A L Bancroft Co

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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The Weekly Enterprise.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY
A. NOLTNER,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick Building

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including 10 lines or less, 1 w. $	2 50
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For each subsequent insertion	1 00
One Column, one year.....	$120 00
Half " "	60
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☞ Work solicited.
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SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

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Established since 1849, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

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☞ Keep constantly on hand for sale Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sacks.

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OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder Streets, Portland.
The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.
☞ Artificial teeth "better than the best, and as *cheap as the cheapest.*
Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays.
Nov. 3:tf

Dr. B. R. FREELAND,
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ROOM 2 DEKUM'S BUILDING, CORNER First and Washington Sts., Portland. Nitrous Oxide administered. n23tf

JOHN M. BACON,
Importer and Dealer in
CIGARS
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.
Oregon City, Oregon.
At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackerman, Main street.
10 tf

S. HUELAT. CHAS. E. WARREN.
HUELAT & WARREN
Attorneys at Law,
OFFICE—CHARMAN'S BRICK, MAIN STREET,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
March 5, 1872:tf

F. BARCLAY, M. R. C. S.
Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.
35 Years Experience.
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Main Street, Oregon City.

JOHNSON & McCOWN
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State.
☞ Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City.
April 5, 1872:tf

J. T. APPERSON,
BROKER.
Office—In the Post office Building.
LEGAL TENDERS, CLACKAMAS COUNTY ORDERS, and OREGON CITY ORDERS BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Loans negotiated, Collections attended to, and a General Brokerage business carried on. jan31f

SEED STORE.
SEVIN VINCENT & CO.
No. 607 SANSOME STREET, San Francisco.
HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ANNOUNCING to the public, that having raised such immense quantities of Seeds this year, in their Fountain Bleau Gardens, Alameda, they are enabled to make a reduction of 40 per cent. on last years prices. They have on hand a large assortment of Bulbs, Clover, Canary, Hemp and all kinds of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, of every known description. Also, Cabbage plants of every description. dec20m2

A. NOLTNER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERPRISE OFFICE
Oregon City, Jan 13:tf

Prospectus for 1873—6th Year!
THE ALDINE,
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL, UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED TO BE THE HANDSOMEST PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD, REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMPION OF AMERICAN TASTE.
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THE ALDINE, WHILE ISSUED WITH all the regularity, has none of the temporary or merely interest characteristic of ordinary light and graceful literture; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number efforts fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be the most appreciated after it has been bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any of her shape or number of volumes for ten times its cost; and then there are the chromos, besides.

ART DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the increase in the price of subscription last Fall, when THE ALDINE assumed its present noble proportions and representative character, the edition was MORE THAN DOUBLE during the past year; proving that the American public appreciate and will support, a sincere effort in the cause of Art. The publishers, anxious to justify the ready confidence thus demonstrated, have exerted themselves to the utmost to develop and improve the work; and the plans for the coming year, as unfolded by the monthly issues, will astonish and delight even the most sanguine friends of THE ALDINE.

The publishers are authorized to announce designs from many of the most eminent artists of America.

In addition, THE ALDINE will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success, and greatest general interest; avoiding such as have become familiar, through photographs or copies of any kind.

The quarterly tinted plates, for 1873, will reproduce four of John S. Davis' inimitable child sketches, appropriate to the four seasons These plates appearing in the issues for January, April, July and October, would be worth the price of a year's subscription.

The popular feature of a copiously illustrated "Christmas" number will be continued

PREMIUM CHROMOS FOR 1873.

Every subscriber to THE ALDINE, who pays in advance for the year 1873, will receive, without additional charge, a pair of beautiful oil chromos, after I. L. Hill, the eminent English painter. The pictures, entitled "The Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor," are 14×20 inches—are printed from 25 different plates, requiring 25 impressions and tints to perfect each picture. The same chromos are sold for $20 per pair, in the Art stores. As it is the determination of its conductors to keep THE ALDINE out of the reach of competition in every department, the chromos will be found correspondingly ahead of any that can be offered by other periodicals. Every subscriber will receive a certificate, over the signature of the publishers, guaranteeing that the chromos delivered shall be equal to the samples furnished the agent, or the money will be refunded. The distribution of pictures of this grade, free to the subscriber of a dollar periodical, will mark an epoch in the Art; and, considering the unprecedented cheapness of the price of THE ALDINE itself, the marvel falls little short of a miracle, even to those best acquainted with the achievements of inventive genius and improved mechanical appliances. (For illustrations of these chromos, see November number of THE ALDINE.)

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

will continue under the care of Mr. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, assisted by the best writers and poets of the day, who will strive to have the literature of THE ALDINE always in keeping with its artistic attractions.

TERMS—$3 Per Annum, in advance, with Oil Chromos free.

THE ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rates; cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers direct, or handed to the local agent, without responsibility to the publisher, except in cases where the certificate is given, bearing the facsimile of James Sutton & Co.

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WE CAN RECOMMEND THE FOLLOWing Vocal Collection of choice Piano Songs: "Shining Lights," (Sacred Songs); "Golden Leaves," Vol. I. and II.; "Hearth and Home," "Fire-side Echoes," "Sweet Sounds," and "Priceless Gems." Price $1 75 each in boards; $2 in cloth; $2 50 in cloth and gilt.

Also the following Instrumental Collections: "Fairy Fingers," "Magic Circle," "Young Pianist," and "Pearl Drops"—four easy collections. "Musical Recreations," "Pleasant Memories," "Golden Chimes" and "Brilliant Gems," for more advanced players. Price of each book, $1 75 in boards; $2 in cloth; $2 50 in cloth and gilt.

Strauss' Waltzes, (ask for Peters' Edition,) in 2 vol., $4 each in boards; $5 in cloth. Novello's Cheap Edition of Piano-Forte Classics, consisting of Mendelssohn's complete works in 4 vols. 8vo. price $2 50 each; Folio Edition, $6 each; Beethoven's Sonatas, $2; Beethoven's Pieces, $2; Chopin's Waltzes, Polonaises, Nocturnes, Mazurkas, Ballads, and Preludes, price $2 each; Schubert's Ten Sonatas, $5; Schuber's Piano Pieces; $2; Mozart's Sonatas, $5; Weber's Complete Piano Pieces, $4; Schuman's 43 Pieces, $3, etc., etc. In ordering these, be sure to ask for Novello's Edition. They are all handsome editions. Novello's cheap Vocal Collections: Mother Goose, $2 and $3; Randegger's Sacred Songs, $2 50; Mendelssohn's 75 Songs, beautifully bound, $2 50; Schuman's Vocal Album, $3; Moore's Irish Melodies, Folio Edition, by Raife, $8; German Volkslieder Album $2, etc., etc.

Stainer's Christmas Carols, new and old, illustrated. Price, $4. The same without illustrations, in 2 vols., $1 each; complete, $1 50.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY, price 50 cents each, every number containing at least $4 worth of music. Bound volumes for 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872, price $5 each.

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AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau st., New York.
Sept. 1:1y

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

Not numerous years nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife,
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Nor pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine,
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trimmed cravat.
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor Mister, Rev'rend, Sir nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rattled o'er;
Nor Judges robes, nor Mayors mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race—
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper at the human race;
A soul of beauty and of grace:
A spirit form erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God and Him alone;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God.
And thus can smile at curse and ban—
That is the soul that makes the man.

General Items.

A great surgical operation—to take the check out of a young man, and the jaw out of a scolding woman.

The President has nominated Morris Friedsom, Collector of New York District, in place of H. R. Harg, resigned.

It requires $28,000 worth of twine per annum to tie up the "dead letters which the Post Office Department fails to deliver.

Rev. Frederick K. Marsh, for over a half a century pastor of the Congregational Church at Winchester Center, Conn., died on the 7th inst.

It is believed that nearly all the Ku Klux prisoners will shortly be pardoned. That is probably owing to the fact that no elections are pending.

Mrs. Edwin Forrest has notified the executors of her husband's will that she will appear for her dowry, on the ground that Forrest was never divorced from her.

The New York *Herald* affirms that journalism wears men out faster than another profession. It wore poor Mr. Bennett into an untimely grave at the age of 74.

"Josh, as I was going down street the other day, I seed a tree bark." "I seed the same one leave. Bill." "Did it take its trunk with it?" "Oh, no; it left that for board."

The morals of Colorado must be improving. She has nine auxiliary bible societies, two branch bible societies, two bible committees and fourteen bible depositories.

Sixteen cities in Massachusetts that have just inaugurated new municipal governments, show an aggregate indebtedness of $53,656,139 56, an increase of $6,863,775 41 over the debts of the year previous.

Jim Nye's friends are urging him for the Chinese mission. Nye has been one of the worst thieves in the Senate, and repudiated by his constituents the Radicals thus it necessary to provide for him at the Government crib.

Philadelphia is one of the foremost manufacturing cities in the world. It is estimated that she now has fully 10,000 manufacturing establishments, yielding, as their products, the enormous sum of $500,000,000 annually.

Fired by the example of the United States, England has devised what appears to be a scheme for paying off her national debt. It is stated that the milkmen are to be fined $10 every time they are caught adding water to their milk.

Surrogate Coffin of West Chester county, N. Y., delivered his written opinion on 19th inst., in the matter of proving the last will of Horace Greeley, denying the will of 1872 probate. The will of 1871 was proven and admitted to probate.

A Washington special says that after the 4th of March there is to be an almost complete change in the list of Foreign Ministers. It is proposed to send first class men to foreign courts. It would be a good thing if we could have a man or two in office at Washington with a little brains.

A few days ago, says the Boise *Statesman*, a gentleman handed in to this office the copy for a job of work he wished done, on the back of which we found written the following anecdote. Whether original or not, we cannot say, but it is worth publishing:

Mother—Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it always falls butter side down?

Boy—I don't know, mam; it hadn't ought to.

Mother—Why?

Boy—'Cause the strongest side ought to be uppermost; and this is the strongest butter I ever seed.

Mother—Hush, hush: It's some of your aunt's churning.

Boy—Did she churn it? The big, lazy thing.

Mother—What! your aunt?

Boy—No; this yer butter. To make her churn it, when it's plenty strong enough to churn itself.

Mother—I have eaten a great deal worse in the most aristocratic boarding houses.

Boy—Well, people of rank ought to eat it.

Mother—Why people of rank?

Boy—'Cause its rank butter.

Exit mother.

Southern Law Makers.

A GLIMPSE AT THE GRANT ELEMENT IN THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE—INTERVIEWING A COLORED MEMBER AND A WHITE SENATOR

Atlanta, Ga., Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Returning from Stephens's speech I was shown my room in the third story of an imposing brick. It was large, with a cheerful fire at one end, and two beds at the other. A short, but black negro, under a plug hat, and wrapped in a heavy cloak, stood before the fire. The servant of some guest—statesman, who occupies one of these beds, I thought—an ex-slave who still clings to his old master.

"Whose room is this?" I asked of the negro.

"Senator Blank stays here, sah."

"Are you his servant?"

"No, sah; I'se a member of the Legislatur."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, sah, and I come up here to meet the Senator to talk and consult about this here election that's coming on."

"The Senatorial election?"

"Yes, sah; that business is getting red-hot," and the legislator laughed a silvery laugh.

"Is the Senator you spoke of a Republican?"

"Yes, sah; we are both from down on the coast where all the Republicans come from that's elected."

"What is the matter that there are so few of you in the Legislature?"

"Well, sah; the white men have got the money and the brains; and they just fix up the party business to suit themselves. Our party is about played in this State. Every election we get less. A heap of the darkies are getting to vote the Democratic ticket as a reg'lar thing. I know one county down on the coast where seventeen hundred darkies voted the straight-out Democratic ticket."

"Why didn't you work with them?"

"Oh, I did; I made a heap of speeches, but it 'pears like it did no good. Them niggers down there have got a big Democratic devil in 'em. You had just as well talk to stumps. They have soured on our party. A Democrat can take a bale of cotton and vote a hundred."

I laughed.

"It's a fact, sah; a burnin' and a shameful fact, as I tell 'em. It's a disgracement to the reason of mankind. I tell you I went for 'em in my speeches. But a heap of times they would only laugh and tell me to come down and give 'em a chew of tobacco. One day I got sorter mad in my argument and told 'em I could buy 'em all with two pounds of tobacco. Why, they mighty nigh beat Col. Whitely for Congress. Col. Whitely is one of the greatest men that walks on this here country. The fool niggers voted the Democratic ticket so much that we only elected our man by fifty votes. We worked every day and night. I made fifty speeches. We spent all our money. Col. Whitely put in the last cent—the last cent, sah.

One day I went to his house for money to bring out the darkies. His wife kept the money. 'Wife,' said he, 'give Jim some money.' 'There ain't but $20 in the house,' she says. 'Give it to him,' he says; 'I'm going to spend the last cent,' and he did, but we only missed being beat by a mighty little. Next time they will set him. I tell you, sah, some of these days the Democrats will have every bit of this State under themselves just as they want it."

I was about to observe to the despondent colored brother that they had it now, when the door opened and the Senator, a tall, spare, white man, came in. We introduced ourselves, and chose beds. "This is Jim," he said, turning to the negro; "he's a member, and has come up to help us whip out the d—d Democrats."

As there are about six Democrats in the Legislature to one Republican, it looks as though the whipping out process might be good exercise.

"Jim," he continued, "do you know all the black members?"

"Yes sah."

"Well, you stir around and get them into the caucus Monday night. We must act together. I don't see how we can vote for Stephens, Gordon or Hill. If the thing gets close, we may hold the balance of power."

"Yes, sah"

"Do you know what that is?"

"No, sah."

"That means if the vote is close between two Democrats, we will vote for one or the other and elect, him."

"Yes, sah."

"Which one of the three, Jim, can we swallow the best?"

"Some says Stephens."

"No, Jim, I'll be d—d if we can go for Stephens! Do you know Stephens's record?"

"No, sah."

"Well, he's an old Democratic sinner. I'd just as soon send Jeff. Davis to the United States Senate as him. I tell you, Jim, our chance is Hill. We can't possibly go for Gordon or Stephens. You put up the boys on this. We can't help ourselves in this fight, and we must do all we can to hurt the Democrats. Jim, how did you leave business at home?"

"Pretty fair, sah."

"Glad of it. I tell you, if we can bother the Democrats, it will pay us to stay here all the spring. The boys will plant our corn and cotton, and if they don't it may go to thunder. Our business is right here, to worry the Democrats. Jim, did you know the Democrats had ruined this country once?"

"Yes, sah."

"And they'll do it again. They would send the devil to the Senate if he would serve. But they can't get him, so they will try to send Old Alex. I know Old Alex mighty well. Did I ever tell you, Jim, about what Old Alex did in the Secession Convention?"

"The which, sah?"

"The Secession Convention that took the State out of the Union."

"No, sah."

"Well, they held secret sessions. Old Alex was in there. I gave the doorkeeper a dollar to let me open the door half an inch. You can buy a heap of people for a dollar, Jim, and a d—d sight of them for ten dollars."

"Yes, sah."

"Well, as I was saying, Old Alex, was a speaking. Says he, 'Mr President, I am opposed to the policy of secession, but if it has to come, let it be done before yonder sun sinks in the west. I am a Georgian, and will stand by Georgia to the bitter end.' You see Jim, he thought more of this one-horse State than he did of the whole country. That's why we can't vote for him. No matter what comes, Jim, we mustn't allow a single Republican vote to go to Stephens."

"No, sah."

"We will throw away our votes on Ackerman first."

"Yes, sah."

"Now, Jim, you may go, but mind that you don't talk too much."

"Yes, sah;" and the honorable colored member folded his martial cloak around him and withdrew."

IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.—"It's what the'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what the'll make which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite—for it was Franklin's in another shape: "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expense, saying to themselves that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting the aggregate—that even the seashore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day even is thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only is so much richer than him who does not, as if he owned a life-estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars; and, if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well, then, Jacob Astor used to say that when a man who wishes to be rich has saved ten thousand dollars, has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy which would constantly keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and when, on looking back, cannot tell as they say, "where the money went to. "To save is the golden rule to get rich. To squander even in small sums is the first step towards the poor house.

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread on you little. In other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen, and miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently to our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in the month of April, sometimes it is cloudy, and sometimes clear and favorable.

Albert Mellen, an old St. Louisian, was married in Massachusetts, to Miss Fannie L. Gardner. It is eminently proper for this Gardner to devote her energies to raising Mellens.

Two Nights in the Snow.

Among the many sad incidents which we have been called upon to chronicle during the last few days with regard to the terrible results of the late storm, none, perhaps, will excite more sorrow and sympathy than the story of Mrs. Mary Townsend, a young married lady who recently came with her husband from central New York to take up their abode in our State.

Just after the holidays the young couple left this city for a visit to an uncle of the bride, a gentleman named Murray, who resides some five or six miles from Farmington. A week ago last Monday Mr. Townsend and his wife had occasion to visit Farmington, and for this purpose a team attached to a light cutter was furnished them by Mr. Murray. They started off, saying, however that they might not return until the next day. They did not attempt to return that night, but early on Tuesday morning they were on their way back. It was very cold, and the horses were urged on but suddenly the wind arose, fine particles of snow began to fall, and before long the great storm burst upon them in all its terrible fury. For a while the strong animals battled against the elements, but becoming exhausted at last, it was found impossible to urge them onward. In the meantime the violence of the storm increased. Great drifts were forming around the sleigh, and it was impossible to distinguish objects scarcely a rod distant. It was a terrible dilemma to be placed in, and the hearts of both occupants of the sleigh beat fast with fear and anxiety. As hours passed on with no abatement of the angry storm, the perils of their situation began to increase, and while each endeavored to cheer the other both felt that nothing but a mysterious interposition of Providence could save them from the terrible fate of freezing to death. At last night came, but still the fierce winds howled over and about them, the drifts grew larger and the temperature colder. Wrapped in their robes and blankets, they huddled together at the bottom of the sleigh, and passed the night in praying for deliverance from that awful situation.

As soon as daylight appeared, Mr. Townsend signified his intention of making an attempt to find assistance, if possible. His wife made fearful remonstrances, fearing that he would meet with no success and perhaps perish with cold. He cheered her as best he could, however, and packing the robes still closer around her, took one of the horses and mounting him, drove away.

All day the lonely wife waited, her heart beating faster with fear as the tedious hours wore on, and her tears and prayers falling together. Night came again, but it did not bring her husband nor relief. Buried in the folds of blankets and buffaloes, she could hear the wailings of the wild winds as they swept over the lone prairie all through the dismal hours. Exhausted weary and benumbed, she at last fell asleep, in which condition she was found about 10 o'clock on the following morning of Thursday, the 19th inst., by a party who were in search of the missing ones.

She was, after considerable exertion, aroused, and finding that her exhaustion was caused by fatigue and that she was not frost bitten, the neighbors carried her to the residence of her uncle, only a half mile distant. Here she was was provided with everything needful for her comfort, but when upon the next day the body of her husband was brought home frozen and stiff and stark, her grief gave way to the wild ravings of insanity. Before this she had told her uncle all that had happened up to the time of her falling asleep. As soon as possible physicians were sent for, but at last accounts Mrs. Townsend was failing rapidly, with no signs of rational improvement.—*From the Minneapolis Tives, Jan. 16th.*

TIME TO BE CAREFUL.—When the wife of your bosom is in a bad humor it isn't safe to say, "What's up, old gal?" A gentleman on High street Brooklyn, did this last week. She turned on him with "Who do you call old gal, you miserable, old, red headed, idiotic mud turtle?" He fled instantly as he saw her eye roving round in search of a weapon of attack. He made his peace with a new bonnet and a pair of earrings.

Wedding cards in Denver consist of the jack of diamonds and the queen of hearts, with the contracting parties' names thereon; if the bride's mother is living, the ten of clubs is enclosed.

To prevent people from meddling with nitroglycerine cans, it is proposed to label them "tracts."

PAPER WINDOW SHUTTERS.—The inventors who have been experimenting with paper for sometime past, are now trying to make it useful for window shutters. The preparation used is the ordinary paper pulb brought by pressure to the utmost solidity, with the lightest possible sheet iron or rather casting to insure stability. This preparation has been brought to a high degree of perfection in Japan, where they are much more skillful in the uses of paper than we are, adapting it to all sorts of articles for domestic use, being as it is claimed, for water-proof, and fire-proof, not liable to breakage like crockery from careles handling, nor in danger of corrosion like most of the metals from exposure. The material has been used to some extent in this country for furniture, clothing, car-wheels and many other things out of the ordinary course of things. As the stuff will not burn, the inventors expect to turn it to use as a new safeguard against fire.

Some years ago, when our judges, State and Federal, were not receiving the comfortable salaries they are to-day, a lawyer who was enjoying a lucrative practice, who we will call X——, realizing the fact that Judge——'s salary who we will call Judge Z——, was very small, thought it would be a good thing to present the judge with a cow. So he called up his man of all work and said: "Take old Brindle over to Judge Z's, and give her to the judge with my compliments." As the judge was returning from court that afternoon, he found a man tying a brindle cow to the hitching post in front of his gate. Judge Z—— went at once to drive the strange man and cow off, when the man exclaimed: "Judge Z——, Mr. X—— present this cow to you with his compliments, Judge Z—— with one of those looks which has so often struck terror to evil doers, said: "Cut that rope from my post! take that cow home, and tell Mr. X. that I receive no presents from any lawyer that practices in my court."

A little newsboy attempting to jump from the car, the other day, fell under the car, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him. When she arrived she hung over her dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," he whispered, with a painful effort, "I sold your newspapers—and—the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard working mother, whose burden he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

A guiltless young lady entered one of our music stores the other afternoon, and when the new clerk—a bashful youth—asked her what she wished, she smiled sweetly, and said, "Will you meet me to-night at the Mill?" The clerk, who never dreamed that this was the title of new music, blushed clear around to the back of his neck, and stammered "I—kie—can't I'm going to see another girl to-night." The lady retired.

A forgetful young woman in New Jersey the other night aroused the inmates of a hotel to which her bridal trip had led, on account of finding a man in her room. The trifling circumstance of her marriage that morning had quite escaped her memory, and it was not until summary justice was about to be visited on the offender that she happened to recollect it.

The editor of one of our exchanges has just had his family reinforced, and makes the following remarks:

Ring out wild belles—and tame ones too—
Ring out the lover's moon;
Ring out the little slips and socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon;
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pens and ink—
My daughter, oh, my daughter.

SURPRISED.—An old lady on entering a store, the other day, said: "Why if can't be that you keep this store yet! I thought you had gone out of business. I ain't seen your name or anything about your store in the paper for over a year, and everybody in our neighborhood thinks you have gone out of business."

Dr. G——, of Sycamore, Illinois, riding into the country one day, saw a sign upon a gate-post reading thus: "This farm for Sail." Stopping his horse, he hailed a little old woman who stood on tiptoe, hanging out clothes. "I say, madam, when is this farm going to sail?" "Just as soon, sir," replied the old lady, "as any body comes along who can raise the wind?"

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.—Having purchased a lot of new type and other material, we are in need of money and would most respectfully request those indebted to us, either for job work, advertising or subscription, to call and pay up. We have been very easy with our patrons, and now when we need the money we have earned, we hope they will come forward and pay up.

The fact has come to the knowledge of the Committee on Claims that General Butler paid over in 1868 to the United States Treasurer $202,000, being money captured in the South, but in fact belonging to loyal people in the North.

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