

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, will receive no attention unless they give their true names to the Editor, or an attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. A. JOHNS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALBANY, OREGON.

W. G. JONES, M. D., Homeopathic Physician, ALBANY, OREGON.

CHENOWETH & SMITH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Corvallis, Oregon.

JOHN J. WHITNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW and Notary Public.

JONES & HILL, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, ALBANY, OREGON.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, ALBANY, OREGON.

T. W. HARRIS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ALBANY, OREGON.

W. C. TWEEDALE, DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Tobacco, Cigars and Yankee Notions.

J. W. BALDWIN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Will practice in all the Courts in the 2d, 3d and 4th Judicial Districts.

GEO. R. HELM, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Will practice in all the Courts of this State.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, CORNER FRONT AND WASHINGTON STS., ALBANY, OREGON.

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

BELLINGER & BURMESTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, No. 80 First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

G. F. SETTLEMIER, Druggist and Apothecary; DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, Paints, Window Glass, Drygoods, Liquors, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Etc.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, ALBANY, OREGON.

MRS. A. J. BIELLY, Proprietor, This house will be kept in first class order, and with attentive and courteous service.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE, Fully informed the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY! DR. E. O. SMITH, DENTIST, HAS LOCATED IN ALBANY, OREGON, in place work, which consists in inserting teeth in the most perfect manner, covering the whole row, as heretofore. It gives the wearer the free use of the tongue to the roof of the mouth in talking and eating. It is the healthiest and most comfortable.

WILLAMETTE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, FROM AND AFTER DATE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the Company will through a boat from Albany to Corvallis on TUESDAY and FRIDAY of each week.

State Rights Democrat.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 W, 1 M, 1 J, 1 M, 1 J, 1 Y. Includes rates for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve months.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

R. C. HILL & SON, DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES, ALBANY, OREGON.

HEMORRHOIDS, A. CAROTHERS & CO'S "PILE PILLS AND OINTMENT" have now become one of the standard preparations of the day.

DR. G. W. GRAY, Dentist, ALBANY, OREGON.

THE PARKER GUN, SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR PARKER BROS. WEST MERIDEN, CT.

JOS. REILLY, CONSTABLE AND GENERAL COLLECTOR, North Portland Precinct.

HENRI F. SAYES, GENERAL BUSINESS COLLECTION, INSURANCE AGENCY, NOTARY PUBLIC.

ROCK RIVER PAPER CO., SHEATHING, Plastering, ROOFING, DEAFENING CARPET LINING.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF SAN FRANCISCO, FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

DIRECTORS OREGON BRANCH: JOHN ST. REDDINGTON, President; GEOR. R. STONEY, Vice President; H. H. BIELOW, Secretary; H. H. BIELOW, General Manager.

HAMILTON ROY, AGENT FOR OREGON & WASHINGTON TERRY, ALBANY, OREGON.

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.

Can any one hope to describe the feelings of a lonesome young man who wanders through a bevy of young girls, any one and every one of whom he desires to know, yet none of whom he can know? Jack was overflowing with that inexpressible feeling.

Just then two young ladies came into the field of his 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, as you say, as though she might have said, 'What sort of an oddity are you?' and then laughed again.

With that Jack also laughed, and came to himself. The rain not ceasing, Jack walked home with her, for he found out that she lived in town.

"And mine is 'Olio Stanley,'" said she, "and I'm studying law here in town."

"And I am stopping here for the summer with papa. I should be happy to receive a call from you."

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, Tilton's Wife, and How—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 continuation of the story in the Fall of 1870, Mr. Tilton being just back from a watering place, Mr. Beecher visited her, and in a moment of fervid pastoral duty, he sought her to accord to him all those peculiar favors which her sex admits.

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.

With this, if necessary, said Moulton, and he brandished a revolver. Then Mr. Beecher gave up the document and Moulton has kept it since. All this dramatic scene is in Tilton's true story.

Then Tilton sought to get on the right side of Woodhall, and began that celebrated intimacy with her which resulted in his writing her letter, and an account of the same was published in the Standard.

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."

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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 practice 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 the husband of a strong-minded woman.

Notwithstanding this statement, my recollection is perfect that what Tilton read to me as his story tallies exactly with what the thunderbolt says in reference to Mr. Beecher soliciting Mrs. Tilton to extend to him the favors of wife-hood, and furthermore, that the letter from Tilton to Bowen, and recently published, was there in extenuation of the case being that in which the honor of his wife was attacked, the other springing from a business and salary relation with H. C. Bowen.

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A STORY OF THE LOST ATLANTIC.

James Bateman, a good-looking young Englishman of 26, from London, was with the emigrants, and descended 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., 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 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.

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 little while ago a well-known London post, whose name is not given by our authority, was returning home late at night, carrying under his arm his dress boots wrapped in paper, when he was suddenly arrested by a policeman, who collared him in a very vigorous manner. The post mildly remonstrated, and asked the meaning of such very pressing attentions.

"Why, this is not the gentleman; you have made a mistake," and tendered an apology to the post. "That's all very well," was the reply, "but I should like to know something more about this rather singular affair. One does not get taken up every day of one's life. It was then explained that a lunatic had got loose from an asylum, and that his friends had told the police to look after him, and they would know him by reason of a peculiarity of his gait."

"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.

An irate man, who was disappointed in his boots, threatened to set up the shoe-maker, but compromised by drinking a cobler.