

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 1.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

No. 10.

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, 25 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
Drug store, Oregon City, Oregon. [31]

W. C. JOHNSON, F. O. M'CONN,
JOHNSON & M'CONN,
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. [31]

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 pertaining to
the office of Justice of the Peace. [31]

Dr. F. Barclay, M. R. C. L.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)

OFFICE—At Residence,
Main Street, Oregon City. [31]

Dr. H. Saffarans,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE—In J. Fleming's Book Store,
Main Street, Oregon City. [31]

H. W. ROSS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
(Offices over Chasman Bros., Main st.)
Oregon City. [1]

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
brick, on the west side of Main Street,
Oregon City, October 27th, '66. [1]

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 Logan. 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. [31]

DAVID SMITH, W. H. MARSHALL,
SMITH & MARSHALL,
Black Smiths and Boiler Makers.

Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City, Oregon. [31]

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
please his guests. [31]

William Broughton,
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER.

Main Street, Oregon City.
Will attend to all work in his line, consisting
in framing, building, etc. Jobbing promptly
attended to. [31]

Fashion Billiard Saloon,
Main Street, between Second and Third,
Oregon City.

J. C. Mann, Proprietor.

THESE 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.
(31) 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. [31]

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 hand.
[31] E. PAYNE.

W. A. ALDRICH, J. C. MERRILL, JOHN M'CRACKEN, M'CRACKEN, 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 Pula.
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 Ship-
ment of Merchandise or Produce in New
York, San Francisco, Honolulu, or Portland.
ALDRICH, MERRILL & CO.,
Nos 204 and 206 California Street,
San Francisco.
M'CRACKEN, MERRILL & CO.,
19 North Front Street, Portland.

J. H. MITCHELL, J. S. DOLPH, A. SMITH,
Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and Pro-
ctors in Admiralty.

Office over the old Post Office, Front
Street, Portland, Oregon. [31]

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. [31]

FERRY & FOSTER,
BROKERS!
Real Estate and Collecting

No. 59 Front Street, Corner of Washington,
Portland, Oregon.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, STOCKS,
Bonds, and Real Estate bought and
sold on Commission.
Portland, Oct. 1866. [31]

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. [31]

Removed! Removed!
The old and well known
Portland Foundry,
D. MONYASTES, Proprietor,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

HAS NOT BEEN 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. [31]

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.
Front Street,
Portland, Oregon. [31]

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. [31]

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

Of the St. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Victoria,
having taken the above house, wishes to an-
nounce 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. [31]

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. [1]

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 CHAMPAIN,
manufactured by Hoffman, Finke & Co.,
from California grapes. [31]

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
Marble and building stone, suitable for every
description of work. Mantles, Tomb stones
and monuments of every style, executed and
set to order. [31]

SMILE CONTENTED.

The world is growing old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure—
And what with want, and care, and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure.
But never mind—that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily, if we will
But smile and be contented.
If we are poor, and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No! steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man who dared to hope
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth, are those
Who smile and are contented.
When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From Hope we may a blessing reap
And consolation borrow.
If thorns will rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

[From the Golden Era.]
THE CHALLENGE TO FATE;
OR, IMOGEN'S DREAM.
BY FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

(Concluded.)

Is she dead?—
Aye, she is dead—quite dead! The wild sea
kissed her
With its cold white lips, and then put her to
sleep.
She had a sand pillow, and a water sheet,
And never turns her head or knows 'tis
morning!

—BARRY CORNWALL,
CHAPTER II.

Many years have passed since that sor-
rowful parting. We never all to-
gether again at one place. I spare myself
the trouble of explaining how I became
possessed of the history which I shall re-
late, but give it as it occurred three years
after the closing of our school-days.

Walter Stewart was Imogen's betrothed
lover. Soon after her return home from
school, an acquaintance had commenced
which speedily ripened into a mutual at-
tachment. Stewart was a young man of
brilliant talents, some said genius. He
was a splendid orator, though more flow-
ery than profound; a fine scholar, a lover
of poetry, having a ready memory stored
with the beauties of all authors. A charm-
ing talker in the social circle, though
somewhat too quick with his biting sar-
casms;—in short a young man whose qual-
ifications were a strong attraction to an
imaginative girl like Imogen, and whose
homage was the sweetest flattery to her
loving heart.

And he was doubtless deeply interested
in the deep and guileless nature which
offered him, in contrast to the majority of
his feminine friends, a study of perfect
simplicity joined to profound feeling and
considerable mental attainments. If his
homage was flattery to her heart, her
devotion was incense to his self-love, as well
as life to his affections.

It so happened that Julia Wyland came
on a visit to Imogen the second summer of
their engagement; and from that time a
coldness grew up between the lovers.
True, after Julia left, Walter paid his
visits almost as frequently as before to his
betrothed, and quoted poetry which was
supposed to stand for his own sentiments.
He still insisted that:

"There is no look or word of thine
My soul hath ever forgot;
Thou'rt ne'er had but a ringlet shine,
Or given thy hair one graceful twine
Which I remember not."
But his love lacked the old ardor and
truthfulness, and Imogen could not shut
her eyes to the fact. She did not blame
Julia, who could not help being beautiful
and gay and bewitching. Julia was not a
coquette, and had no thought of stealing
away her friend's lover—for she was not
informed of the engagement. And if she
thought sometimes that her friend was not
quite happy about the brilliant Walter
Stewart—why, what handsome girl is will-
ing to resign a conquest like that, to a
dear friend even? So the cruel work of
sundering two hearts went on.

Neither did Imogen in her simplicity
blame Walter; first because she loved
him, secondly because she felt he had
loved her until one worthier and more re-
sistless came. If her upright sense of
right, truth and justice sometimes up-
braided him in her thoughts, she endeav-
ored to stifle the accusing sense. But all
her ingenious apologies for Walter would
not furnish the lost hope and joy to her
own unselfish heart, and she pined and
paled even in the presence of her idol.
Walter, too, was ill at ease. He dreaded
to break the gentle spirit that had so clung
to him away from his support; but the re-
straint was becoming irksome. He felt
for her that pity which is akin to love, and
that, he thought, was all.

Imogen was the first to break the mutual
and painful silence.
"Walter," said she, "let us be truthful.
You have ceased to love me; or rather
you have discovered that you never loved
me; and the attempt to satisfy your honor
with the hollow show of love is pitiful. I
release you from your engagement, freely,
wishing you success with your new love
in all sincerity."

"You do not love me then?"—putting
the cruel question as if he were really in-
terested to know, yet with a painful flush
under his cheek which showed his shame.
"Have you any right to put that ques-
tion to me, Walter?"
"No, none. You are quite right, Imo-
gen; and if I had thought you could be

so unmoved in saying what you have
said to-night I should have told you so
before."

Ungenerous, even in accepting the free-
dom so generously given!

Was it the effect of the brilliant moon-
light falling on her through the great east
window that made her look so white and
marble like? He hoped so. Dared he
touch her hands to assure himself she still
breathed, and would move again? He
gazed upon her anxiously; she felt the gaze
and roused herself to say in a grating voice
unlike her own soft tones:

"You were very considerate; but your
kindness was unnecessary. I think I could
have borne it very well all along."

"Will you give me your hand a moment,
Imogen? May I hope to meet you here-
after in friendship and brotherly regard;
and if I am successful in winning her love,
will you be friends with me and mine?"

"Can you not do without me then? was
the sharp and bitter answer, uttered in a
voice piercing with pain.

"God knows, Imogen! I have a feeling
of guilt—yet I cannot tell if I am doing
wrong in this matter. You, I know, are
far too pure and proud to claim a truant
hand, therefore to urge you to retain your
right to mine would be to insult your
womanhood. Yet for me to give up you
altogether is a struggle with my man's
heart. Imogen, at this very moment I feel
a presentiment that to you I shall need to
come in some coming hour of trouble.
Will you be my friend then in my need?"

He had rightly understood her faithful
nature.

"When that time comes you will find
me awaiting you; until then, Walter, fare-
well!"

He seized her hands with a sudden
movement; kissed them passionately,
gazed a moment in her quiet face, and
was gone. Imogen awoke with a start
from her passive mood, she ran after him
into the hall—but only the moonlight
coming through the open door and braided
across by shadows of climbing vines, en-
livened the silent dimness. She looked up
and down the broad street, light on one
side, dark on the other, deserted and
voiceless. She strained her eyes to catch
one last glimpse of his form; but he had
walked in the shadow, and only the ring
of his step upon the stone pavement came
to her ear sharp and distinct, yet knell
like as it struck upon her sore and suffer-
ing heart. When she could hear it no
longer she turned away and shut out the
moonlight. She went and threw herself
upon the floor where late he stood. To-
ward morning she went to her own room.
It is not meet for eyes profane to look
upon such anguish.

It came soon enough, that rose-colored
note, telling of Julia's engagement, and
asking Imogen to the wedding; quite as
soon as she could have borne to hear it.
"Do you remember our dreams?" it asked;
"when we all slept at Fanny Birden's,
the night before we left school? Don't
laugh, Imogen, but I believe mine is about
to become true; for how could there be
any bitterness in the life I am looking for-
ward to with Walter? I must come, my
dear, for I want you a witness to my per-
fect happiness."

Imogen did not go, however. She sent
her love, and her congratulations, her
wishes for the realization of her friend's
hopes; but she thought it best to throw no
shadow over Walter's wedding day by in-
truding the ghost of a dead love.

They were going to Lake George, and
all the summer retreats along the Hudson,
and in a few weeks would return and set-
tle down in a pretty new cottage just out-
side of town, under the shadow of a grand
old grove of forest trees, rare in that sea-
ward climate. Walter had always said he
would build in that very place, and Imogen
had made many plans on paper for that
cottage among the trees, that was to
have held her home-circle. Now she
walked past it once or twice on the day
of the wedding—then went into the en-
closure and walked under the trees—and
finally looked in at every window to get
an idea of the furnishing of her friend's
house, that nothing might seem unfamiliar
in that future she was bracing herself up
to meet. No one would welcome the
bride more kindly than she would do, she
was quite determined on that; and should
any whisper of Walter's previous engage-
ment live to reach Julia's ear, she would act
and live it down for him, for Julia, for all.

This sort of struggle never yet made
young eyes bright, or young cheeks rosy
and red; and Imogen was becoming un-
mistakably languid, pale, and spiritless.
But the weather was warm—she had
walked too often and too long; because
she had not been quite strong for a year.
And so she quieted loving inquiries.

One day, shortly after the wedding, Imo-
gen was lying on a sofa by the open gar-
den windows wearily turning over the pa-
pers just from the mail, when her eye fell
upon the account of a "Terrible Disaster!
Burning of a Hudson river steamer! Six-
teen lives lost!" and all the horrible par-
ticulars of such an event. Feeling too
excitable to read the whole of it, she was
just on the point of laying aside the paper,
when the names of "Walter Stewart and
lady" caught her eye, among the list of
passengers lost. Eagerly she looked at
the date of the occurrence—it was their
wedding day! It was too true, then!

When Imogen began to recollect any-
thing she found herself in her own room,
darkened and silent. She tried to raise
her head but had no power to do so. She
looked at her hands on the bed cover;
they were thin and waxen pale. What
was the matter? Oh, yes, she recollected
now; and then she laid a long time calmly
thinking; thinking with a preternatural
calmness and clearness of the events that
had gone before her illness, even back to
her school days. Some one came and
smiled and kissed her, telling her to lie
perfectly still. There was no need to give
her that command; her whole soul was
absorbed in retrospection; she had no de-
sire to do anything but think. When the
physician came and looked at her he
ordered an opiate. "Too much nervous
action here," said he; "you must not al-
low yourself to think of the least thing,
my dear child; try to lose yourself in the
sea of oblivion."

"Yes, that is it," thought Imogen; "that
is the lake I saw beyond the willows, into
which the river of my grief is made to
flow."

The opiate soon brought at least tempo-
rary oblivion. In a few days she was bet-
ter. Then she learned that Walter had
not perished—only Julia. Then a letter
came from him to Imogen, written from
the home of Julia's parents—a mournful,
heart-broken, rebellious letter, giving a
copy of feelings Imogen could readily un-
derstand.

"If you can pity me Imogen, I am an
object of pity. I had a presentiment once
that I should need your sympathy; but,
oh, my God! not so soon—not in this way!
Did I deserve it? You have all that noble
disinterestedness which gives me assurance
of your participation in my great sorrow.
As soon as I can leave this place I shall
hasten to you. Julia loved you—and I—
but I shall make no profession—I am
coming to be comforted."

The interview between Walter and Imo-
gen may be imagined—not described. She
witnesses his agony. If she had wished
for retribution upon him, she now beheld
what might be called so. But no; he
came to be comforted, and went away ex-
cited. The heroic self-sacrifice of the
fragile girl whose own sufferings were so
evident, led floods of light in upon his
hidden self-absorbed existence; and he
went forth thinking:

"That life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated but with burning fears;
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

To herself Imogen said: "My soul is in
the boat now. The current is sluggish of
this deep and dark river; but with the oar
of a strong and holy purpose I shall yet
reach the sea, where are to lie buried the
dead babe of love, and the cast-off body
of my former selfishness and egotism. The
willows of a vain regret shall not delay
the burial. Though overshadowed by
thickening gloom, I shall not falter in my
purpose."

Two years more passed on; not without
their lessons of purification to the strong
and selfish man; not without their silent
consolations to the fragile but enduring
woman.

Indian summer glowed in the still,
golden air of a warm, dreary November
day. Walter Stewart, reclining on a couch
of dry forest leaves, read a letter. It ran
thus:

Walter, I told you last night how, nearly
six years ago, she, the loved and lost, and I,
reviewed the sublime presentment of our fu-
ture in a dream. She, the beautiful and light-
hearted, passed away from the bitterness
of life without ever having tasted even the
drop of the goblet's brim. I remained to fill
my destiny; to see myself in a barren
waste, alone with the river of my sorrows.
But I was able to make my griefs the means
of putting off, and bearing to oblivion the
selfishness that was my torture. My old
love, too, went with it. For a long time
there was little strength left in me to estab-
lish a new character. I had congealed, but
in the contest I had lost most of my power
to combat further with weakness and tem-
ptation. Gradually, however, the strength
greatly needed developed itself, and for one
year I think I may surely say I loved you not
at all.

I have questioned my heart of what we
talked about last night, and I find that what
I took to be a mere mental and intellectual
sympathy in your advancement along the
same difficult path my own feet had pressed
so wearily before you, may bear a warmer
interpretation. I cannot promise you the
exuberant love that was born of unwarmed
glush enthusiasm—did a death of terrible
despair—and was buried at last in forgetful-
ness. But if affection, founded in a thor-
ough knowledge of your mental and moral
qualifications, and a perfect sympathy with
your purposes and pursuits—added to the
great longing for tenderness and the endear-
ments of home—if this affection meets the
demand of your heart, then will I become
mistress of the cottage.

You know my habits, and that I have
ceased to live in idle dreams of self! I think
we might find much to do which could be
better accomplished by our united, than our
divided efforts.

With this much explanation I leave it to
you.
The world looked very beautiful to Wal-
ter, lying with this letter in his hand. The
exquisite entertainment of his heart was
not to be compared to the exultant whirl
of hope and assurance that he had
felt two years and a half ago; but he
would not recall it if he could. There
was nothing more to be desired. The
golden haze that hung around him seemed
the proper atmosphere of happiness. The
crickets chirping in the dry grass and
leaves sung incomparable melodies in his
ear. He watched the falling leaves, that
silently dropped off, one by one, and
flattered to the ground with no sentiment
of sadness. "Another spring," he said to
his heart "these trees shall be dressed in
green for her; the shade and coolness shall
soothe her hours of thought, and when the
leaves fall again she shall sit here by me

and read some lovely pastoral in the soft
gilded air; while I stretch my length upon
the fragrant couch and catch the story as
it appears on her tell-tale face ere her
lips have uttered it."

Nor was he disappointed in this pleas-
ant imagination.

Imogen had been some months installed
in the cottage when a letter from Marian
Northrop announced that she was on the
eve of marriage with Philip Dale—the
Philip of my dream," she wrote, underlin-
ing it; and would visit Imogen on her
wedding tour.

"Do you think it possible?" asked
Walter when Imogen told him the news
and explained the allusion.

"I know not; I thank God all the evil
prophecies of that night are already fulfil-
led;" she had not known my dream,
and that Marian's dream was a happy one."

When Mr. and Mrs. Dale came to the
Cottage there was a gay and happy reviv-
al of old reminiscences.

"Only to think," said Marian impress-
ively, yet with a laugh, "that everything
turned out almost as I dreamed it that
night. And his name, too! Isn't it re-
markable? I declare it makes me feel
superstitiously inclined. I never could
make out your dream though—so I suppose
we didn't all see our futures. But poor
Julia! truly she was married without
ever finding out the bitter in her cup of
matrimonial life. Wasn't it strange? But
I—dear me!—there comes Philip! Isn't
he just as handsome as I saw him—you
know when? I don't want him to hear
me allude to it, for he laughed so when I
told him, at my credulity, as he called it.
I wonder what has become of Fanny Bir-
den; I haven't heard of her in an age."

And so she rattled on. Her fate had
been so bright she never suspected shadow-
s in any one else's.

As for me and my dream—for I had one
—it would take a longer time than you
would like to listen, to tell you that.

A "Pretty" Story.

A Paris correspondent of the London
Star tells a "Pretty Story," which will
seize your fancy; and how it will charm
your fair readers, and all the Romances
and Jules of this world! Mind, I do not
vouch for the veracity of the story; but I
have heard it related by such pretty lips,
and with such fervor of language, that I
am almost inclined to believe in its au-
thenticity. The scene was enacted at
Berlin on the morning of the entrance of
the victorious troops. A young and dis-
tinguished officer of the Cuirassiers, who
had received a cut of the sabre from an
Austrian Ohlan, was paying a visit to his
Austrian, a young lady attached to the
Queen's household. Her lover entered her
salon in his full uniform, and wearing
his helmet, but on taking a seat near his
fair lady-love he took off his helmet, and
put it on a small table in front of the fire;
as, notwithstanding all the enthusiasm of
the population, the day was excessively
cold. By some sudden movement, how-
ever, the young officer upset the table,
and the helmet rolled into the fire. There
was a scream, and an exclamation of
horror. The scream was, of course, femi-
nine; the expression of dismay, however,
was masculine, caused by seeing the horse-
tail of the helmet catch fire and burn away
in an instant. To join his regiment, and
pass the King wearing a singed helmet,
and one guttles of horse-tail, was utterly
impossible, and still less was it possible,
to absent himself on such a day. One ex-
asperating fact was that the helmet was
burnt behind; the wis among the crowd
would therefore imagine that he had re-
ceived a shot while flying from the enemy.
Needless to remark, that every shop in the
city of Berlin was sold. Suddenly
Romeo's fair Juliet started, seized a pair
of scissors, and in fewer seconds than it
takes me to write, cut off the whole of her
magnificent *chevelure doree*, and with
marvellous ingenuity fastened it to the
singed helmet. Thus, Graf Von—
rode at the head of his squadron of Cui-
rassiers with a flowing trophy of love and
devotion such as one would have thought
a Roman woman of old alone would have
parted with; but this deed was done by a
fair Prussian, and in the midst of the
poetic nineteenth century.

Some men are pleasant in the household
and nowhere else. I have known such men.
They are good fathers and kind husbands.
If you had seen them in their own house
you would have thought that they were
angels, almost; but if you had seen them
on the street, or in the store, or anywhere
else out of the house, you would have
thought them almost demonic. But the
opposite is apt to be the case. When we
are among our neighbors, or among
strangers, we hold ourselves with self-
respect, and endeavor to act with proprie-
ty; but when we get home we say to our-
selves, "I have played a part long enough
and am now going to be natural. So we
sit down, and we are ugly and snappish,
and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay
aside those thousand little courtesies that
make the roughest floor smooth, that make
life pleasant. We expend all our politeness
in places where it will bring silver
and gold, too often.

Men who fight duels have two seconds
to live after they are dead. This is a mat-
ter of moment.

The Inventor of the Jacquard Loom.

Jacquard was a straw-manufacturer in
the city of Lyons. He was a poor man,
and he had received little or no instruc-
tion. During the war with England an
article appeared in the French *Moniteur*,
which stated that a person in England had
offered a large sum of money to any man
who could produce a machine by which a
not could be made. This set him to work,
and