## OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1898

#### WINTER

Merry, though the moon shines pale And the wind tuned tranches Purest ervents from and fail. There they sparidle, Here they darkie, On the pine and lonely wall.

Merry, though the stream is still 'North the cold and trackless hill, There the realms of Hesper glow. Twillight lingers. Suining fingers Gild the sleeping fields of anew. misses Richardson in Woman's Home Com--Oe

THE ABBE'S DOG.

Abbe Santen was the cure of a sleepy little village at the extreme end of Provenco-the Provence of the olden time, when doubts had not yet crept in to corrapt the simple faith of the peasants. The old priest lived happily among his parishioners, kindly souls all of them, and so obedient to the commandments of God and our boly mother church that their lives were a real benediction for their spiritual father. The good man had no need to touch them up every that matter, in India, who always ate now and then with a rousing sermon, meat whether it was good or bad Frinor did he ask the aid of others more day. eloquent than himself to convert his flock. They were born, lived and died in the fold, and their pastor discharged his simple priestly duties and led in anticipation the life of the blessed.

The abbe adored nature, and every day you could have seen him strolling among the fields, reading his breviary, while from time to time he glanced at the gambols of Oremus, his little dog. They were as inseparable as St. Roch and his famous bowwow. Oremus enjoyed these strolls as much as his master, but in a different fashion. The priest's pleasure was purely contemplative, that of the doggie active.

Oremus firmly believed that God gave four legs to little dogs so that they could be twice as alert as their masters, who, poor creatures, had but two. So he raced over the fields, sometimes behind sometimes ahead of the cure, I should like some !" jamping, making a corkscrew of his tail, snapping at the birds and giving himself up to all the pranks befitting the well bred deg of a priest,

Superfluous to add that Oremus un. touch the piece that I am goi derstood absolutely all that his master him. And he is only a dog." said to him and that he could do evorything but speak. As for tricks, our ter. Oremus could have given points to the whole canine world. He danced on his hind legs and shook hands like a Chris. miracle-it would take me to masstian, and his great feat was to refuse the most delicious chop, the juiciest morsel, if offered with the left hand.

You may well believe that this victory over the canino flesh was not gained without effort." The abbe and his dog had given much time and patience to the perfecting of this triumph, and evenings after the cure had dined alone the littledog was put through his paces. always ending the performance with the famous "chop act." Then the abbe, with tears in his eyes, would ask himself if the good God could have the begrt to refuse a scrap of paradise to such a creature. Let us hasten to add that the worthy priest would have died

going to have your miraole, and I'm going to have your soul!" It was Friday. Le Fainrd has just killed his pig, and would probably have

a saucage for dinner. The pricat soon reached his destination.

"Good day, Le Faiard," said he, in a fatherly tone. "Good day, father," replied the dis

ciple of Voltaire. With that they fell into a chat, inter-

rupted from time to time by the yelps of Oremus, and punctured, so to speak, by the handfuls of seed that the young farmer scattered right and left as he waiked along.

Dinner hour. The two men seated themselves on a little hillock, and Le Faiard pulled a sausage from his pocket, a superb sausage, red as a tomato, and with an odor to have made a saint's month water.

"floly Virgin, Le Faiard, what a sin! On a Friday, in Lent too. Don't eat it, my son."

"Not eat it! That's good. The idea! would eat it on Good Friday if I had it. Besides, haven't I seen with my own eyes bishops and archbishops, too, for

"Your joking is ill timed. God is good, but he will not always have patience with you. Some day he will open your eyes by a miracle, but who can say if then the gate of mercy may not be closed for you."

"Father, miracles are always in season, but unfortunately the time for them has gone by. As for me, death of my life, I wouldn't ask better than to see what you threaten me with. Meanwhile the sansage claims my attention -and"- And the rascal took a great monthful of his dinner.

Oremus had not lifted his eyes from the sausage since its sppearance on the scene. Every time Le Faiard took a bite the poor howwow licked his chops and wagged his tail, which distinctly said in dog languago

"Oh, what an elegant snusage! How

"Watch my dog, you mocker," said the abbe. "See how he is devouring the sausage with his eyes. Well, when I say, 'It is Friday, Oremus,' he will not touch the piece that I am going to offer

Lo Faiard was convulsed with laugh-

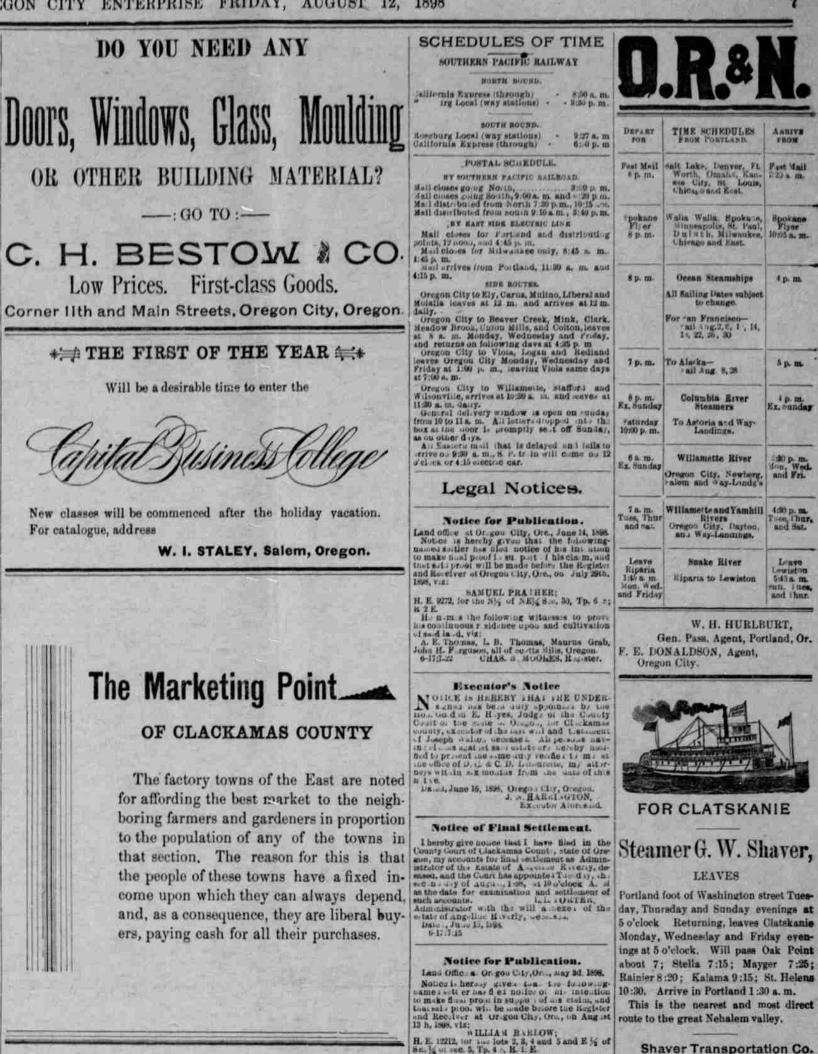
"Oh, father, that's too much! All the same, though, I would like to see your yes, and vespers too."

Taking a delicious morsel of the sausage, the abbe called, "Oremus!" Oreanus came like a streak.

"It is Friday, Oremus," went on the abbo, "but just see what I have for you," and he offered the tempting bit, which he held, be it understood, in his left hand.

Imagine, if you can, the astonishment of Le Faiard when he saw Oremus halt suddenly in front of his master, head lowered, tail between his legs and with the air of an actor who had forgotten his lines.

"Good doggie, Oremus, eat it!" Sure of his success, the priest put the



before giving voice to such a sentiment -he, a son of the church. But nothing is perfect in this world,

and one day the sacred calm of Abiho was turned into confusion. Listen, and you will learn how. A young conscript, who had been absent seven years and who was supposed by the villagers to appointment in a little nap have been killed in the war, reappeared During this scene Le Faia one fine morning and immediately took petrified. With open mouth he watchup his old life of farming. So far so ed the priest and his dog as a criminal good. But what a scandal arose, my watches his judge. When Oremus finalfriends, when it was known that Le ly beat a retreat, Le Faiard roused him-Faiard absented himself from mass on Sunday, swore like a pirate at every half masticated. word, and, more than all, ate meat on "Father." he Friday!

Abbe Sauten almost died of mortifica-ticm. Night and day he racked his brain taken a dog to convince me of it." to find some means of bringing the apostate back to the faith of his childhood. As if by accident M. le Cure often strolled past the field where Le Faiard was working. Almost always he stop. ho, where the holy peace of God reigns ped to gossip with his black sheep, and now as formerly.—"L'Echo de la Severy often the conversation turned on maine." the all absorbing question. Le Faiard, for his part, was only too ready to argue the point. He was a pigheaded fellow, who liked to hear himself talk, and frequently it happened that our good abbe -who was by no means a well of learning-found himself floored by the arguments which his opponent had picked up in his military life and which he reeled off with a parrotlike volubility. One day when Le Faiard had reduced

his adversary to silence, he asked, as a finishing stroke:

"Anyway, father, do you take me for a saint?"

"Alas, far from it, my son."

"The devil fly away with me, then, if you don't demand more of me than a saint or even an apostle is capable of." "Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the

priest, falling innocently into the snare. "Well, then, father," said Le Faiard,

with a sly grin, "did St. Thomas be-lieve on the faith of others? Didn't he require a miracle, and, trone-de-Dieu, what a miracle! Who can blame me for following St. Thomas' exampleonly I ask less than his saintship. Show me the least little miracle, I don't care how small, and I'll go to confession with all my heart."

Then seeing that the priest was dum-founded, he added: "Morbleu, father, won't you show me one? That ought not to feaze a friend of God's.

Then he walked away, in high glee, at the effect produced by his words. "Work a miracle," said the priest to

himself. "Impossible! And yet if God would help me"

In truth God did help him, and one day in mid-Lent Father Sauten left the of \$8 per week .-- Washington Post. house, escorted by his dog. All the way to Le Faiard's field he chuckled softly to himself.

"A miracle, indeed. You must have miracle! Yes, my fine fellow, you are -New York Weekly.

sansage under the dog's nose. Not a movement! Oremus' eyes were good. He saw that the sausage staid in the left hand, and after a few minutes he turned tail and retreated to the shade of a bush close by, where he sadly flung himself down and tried to forget his dis-

During this scene Le Falard had been of the Pacific Coast self and ejected the mouthful already

"Father," he cried, "I have seen enough and too much. I am the most miserable sinner on earth, and it has

The following Sunday Le Faiard went to mass and vespers, and over since that memorable day it is he who lights the candles and rings the bells in Abi-

## "See a Pin and Pick It Up."

It may be before long that our pins will have to be dipped in carbolic acid before being put on our bureaus. For pins have been proved to be a prolific source of danger in spreading conta-gious diseases. All kinds of germs, it is said, can be collected under the heads, and nurses who indulge the feminine habit of holding pins in their mouths lay themselves open to serious attack. The doctors who have warned the public say that many of the so called new pins are not new at all, but have been picked up in the streets and laid side by side with the others. The idea is not an altogether pleasant one, and is, more-over, one likely to increase the uncasiness of the overfastidious.

There are some women now who are so afraid of germs that they wash all their gold and silver pieces before handling them and who never allow a bank bill to go into their purses until it has been wrapped in some kind of disinfecting paper. They even require the shopgirls who hand them their change to wrap in paper first. What is to be done, if all this is so, with the popular superstitions about picking up all the pins that one sees and never passing a penny in the street?-Harper's Bazar.

#### The Mystery of Mysteries.

Providence moves in a mysterious way, but those who make a specialty of explaining these mysteries have never been able to account for the regularity with which twins and triplets come to the home of the man who earns a salary

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Pop (who has just had a new house

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a miracle, must you, you rogue? Ore-mus, little villain, leave those birds alone. You have other things to do. A

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Sn. 14 of sec. 5, Tp. 4 -, E. T. E. He names the following witnesses to prove has continuous residence upon and cultivation of saidand, viz: Geo ge Knight of Canby, Ore, W. S. Thil, of Barlow, Ore: W. Itam Bauer, of barlow, Ore, and John Sims of Caaby, Ore, 7-8, 8-12 CHAS. B. MOORES, Recessor

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