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N. S. LUBOIS, PROPRIETOR, This house is the most commodious in the city.

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ALBANY BATH HOUSE, THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY! DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST, HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY.

WILLAMETTE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, FROM AND AFTER DATE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

State Rights Democrat.

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Table with columns: DATE, MON, TUE, WED, THU, FRI, SAT, SUN, TOTAL. Rows for 1873 and 1874.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRANE & RICHTER, FASHIONABLE BOOT MAKERS, ALBANY, OREGON.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER, AT REASONABLE RATES AT HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP.

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IN THE GROVE

It was a cloudy afternoon in July. The early morning had been prophetic of a pleasant day; but, like a great many prophecies of the present time, had proved utterly false.

The excellent music discoursed by the band which accompanied the excursionists, as well as the inherent curiosity of man to look upon strangers, attracted many of the residents of Horwich "down to the grove," where the picknickers were.

Just then two young ladies came into the field of vision. One Jack knew, the other was a stranger, and the other was the one Jack immediately wanted to admire.

Jack stood under the pine tree and looked at her. But he might just as well have lost it to the will-o'-the-wisp, a sprite, or some other fearful deception, for what possibility was there of his ever getting acquainted with her suddenly set up divinity, much less of well. Jack hadn't as yet exactly defined it in his own mind.

She looked at him curiously, and said, "Well, it is a self-inquiry, and as, though she might have said, 'What sort of an oddity are you?' and then laughed again.

The rain not ceasing, Jack walked home with her, for he found out that she lived in town. When they had arrived at the door, and she had thanked him for the use of the umbrella, or rather the use of him and the umbrella, Jack knew he ought to go; but—every young man knows how it is—he wasn't quite ready.

My name, stammered he, "is Jack Jack Hayland."

"And mine is Olio Stanley."

Three years passed away, Jack had studied diligently, and now for six months had been a practicing lawyer, with every prospect of success.

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

The Terrible Story of Last Oct.—Becher's Wife, His Sister and Son—A Dark Chapter All Around.

The special correspondent of the Chicago Times, May 4th, sends this: New York, May 4.—While the church bells were ringing this morning in New York and Brooklyn, the news-boys were yelling in the City of Churches: "Sunday Review—full account of the great Beecher Scandal!"

Then the true story is given, which is in effect a series of confessions and admissions, which are not only interesting but also instructive.

Bowen urged Tilton to go for Beecher, and finally Tilton wrote this note, which Bowen delivered: HENRY W. BEECHER—Sir: For reasons which you will understand, and which I need not therefore recite, I advise and demand that you quit Plymouth pulpit forever and leave Brooklyn as a residence.

Then Mr. Frank Moulton comes on the scene. He is a prominent member of the church. Tilton told him about the notes to Beecher. "Did Bowen sign with you?" said Moulton.

"No," "Then you are a ruined man. Moulton was right. When I said 'Mr. Beecher, a letter from Tilton. Tilton is your implacable enemy, but I will be your friend.' Shortly after, Bowen discharged Tilton. Some eight months after, Beecher fearing the gathering storm, called on Mrs. Tilton.

THE FAIR DAMAGE SUIT. The case of Laura D. Fair vs. Siegfried & Lobse for damages sustained on account of the refusal of the defendants to allow the plaintiff to lecture in Platt's Hall after receiving \$50 in payment therefor, was continued in the Justice's Court this morning, before Justice Verdenal.

Judge Verdenal, in rendering judgment, stated that he would not consider the previous character or behavior of Mrs. Fair; the principal point is that the plaintiff, through her agent, leased the Hall to deliver a lecture in November last, and assuming that the representation was made that it was for a widow lady it did not vitiate them if it was found that she was not a widow.

An old lady, walking with her two grown-up daughters on a moonlight night, displayed her knowledge of astronomy by pointing heavenward, and exclaiming: "Oh, my dears, do look at them beautiful stars, Juniper and March."

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

Not deny the general truthfulness of the account. Several passages alluding to Mr. Beecher's proposals to his wife he did most emphatically deny, and yet he read those self-same passages to me from his own manuscript last Thanksgiving day.

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MRS. BRINKERHOFF'S APOLOGY.

In another column is published the latest escapade of an advocate of female suffrage and woman's rights—Mrs. Brinkerhoff of Michigan, who appears to follow the practices of the Woodhull, while with feminine perversity she repudiates the doctrines of the Woodhull. In plain English, Mrs. Brinkerhoff has left her husband and gone to live with a shoemaker named Squiers.

The persons in the epic of Battle Creek are three in number—the Brinkerhoff, the husband of Brinkerhoff, and the affinity of Brinkerhoff. The second of these, Mr. Brinkerhoff is of importance only as proving that there is such a thing as a husband of a strong-minded woman.

Not the least disgraceful feature, therefore, of this thoroughly disgraceful affair, is the bare-faced attempt of Beecher's friends to hide the shame of the dead wife with the glamour of gold.

Mrs. Brinkerhoff's wailing combination of the passion of the South and the morality of the North, was succinctly stated the case as follows: "I must love some one to save my life. I do not ask any one to love me." Then she pointedly put the question: "Can you accept the situation without neglecting your family and duties?" It is safe to say that the shoemaker of Battle Creek, Mich., who "lived among the stars enough" was by this time so completely and confusedly exalted that, again to quote Tennyson, he walked "with Death and Morning on the silver horns"—shoe-horns, of course. Blushing as deep a hue as red morocco, he "accepted the situation" and swore, in the language of his craft and Mrs. Brinkerhoff's letter, that "his love should be lasting."

THE ORIGIN OF THE LATE HORSE DISEASE.—The vegetable origin of the horse disease is the subject of a paper in the American Naturalist, by Mr. Moorehouse, of New York. He examined the matter existing from the nostrils of the affected animals; and, besides the regular pus, found no less than three kinds of vegetable organisms, all in states of vigorous development. One was a species of minute lichen, and known as Uredo larva serripes. There were also very fine fragments in a single drop. Another was an unknown species of Aspergillus, also giving evidence of propagation and growth.

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A STORY OF THE LOST ATLANTIC.

James Bateman, a good-looking young Englishman of 28, from London, was with the emigrants, and decided to make a statement concerning the death of his wife on the ship. He was the only passenger who was able to bring his wife on deck, all of the others being drowned below stairs.

"On the first of April, at 9 o'clock P. M., I and my wife were awakened by hearing the ship strike. I heard them say it was only the noise of the anchor, and that we were in port in Halifax. I and my wife ran up stairs to the door, but the sailors were guarding it, and said they had orders to keep all below. I burst open the door against the men, and my wife and I fell upon the deck. At this minute they were firing their rockets and Mr. Ryan, a passenger, was trying to launch a boat. I got into the boat with my wife, when the sailors came and said they would split our heads open if we did not get out. I naturally preferred to stand my chance on deck rather than be killed in the boat, so we obeyed them and got out into the rigging. My wife and I held on to the rigging, and just as we got hold of the ship keeled over and we were suspended in the air by our hands. My wife, 22 years of age, a strong woman, and I pushed her up to the rigging again. Then the sea swept over us several times. I was dressed in nothing but a shirt and coat, and my wife had only a chemise and flannel petticoat, so we suffered greatly from cold. My wife was freezing nine hours in the rigging before she died. The last man saved was the first mate, and I think that they could have saved my wife at that time. Her last words were to an officer, 'Please give me something, if only a handkerchief, to save me from freezing'; but the officer, though warmly clad himself, refused to aid her.

A Halifax paper gives the statement of First Officer Frith, to the effect that he stayed by my wife until she perished. This is false. He did nothing for her. I think he is the greatest coward God ever made. [A number of other passengers corroborated this, saying, as they did, that they saw my wife, and that they could have saved my wife at that time. Her last words were to an officer, 'Please give me something, if only a handkerchief, to save me from freezing'; but the officer, though warmly clad himself, refused to aid her.

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