. Villard, remain unpaid for a longer period than three months, the Scotch company is in that case entitled to resume possession and operate its own lines, and obligates itself to build this summer 45 additional miles of narrow gauge road in the Willamette valley for Mr. Villard, to be leased to him when finished at the same rate per mile as the other lines now constructed, so as to give transportation facilities to every portion of the Willamette valley now requiring the same.

The extension to Portland is temporarily suspended, depending upon other arrangements now under consideration. Additional grain warehouses for the convenience of farmers, are also to be erected by the Scotch company for the storage of their grain and produce along the narrow gauge lines where such warehouses do not now exist and turned over to the lessees when built. Further details we were unable to learn, but were assured that the annual rent payable to the Scotch company for the use of its lines and for its grain warehouses, was satisfactory to all concerned.

We believe that the management at Portland of the narrow gauge line will remain in Mr. Reid's hands as formerly, though under Mr. Villard. Mr. Reid's interest in the narrow gauge company is very limited, as he only owns one-sixteenth portion of the stock or paid up shares, the remainder being held in Scotland.

IT WAS A BLIZZARD.

It is an old remark, for some one, when a colored person appears, to say, "I guess we are going to have a shower, it is clouding up so." There are very few colored persons but have heard the remark, and they usually take no exceptions to it unless it comes in an insulting manner. But occasionally it is not safe to make the remark. The other day a respectable colored lady at Waukesha, was passing by a hotel when one of these smart fellows that are too smart to live, who stand on corners to show their shape, remarked to another so the lady could hear it, "I guess we are going to have a shower." He looked cunning when he said it, and winked to his pard, but before the smile left his face he felt as though a shower had come, accompanied by lightning. The insulted woman had turned about and slapped him by the side of the head with the flat of her hand and he thought the whole side of his face had caved in. He took himself by the side of his pistol pocket and walked himself away on a run, and as he turned the corner the lady sail: "Taint again, to be no shower, honey. It is a blizzard." That slap has broke him of sucking eggs.

FUNNY FANCIES.

A shapely hand—four aces and a king.

The blood-and-thunder drama is full of novel situations.

When it comes to descending a ladder the bravest of us generally back down.

Thermometers reform late in life; they never become "temperate" until nearly 60.

We wouldn't care to be the prettiest girl alive. We'd rather be next to her.

The Powers seem determined to make Turkey di Crete. It would be a fat take for Greece.

A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occupation.

Everything has to pay up some time; even the little chickens have to shell out.

The fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the idea.

The wise editor should sail lightly down the stream of life, because he is a good clipper.

Every lady should belong to an archery club. Skill in drawing a beau is very desireable.

"A move in the write direction," as the man said when he took up his pen to pen the subscription on his letter.

An Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother.

Boy, for instance, a dog loses his paw and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them?

"A babe," says the writer, "is a mother's anchor." We have often noticed that the first thing they do is to weigh it.

The young lady in the novel who "tripped lightly down the stairs" to meet her lover, used court plaster for her injuries.

Mines have been discovered in St. Petersburg. As they are genuine ones it is not likely that these will ever be quoted on the market.

Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain, but you can approximate it by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to be still.

Baltimore papers are the most self-assessed in the world. No matter what occurs, they contrive to look as though nothing had happened.

"The strongest propensity in a womans nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next thing is to boss the job."

A man in the suburbs has found a bed of remarkably fine clay on his property, but is undecided whether to start a brickyard or a French candy shop.

The Boston "Transcript's" funny man attending the Protesant Episcopal Church once, opened the prayer-book and saw "collect" written so often that he got up and left the church.

A MAN WITH LOTS OF TIME TO DRINK.

He had his hat in one hand and his handkerchief in the other as he sat down squarely in front of a ginger ale fount in a drug store yesterday. One would have said he was about to melt, but he wasn't the sort of man to be boxed up in a hot day by any impudent action of his own. He fanned with one hand and mopped with the other, and finally inquired:

"Is this root beer?"

"No, sir, this is ginger ale?"

"Ten cents per class?"

"No sir, it is five."

"Cold?"

"Oh, yes."

"Made of ginger?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I suppose I might try some. Is it healthy or unhealthy?"

"It is said to be very healthy?"

"What organs does it seem to act on?"

"Well, I couldn't say."

"That's unfortunate. How do you know it wouldn't aggravate my lung trouble, or help along my liver complaint? Have you certificates from any one it has helped or injured?"

"No, sir."

"That's unlucky."

"Will you have some?"

"Well, what do you think?" Will it be perfectly safe?"

"I think so."

"Then I might try it. You needn't draw but two cents' worth considering the circumstances."

"I—that is we sell it for five cents per glass."

Very well—I won't take any. Have you any clear, cold water?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. Sorry to put you to any trouble, but I fell through a hatchway once by not making inquiries in time. That's too bad. If you get it please lay it aside until I drop in. As to the ginger ale—let's see. To-day is Friday. I may pass here about next Thursday, and if I do I suppose you will still have it on draught?"

"Yes sir."

"And the price will be the same?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I have no doubt it is a refreshing drink, and fully up to your guarantee, but there is no particular hurry in the case—not the least. I shall be in the city off and on about once a week all summer and any time before cold weather will do. So long to you."—Ex.

VINES are said to extract from the soil only about three-fourths the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid which the cereals take up.

What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy school boy? One bates his hook and the other hates his book.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT