OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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The Weekly Enterprise.

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By D. C. IRELAND,

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

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One column per annum..... 100 00
One half column " 50 00
One quarter " " 30 00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

S. HUELAT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office over Charman & Brother. [Stf

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. [3:1y

W. C. JOHNSON. F. G. M COWN.
Notary Public.
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.
☞ Particular attention given to contested land cases. 1:y1

Multnomah Lodge No. 1 A. F. & A. M.—Holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at half past six P. M. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.
Oregon City, Nov. 6th, 1866. 3:1y

Oregon Lodge No. 3 I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Masonic Hall. Members of the order are invited to attend. By order N. G. [:y

Willamette Lodge No. 15—I. O. G. T.
Meets every Saturday evening, at the rooms S.E. corner of Main and Fifth streets, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Visiting members are invited to attend. [3:1
By order of W. C. T.

J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.
Rooms over Charman & Bro.'s store. Main street. (12:1y

JAMES H. 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

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 20th, '66. (tf

Professor A. J. Knowles,
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 SHIER 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.
M. L. 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. (52

William Brighton,
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

TO SUBSCRIBERS.
WOOD WANTED. Coal Wood taken in payment of Subscriptions to the OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE. Delivered at the office, or on the bluff, corner of Center and Seventh streets.

CLIFF HOUSE.
MAIN STREET,
Nearly Opposite Woolen Factory.
W. L. WHITE, T. W. RHOADES, ...Proprietors.
Oregon City, Oregon.
We invite the citizens of Oregon City, and the traveling public, to give us a share of their patronage. Meals can be had at all hours to please the most fastidious. [15

CLARK GREENMAN,
City Drayman,
OREGON CITY.
All orders for the delivery of merchandise, or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care. 16,6m

OREGON CITY
BREWERY!
HENRY HUMBEL,
Having purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality of
LAGER BEER!
As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.
Oregon City, December 28th, 1866. 1:tf

LOGUS & ALBRIGHT,
EXCELSIOR MARKET!
Corner of Main and Fourth sts., Oregon City.....Oregon.
TAKE this method of informing the public that they keep constantly on hand all kinds of fresh and salt meats, such as
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, CORNED-BEEF, PICKLED PORK, HAMS, LARD.
And everything else, to be found in their line of business. LOGUS & ALBRIGHT.
Oregon City, November 1, 1866. 2:1y

Mayer's Market!
IN MOSS' BUILDING, MAIN STREET,
Oregon City.
THE UNDERSIGNED WILL keep on hand all the varieties of fresh and cured meats:
POULTRY, VEGETABLES,
Corned Beef and Pork, Bacon, Hams, Lard Tallow, &c., &c., &c
A liberal share of patronage is solicited, as I expect to keep as good an assortment, and of as good quality as the country affords, which will be delivered to purchasers at any reasonable distance in the city.
6:1y B. MAYER.

JOHN MYERS. **1866.** H. C. MYERS.
J. MYERS & BROTHER.
Cheap Cash Store!
Under the Court House in Oregon City.
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, etc., etc.,
Which they propose to sell as cheap as any house in Oregon.
Oregon City, October 23, 1866. 2:1y

JOHN SCHRAM
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESS &c., &c.,
Main street, between Third and Fourth,
Oregon City.
THE attention of parties desiring anything in my line, is directed to my stock, before making purchases elsewhere.
(1y) JOHN SCHRAM.

A. LEVY,
Main Street, at the Telegraph Office,
Oregon City.....Oregon.
Dealer in
Kent's Ready made Clothing, Cigars Tobacco Pipes Stationery Cutlery, Willow and Wooden Ware. Yankee Notions
Fancy and staple Groceries, Candies, Nuts, Toys, etc. (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.

PONY SALOON.
Main street, Oregon City,
Adjoining the Brick Store of S. Ackerman.
JAMES MANN, Prop'r.
This popular saloon is always supplied with the very best quality of Wines and Liquors, Ale, Porter, Beer and Cider, Cigars and Tobacco. Give me a call.
7:1y] JAMES MANN.

Homeless.

It is cold dark midnight, yet listen
To that patter of tiny feet!
Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,
Who whines in the bleak, cold street?
Is it one of your silken spaniels
Shut out in the snow and sleet?

My dogs sleep in their baskets,
Safe from the darkness and snow;
Ah the beasts in our Christian England
Find pity wherever they go—
(These are only homeless children
Who are wandering to and fro.)

Look out into the gusty darkness—
I have seen it again and again,
That shadow, that flits so slowly
Up and down past the window pane;—
It is surely some criminal lurking
Out there in the frozen rain!

Nay, our criminals all are sheltered,
They are prided and taught and fed;
That is only a sister woman
Who has got neither food nor bed—
And the Night cries "sin to be living,"
And the River cries "sin to be dead."

Our beasts and our thieves and our chattels
Have weight for good or ill;
But the poor are only His image,
His Presence, His Word, His Will—
And so Lazarus lies at our door step
And Dives neglects him still

—*Arcadia Proctor.*

Letter from Oregon.

An occasional correspondent of the *Bulletin* writes under date of Portland February 10th 1867, from which we extract the following, of interest to our readers:

A GEOLOGIST WANTED—MINERAL RESOURCES.

Let us dismiss towns and railroads, and betake ourselves to natural and material Oregon. One of the greatest wants of this country is a first rate geologist, not one who will take a superficial glance at the surface of things and content himself with uttering hastily formed opinions which may or may not be correct, but one who will investigate a country unique in its geological phenomena and tell the people with something like certainty what to expect from their own experiments. With that singular tendency to imitate which characterizes the enterprises of Oregonians, the gold mines of the Cascade mountains are lying unworked, notwithstanding they opened richer and under more favorable auspices than any similar mines that I remember. Nobody seems to know what the trouble is. The Sanham mill is idle—the whole excitement blown over, and the work entirely stopped. Yet gold there must be in those mountains since scarcely a trout stream in the State but mingles gold with its sands in perceptible quantities, if not in paying ones. Silver probably exists along with the gold, but has not yet been reached in working leads. Copper ore, of almost pure copper is often found in the coast range, though the veins have never been discovered. It is the same with lead and other ores. These sources of wealth must lie for a much longer time undeveloped, since both capital and labor are required to make them available, while the people of Oregon are not rich and have a wholesome horror of hard work.

COAL.

There are, however, several mineral productions of this State lying so near the surface, and in such unmistakable quantities and superior quality, that it is impossible for them to be longer neglected. These are coal iron and salt. That there will be found to be a large supply of coal in Oregon is beyond a doubt. The Coos Bay coal is now known in San Francisco though its quality has never gained for it a good reputation. Other deposits have been discovered on the coast further to the north, whether large or small I cannot say, nor whether resembling that of Coos Bay. But a mine is now being worked on the Cowlitz river, six or eight miles from its junction with the Columbia which bids fair to supersede in merit any yet discovered on the Pacific coast. The structure and appearance of the Cowlitz coal is peculiar, and at first blush to my mind the judgment as to its quality. It has a glossy surface, is rather light in weight, is perfectly clean to handle and makes no soot in burning all of which makes it a pleasant fuel for grates and culinary purposes. It also lights very readily, burns freely in the open air, and is free from sulphur. It shows or appears to show a woody structure, yet is a hard coal, making an intense heat and holding fire for many hours. When burnt it emits a clear white flame, and leaves a white ash without depositing strong substances, or *clinkers*. It is not anthracite nor bituminous, though nearly as hard as the first, and quite as inflammable as the latter. Some miners call it cannel; some say it resembles Scotch splint, but altogether it is easier to say what it is not than what it is. The loss is found in connection with it have tried some cloth, as to its age, many of them seeming to belong to the tertiary period while others evidently are palm leaves. No thorough geologist has so far visited the mine, yet I see no impropriety in supposing that even a geologist might discover something new. Some pieces which were sent to Prof. Blake of your city returned an analysis "50 per cent. gas of good quality burning with a clear bright flame. A sight brilliant coke is left. This agglomerates (or cakes) pretty well, and adds to its value as a fuel, the coke on burning gives a very light ash, apparently free from iron. It is suitable for iron and for gas making. Coals having this appearance and structure seldom leave a coke when their gas is extracted." This analysis was made on an inferior specimen before the mine had been well opened. This mine lies about three fourths of a mile from the Cowlitz river and is entered so that every foot in the side of the mountain gives an increase in depth about equal. A road from the mouth of the mine to the river is very easy of construction, with a down grade all the way. From the river bank the coal will be conveyed in barges to some suitable depot on the Columbia. The same parties owning his mine own a controlling interest in another mine of similar character on the south side of the Columbia within six miles of the town of St. Helen. The quality of the St. Helen coal is equally good with that of the Cowlitz, but being some miles farther from the navigable waters will be more expensive to work in the beginning. One thing which however, gives additional value to the St. Helen coal is its immediate proximity to extensive beds of iron ore.

IRON BEDS.

Here within the space of six miles are iron beds, coal that can be used in smelting furnaces, and deep water navigation—facilities which seldom fall all in a heap, and which are bound sometime to make this point one of importance in manufactures, as it is believed the railroad will make it one in commerce. The St. Helen coal mine has been opened only so far as to test its quality, and to ascertain the thickness of the beds, which so far are 5, 6 and 8 feet, quite near the surface of side of the mountain. The iron has never been worked except by the village blacksmith who has I believe manufactured a horse shoe from it, using the neighboring coal in his forge. An iron field similar to this one has been purchased by a company of which W. S. Ladd of Portland is resident. The capital stock of this company is $500,000, and their furnaces are now so near completion that it is expected work will be commenced next July. These iron works are located at Oswego, in Clackamas county, five miles north of Oregon City, on the Willamette river. I have been told by ex Gov. Gibbs that equally good iron, *i. e.*, so pure that it is malleable in the ore, can be found in Umpqua county.

SALT.

The salt of Oregon is obtained from springs and is of very superior quality. The springs are numerous in the western part of Multnomah county, in the valley of the Lower Willamette, in Columbia county, adjoining and also in Douglas county on the Umpqua valley. Those in Douglas county have been worked for some time, manufacturing about 1,000 pounds per day, which being consumed in the neighborhood of the works, does not offer itself in the Portland market; neither would the distance and difficulties of transportation admit of its seeking a market in this place. There may be other springs in different counties worked in a small way. But it is of the salt works lately erected in the Lower Willamette Valley that I have been able to gather most information. These are situated half way between Portland and St. Helen, at the foot of the hills which skirt the river and about half a mile distant from it. There are a number of springs in this locality, and extending along near the base of this range of hills from 1 to 20 miles. Only one spring is used at present at the Willamette Salt Works and the present works are only experimental. From this one spring or well (for it has been deepened 27 feet) with all the surface water in it, and with only one furnace the company have been making from 500 to 700 pounds of salt per day that probably has no superior in any part of the world. It crystalizes with a hand some fine grain; is bright, sparkling and as white as snow. It is entirely free from lime or any deleterious substance, so that as a dairy salt or for curing of meats, fish, etc., it is of the very best quality. So strong are its preservative qualities that dairymen say they need use only two thirds as much of it as of Liverpool salt; and the Portland butchers who have used it declare it worth $10 more per ton than any salt in the market—that they use the brine over and over. Its quality, then is perfectly satisfactory, and the company are about erecting new and extensive works for boiling, beside improving the salt properties of the water in the springs by boring and piping to exclude surface or any other fresh water. Prof. Blake has made a very interesting and perfect analysis of the saline waters which is, however, too long to include here. The Professor will send a specimen of the salt to the Paris Exhibition—the only Oregon product which I know of as going to the World's Fair. The Willamette Salt Works are under the superintendence of J. N. Victor, who is also part owner.

PRECIOUS CLAY.

Not far from the salt works and on land belonging to the company, are banks of a peculiar kind of clay, which appears as if it must make excellent pottery. When it is first taken out, wet or moist, some of it is of a bright vermillion color, which changes, however, to a brick red on drying or burning. Other specimens are a light yellow. It is very plastic and may be drawn out like wax, and entirely without grain or grit.

VOLCANO GLASS.

Another sort of curious deposit is found on the Cowlitz not far from the coal mine. It consists of a white powder very fine and sharp which when used for polishing rapidly cuts the softer metals its only fault in his respect being that it is almost too sharp for polishing silver though it does it beautifully. It is supposed to be a volcanic ash or finely divided volcanic glass. It fuses at a high heat forming a white enamel, and when partly vitrified resembles the porcelain "biscuit" ware. In all probability this substance could be used to advantage in manufacturing glass or porcelain ware and is I believe well worth looking after. Speaking of volcanic glass I have seen pieces of glass brought from the Cascade mountains as perfect glass as any made in any manufactory. Some specimens were white with a slight greenish tint, while others looked as dark as a black junk bottle. The pieces I saw were some four to six inches in diameter, quite boulders in fact.

CURIOUS FORMATIONS.

In the hope of interesting some geologist I will add one or two more observations of my own. I have found in the Willamette Valley, carried some distance from the river by high water, the most beautiful specimens of chalcedony of the different varieties that ever I met with, and the largest. Instead of small fragments such as are usually found some of my samples are as large as the palm of my hand and beautifully colored. On the contrary nothing of the kind is found in the valley of the Columbia, scarcely a rolled stone even but only rude angular fragments of trap rock varying in size from a pebble to a huge boulder. Consequently there are no fine gravelly beaches on the Lower Columbia. The manner in which the basalt breaks up is rather curious. It has a foliated structure and wherever it is not met with the solid mass but occurs mixed with earth, it seems to be marked with the impression of some long and narrow leaf like the palm and it always breaks open at these prints. Again, in many places on the Columbia are columns standing out singly, composed of six sided layers of stone 12 or 14 inches in thickness laid up firmly one over the other, and each one with a little chip of the lower side of one of the corners, and *always the same corner*. Although on the Oregon side there is only and ever the same "eternal basalt" even on the beaches on the Washington side of the river there is plenty of smooth round gravel even on the tops of high hills. And again at one place at least I could mention on the Oregon side the trap rock lies the sands on in immense masses, while the sands one this traps out is as porous as lava. Evidently fire and water have been at work on a grand scale at some past date in this present "country of red apples."

Dr. Ralph's Awakening.

A TRUE STORY.

[*Concluded.*]

Lottie proceeded to the office to do the copying. She had on one or two occasions written a little for the doctor, when he had been very busy, and this article was to be published as soon as possible so she put her heart and soul in the task; but it was quite voluminous, and a great many of the medical phrases were not written legibly, and she was obliged to consult a dictionary frequently and two o'clock came before she was aware. I think Lottie must have been very tired that night, for she had spent an unusually tiresome day; but it was a great pleasure to do anything for Doctor Ralph, and so she forgot her fatigue and hurried on. He had been called for two or three times, but she did not suppose he would come home until the party was over, and she was not a little surprised to hear him coming in about half-past twelve.

"Miss Randall, I shall never forgive myself for having asked you to do this tedious copying for me. I felt all the evening that you were tiring yourself to *death* over it. Now put it aside immediately," said he, in a tone of authority.

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," replied Lottie, meekly; "I have just finished. It is you that are tired, I think," noticing his pale face.

"I have just come from the death bed of a patient, and the terrible grief of the family has entirely unmanned me. What is your *first* name, Miss Randall?"

"Lottie sir."

"Well, then, for kindness sake, let me call you Lottie while you remain? Lottie," he repeated over again and again; "its a *very* pretty name."

"I'm going, sir. Good night," said Lottie, feeling sure that, now her work was done, she ought to retire.

"Oh, no! stay a few moments. I can't see why we may not be friends, Lottie. I like you ever so much—and that's more than I can say of anybody else in the house. I have tried deucedly hard to love my mother and sisters as the Bible directs; of course, I have some affection for them; but sometimes it really seems to me that I can not be my mother's son. There is not a particle of similarity in our tastes or ideas."

Lottie did not know what reply to make to this tirade, so she merely stood *looking* sympathy, with her hand on the door-knob.

"Lottie, I saw your mother to day."

"Oh! did you Doctor Ralph?" and the rich blood mounted to her temples, as she walked to the lounge where the doctor had thrown himself. "What do you think of her, doctor?"

"She has a little bronchial difficulty but her lungs are as sound as a dollar. Your father's death and her loneliness have affected her nervous system; but I assure you she has no seated disease. She must go out every day, have cheerful society, and, with the medicine I shall leave her, you will not recognize your own mother in a month or two."

"Oh, Doctor Ralph! you have no idea what a weight you have taken from my heart. I shall go about my duties with a renewed zeal," and she thanked him from the depths of a grateful soul.

"But, doctor, you are going back to the party for the young ladies—won't you?" as she saw him drawing off his boots; for Doctor Ralph would receive his coat and substitute a dressing gown or change his boots for slippers, did he feel so inclined, if a deputation of court ladies were to wait on him.

"Yes, Lottie, I shall go for them if they wait long enough—but not to night. They already have two escorts, and I excused myself for the night, not knowing how long my patients might need me. Why, Lottie, Mrs. Goodhue had a train of admirers as long as from here to Central Park. How long is she going to stay, do you know?"

"I do not know, sir; but I think some time longer."

"I was in hopes that my term of probation was short."

"It does strike me that you have made yourself much of a martyr to her society, Doctor Ralph?"

"Well, no, not much; but it really would be a relief if she would go home."

"I really must go; good-night once more;" and Dr. Ralph was alone.

Lottie kept awake till most daylight. The joyful knowledge of her mother's condition, and the little words of appreciation and kindness, had given a warmer coloring to her life, and the mournful expression fled from the eyes, and she was almost gay. Julia was angry with her brother for allowing even sickness or death to keep him away from the widow, and her good morning was quite formal, and almost insolent.

"Where is Mrs. Goodhue this morning?" said Ralph.

"I wonder that you condescend to notice her absence. She is quite sick; and I have no doubt very much hurt at your desertion last evening."

"Now, Julia, that is too ridiculous. Why, a poor fellow could hardly get within gunshot—her admirers were so numerous; and the idea of her caring that *one* out of the number should withdraw."

"Oh! that's very fine talk, but you know as well as I do that Lizzie Guthrie does not regard you as she does the gentlemen who surrounded her last evening. Of course she is aware that all they care about is her *money*, and you we all know are above the influence of such petty considerations."

"Has it got as far as that, Julia, and that you or any one else dare take it for granted that I intend *any* more than common civility to that silly, namby pamby doll? Why, if her diamonds could be numbered with the hairs of her red head, and she was as beautiful as an houri, I should still detest her. She is a fool, Jul, and that's what's the matter."

Mrs. Gibson entered the room in time to hear Ralph's last remark.

"Why, Ralph, you are entirely mistaken in her character. She is very amiable and would make any man a *splendid* wife; then just think of her property. Two magnificent houses on Fifth avenue—and it is valued at——"

"I don't care a—fig" interrupted Ralph, petulantly, "if she owns real estate in Heaven. You will make me detest every woman that was ever created. They are all a deceitful treacherous set, any how—present company excepted, of course," added he, with an iron, laugh, as he saw his mother and sister about to use their handkerchiefs. "You don't suppose I would suspect either of you of double dealing do you? of course not. I know you too well for that; but then, let me enjoy my bachelor life, and I'll be the best son and brother the world ever produced."

Dr Ralph proceeded to the office. There were several patients already waiting for him; and just as he had dismissed the last one, and was about stepping into his gig, he was sent for in a great hurry by his mother, to come immediately to Mrs. Goodhue, who was just recovering from a swoon.

He hurried to the invalid's room, drew a chair to the side of the bed, where the pretty widow reclined looking as bewitching as embroidery, and frills of immaculate purity, and golden hair floating around her shoulders could make her. She was indeed very pale, and Ralph instantly saw that it was no stratagem but a *bona fide* swoon. He took the little delicate hand in his own—examined the pulse.

"Are you in the *habit* of fainting, Mrs. Goodhue?"

"No sir," very faintly.

"How long was she unconscious Julia?"

"Oh, five minutes, I should think."

Now, Dr Ralph was too much the physician to hesitate about asking all necessary questions, and an intimate acquaintance with disease had entirely overgone all false modesty (if he ever had any, which I very much doubt; so he very professionally inquired into the matter.

Mrs. Goodhue closed her eyes, and seemed about to faint again.

"Oh dear!" said she, "I have such a pain here," pressing her hand on her left side over the heart.

Ralph saw the color going from her lips, and placed his hand under the dainty, and immediately understood the cause.

"Hand me a pair of scissors, Julia."

In a second more the corset-lacing was cut, and the widow relieved.

She had come from the party, and feeling very tired, had not unlaced her corsets, and this was the result.

Dr. Ralph drew on his gloves.

"I thank you will have no more trouble, Mrs. Goodhue. Good morning."

The little widow burst into tears of rage and mortification.

"I don't care anything about it," said Juna, soothingly. "It is Ralph's way. He is a regular bear."

Mrs Goodhue did not make her appearance in the dining room for a day or two.

Ralph inquired after her occasionally, but was no again sent for.

"How's your patient, sis? By Jove, that corset lace made a noise like a champagne cork, when I cut it. I hope, Jul, you are not foolish enough to compress your waist like that. It may be a snow kind of sylphide, but it is, nevertheless, sure."

"You shocked Lizzie *terribly*, Ralph; she says she shall never be able to look you in the face again as long as she lives."

"So much the better Jul; that arrangement will suit me as well as any."

"It is no use, mother; we might as well relinquish all hope of civilizing Ralph. If he wasn't so handsome I should feel so badly about it; but he will never marry. He's too devoted to his old skeletons for that."

Lottie spent a good deal of her time with the two young ladies, who rapidly improved under her excellent instruction. She occasionally did some writing for Dr. Ralph but for some reason seemed to avoid all conversation with him. With all his indifference to ladies society, Lottie's manner seemed to pique him; and one morning just as she had hurried through her tasks and was about to leave the office, he entered, and placing himself against the door, asked abruptly:

"What is the reason, Miss Lottie, that you manage so cleverly to keep away from me? Don't you remember I told you the other night that I very much desired to be a friend to you?"

"Well are you *not*, Dr. Ralph? I think you have shown yourself very friendly," replied Lottie, in her cool, self possessed way.

"Well, then, why not give a poor fellow a chance to speak a word to you, now and then?"

"For this simple reason: that, however agreeable it might be to me to have a pleasant conversation with a *friend* occasionally—and Lottie accented the word friend quite forcibly—my position here does not warrant it. You are as well aware as myself of your mother's prejudices, and I could never be induced to take advantage of your kindness, to make trouble for you in your own family."

"Very fine sentiments, no doubt; but you can't scare up any difficulty for me that I haven't already *had*, so that can be no excuse."

"Perhaps, Dr. Ralph, it might compromise my *own* position and as I am dependent upon your mother for my situation, as I have before informed you, it may be as well for myself to conform as far as practicable, to her ideas and wishes."

"*Well, I swear!* Miss Lottie, excuse me! if you and *I*—the only ones in the house that *could* hitch teams and enjoy ourselves once in a while—have got to be kept apart by some ridiculous *parvenu* ideas of my aristocratic mother and sister. I think it is about time we left this world and went to Jersey."

Lottie laughed heartily; she couldn't help it; and taking advantage of the temporary lull or abstraction, quietly left the office.

Dr Ralph sat for some time smoking and thinking. Memory was busy. He reviewed his past life, its home disappointments and for the first time looked his future in the face.

"Upon my word, it does look dubious," said he to himself. "It is unendurable *now* and there is surely no prospect of its mending. Why can't I have a home of my own? By Jove, I never thought of that before. I'm blessed if the idea don't please me. But if a fellow *has* an establishment of his own, why, then, he's got to have a housekeeper, so there will be the same impropriety in making friends with the governess. What a fool I am! What shall I want with a governess? so Lottie will be left behind, after all, and I shall be as well off to remain where I am; and then as if an entirely new thought had struck him, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"I'll ask her to be my *wife*! and then we can talk together as much as we like. Why the dence haven't I thought of that before?"

He kept his own counsel, was very attentive to Julia and the widow, until they began to hope again that the result might be as they desired. He called on Lottie's mother the next day after his self-communion, and electrified the lady by informing her that he was a suitor for her daughter's hand and heart.

"But have you spoken to Lottie?" she asked, in surprise.

"Confound it, no; is *that* the way you do it? It's new business to me, Mrs. Randall."

She expressed her approval, and referred him to her daughter.

"What has got into Ralph—he has changed *so* much for the last few days? He seems endeavoring to make up for past offenses. I really believe mother, he is at last actually smitten with Lizzie."

A day or two after, while at dinner, Mrs. Gibson asked Lottie if she were engaged for the afternoon, as Ralph left word that he would like her to do some writing for him.

"Is the doctor in the office, Mrs. Gibson?"

"No, but he said you would find the manuscript in the library drawer."

Lottie tripped along to the office with a light heart. She dearly loved to be of service to Dr. Ralph; why, she couldn't exactly explain to herself, unless it was that he had been so kind to her mother. She looked in the drawer, as directed, but found nothing there, or on the table, and was standing in a state of indecision, when Dr. Ralph entered.

"What are you looking for, Lottie? Sit down here a moment. I have something to say to you."

"Yes, and I have something to say to you, Dr. Ralph Gibson. If you ever cheat me in this style again, I will never visit your office under any pretext whatever." Lottie spoke decidedly, but there was a pleasant light in the large dark eyes, although she tried to vail it under a sternness she was very far from feeling.

"I asked mother to send you because, if you were found here, there could be nothing said to cause you trouble.

"And you really have no manuscript to copy?"

"No, not a line."

"Well, then good afternoon. I have duties of my own to perform."

"Come here Lottie. I have heard of a situation where I think you will be very much happier than here."

Lottie walked toward him, and looked at him earnestly.

"You will be treated with the consideration your goodness and intelligence demand, you will be perfectly understood and appreciated and you can have everything exactly your own way."

"But where is it, Dr. Ralph?" and the tears stood in Lottie's eyes. "Will my pupils be young ladies?"

"No, dear; you will have only one for the present, and that one will be a great, overgrown boy."

"But, Dr. Ralph, I am confident I shall not like it half so well as here. Now I am *sure* of *one* friend."

"And who is that, Lottie?"

"Why who but yourself, doctor? You know I have no other."

"Ah, that's the *stick*; is it Lottie? Delightful to hear you say so! Well, then the 'boy' who is so desirous of being taken under your supervision for life is—Ralph Gibson! a sorry scoundrel it is true, and his *establishment* is one that he desires you to select and furnish according to your own taste, with the proviso that your mother has the best room in the house."

Lottie had not taken her eyes off his face while he was speaking, but moved toward the door. He gently drew her back.

"Will you accept the situation, Lottie?"

"Your mother Dr. Ralph?"

"Suppose I hadn't any mother, would you take me then?"

"I think I would," said Lottie, softly.

"All right, then," said the practical doctor.

"Won't we have some high old talks when we have a house of our own, hey, Lottie?"

A week or two after, Lottie gave up her situation, very much to Mrs. Gibson's regret, and Ralph flirted with the widow considerably.

One morning, as Mrs. Gibson, Julia and Mrs. Goodhue (who had already prolonged her stay from one month to three), were seated in the parlor, Ralph entered, and after exchanging a few commonplace remarks said:

"Jul, there is a very particular friend of mine to be married this afternoon, at three o'clock, at Trinity, and if you would all like to see a pretty nice affair, you had better ride down."

And they went.

What do you think were their sensations when they beheld Dr. Ralph and his radiant bride walk up the aisle, and take their places at the altar?

Disappointment is no name for it.

They reached their carriage before the ceremony commenced, and have never forgiven them.

Mrs. Goodhue is still husband hunting.

OHIO.—The population of Ohio is about 3,000,000. The wealth of the State per head about $500, or $2,500 per family. The State tax for 1866 was over $5 to every man, woman and child, or an average of $25 per family.

A new forty thousand dollar steamer, whose iron hull has been built in Scotland, will be placed upon Lake Memphremagog next summer.