

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT
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4 In.	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.00	28.00	32.00	36.00	40.00
5 In.	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00
6 In.	6.00	12.00	18.00	24.00	30.00	36.00	42.00	48.00	54.00	60.00
7 In.	7.00	14.00	21.00	28.00	35.00	42.00	49.00	56.00	63.00	70.00
8 In.	8.00	16.00	24.00	32.00	40.00	48.00	56.00	64.00	72.00	80.00
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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures of anonymous persons, must make their proper names to the Editor, or view their communications will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.
CHAS. E. WOLVERTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office with Dr. P. W. Harris, over Caruth's Drug Store, 8-10 S. W. 1st St.

J. G. GUNSKY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Has opened a first-class tailor shop in Albany, and will make to order the latest styles, and neatly made into suits of the latest styles.

W. A. GREENWATER,
CHENOWETH & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
Office at the Court House, 7-10 S. W. 1st St.

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
and Notary Public.
Special attention given to collections.
Office—Up stairs in Parrish's Block,
Albany, Oregon. 7-10 S. W. 1st St.

JONES & HILL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, between Ferry and Broadway.

S. A. JOHNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in the Court House, 7-10 S. W. 1st St.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER
AT REASONABLE RATES AT
HENRY FLINDT'S SHOP,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Work warranted to give satisfaction, 7-10 S. W. 1st St.

A. W. GAMBLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, one door west of Wood's grocery store. Residences at the last residence of George Patterson near the Star Brewery, Jan. 1874, 1875.

D. B. RICE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, between Ferry and Broadway. Residences at the last residence of George Patterson near the Star Brewery, Jan. 1874, 1875.

J. W. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.
Nov. 11, 1870.

DR. T. W. HARRIS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office on Main street, over A. Caruth's Store. Residences, on Fourth street, 7-10 S. W. 1st St.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
CORNER FRONT AND WASHINGTON STS.,
ALBANY, OREGON.
N. S. LUBOIS, PROPRIETOR.
This house is the most comfortable in the city. Fully supplied with the best of the market. Free coach to the depot. Having the best of the market. Free coach to the depot. Having the best of the market.

G. F. SETLEMIER,
Druggist and Apothecary!
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS,
Paints, Window Glass, Dye-stuffs, Liquors,
Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
All articles and Drugs in our list warranted of the best quality.
First street, Post Office Building, Albany, July 1874.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
THE UNDERGROUND WOULD RESPECT-
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and, by keeping clean water and paying attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but a First-Class Hair Dressing Saloon, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBBER,
7-10 S. W. 1st St.

DR. G. W. GRAY,
DENTIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in Parrish's Block, Block, 7-10 S. W. 1st St.

R. C. HILL & SON,
DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Drugs and medicines fresh and pure. Prompt attention given to country orders and prescriptions. Office on Main street, opposite Caruth's Block, Albany, Oregon.

MOLSEM JUSTICE.

My friend—I will not give his name, as the magnates of the law might chide him for "telling stories out of school,"—has been a Sheriff in our county for years, and understands all the crooks and turns of the law and courts. Not long since I met him just set free from an attendance upon the April term of the Supreme Court, and he was particularly worn and jaded. Said he, in the course of conversation:

"I tell you, sir, this trial by jury, which we hold so high in the scale of human rights, is the vilest humbug that ever was. For fifteen years I have attended every term of our courts—the Supreme, Judicial, the Superior and the Law Terms—and the longer I live in this experience the more disgusted I become with the more working of the jury system. In a squad of twelve jurors there is no individual responsibility. Eight of them might be honest and intelligent; two of them may be stupid and opinionated; and in nine cases out of ten, at least, you will find two who are partial and unscrupulous—two men who are friends of one of the contending parties, and who will stick to him through thick and thin.

"Only night before last," he went on, "I was out in charge of a jury from six o'clock in the evening until almost daylight on the following morning. The case was one of contract. The contractor had sued for work done. The defendant produced the written contract in court, and showed that the prosecutor had broken said contract in nearly every stipulation, and also proved that not half the work agreed upon had been done; and, furthermore, he clearly established that, as the contractor had left him, he was a sufferer by the imperfect work thus improperly performed. Upon the jury were found four friends of the prosecutor—men, ignorant, pugnacious and stubborn.—They insisted that the prosecutor was entitled to full pay, as per contract, for every day's work performed, and for every article of material furnished. And they sat back against the wall and waited for the other eight to give in. And at three o'clock in the morning, after having been under lock and key for nine hours (it was Saturday morning, and they must go home), those eight men gave in!"

And my friend said much more which I will not repeat. He told things which he had known to transpire in the jury-room which would be hardly credited by a confiding public. One was where a tired jury decided an important case by the flip of a penny. "Heads for the plaintiff and tails for the defendant." Heads it was, and the defendant got his case. My friend's remarks and reminiscences brought to my mind a few cases of my experience with Molsen justice, and as we had plenty of time on our hands, I related to him the following, as I have it in my Log of a Three Years' Cruise upon the waters and shores of the Mediterranean—1841-2-3 and part of 1844.

We went from Jerusalem to Constantinople overland (when I say I mean Capt. Wm. Nichols, Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, Midshipman John McLeod Murphy, and myself, all of the United States Navy), and a small town at the southern base of Mount Arizhah, in the Pacific of Karamania. On the evening of our arrival I learned that an old Mollah (man of law) had come from Karkissar to hold court; and he whose name was Ben Ahmed—had a certain portion of the Pacific under his charge, and in all cases not capital, and not involving direct State affairs, his decision is final. He was both Judge and jury—lawyer, executor and decider. From his decision there was no appeal. Should he prove to be corrupt, of course there were higher powers to which he was amenable—and woe to the officers of Turkish corruption! I had heard of the wisdom of these old Molsen justices, and, as two of the cases which would be brought forward on the present occasion had been explained to me, I had a curiosity to see how they would be disposed of.

It was near the middle of the forenoon when I gained a favorable seat in an open court of the market place, where the judgments were to be rendered. Most of the space was covered by an awning of cotton cloth, and the arrangement for order was perfect. Mollah was a man of full three score and ten, tall and handsome; his flowing beard white as snow, and his eyes bright as clear stars.

The first case was the disputed possession of a slave. The plaintiff was an elderly man, named Mustapha, by profession a jewel merchant. The defendant was a youthful peasant, named Galbec, and quite pretty, and at present in custody of the peasant Galbec, who claimed to be her owner. "The girl is mine," said the jewel merchant earnestly; "I bought her ten years ago when a mere child, and have reared her and provided for her until within a year past."
"The girl is mine," said the peasant, a stout, well-looking young fellow of not more than five and twenty. "I bought her of her own father for my wife three years ago. Listen to you that old man! He would deceive you. Let judgment be rendered for me who may favor him with my patronage."
Ben Ahmed then appealed to the girl herself, and asked her to which of these two men she belonged.
"Galbec is my husband," she said. "He has owned me for three years. I have attended to Galbec's locks, and grapes."
"What did you do before you lived with him?"
"I lived with my parents in Okop."
"Were they penniless?"

"They were."

There were no witnesses to be called. The parties were strangers in the place, and their own testimony was available. Galbec evidently loved the girl, and it was natural that she should prefer him for her master. Yet the old jewel merchant seemed honest, and was earnest in his claim.

"I must take time to consider upon this," said the Mollah. And he made the girl sit near him, while the two claimants stepped back.
The next case was a disputed possession of a saddle. A middle-aged Armenian, named Saladeen, laid claim to a saddle that was in possession of a mountain guide named Aboul Muzaffar. The saddle, which had been held by an officer during the morning, was produced in court. It was a very valuable one, made of the finest leather, and elaborately ornamented.

"The saddle is mine," said Saladeen. "I bought it of a Jew at Nigdeh for three hundred piasters.—This villain stole it while I slept by the roadside on the other side of the mountain."
"Believe him not," said Aboul Muzaffar. "The saddle is mine.—My brother, in Kibich made it for me. This fellow saw it, and wished to buy it, but when I refused to sell it he tried to take it from me by force. I overcame him, and he was angry and swore vengeance; and he resorted to this trial in hopes of obtaining it."
In this case, as in the other, there were no witnesses. Both men seemed very earnest, and both maintained an honest exterior.
The old Mollah took the saddle and examined it.
"It is a valuable saddle," said he, as he passed his hand over the plain surface. "I am at a loss which one of you to believe."
"Me, me," cried Aboul. "It is mine."
"Justice," exclaimed Saladeen, "I only ask justice."
"Ah!" muttered the Mollah, passing his finger over the embossed leather near the bow of saddle.—"What have we here? Give me a knife."
The attendant tshavooka handed up a knife, and the judge proceeded to rip open a seam in the saddle bow, and with an exclamation of surprise he took therefrom four pieces of gold.

"Aha! And you make this your treasury, my good Aboul Muzaffar?"
"Yes, most excellent judge," replied Aboul, with a bow. "I hid it there so that I might not be robbed of it."
"Saladeen," said the Mollah, turning to the elderly claimant, "what have you to say to this? Did your saddle have money concealed in it?"
"No, sir, not that I know of," the man replied, with a crestfallen expression. "The Jew of whom I bought it might have had money concealed in it, but I had not known it."
"Very well," pronounced Ben Ahmed, rising to his feet. "Saladeen, the saddle is yours. As for you, Aboul Muzaffar, you shall pay to Saladeen ten piasters for the trouble to which you have put him, and this evening you shall receive one hundred lashes of the bastinado. I caused the gold to be sewed up in the saddle this morning."

Aboul was led away by two officers, while Saladeen took his ten piasters and his saddle, and went his way rejoicing.
Two cases of simple award were next disposed of, and following these came the case of a man who had purchased for jewels that had proved to be only bits of glass. The man who had purchased was present, and the man who had sold, was also present. The first claimed that he had bought the baubles for rubies and emeralds, and paid a good price. The merchant could not deny that he had sold them. He bought them for pure stones, and had so supposed them.

The Mollah took the jewels in his hand, and then took something from his vest pocket which he compared with the gems.
"Why," said he, smiling, "this is only glass, as any one can tell. Here—this simple peasant girl would know better than to purchase these for true stones. What say you?"
As he spoke he handed the glittering trinket to the Circassian girl who had been claimed by the two men. He smiled encouragingly, and she took the jewel. She weighed it and then touched it to her tongue.
"Is it not glass?" asked the Mollah.
"No, sir," the girl confidently replied. "I should say it was a pure ruby and of great price!"
"Ah! say you so? And these are these also stone?"
And he handed her the jewels in dispute. She took them, touched them each to her tongue in turn, and then said:
"The first, sir, was a true stone; but these are all glass."
"It is as I thought," returned the Mollah. "The first was a ruby of my own. These others are but worthless imitations."

And he decreed that the merchant should pay back the full price he had received, and that the baubles should be destroyed. And as in pleading the culprit still persisted in declaring that he sold the stones in good faith, the judge further decreed that the officers should affix over the door of his shop a board with this inscription upon it: "The merchant within is liable to sell glass for pure stones. Treat with him accordingly."
The dishonest diamond merchant refunded the money he had received for his false stones, and went away with the assurance that if he removed the placard above his door his ears would be split.
Then the old Mollah turned to the

A KENTUCKY VIEW OF IT.

The Sacramento Union of August 2d, says:
We quote from the article in the Courier-Journal as about a specimen one of the papers of its class published in the large cities outside of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, though some of them are more severe in tone and less careful in phrase.

In order that the public may have a better understanding of the case it should be advised that Tilton is a simple-minded man of genius, having such a gift of speaking and writing as Blind Tom has for playing the piano. Those who know him call him "Theodore." He is a tall, beardless, handsome boy, with dreamy eyes and chestnut curls, reminding one of a creole lad in Louisiana or Mississippi. Anything, everything silly and generous, shrewd and Quixotic, is reconcilable with his character; nothing that is base, treacherous or wise. One day he ran in to Dana in a high state of excitement. "Dana," says he, "Greely has called me a damned rascal!" The imperturbable Dana turned placidly about and said in a sympathetic tone, "No, no, he certainly could not have said that."
"Well," says Tilton, "he called me a damned fool!" "Oh," says Dana, "no doubt, no doubt." Frank Moulton, Tilton's friend, is a gallant, open-hearted, truthful man, as incapable of double-dealing as Tilton. These two against a world of smug-faced Bowns and fee-fed Shearsons, say nothing of an astute and devilish imp of darkness like Sam Wilkeson, who has been a potent instrument of mischief all his life.

This company of pious rogues, full-witted and rich, may crush Tilton; they may drive him to insanity, suicide, or flight; they may throw around Mr. Beecher a net-work of plausible sophistries; they may encircle Mrs. Tilton with a bribe of glittering pseudo-gallantries; they may do what men of resources may always do with an antagonist who is without resources—sit on him. But one thing they cannot do. They cannot restore the fame of the false pastor and the wretched wife. The greatest preacher in the world, he is cut down in the opinion of his usefulness and glory. If he be innocent, it is God's will, and he must bear the cross that is put upon him—not the first martyr. If he be guilty, he has only himself to blame. Society must, in a matter like this, consult its interests, and cannot afford to have him fastened upon it any longer. It may be unjust, but it is not mean or revengeful, concerned for its moral well-being and turning away from one whom it followed so admiringly, rather in sorrow than in anger. Beecher cannot escape his destiny. "The End" is written over his door-way. He should disappear, vanish—
"Where Oliver's path shall darkness fall,
On the dreariness of gloom's annihilation."

A DUCAL SPORTSMAN.

A correspondent of the Boston Post says: "The leading amateur coachman of the present day is the jovial and handsome Duke of Beaufort, who is, indeed, in every respect the reigning prince of British sportsmanship. It is to this quality he owes the distinction of the Garter and a popularity such as rivals that of statesmen and generals. The Duke keeps the most hospitable of opening houses at Badminton, his noble country-seat, and I suppose has several valuable fortunes in horses and vehicles. He is the happy possessor of the finest coach in England, and he does not disdain to show it off by himself handling the ribbons of his famous four-in-hand. I believe he has won the Derby at least three times, the Chester Cup, the Doncaster, and the Oaks I know not how many times. Let me add that there is not a more genial, easy-going, fine-spirted person in the whole range of aristocracy; his fine jovial face is a treat to look upon. And he has brought up a family of children who inherit his sportsmanlike tastes and sunny temperament. Last year one of his daughters accompanied him in the saddle from London to Epsom to see the Derby, and this young lady, who was but seventeen, performed the journey of more than twenty miles in about two hours. His eldest son, the Marquis of Worcester, who has recently come of age, is praised on all hands as one of the most promising sportsmen in England, and has won a special mention for handling the 'four-in-hand' in a manner which one of the papers says 'nearly approaches perfection.'"

USES OF THE CHERRY TREE.—At the Michigan Pomological meeting, Mr. H. S. Chubb paid tribute to the cherry tree, which, in every position, contributes in some way to the comfort and service of man. "Even the gum which exudes from its wounds is precious for medicinal purposes and makes an excellent mucilage; its fruit is handsome; it is undoubtedly the best that is canned or preserved; for drying, it has no equal in the whole realm of commerce." Its curative properties are universally conceded, and its rich color is the acknowledged standard of beauty on the lips of the most charming of women. Nor is this all. Its timber ranks next to walnut and mahogany in value; the best printer's furniture next best to walnut and mahogany is made of Michigan cherry; and these transported to all parts of the world; the best printer's furniture is manufactured from Michigan cherry, and distributed from thence wherever civilization has carried the printing press. Cherry, grown wild in the woods of Michigan, is sought for by the manufacturer of school furniture, and for its purpose. It is easily worked; receives a good polish; has a delightful lively color, and, in contrast with maple and walnut, gives a pleasing variety to decorative cabinet and carpentry work, which of late years have introduced a new charm to dwelling, office, store, railroad, car, etampob, and private carriage. The wood is hard without being coarse or knotty and its grain though not prominent, is fine and beautiful." Thankful ought we to be, and proud, that we live in a land and enjoy a climate where this fruit and timber can be grown.

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT" OF THE WORLD died in Virginia the other day at the age of 194 years. He was a man of mixed Indian and African blood, and a few days before his death had a distinct recollection of events that occurred before the Revolution. Singularly—and this is the only one he never was General Washington's body servant, and never ministered to the want of Lafayette.

THE CHARLESTON NEWSREMARKS: It is only nineteen of the thirty-two counties in South Carolina—one hundred and forty-six square miles of land have been sold for State and county taxes, and five hundred and thirty-seven square miles of land have been forfeited to the State at tax sales during the current year.

THE GOOD-BY HOSPITALITY.

The half of hospitality lies in the speeding of parting guests. Jewish welcomes are easily enough bestowed, but the hospitable thought must be very genuine, indeed, which dures to leave the guest as free and welcome to go as to come. We all suffer, now and then, from undue urging to stop when we prefer to go, and nearly every one of us is himself a sinner in this regard, too. No sooner does the guest intimate a wish to terminate his visit than we fly in the face of his desire, and urge him to stay longer. We sometimes do this, too (do we not), as a mere matter of duty, when in our hearts we care very little whether the guest goes or stays. We feel ourselves bound to show our appreciation of our friend's visit by asking that he prolong it. Now, true hospitality ought to learn its lesson better than this. Our effort should be, from first to last, to make our friends visit thoroughly pleasant and agreeable to him. We strive for this result in welcoming him. It is the desire to do this which prompts us to offer him the most comfortable chair and to set out the best viands, if he break bread with us. It is that he may enjoy his stay that we take pains to talk only upon agreeable topics. In short, from the time he crosses our threshold until he rises to leave, we courteously endeavor to make the momentary stay as pleasantly as possible. But the moment he asks for his hat our courtesy fails us. Hitherto we have studied to anticipate and gratify his every wish. Now that he wishes to go, however, we endeavor to thwart his pleasure. We selfishly try to turn him from his purpose to ours. We wish him to stay, while he wishes to go. Courtesy would prompt to give his wishes precedence to our own; but as a rule, we ask him to sacrifice his own to our pleasure.—*Heart and Home.*

JOSEPH BILLINGS IN GOOD ENGLISH.

(Some of his gems of philosophy misquoting.)
Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it.
Ignorance is the wet nurse of prejudice.
Half the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.
Benevolence is the cream on the milk of human kindness.
People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.
Style is everything for a sinner. Men nowadays are divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.
There are people who expect to escape hell because of the crowd going there.
Most people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.
A mule is a bad pun on a horse. Health is a loan at call.
Necessity is the mother of invention, but Patent Right is the father of it.
Beware of the man with half-shut eyes. He's not dreaming.
Man was built after all other things had been made and pronounced good. If not, he would have insisted on giving his orders as to the rest of the job.
Mice fatten slowly in a church. They can't live on religion any more than a minister can.

LOCATING HAY-STACKS.

Where it is possible to do so hay-stacks should be located on the poorest spots of meadow or pasture, so that the grass seed, droppings of the stock and waste fodder may be deposited where great good will result from it. It is usually the case that the stacks are built on high parts of the meadow most convenient for reaching, and year after year but little decay is made as to site.
Dry ground is desirable to feed upon, and we suppose this is the reason for seeking elevated locations; but this course for continuing to place stacks there is not a plausible one, for in a wet or stormy time, the stacks should be fed at the barn, and stack feeding only when the earth is frozen hard and the weather pleasant. Now is the time to give this matter attention. Where stock can be turned from the pasture a day or two until a stack is built and securely fenced, profit will be found in doing, as our pastures need invigorating as much as our meadows.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SINGLE OR DOUBLE LINEXIN PLOWING.

Thousands of farmers have never seen a horse or a pair of horses driven in another way than with the ordinary double lines. Other thousands have never seen anything else than a single line used in plowing either with one or two horses. Recently a correspondent of an agricultural paper asked how this was done. In the South we have seen teams driven with a rope tied to one side of the bit of one of the mules or horses, but usually the line is fastened to a ring, a loop at the other end is provided for greater convenience in holding the line. With a little training a horse learns to be guided by this as readily as with the double lines. A steady pull turns to the left; light jerks to the right. A person accustomed only to this line finds the double reins an inconvenience, when plowing.—*Western Farmer.*

A PRECOCIOUS REPEL.

Mr. Wm. R. Warren one of our most substantial and intelligent farmers, living near Madison, gives us a remarkable case of a heifer in his possession. She is two year old this spring, and he began to notice in the fore part of May that she was "making jerks" and feared that the swelling was the effects of a hurt, but thought he would milk her. Ever since the 15th of May the heifer has been giving a fine mess of good, rich milk, and she seems to be a veritable milk cow, to all intents and purposes, without ever giving birth to a calf, or exhibiting any signs of bovine maternity.

AN ARTLESS WRITING.

Some one has said that soda-water was a luxury not often to be indulged in by the poor man; but the following incident seems to disprove the statement. Some time ago a very seedy-looking customer stopped up to a stand where soda water was sold, and demanded lemon water. After drinking long and deeply, he put down the empty glass, wiped his mouth with a handkerchief that had once been white, fumbled in his vest pocket; plaintively inquired of the clerk whether said clerk is cruel enough to "take a man's last penny?" Clerk says most decidedly that he is barbarous enough even for such a deed; readily party quickly produces one cent, hands it to the clerk and walks off, remarking, "Well, that is my last cent; you said you would take a man's last cent for a glass of soda." The clerk was just four cents short that night.

A POLICEMAN IN DETROIT heard that a citizen had been badly injured, and he called at the house to obtain particulars. He found the man lying on the lounge, with his face bound up, and his head badly scratched. He asked: "What is the matter?" Did he get run over, or fall down stairs?" "No, not exactly," replied his wife; "but he wanted to run the house his way, and I wanted to run it my way; and here he is."

A PIOUS SONG giving expression to his devotional feelings in a short speech in church, said: "I shall speak once to love and reverence the name of my dear savior; nor can I ever forget how his name licks in the Bible, as it is there spelled J-E-S-U-S."

NUMBER SEVEN.

On the seventh day God ended his work.
On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.
In seven days a dove was sent.
Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.
Jacob mourned seven times for Joseph.
Jacob served seven years for Rachel.
And yet another seven years more; Jacob was pursued seven days' journey by Laban.
A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.
On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tents.
Every seventh day the land rested. Every seventh day the law was read to the people.
In the destruction of Jericho, seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days on the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.
Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.
In the tabernacle were seven lamps. The golden candle-stick had seven branches.
Naaman washed seven times in the river of Jordan.
Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement.
Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times.
In the revelations we read of seven churches, seven candle-sticks, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angels and a seven-headed monster.

THE BENDER'S OUYDNE.

The *Pull Mall Gazette* says: "An interesting little establishment has just been broken up at Trebizond, under circumstances which have created, if not a scandal, at least a sensation in that place. It appears that for some time past Trebizond has been kept in a state of uneasiness, owing to the proceedings of this household, which consisted of a father, six sons and one daughter. Delighted as was the charm which reigned over their domestic circle, it did not extend beyond the hearth, for unfortunately the family weakness was murder. In a brief space of time the eight persons composing the family managed to get through no fewer than 235 murders. Out of this number the gentlemen of the family were each responsible for thirty murders, while the young lady committed twenty-five, though, but for the premature interference of the authorities, it is considered probable that she would have completed an equal number. The professors of the present Governor most ungenerally caused her to be arrested, together with her amiable parent and four of her brothers. It is not stated what became of the remaining brothers, but the poor old gentleman was hanged about three months ago, and two of his sons met with a similar melancholy accident on the 25th of last month. The other two and the young lady are still languishing in captivity, and much anxiety is felt on their behalf; for, unless the local Judges take a lenient view of their offences on account of their youth, they have but a poor chance of resuming their position in society. Altogether it is a sad story, and it is not surprising that these young people and their misfortunes have of late been the talk of Trebizond."

FOLLOWERS ARE THE VIEWS OF THREE OF THE NEW YORK DAILIES on Beecher's statement:

The *Times* thinks Beecher's statement discloses moral cowardice and irrational behavior, but that his impression will be general that his story is not consistent with intemperance.
The *World* says Beecher has explained his letters, sparing neither Tilton, Moulton, nor himself; thus proving that he has nothing to conceal. Beecher dispels the only shadow of distrust which may have crept over his good name among fair, pure-minded men. The *Herald* says it cannot analyze Beecher's statement now. It is strong and perhaps will be accepted by Beecher's friends as a vindication; but the *Herald* thinks the public will not accept it as a final disposition of this case.
An Irish gentleman's letter to his son in college, reads as follows: "My dear son—I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks that your mother just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear that you would not spend it wisely have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well except your sister has the measles, which we think would soon spread among the other girls if you had not had it before. I hope you will do honor to my teaching, if you are not an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."
Mrs. Woodhull declares that she can force Beecher to publicly avow the doctrine of free love which he has preached for years, and that he will astonish and convince the world of the doctrine by the depth of his experience in Mrs. Tilton's case and the force of his arguments.
Better try to kindle a fire with a powder-can, well filled, than with the contents of your kerosene can.

A STEAM THRASHER IS THE LATEST novelty in the Walla Walla Valley.

The autumn bonnets are to have strings—this on the authority of a milliner fresh "from the other side."
The fashionable mosquito is larger than ever this season, owing doubtless to the wet and disagreeable spring.
An Indianapolis dog goes mad when he hears a piano played, but there's hundreds of men who do the same thing.
The underbrush blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.
Hate Field says that "Spain is the mother of all dust. It is the whitest, lightest, heaviest, stickiest dust on the earth."
When a member of the Boston Common Council talks too long the bored hand him a card inscribed: "Hire a hall!"
A Detroit father keeps his boy in nights by varnishing a chair and sitting him down. It's a novel plan; but awful tough on the trousers.
A crowd witnessing a row in Detroit was dispersed by the announcement that "a collection would now be taken up for a poor widow."
A mother advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted flat away when that damsel replied, "Oh no, ma; it spoils the gentleman's vests."
A Chicago editor, who went out for a day's sport with his gun and rod, shot a forty-five dollar cow, and caught an old fat with a stone in it.
When the wife is detected showing unusual affection for her husband, it may fairly be expected that she will appear before long in a new bonnet.
A Tennessee man wrote his will on a paper collar, and passed through the Probate Court as well as any other will, though a little unhandy about filling.
"Yes, sir," said a Michigan fourth of July orator, "Putnam went right into the wolf's den, dragged her out, and the Independence of America was secured."
A St. Louis paper had a two column account of a hotel in that city. The bedbugs, after reading it over carefully, held a meeting and denounced the paper for not mentioning them.
A painter being asked to estimate the cost of painting a certain house, drew forth a pencil and paper, and made the following calculation: "A naught is a naught, three into five twice you can't—I'll paint your house for fifty dollars."
The Danbury man declined to accompany Cyrus W. Field and the party that went to help celebrate the late millennial of Iceland in the frigid region; but says he will wait till the next one and then go, like Baxter's hog, in a gang by himself.
Time 12 m., yesterday—Dirty-faced child loquacious—"Papa, why don't they wash my face and put clean clothes on me?" Distressed Paterfamilias—"Shut up, Tommy; your mamma's in the front parlor reading the Beecher-Tilton business."
On Wea prairie, near Lafayette, is a little hut four feet high, with a forty-foot lightning rod on it. The proprietor, being asked if he was afraid of the lightning, replied: "not a bit; but it keeps those capped lightning-rod fellers from striking."
An Ottumwa boy charged a stump with blasting powder, attached a fuse to blow it up, and got on the fence to see the fun. He ran't collected enough yet to tell how fast it was although the citizens are collecting him in different parts of the suburbs.
A Scotchman went to a lawyer, once for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, ay, sir!" replied he. "If thought it best to tell