OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 1. **OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.** **No. 9.**

The Weekly Enterprise.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

By D. C. IRELAND,

OFFICE:—South east corner of FOURTH and MAIN streets, in the building lately known as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year in advance.....$3 00
" " " " if delayed..... 4 00

Terms of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, one square (12 lines or less) first insertion ...$2 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 1 00
Business Cards one square per annum payable quarterly..... 12 00
One column per annum..... 100 00
One half column " 50 00
One quarter " " 30 00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

D. M. McKENNEY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL business entrusted to his care.

OFFICE—One door north of Bell & Parker's Drag store, Oregon City, Oregon. [3:1y

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. M'COWN.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,

LAWYERS.

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

☞ Will attend to all business entrusted to our care in any of the Courts of the State, collect money, negotiate loans, sell real estate, etc. 1.y1

JAMES M. MOORE,

Justice of the Peace & City Recorder.

Office—In the Court House and City Council Room, Oregon City.

Will attend to the acknowledgment of deeds, and all other duties appertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace. 2:1y

Dr. F. Barclay, M. R. C. L.,

(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)

OFFICE:—At Residence,
Main Street.....(52).....Oregon City.

Dr. H. Saffarrans,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

OFFICE—In J. Fleming's Book Store.
Main street, Oregon City. (52

H. W. ROSS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

(Office over Charman Bros., Main st.,)
Oregon City. 1y

John Fleming,

DEALER in BOOKS and STATIONERY.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore received, respectfully solicits a continuance of the favors of a generous public.

His store is between Jacobs' and Ackerman's bricks, on the west side of Main street. Oregon City, October 27th, '66. (tf

Professor A. J. Rutjes,

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

WILL be glad to receive a number of Pupils at his Music Room, at the private residence of Mr. Charles Logus. He will also continue to give instructions at private residences. No charge for the use of the piano. My pupils will please give me notice when ready to commence. 3:1y

DAVID SMITH W. H. MARSHALL.

SMITH & MARSHALL,

Black Smiths and Boiler Makers.

Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City..... Oregon.

Blacksmithing in all its branches. Boiler making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction. (52

BARLOW HOUSE,

Main Street, one door north of the Woolen Factory,
Oregon City .....Oregon.
Wm. Barlow, Proprietor.

The proprietor, thankful for the continued patronage he has received, would inform the public that he will continue his efforts to pleast his guests. (52

William Broughton,

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,

Main street, Oregon City.

Will attend to all work in his line, consisting in part of Carpenter and Joiner work —framing, building, etc. Jobbing promptly attended to. (52

Fashion Billiard Saloon.

Main street, between Second and Third,
Oregon City.

J. C. Mann, Proprietor.

THE above long established and popular Saloon is yet a favorite resort, and as only the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars are dispensed to customers a share of the public patronage is solicited.
(1y) J. C. MANN.

SHADES SALOON.

West Side Main Street, between Second and Third, Oregon City.

GEORGE A. HAAS - - - - Proprietor.

The proprietor begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that the above named popular saloon is open for their accommodation, with a new and well assorted supply of the finest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. 52

THE GEM.

Main Street, opposite the Post Office, Oregon City.

E. PAYNE.....Proprietor.

The undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has purchased the above saloon, and now offers a choice and well selected stock of foreign and domestic wines, liquors, etc., which cannot fail to please those who may extend their patronage. The best Lager Beer, Ale and Porter in the State, always on draught.
3:1y] E. PAYNE.

W. A. ALDRICH. J. C. MERRILL. JOHN M'CRAKEN.

M'CRAKEN, MERRILL & CO.

SHIPPING, COMMISSION AND

Forwarding Merchants,

AGENTS OF THE CALIFORNIA, Hawaiian and Oregon Packet Lines.

Importers of San Quentin and Carmen Island Salt, Sandwich Island Sugars, Coffee, Rice, and Pulu.

Agents for Provost's & Co.'s Preserved Fruits, Vegetables, Pickles and Vinegar.

Dealers in Flour, Grain, Bacon, Lard & Fruit, Lime, Cement and Plaster.

Will attend to the Purchase, Sale or Shipment of Merchandise or Produce in New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, or Portland.

ALDRICH, MERRILL & CO.,
Nos 204 and 206 California Street, San Francisco.
M'CRAKEN, MERRILL & CO.,
16 North Front Street, Portland.

J. H. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH. A. SMITH.

Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty.

☞ Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon. (1y)

W. LAIR HILL. M. F. MULKEY.

HILL & MULKEY,

ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS

AT LAW.

WILL both be found hereafter at their Office on the corner of Front and Alder Streets, Portland, Oregon. [1yr.

FERRY & FOSTER,

BROKERS!

Real Estate and Collecting

AGENTS.

No. 86 Front Street, Corner of Washington,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, STOCKS, Bonds, and Real Estate bought and sold on Commission.
Portland, Oct. 1866. [3:1y.

E. G. RANDALL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Sheet Music, and Musical Merchandise of all kinds. Sole Agent in Oregon for
Mason & Hamlin's
CELEBRATED CABINET ORGAN!
— AND —
Steinway & Son's
GOLD MEDAL PIANO FORTES!
First street, next door to the Post Office, Portland Oregon. [4:1y

Removed! Removed!

The old and well known

Portland Foundry,

D. MONNASTES, Proprietor,

PORTLAND.....OREGON,

HAS NOT DISCONTINUED WORK! but has been removed to Second street, between Alder and Morrison streets, where business will be conducted on as large a scale as in years past. 2:1y

CROCKERY

AND

GLASS-WARE,

Queens-Ware, Lamps, etc.

J. McHENRY,

Importer of articles in the above line, would invite the attention of purchasers to his large stock now on hand.
94 Front street,
2:1y Portland, Oregon.

L. T. SCHULTZ,

—Importer and dealer in—

NEW MUSIC **PIANOS, MELODEONS,**

Musical Instruments, Stationery, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, etc.

106 Front street.....Portland, Oregon.
Pianos and all other Musical Instruments carefully tuned and repaired. 2:1y

LINCOLN HOUSE,

Corner of Washington and Front sts., Portland, Oregon.

N. C. MATTHIEUSEN,

Of the St. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Victoria, having taken the above house, wishes to announce to the public that he is now prepared to accommodate guests in a satisfactory manner. Nothing will be left undone, which is in the power of the proprietor to do, to render guests comfortable. 2:1y

JOHN NESTOR,

ARCHITECT, BUILDER,

AND DRAUGHTSMAN.

Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

☞ Plans, Specifications, and accurate working drawings prepared on short notice after the latest approved style. (1y)

A. G. BRADFORD,

39 Front Street, Portland, Oregon,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Wines and Liquors,

— ALSO: —

Sole Agent in Oregon, and Washington Territory, for the GOLDEN STATE CHAMPAIGN, manufactured by Hoffman, Finke & Co., from California grapes. [4:1y

R. HENDRIE,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

FINE WINES!

BRANDIES AND LIQUORS,

51 Front Street,

1m3 PORTLAND, OREGON.

MARBLE AND STONE YARD

WILLIAM YOUNG,

No. 38 Front street, Portland Oregon

Keep constantly on hand a good stock of Mantle and building stone, suitable for every description of work. Mantles, Tomb stones and monuments of every style, executed and set to order. 2:3m

REST.

Of all the sweet sad words of life,
Whose very sound seems soft and blest,
The one most like a benison,
Is that sweet love word, rest.
We grow so weary on life's road,
Climbing its rocky heights and steep,
That it will seem so blest to seek
That shadow land of sleep.

E'en the sweet valley of the world
The happy land of love,
When we have walked awhile therein,
Doth full of sadness prove;
And weary souls pass from the vale,
Sighing with hearts oppress'd,
The saddest thing of life's love—
"The sweetest thing is rest."

The sweetest spots along life's road
Are where low billows weep,
And the one place for smiles should be
Where our beloved sleep;
And if our friends would breathe a prayer,
That *one* be truly blest,
Let them but pray our God that we
May have eternal rest.

—*London Paper.*

[From the Golden Era.]

THE CHALLENGE TO FATE:

OR, IMOGEN'S DREAM.

BY FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking tho'ts;
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being. They become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time;
And look like heralds of eternity,
They pass like spirits of the past—*they speak*
Like spirits of the future!

—[BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

The examination was over; we had our diplomas, tied each with a yard-and-a-half of blue ribbon! It was the last of May. What circumstances more favorable to our happiness could there be? All our hard studies and irksome school forms behind us; a summer of freedom, novelty and pleasure before us, coming to be enjoyed.

I had invited three of my shoolmates home with me for that night, I having been a day scholar, and my friends boarders, who were to leave for their homes in different directions on the following day.

We had got a little taste that evening of what we were anticipating on a larger scale soon, in the reception which the Principal had given to the patrons of the school generally, and to the brothers and sisters of the pupils, besides a few others invited to give the affair a sparkle. After it was over, we four girls, Imogen Ray, Marian Northrop, Julia Wyland, and myself, Fanny Birdenn, retired to the best chamber in my father's country-in-town residence.

With more forethought than usually distinguishes American gentlemen, my father had reserved for himself when property was cheap, a whole block in one of the finest locations of the pretty town of Birdennburg; and now, in the autumn of his life, and the spring time of his children's, the grateful result of his forethought was abundantly enjoyed. The scented winds that tossed the curls from fair young brows bared to their caresses in the little forest of greenery around Birdenn Villa, toyed just as softly with the thin gray locks of older and wiser heads that dreamed they were forgetting care beneath the magnificent trees whose leafy screen interposed alike between sunstrokes and world-weariness.

On this particular night in the last of May, the air was full of sweetness extracted by the dew from the honied Balm of Gilead, the full flowering Lilacs, and the intoxicating Narcissus-flowers. The moon was at its full, and not a breeze stirred the slumbrous drooping plumes of the half blossomed locust trees, or made moonlight and shadow change places even once during our long midnight talk.

Two beds had been made up in the great southeast chamber, in which it was my beloved mother's intention that we should *sleep*. And so we did at last, after weariness had fairly overcome our physical endurance; but long and confidingly we conversed together first, leaning in pairs upon the casements, and cooling our rather feverish brows occasionally with dew from the lilac trees under the windows. We talked—as what youths and maidens do not?—of love. We probed the mystery of the future eagerly, but happily in vain.

Oh, girlhood! Eden of woman's life, why must there come the temptation which casts us out of paradise, whose gates are evermore defended with the flaming sword! No bud of love, no rose of wedlock, can ever equal the exquisite ideal loveliness of girlhood's conception of either, while yet the dewy bloom of existence is undisturbed by contact with the actualities of life. Different and more ambitious dreams may come to us thereafter, but never again those airy creations of fire and dew our fancies build ere ever lover's lips have whispered in our ears.

We had laid aside our party dresses, and clothed in our white *robes de nuit*, let down our braided, curled or bandeaued hair; and while we thridded our own or our companion's tresses with soothing fingers, said over and over again our vows of everlasting friendship, and promised to visit each other on the occasions of our several betrothments and weddings. Other school girls have done the same, time out of mind. Tired at last by talk, excitement and late hours, we forsook the moonlit window seats and betook ourselves to our couches. Imogen Ray was to sleep with me. She was my favorite in the whole school, though a delicate, reserved and intellectual girl, while I was all fire and impulse. There was something very appealing, clinging and devoted about Imogen, and she took hold of my enthusiastic soul as no one else ever did.

I *loved her*, and I think I may safely say, after a life of feeling, I never loved any one *more* than I did her—differently, perhaps, but never more. The reason for this was, I have since thought, that she helped me with her deep poetic nature to fashion my glorious ideals; and insensibly I had identified her with the qualities I was vowed to adore.

"Girls," said Julia Wyland, "this is the first time any of us have slept in the chamber; let us all remember what we dream this night, and it shall be our fortune."

"It will be certain to be about love and marriage," I answered; "so its agreed, girls."

"Heaven send us pleasant dreams then," responded Marian Northrop.

"The dream can never be dreamed that can make or unmake my fortune," quietly remarked Imogen; "nevertheless may we all have happy ones;" and composing herself to sleep with her fair sweet face nestled close to my bosom, she and all of us soon slumbered profoundly.

What listening spirit was abroad on the scented air of that May midnight I know not; but if a prophecying angel had answered our wish, he could not have chosen visions more full of portent than those which visited our sleeping thoughts between three o'clock and seven that morning. When the dressing-bell rang we were still fast in the bonds of slumber; but Julia Wyland's loud and merry laughter roused us at last from our stupor of fatigue.

"Come girls!" she exclaimed, springing to the floor and sitting down on the carpet to put on her stockings and slippers. "I have found *my* fate, and if you are enough awake to have a realizing sense of my good fortune, I will tell it you. Fanny! Imogen! Are you awake there?

Thus roused to an interest in our mutual speculation upon superstition's sea, we imitated her livelier example and betook ourselves to the duties of the toilette, while Julia related her dream.

"I thought," said she, "that I was in a large hall, filled with great numbers of my own sex, all newly-married. We sat in solemn silence while an old crone went round touching the lips of each with a goblet filled with—*the extract of the bitterness of marriage!* I watched the hag with anxious foreboding, dreading the ugly draught with all my soul—but she went right by me without perceiving me at all; and as she passed down the hall I awoke. What do you think of that, girls? A marriage without one drop of gall in my cup of felicity!" and she laughed again as she adjusted the ribbon of her left slipper around the pretty ankle, and sprang up from the floor.

"Why, that you will be the happiest of mortals, if your dream does not signify that you are to be an old maid," said Marion, rubbing her pale cheeks violently to get up the laggard color.

"But your dream was nothing to mine, for mine was quite circumstantial. I have all the particulars of my courtship, which I confess are fully as amusing as sentimental. But that's my style, you know. No nonsense about me, as Edmund Sparkler hath it. I dreamed"—pulling the comb through her magnificent black hair, with a half scowl at the pain marring her radiant looks—"that I was stopping with an old lady friend, in a pretty country village, and that I went to church on the first Sabbath of my visit. It seemed that I was renowned for something—my beauty probably!—and that everybody paid me extraordinary deference. The day after my attendance at church, I received a visit from a gentleman I had never seen, but who was known to my hostess. He was tall, splendidly formed, with dark eyes, a clear brown complexion, a beautiful set of teeth, and altogether, very handsome and very dignified.

"He sat beside me on a sofa, and told me that his name was Dale—Ernest Dale—that his family were highly respectable; that I must have heard of his aunt, who owned a fine estate in the neighborhood; and that he had come to invite me to spend the following day with her at her beautiful place; and moreover referred me to the friend I was visiting for vouchers.

"But the occasion of the visit and invitation were the kernel in this precious nut. He came to propose *his brother* in marriage to me! The youth—for he was younger than himself, he said—had been hopelessly stricken by the god of love at church the day before, and not having the boldness to address me in person, had entreated him to come on the errand.

"I could not help laughing at this strange way of wooing, any more than I could help thinking that if Mr. Ernest Dale had been the suitor instead of his younger brother Philip, I should have surrendered unconditionally. But keeping this thought prudently to myself, and making all the excuses I could, I at last reluctantly consented that he should come in the carriage next day and take me to his aunt's. But the truth was, it was for him I went, and not for his aunt or his brother."

"And did you go?" asked I in a breath.

"Yes, I *went*," she said, flashing her great dark eyes at me, as she tied the cord of a very becoming *robe de chambre* of my own—for I had to furnish my friends breakfast dresses for the once—" and now comes the important part of it. When I arrived at the Dales' place, I was ushered into a handsome ante-room, where, after laying aside my bonnet and shawl, I was invited by my escort to repair with him to the fruit grounds, where his aunt and brother were awaiting me. As we walked along, my companion pointed out to me the beauties of the different views, and explained to me that the affection of his aunt for Philip, and the concern she had for his happiness, prompted her to gratify all his wishes to any possible limit. Happily, he said, his brother's wishes were generally such as she could approve. He hoped the last and greatest desire of his brother's heart might not be disappointed. Such an aunt, such a brother! thought I. I came very near laughing at him, and longed to ask, as Miles Standish's sweetheart asked his proxy, John Alder, 'Why dost thou not speak for thyself, John?'

'And so we came on to the orchard where his aunt and brother were, who immediately advanced to meet us. She seemed to know what Ernest had been saying, for she came up to take my hand, adding as if she had overheard his last remark. 'Yes, my dear young lady, if you would not break the tenderest heart in the world, and mine along with it, listen with a kindly disposition to the proposal which has been made to you; for the best of husbands, and all this beautiful estate will become yours if you accept him!' I cast my eyes upon the young man by her side—and oh, girls, I wish I could paint him to you! a softer copy of his princely brother—such glorious eyes!—such a mouth!—such an expression of countenance as reminded me of Narcissus, and the honey of Hymettus and Apollo's flute, and I know not what. Enraptured I turned my eyes for sympathy upon Er—but no, he was not there. I looked back to Philip, and Philip was Ernest, and Ernest was Philip; and bewildered and delighted I only remember that I was clasped in his arms, and that he pressed his beautiful mouth to mine——"

Here Julia laughed out so merrily that Marian turned half indignantly away.

"*His* beautiful mouth," cried Julia, pinching Marian's, now blushing cheek. "Indeed, my dear, it was *my* beautiful mouth that kissed you, to make you wake up. So I am your double lover, after all!"

We teased poor Marian so much about being cheated out of a kiss from her future husband, and laughed and prattled so much, as girls are wont to do about little nothings, that we nearly had forgotten to ask Imogen what had been her dream, or if she had not had any. But being now ready for breakfast, we sat down in the windows where we had been the night before, and I broke off a little spray from a cluster of lilac blossoms and fastened it among Imogen's auburn curls.

"Did *you* have no dream, dear?" I asked.

"Yes, but not an amusing one," she answered, looking out at a glimpse of blue sky among the trees, with a far-away kind of look in her hazel eyes.

"Oh, it was not agreed that our dreams were all to be of an amusing character," said Marian, as she and Julia, with arms about each other's waists, came and stood by our window.

"It was not agreed either that we should tell them," was it? I asked, seeing that Imogen was loth to comply with their desire to hear what else fate held in store for any of us.

"Come now, Miss Fanny Birdenn, that's not fair!" persisted Julia. "You haven't told your dream either; and as for Imogen, I know she has something good to tell, she is so peculiar."

"Don't teaze, girls," said Imogen, half-annoyed. "I shall tell my dream, if you really wish it."

I stroked her curls as she leaned against my shoulder, and she began in a subdued tone of voice to relate the following strange fancy:

"I fancied a scene where not a tree or hill was in sight, but only an immense extent of flat, grassy plain, through which ran a narrow, deep, and sluggish stream—its banks hidden in the rank grass—toward its outlet a stagnant lake two or three miles away. About a mile from where I stood by this mystical river, and in the direction of the lake, I could discern a clump of willows, the only shrubbery in the landscape. There was a sort of grayish, gloomy twilight over the whole scene which gave me the impression of night-fall. A short time I gazed on this singular scene, and then I thought its meaning became apparent. A little boat was moored close to my feet, for the banks were full of water. Myself—just as I look to myself in the mirror—that is, my body, dressed and cared for just as usual, my hair in ringlets which did not seem in the least dampened by the water—laid floating, face upward, the dress undisturbed, upon the surface of the stream. I, that is, another self, stood riveted to the shore, unpleasantly conscious that my body was not obeying the law of that lonely river, which was that everything thrown into it should float onward to the silent lake beyond. I became troubled, and stepped a little nearer to the margin of the water, intending to touch the immovable form, that once was mine, with my foot to impel it onward; but as I did so, I became conscious that I was carrying in my arms a little dead babe, which it was my duty to cast into the stream in such a way that it would surely be borne to the sea beyond. I feared to make the venture, lest it should sink *there*, when it ought only to sink in the sea. The twilight seemed to deepen, and I did not like to debate the chances any longer; so I loosed the boat from its moorings, and stepped into it with my little burden, resolved to glide down the sluggish current to the lake which received its waters and whatever was cast into them, and there to drop the babe beneath the waves myself. Laying it in my lap, I tried to hasten my voyage with the occasional stroke of an oar; but as I passed my own body lying so still at the water's edge, I became possessed with an anxious fear that even should it reach the willows in good time, it might be caught and lodged in the projecting roots and so fail to reach the sea where all from that river were expected to find rest. Taking hold of the skirt of its dress with my left hand, I paddled the boat slowly with my right—for so sluggish was the current that it scarcely moved the boat at all. My last thought before waking was that it would be quite dark before my strange duty was performed, and a shudder of horror sent a chill over me that I felt after I awoke; yet, in my dream, nothing appeared to be unnatural, but only repulsive from gloomy associations."

Imogen gave a little nervous shiver as she concluded, and her hand, which I held, was as clod as snow.

Julia and Marian looked at us for a moment with an evident dislike of making any comments; but feeling the silence irksome and painful, and wishing to break up the restraint, Marian began humming a waltz, at the same time whirling Julia around the room.

"You must have been reading Moore's 'I wish I was by that dim lake,' I said, shaking off a sympathetic chill, and kissing my darling on her pearly white brow. Imogen shook her head.

"Don't let us be superstitious," cried Julia at last coming to a stop in her waltzing. "Imogen ought to have had a plain common sense dream like ours, hadn't she Marian?" That comes of her studying Logic and Kames, and reading Moore and Byron, and other visionary mar-wits."

She however softened her censure by a very affectionate squeeze of Imogen's disengaged hand.

"There's Fanny, now, has some flesh and blood about her. I'll lay a wager of my new bracelets against that little curl over your temple, Imogen, that Fanny dreamed something funny enough to dissipate that solemn dignity of yours with a good hearty laugh. Come, Fan, blow us a little breeze of fun won't you?"

There came a rap at the door:

"Missus like to know ef Miss Fanny and de young ladies do not wish der breakfuss; been waitin' long time."

"Certainly, Shade; coming directly, tell mamma."

Other topics for the time put the remembrance of our night-talk and morning dreams quite out of mind; and in the hurry and agitation of parting we forgot to refer again to the subject.

Our adieux were warm and tearful. It was the breaking up for us of a pleasant circle, and the sundering of tender bonds of friendship. Imogen was the last to go, and when I caught the last glimpse of her pale face from the carriage window, I ran to the deserted chamber, and indulged in a "good cry."

[*Concluded next week*]

A LAWYER'S DEFENSE.—Among the traditions of Westminster Hall is one of a certain Serjeant Davy, who flourished some centuries back, in a darker age than the present. He was accused, once upon a time, by his brethren of the coif, of having degraded their order by taking from a client a fee in copper. On being solemnly arraigned for his offense in the Common Hall, it appears, from the written reports of the Court of Common Pleas, that he defended himself by the following plea of confession and avoidance: "I fully admit that I took a fee from him in copper; and not only one but several; and not only fees in copper, but fees in silver; but I pledge my honor as a serjeant that I never took a single fee from him in silver until I had got *all* his gold, and that I never took a single fee from him in copper until I had got *all* his silver; and you don't call that a degradation of our order?"

It is announced in England that an extensive business is carried on there in hunting up portraits for Americans, in order to make galleries of ancestors. An American agent, recently in London, explained that his business was to "collect ancestors," and that he had been quite successful, having picked up many good portraits, and that, "with proper attention to costume and age, and some little heraldic additions, he had matched suitable husbands and wives for two or three generations, and had exported several very well assorted families, which, being provided with full credentials, were most filially adopted, and that he was continuing his highly remunerative researches."

The Wolfboro *News* says there is a man in Tuftonboro who strives to carry out one injunction in a literal sense—being merciful to his beasts. He has been observed, when going to mill and coming to a hill, to get out of his wagon, take his grist upon his shoulder, and push at the wagon behind.

The Bird Play House.

You all know what pretty houses birds build to lay their eggs and rear their young in, but did you ever know of a bird going to quite as much trouble just to make a play house? The Bower bird of Australia is not content with the magnificent forests and orange groves he has to sport in, but he must go to work and make a house more to his mind. It does not use it for its nest, nor has its nest ever yet been discovered. One would imagine, from its little ball-room, that the nest itself must be quite a fanciful affair.

The first thing to be done in their little assembly room is one of the last in ordinary houses. Mrs. Bower puts down her carpet. It resembles a tolerable mat, woven of twigs and coarse grasses. Then other twigs are collected and arching sides are arranged, making a little alley, large enough to accommodate several friends at a time. Such romping racing as goes on while Mrs. Bower makes a party? Up and down this curious hall they chase each other, uttering a loud, full cry, which is no doubt meant for laughter. It is no sort of protection from the weather, and, as far as any one can see, it is good for nothing but to play in. But as the bird has nothing else in the world to do but to enjoy itself, it is very well to make that the business of life.

These little Bowers think quite as much of amusement as some silly people we have seen in our lives. They gather together just before the front and back door of their homes a great collection of shining things; nice white pebbles, pretty sea shells, gay feathers, bits of ribbon, (when they can steal any,) even bright colored rags, broken tobacco pipes, and any shining scraps of metal they may chance to espy in their travels. Gold and brass are all the same to them. If the gold was dull and the brass bright, they would much prefer the latter. When the natives lose any little articles about their homes, they are pretty sure to rummage over the collection of the nearest Bower birds, and very often succeed in recovering their goods.

THE SOUL MADE VISIBLE.—Every one knows that in every human face there is an impalpable, immaterial something, which we call "expression," which seems to be, as it were, "the soul made visible." Where minds live in the region of pure thought and happy emotions, the felicities and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says—

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can lead a gormandizing, sordid or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy.—*Horace Mann.*

It was in Dublin city that a good humored maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvelous dream she had had the night before. "Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter at its conclusion, "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense." "Indeed I was not, then," replies the indignant Molly, "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

FAR ADVANCED.—"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, damnation, amputation, creation and adoption," was the reply.

A young Illinois lover procured a license without consulting his inamorata. Explanations being made, she grew very angry and told the young man "that the County Clerk couldn't sell her for a dollar, neither could anybody else." She remains single.

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a barber who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

A pretty Jewess on board a Cunard steamer, which recently arrived at Jersey City, had on her person $10,000 worth of human hair, jewelry, watches, and other costly articles, which she was trying to smuggle. She was arrested.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman—the fairest work in creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.

"What is the plural of cent?" inquired a schoolmaster. "Two cents!" shouted the sharpest in the class.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he honestly replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

How to make time fly—borrow money and give a short note payable at bank.

The largest room in the world—"The room for improvement."

A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

SCARED.—(John Bull, smiting his breast) —"'Erin is my trouble."

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.