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Is a purely vegetable bitter and powerful tonic, and warranted a speedy and certain cure for Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Intermittent or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, and all malarial disorders.

It is a startling fact, that quinine, arsenic and other poisonous minerals form the basis of most of the "Fever and Ague Preparations," "Specifics," "Syrups," and "Tonics" in the market.

For Liver Complaints, Aves's Acute Cure, by direct action on the liver and biliary apparatus, drives out the poisons which produce these complaints, and stimulates the system to a vigorous, healthy condition.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. XVII.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1881.

NO 10.

CALIFORNIA STORE ONE PRICE TO ALL.

Daily Scene at any Credit Store.

Enter Mr. Farmer, who says he is "just looking around."

MR. FARMER: "I SAY MR. MERCHANT, HOW MUCH IS THIS SUIT OF CLOTHES WORTH?"

MR. MERCHANT: "WELL, I WILL GIVE YOU THAT SUIT FOR TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS."

MR. FARMER, WHO HAS BEEN THERE BEFORE--"WELL, I AM JUST LOOKING AROUND. I GUESS I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT THEM ANYHOW. I SEE MY NEIGHBOR JONES GOT A NEW SUIT LAST WEEK FOR TWENTY DOLLARS JUST AS GOOD AS THESE, SO I GUESS I WILL LOOK AROUND A LITTLE MORE BEFORE I BUY."

MR. MERCHANT, WHO HAS ALSO BEEN THERE--"WELL, MR. FARMER, THAT SUIT COST ME \$22.50, BUT I KNOW YOU DO A GOOD DEAL OF TRADING HERE, SO SEEING IT'S YOU I WILL LET YOU HAVE IT FOR TWENTY DOLLARS IF YOU WILL LET ME DO THEM UP FOR YOU NOW."

MR. FARMER THINKS IT A GOOD TRADE, TAKES THE SUIT AND GOES HOME TO TELL OF HIS CLOSE TRADING, HOW HE "JEWED 'EM DOWN."

MR. MERCHANT GOES BACK TO HIS PARTNER AND TOGETHER THEY HAVE A GOOD LAUGH AND MR. MERCHANT SAYS, "I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO OFFER ME FIFTEEN FOR THE SUIT, SO I RAISED HIM TEN. BUT HE ARE FIVE DOLLARS AHEAD NOW, THEY ONLY COST \$21.50 ANYWAY. GOOD JOKE ON HIM, AINT IT? THESE FELLOWS MUST GET UP PRETTY EARLY TO GET THE BEST OF US. AND MR. MERCHANT WAS CORRECT."

NOW LET US SEE HOW THINGS ARE DONE AT A

ONE PRICE CASH STORE.

MR. FARMER. MR. CASH, I'D LIKE TO SEE A GOOD HEAVY OVERCOAT.

MR. CASH. WE HAVE SEVERAL KINDS. HERE IS A GOOD ONE. YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE FOR YOURSELF, \$12.50.

MR. FARMER, AFTER CLOSELY EXAMINING THE COAT--"WELL, HOW IS THAT MY NEIGHBOR RANKIN GOT ONE JUST LIKE THIS LAST WEEK. HE SAYS HE PAID SEVENTEEN DOLLARS FOR IT. BUT HE DIDN'T GET IT AT THIS STORE BECAUSE HE HAD IT CHARGED."

MR. CASH. WELL, MR. FARMER, THAT EXPLAINS IT DOESN'T. YOU KNOW A MAN WHO DOES A CREDIT BUSINESS CAN'T LIVE ON AS SMALL A PROFIT AS WE DO. AND IF HE OBLIGES RANKIN WITH CREDIT HE MUST GET SOME RETURN FOR IT. SO HE PUTS ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN \$12.50 AND \$17.00 FOR HIM FOR WAITING FOR HIS MONEY. WHILE WE DON'T HAVE ANY ACCOUNTS AND THEREFORE DON'T NEED TO CHARGE YOU SO MUCH. AND YET WE MAKE MONEY ENOUGH TO PAY US AND AND AS WE TREAT YOU FAIRLY WE CAN ALWAYS KEEP A CLEAR CONSCIENCE. WHICH A MERCHANT NEEDS AS MUCH AS ANY ONE ELSE. BESIDES WE KNOW YOU WILL CALL AGAIN AND TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS TOO HOW WE DO BUSINESS.

MR. FARMER BUYS THE COAT AND LOOKS AROUND THE STORE. BUYS ALL HE NEEDS AND LEAVES VERY WELL SATISFIED TO TELL HIS NEIGHBORS OF THE NEW SYSTEM OF BUSINESS AT

THE CALIFORNIA STORE.

MR. CASH IS ALSO SATISFIED BECAUSE HE RECEIVES MONEY FOR HIS GOODS, AND NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT BOOK ACCOUNTS, AND HE KNOWS MR. FARMER WILL TELL HIS FRIENDS ABOUT IT, WHO WILL ALL CALL TO SEE FOR THEMSELVES.

OUR COUNTRY ORDER DEPARTMENT

Is meeting with such unexpected favor that we shall shortly be compelled to engage additional help and room for that department alone. Send in your names and we will send price lists and samples.

CALIFORNIA STORE, ALBANY, OREGON. Opposite St. Charles Hotel.

A FLUSH AND A STRAIGHT

Deacon Sliderback's Experience with Whisky Poker.

Deacon Sliderback has a pious aversion to cards, which he looks upon as free pass to whatever place may be submitted for the old fashioned brimstone factory, but he likes to play "authors," indulges in that mild diversion in the bosom of his family when he can't find a good excuse for remaining down town.

James read in the paper that an Elmira man had devised a game of whisky poker to be played with the truly good and harmless "authors" cards; so he purchased a pack and took them along to the next conference on propagation of the faith among the Equimaux, in Deacon Magruder's back room, on Saturday evening.

Deacon Sliderback and Deacon Magruder held an argument about the amount of saving grace an Equimaux could absorb, which was interrupted by James Bowers making some flippant remark about bear's grease, and suggested a game of authors. The two deacons readily assented, and after playing awhile, James voted the game dull and unfolded some ideas about making it more interesting.

He knew the deacons were wholly ignorant of the national game of draw, and he explained to them the relative value of pairs, two pairs, and so on. The deacons seemed to catch on very readily, and agreed to play for cider to make the game interesting.

James dealt the hands, and explained that the five cards turned down on table constituted the "widow," which was snatched up by Bowers to pair with the "widow," or knocking and passing the privilege to the next. Deacon Sliderback held the ace, and being known in the community as the friend of the widows and fatherless, he sustained his reputation by picking up the "widow" Deacon Magruder drew "Evangeline" to fill from the hand that Deacon Sliderback discarded, and laid down the "widow" which was snatched up by Bowers to pair with the "widow" of Seven Gables.

They drew around twice, when Deacon Sliderback knocked and they all stood their hands and showed it down. Deacon Magruder held a Longfellow full on Dickens Deacon Sliderback exhibited two pairs of Cooper up, and James had three Hawthornes, giving Deacon Sliderback a point for the lowest hand.

The game went along all right until each of the deacons had four points and James only two, it being agreed that the man getting five points first would be stuck for the drinks. It was Deacon Sliderback's deal, and he passed the pack to James, who cut the "Stones of Venice" for the bottom card, taking a sly glance at it as he did so. The deacon tossed around the cards, and Deacon Magruder stood pat and knocked, while James picked up the "widow" and threw down his hand, one of the cards being "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which Deacon Sliderback eagerly picked up.

"What have you got?" said Deacon Magruder to Bowers. "Two small pairs, 'Thackeray' and 'George Elliot,'" replied James, showing down "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," "Daniel Deronda," and "Romola."

"I've got a Hugo straight," remarked Deacon Magruder, having down "Les Miserables," "L'Homme au Rit," "Ninety-three," "Toblers of the sea," and "Napoleon the Little," and I guess that's the boss hand out."

"Hold on," shipped in Deacon Sliderback, "I can beat that. You say it's a straight, don't you?" "Yes that's what I call it. What have you got?"

"Well, I've got a Rusklin flush," remarked Deacon Sliderback exultingly, showing down "Modern Painters," "Deacon's 'McGrew of Wild Olive,'" "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Stones of Venice."

"No you don't," said Deacon Magruder; "that's no better hand than my Hugo straight."

"Hugo to thunder," responded Sliderback, getting excited; "I claim a flush, and that beats any straight in the deck. Any fool knows that."

"Don't call me a fool, Deacon Sliderback, I've played poker as much as you have, and I say your hand is only a straight."

"I say it's a flush."

"All right, then; mine's a flush, and it beats yours, because it is a pat, and you filled."

"I wasn't going to say anything, Deacon Magruder, about that card you dropped under the table; but when a member of the church stoops to such a thing to get out of setting up three glasses of cider in his own store, it is time he was shown up. I won't mention it outside this time, though, if you give in beaten."

"Do you mean to accuse me of cheating, Deacon Sliderback?" said Magruder in a tone of suppressed emotion. "That's about the size of it, I am pained to say, sir, and it grieves me that a professor of religion should--"

UNSUCCESSFUL TEACHERS.

Reasons Why Public Instructors Fail in Their Sphere.

A recent number of the Lansing Republican contains the following article. It is in reply to the inquiry why certain teachers do not succeed. The answer is: They are lazy.

They neglect details. They have no eye to order. They hope to get along without effort. They are easily discouraged. They fail to know what the world is doing.

They do not find out what the other teachers are doing. They do not try to improve. They have too much outside business. They talk politics too much. They philosophize on everything but their own business.

They fail to have new ideas. They fail to use such as they have. They are penny wise and pound foolish. They have become dry, stale and repulsive to live children.

They think inferior work does just as well as good work. They are not polite enough. They think most things take too much trouble. They use poor judgment.

They fail to practice what the educational papers tell them. They rely on the little stock of good they began business with. They do not study the children. They forget the art of teaching is an art that requires study.

They can see the weak points in their scholars but not in themselves. They are stingy toward themselves. They read no educational papers or books. They know so much they will learn no more.

They think they cannot learn anything more about their art. They are trying to get into something else. They do not determine to be the best teachers in the place. They are rusty and without ambition.

They began with a small stock of ideas and have not increased it. They follow the same method with each class. They keep away from their pupils. They never visit the parents.

They attend no teachers' meetings. They do not seek for inspiration by studying the methods of the best teachers. They complain too much. They do not see that the profession is as high as the teachers themselves raise it.

They do not study the great masters of the art. They drop the school when it is out, and never think of it again until they come before their pupils next day. They understand the business. They think any one can teach who knows a little about the studies. They over-estimate themselves. They under-estimate the pupils. They think the school was made for them.

They neglect to think of the pupils good at every point. They do not take common sense as the guide, but hug a formalism handed down from the dark ages. They do not study over the lessons. They do not travel, etc., and all to be a better teacher. They fail to manage with tact. They are not in real earnest to teach, so that "to-morrow finds them further than to-day."

EVERY MAN A "REVENUE TARIFF?"

Every man in any degree familiar with our present tariff and its operation, knows that it is weighted with anomalies at once absurd and fraudulent. Many articles upon the list are protected by prohibitive duties which take countless millions of dollars annually out of the pockets of American consumers for the sole benefit of favored monopolies that do not employ, all told, a hundred workmen.

By way of example, rice is subject at present to a duty of 85 per cent. Diamonds pay only 10 per cent. Now, will anybody tell us how the country would be ruined if the poor man's rice pudding was reduced to half its present cost, and the rich man's brilliant solitaire made somewhat dearer?

American copper mines are so well "protected" against competition that our manufacturers are compelled to pay more for the crude article than it is sold for in Europe after being carried from here across the Atlantic. Of course scarcely a pound of copper is imported here, and the Government consequently derives no revenue from the article.

The duty on fine lacets is only 35 per cent; the duty on a poor man's blanket is 100 per cent, making it cost him just twice its market value for the sake of a few radical millionaires in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, who employ but a few hundred "hands," and grind these down to starvation point.

The early sheriffs of London had before their door two posts, upon which were exhibited public edicts. The Persians swore by the sun; the Scythians by the air and their scimitars; the Greeks and Romans by their gods.

When the father is wealthy national stocks may be quoted at par.

REMINISCENCE.

The Exciting Declaration Made by Robert C. Schenck.

On one occasion on the floor of the House, Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio was assailed in the bitterest fashion by a member of the friends of slavery, and charged with stealing negroes and sending them away from the District of Columbia, then, of course, within the slave dominion. After abuse of this sort had been heaped upon him for some days, he at last rose to a personal explanation and demanded the floor.

At once from the Southern members there came cries of "Don't hear him! don't hear him!" "I've object, I've object!" A scene of almost riotous confusion followed, and in the midst of it Schenck, broad-shouldered, square-headed and powerful, rose in his seat and commanded silence by the intensity of his manner and the vehemence with which he said:

"I have no personal interest in the matter, Mr. Speaker, nor knowledge of the matters alleged; but when the honorable gentleman, my colleague, who has been so violently and gravely assailed, desires to make a personal explanation, he should be permitted to do so. Under such circumstances, sir, no gentleman would object."

Again, however, there came from different parts of the chamber cries of "I object! I object!" and again Schenck, with renewed emphasis said: "I repeat, Mr. Speaker that under the circumstances no gentleman would object."

As a result of Mr. Schenck's courage and pertinacity Mr. Giddings was allowed to make his explanation. When the scene was over there was much discussion as to who Schenck referred to when he said that no gentleman would object, and Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, who was afterward Secretary of the Interior, communicated to him the impression which was general in the House, that he meant Sidell of Louisiana.

"That is a mistake," replied Mr. Schenck; "I did not even know that he was in the House."

"Are you willing to make that explanation public?" asked Thompson. "Certainly," was the reply; "I will do so with pleasure." The next day on the floor Mr. Sidell, in accordance with the arrangement, rose and asked if the gentleman from Ohio referred to him when he said that no gentleman would object to Mr. Giddings' explanation.

"No, certainly not, sir," replied Schenck; "I did not even know that the gentleman from Louisiana was in the House."

Still Sidell questioned him, saying: "If the gentleman from Ohio knew to whom I referred when I said that no gentleman would object to the explanation of my colleague, I must be very much mistaken upon this subject, I will say here and now that I meant and referred to the drunken member from Alabama, Felix G. McConnell."

As may well be imagined, this declaration created the wildest excitement in the House. McConnell, one of the most violent of the Democrat and pro-slavery men then in Washington, rushed down the aisle shaking his fist at Schenck, and for a moment it was believed that a personal encounter would not be avoided. With great difficulty order was at last restored, and the ordinary business of the House for a time resumed. Just before adjournment, however, Garret Davis came over where Mr. Schenck was quietly seated, and said:

"Have you a pistol, Schenck?" "No," replied the latter; "I never carried one in my life. I never had one, but I would be very sorry to-day, if you had, for McConnell is swearing he will shoot you on sight."

"Still, I haven't got a pistol, and don't know where to get one," replied Schenck.

"Take mine, take mine," said Davis quietly, at the same time handing his friend a pistol. For some days after this Mr. Schenck went armed. Three days later he met McConnell as he was walking down the eastern steps of the Capitol. The Alabamian was standing quietly on the portico, but made no demonstration as Schenck passed him, and so the affair ended.

A Freichman has leased a large tract of waste country in the south of Algeria, and proposes turning it into a lion and panther preserve. Old horses, mules, and asses that have seen the end of their usefulness will be purchased and sent thither and these will act as a bait to lure into the preserve the wild animals of the surrounding country. Those who wish to indulge in lion and panther shooting, not to speak of such small game as lynxes, jackals, and tiger cats, will be supplied with the necessary outfit. Those who are bold can shoot at their game from the open, but for the nervous ambuscades will be provided, from which shooting can be done without the least danger of a counter attack. There will be on the estate a comfortable hotel, with a Parisian cook.

A kind of portable chaffing dish, upon which perfumes were burnt, was carried as an ensign of honor before the Roman magistrates.

Never write the word "finis" backwards. For it will be "sh if" you do.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY THE Women's Christian Temperance Union

RESOLVE THE CHILDREN.

The late Cardinal Wiseman said, "Give me the children of England, and in twenty years England shall be Catholic." I say, "Give us the children of England, and in twenty years England shall not only be temperate, but"—and the words seem to open a vista of progress and prosperity such as we can hardly conceive.

England shall not only be temperate, but shall be a nation of total abstainers." Well, now I ask you, is it really an injury to induce children to take the pledge, or is it an injury, with heartless prejudice and callous obstinacy, to leave them exposed without defence to all the terrible temptations and enormous evils of drink? It seems to me that if we can succeed in saving them from that, we may laugh to scorn the ridiculous notion that we do them any harm by inducing them to give up that which they do not need, which they naturally do not like, and which can be nothing to them but a source of peril and ruin.

Almost every book one takes up contains some damning evidence of the awful consequence of drink, and only yesterday I was reading a book by the authors of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in which she describes her visits to the East London Hospital for children, and she tells how the nurse said that numbers of children from the district, full of drink and ignorance, are brought there with cancer, hip-disease, and disease of the bones, with rickets and all kinds of constitutional corruption, so weakly from the constitution which they have inherited from vicious parents that although they could only be saved by surgery they are too weak to undergo an operation, and her remark upon it is this: "For such children and in such places death itself seems to be a better thing than life." Even more than that, we find poor little, hapless children, whom God meant to live and be happy, dying in this Christian England, in this year, by something which bears a grotesque and horrible resemblance to unconscious suicide. At the very beginning of this year, amidst the very sound of the blessed Christian bells, amidst the rejoicings with which the new year was introduced by Christian people, one little child of three in Glasgow gets up in the night, takes the whisky which his mother has been drinking, drinks, and is found lying dead in his bed in the morning; and that England may not be behind Scotland, another little child of four at Huddersfield sees that its mother has bought some spirits to welcome friends, gets up in the same way, drinks the spirits, and is found dead in the morning.

Now, let us ask whether there can be anything worse than all this neglect and accident and cruelty and disease and death? Yes; there is something worse than all this—there is sin. Disease and accident and cruelty and death may maim and torture the body; murder and suicide may end the life, but sin blights and corrupts the soul, and many a many a drunkard's child in England is being trained up deliberately in the habits of sin.—Canon Farrar.

STANDING TALK.

One of the most foolish customs in the world is standing treat for drinks; other things are not bought in this way. Boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the post office, you remark: "I say my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps?" These stamps will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go to the haberdasher's and say: "Boys, come in and take a box of collars." Walk up to a grocer's free and generous, and say: "What kind of coffee will you have?" Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutler's and say: "I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round."

Suppose a man should keep a ten of rattlesnakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten for ten cents a bite, would it be a sensible thing for a man to invite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it worth while to turn our friends into brutes, maniacs, murderers, and their homes into hells of trouble and distress, by giving them "something to drink at my expense?"—The Union.

We cannot see how the evil of the rum shops and drunkenness is to be checked, except by the strong arm of prohibition. All Christians should come forward, and in this conflict take side, either for temperance or intemperance; there is no "half-way ground."—Monitor Journal.

Table with 7 columns: Inch, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00. Rows 1-6.

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