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Has opened a first-class tailor shop in Albany, and is preparing custom-made suits, and is now ready to make suits of the latest styles.

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Druggist and Apothecary!
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS,
Paints, Window Glass, Dyes, Liquors,
Fragrant Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, etc.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
All articles and Drugs in our list warranted
of the best quality.
First street, Post Office Building, Albany, Ore.
July 1874

ALBANY BATH HOUSE!

THE UNDERGROUND WOULD RESPECT-
Fully informed the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and by keeping clean water and paying suitable attention to business, expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut
and shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBBER.
7th St., Albany, Ore.

DR. G. W. GRAY,
DENTIST,
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R. C. HILL & SON,
DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,
ALBANY, OREGON.

State Rights Democrat.

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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 country 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 very thing 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 jurymen 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 episodes of my experience with Molslem 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 Ariziah, 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, or 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 Moslem justices, and, as two of the claims 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 not to that old man. He would deceive you. Let judgment be rendered in favor of her owner, the peasant Galbec, who claimed to be her owner."

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 washed his hair."

"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 Nigdelh 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."

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, ethereal 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 Shearmans, to 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 excite 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 splendor of his usefulness and glory. If he is innocent, it is God's will, and he must bear the cross that is put upon him—not the first martyr. If he is 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 Odisseus' path shall darkly fall On the dreariest coast of annihilation!

LOCATING HIS STACK.

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.

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 dares to leave the guest as free and welcome to go as to come. We all suffer, now as 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, the threshold until he crosses it, we courteously endeavor to make the momentary visit as pleasant 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.—Hearth and Home.

JOSE BILLINGS IN GOOD ENGLISH.

(Some of his points of philosophy mistis bad orthodox.)

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.

A writer in a New York paper, who has known the woman from her childhood, and their father from boyhood before them, gives a true history of Vic. Woodhill and Tennie Clafin. Tilton, in his biography of Vic, said that his father's name was Buckman Clafin, a gentleman of intelligence. This other writer says he was originally a rufesman on the Susquehanna, and that his name was good many years infested the boats of the Mississippi—and was noted for a long time along the long river as the rooster who could flip a jack in a game of old allele more deftly than any man afoot. In 1801, says the writer, Buck McLaughlin, was living in Chicago, an old man then, living with his daughters, Vic and Tennie, who were carrying on the spiritual doctoring business.

AN ARTICLES 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; so the party quickly produces one cent, hands it to the clerk and walks off, remarking, "Well, that is my last cent; so you said you would take a man's last cent for a glass of soda." The clerk was just four cents short that night.

THE BLENDED SPOUSE.

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NUMBER SEVEN.

On the seventh day God ended his work.

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tents.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Line, 1 Week	1.00	2 Weeks	2.00	3 Weeks	3.00	4 Weeks	4.00	5 Weeks	5.00	6 Weeks	6.00	7 Weeks	7.00	8 Weeks	8.00	9 Weeks	9.00	10 Weeks	10.00	11 Weeks	11.00	12 Weeks	12.00
2 Lines	2.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00	20.00	22.00	24.00	26.00	28.00	30.00	32.00	34.00	36.00	38.00	40.00	42.00	44.00	46.00
3 Lines	3.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	21.00	24.00	27.00	30.00	33.00	36.00	39.00	42.00	45.00	48.00	51.00	54.00	57.00	60.00	63.00	66.00	69.00
4 Lines	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.00	28.00	32.00	36.00	40.00	44.00	48.00	52.00	56.00	60.00	64.00	68.00	72.00	76.00	80.00	84.00	88.00	92.00
5 Lines	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00	55.00	60.00	65.00	70.00	75.00	80.00	85.00	90.00	95.00	100.00	105.00	110.00	115.00
6 Lines	6.00	12.00	18.00	24.00	30.00	36.00	42.00	48.00	54.00	60.00	66.00	72.00	78.00	84.00	90.00	96.00	102.00	108.00	114.00	120.00	126.00	132.00	138.00
7 Lines	7.00	14.00	21.00	28.00	35.00	42.00	49.00	56.00	63.00	70.00	77.00	84.00	91.00	98.00	105.00	112.00	119.00	126.00	133.00	140.00	147.00	154.00	161.00
8 Lines	8.00	16.00	24.00	32.00	40.00	48.00	56.00	64.00	72.00	80.00	88.00	96.00	104.00	112.00	120.00	128.00	136.00	144.00	152.00	160.00	168.00	176.00	184.00
9 Lines	9.00	18.00	27.00	36.00	45.00	54.00	63.00	72.00	81.00	90.00	99.00	108.00	117.00	126.00	135.00	144.00	153.00	162.00	171.00	180.00	189.00	198.00	207.00
10 Lines	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	60.00	70.00	80.00	90.00	100.00	110.00	120.00	130.00	140.00	150.00	160.00	170.00	180.00	190.00	200.00	210.00	220.00	230.00
11 Lines	11.00	22.00	33.00	44.00	55.00	66.00	77.00	88.00	99.00	110.00	121.00	132.00	143.00	154.00	165.00	176.00	187.00	198.00	209.00	220.00	231.00	242.00	253.00
12 Lines	12.00	24.00	36.00	48.00	60.00	72.00	84.00	96.00	108.00	120.00	132.00	144.00	156.00	168.00	180.00	192.00	204.00	216.00	228.00	240.00	252.00	264.00	276.00

Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion.

For legal and transient advertisements \$1.50 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and \$1.00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

SCISSORING.

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 audacious 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.