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
One quarter column at the established rates.
Legal advertising at the established rates.

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. of 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. [3:1y

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. [n7]
By order of W. C. T.

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. 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

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

S. HUELAT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office over Charman & Brother. [8:tf

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

J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.
Rooms over Charman & Bro.'s store. Main street. (12.1y

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!
IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO LET THE public be informed that
T. L. HACK, Artist,
Has removed to the Photographic Rooms on Main street, lately occupied by Morrison C. Athey, where he is prepared to execute better work than ever.
For Children's Pictures the best hours are between 9 and 12 o'clock A. M. [23.1y

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

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

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

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

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
Kester's Ready-made Clothing, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Stationery, Cutlery, Willow and Wooden Ware, Yankee Notions,
Fancy and staple Groceries, Candies, Nuts, Toys, etc. (52

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

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

OREGON CITY
Paper Manuf'g Co.
Manufacture, and have constantly on hand, a very Superior Article of Straw Wrapping Paper.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
22.1y] J. D. MILLER, Secretary.

Imperial Mills,
OREGON CITY.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:
FLOUR, MIDDLINGS,
BRAN AND CHICKEN FEED!
Parties wanting feed must furnish their sacks. [18.3m*

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. 10tf

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

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

PONY SALOON.
Main street, Oregon City, Adjoining the Brick Store of S. Ackerman.
JAMES MANN, Propr.
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.

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.

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.

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

CANEMAH STORE!
JAMES MORFITT & CO.,
WOULD INFORM THE PUBLIC—ESpecially of Canemah, that they have established a Store at that place, where they will keep on hand a well assorted stock of
Merchandise and Groceries.
which will be sold at reasonable rates, for the purpose of establishing permanently such a necessity at Canemah. Try us. (7:1y

BENNETT HOUSE,
Salem .....Oregon.
L. JAY S. TURNEY,
HAVING LEASED THE ABOVE HOTEL is prepared to accommodate the public, in as good style as any house on the coast. He has determined to make the Bennett as good as the best, and better than any public house in Salem. Charges moderate.

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)

JUSTICES' BLANKS, of every description, for sale at the ENTERPRISE office.

Light of the Hearth.

She comes with fairy footsteps;
Softly the echoes fall;
And her shadow plays like a summer shade,
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright,
'Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportive fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along,
As the wild young bird she caroleth
The burden of her song.
The Spring like flowers are clust'ring thick
Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the pleasant breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeams seem to linger
Above her holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And, O, how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle on the light within!
O, how fondly do they nestle
Round the soul that knows no sin.

She comes; the spirit of our childhood;
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet breathing still a breath of heaven,
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passeth by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.

O, blessed things are children!
The gift of heavenly love!
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.

The Bridal Wine Glass.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "Pledge with wine!" ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it, do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned toward the brilliant pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late, his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was died down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not as, smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "O, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspiring light shone from her dark eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby—"a sight that begars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot, tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, which the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds, but there—a group of Indians gather round a postrate form with sorrow upon their dark brows. But his cheeks, how deathly; his eye, wild with the fitful fire of fever! One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land!

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasps, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see, his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together." There was a hush in the princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears, stealing to the outward of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little, troubled red waves came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again, every lip was mute. Her voice was faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up; and its beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead?"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspiring her manner, than what she described seemed actually to have taken place, then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken: and there they scoop him a grave: and there without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks: "Father shall I drink it now?" The form of the old Judge seemed convulsed with agony. He raised not his head but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement; and, instantaneously, every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fagments of crystal, she turnod to the company saying, let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that solemn hour, and buried the dead wanderer, there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was his answer. The Judge left the room, and, when an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at the wedding can never forget the impressions thus solemnly made—many from that hour forswore the social glass.

THE JAFFA COLONY.—The latest reports from Palestine—indeed most of the reports from the first—have been decidedly unfavorable to the success of Elder Adams' efforts to colonize Palestine, and not at all complimentary to the gentleman's discretion or honesty. The Bangor (Me.) *Times*, of the 12th inst., however, gives the other side, contained in the letters of the members of the Colony. The *Times* says:

The extracts are from letters shown to us by a gentlemen of this city. The Colony can have just as much land as they want. Everything works in their favor, although there had been some sickness and a few deaths. Their meetings are attended by many strangers and foreign consuls. The mass of the people are friendly. An old Turk, the next door neighbor, voluntarily offered wheat and barley at the lowest price, with the privilege to pay when convenient. Another, worth $1,000,000, said they could have all the money they wanted. Their lot is not all fenced in, and any one can come in that chooses. Lumber, laths, etc., are laying about unguarded, yet none are stolen. Fruit gardens are all about them loaded with oranges and all kinds of fruit. The letter concludes as follows:

"I tell you we are received with kindness by all; still there are some few—one or two—who want to get back to America. You will ask, 'What for?' Because you cannot get pork and beans, pound cake and such like. There is enough here to eat, but the articles are not of so fine a quality as in America. I am well pleased with the country. I don't put my hands to the plow and look back."

Another letter dated at Jaffa, Dec. 16, states that ten or eleven houses have been built, and others are in process of erection. Over 150 bushels of grain had been put in the ground, and a part of it was looking "first rate." It was as pleasant there as in Maine during the summer.

It has been stated that the Turkish Government refused from the first to grant the colony privileges indispensable to their success. This is not so. A firman was granted them by that Government, a copy of which is now at the State Department at Washington, permitting them to land their goods free of duty, and to pre-empt unoccupied lands on the same terms allowed the natives. This statement proving incorrect, may not others from the same source be placed in the same category?

VERY CLEAR.—A Minnesota land speculator, in describing a lake in that State, says it is so clear and deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

That's nothing in comparison with Oregon. Here you cannot only see them making tea in China, but you can actually *hear the John's talking*, as you look into any of the streams or lakes. Fact.

Rather Dull.

The stagnation of trade has been severely felt by all business men, and even that enterprising class of our fellow creatures known as "drummers," or traveling salesmen, despite their almost inexhaustible invention and resources, have been obliged occasionally to yield to the pressure of the times.

One of these gentlemen, who has recently returned from a trip for Thistle Bros. & Co., of this city, did not show a very large exhibit of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm, and Mr. Thistle, after looking over his returns, said:

"Mr. Rataplan, I am afraid you do not approach the dealers in the right way; I used to be very successful in this line. Now just suppose me to be Mr. Bigher, of Sellout, Illinois, and show me the way you introduce the house."

Accordingly Rataplan stepped out of the counting room, and re-entered, hat in hand, inquiring, "Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"That's my name," said Thistle, urbanely.

"My name is Rataplan, sir, I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co., of Boston. (Thistle, in his character of Western merchant, here rose, offered the salesman a chair, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him.)

"I am stopping with Overcharge, at the Stickem House, and have a fine unbroken lot of samples which I would like to show you; think we can offer you some special advantages, etc." And Rataplan delivered himself of a neat speech in professional style.

"Very well, very well," said Thistle; "I don't see but you understand the way to get a customer."

"Excuse me, Mr. Thistle," said Rataplan, "I am afraid *you* do not understand the style of Western merchants just now; suppose you exchange place with me, and we repeat this rehearsal."

"Certainly," said Thistle, and picking up his hat, he stepped out. Returning, he found Rataplan with his chair tilted back, hat cocked fiercely over his right eye, his heels planted on Thistle's polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth.

Thistle looked a little staggered, but nevertheless he commenced—

"Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"Yes, he is," responded Rataplan, blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistle's eyes. "Who in — are you?"

"I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co.," said the astonished employer, coughing out about a quart of smoke from his throat.

"The blazes you do; are you one of that concern?"

"No, sir, I am not," said Thistle.

"Well, it's —— lucky for you that you are not, for I've had two drummers to one customer for the last two months, and if I could get hold of the blamed fools that send 'em out here at this time, I'm durned if I wouldn't boot 'em clean out of the town of Sellout."

"That'll do, that'll do, Mr. Rataplan," said Thistle; "I've no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade *is* a little dull.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE POWER OF CYPHERS.—The enlightened man may have a clear understanding of thousands, and even millions; but much beyond that he can form no distinct idea. A simple example, and one easily solved, will illustrate the observation. If the vast bodies of water that cover nearly three-fourths of the globe were emptied drop by drop into one grand reservoir, the whole number of drops could be written in two words, 'eighteen sextillions,' and expressed in figures by annexing twenty-four cyphers to the number eighteen, (18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000). Man might as well attempt to explore the bounds of eternity as to form any rational idea of the units embodied in the expression above; for although the aggregate of drops is indicated by figures in the space of only two inches of ordinary print, yet if each particular drop were noted by a seperate stroke like the figure 1, it would form a line of marks sufficiently long to wind around the sun six thousand billions of times.

Now, if you please, the marvelous power of value which the cyphers, insignificant by themselves, give significant figures 18. The young reader will be surprised to learn that the use of the cypher to determine the value of any particular figure, which is now practiced by every schoolboy, was unknown to the ancients. Therefore, among the Greeks and Romans and other nations of antiquity, arithmetical operations were exceedingly tedious and difficult. They had to reckon with little pebbles, shells or beads, to transact the ordinary business of life. Even the great Cicero, in his oration for Roscius, the actor, in order to express 300,000, had to make use of the very awkward and cumbrous notation, CCCIↃↃↃ CCCIↃↃↃ. How very odd this seems—"in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXVII!" (1867.)—*Educational Monthly.*

HAPPY ONCE.—An editor up in Minnesota, says he was never happy but once in his life and that was on a warm summer's day, when he lay in the lap of two blooming maidens, being fanned by a third, and kissed by all three.

A lady sends us the above from California, and asks if that was us? We, are sorry to say, we were not an editor there, "only a printer."

The Benefit of Railroads.

The following suggestion to Oregonians, is from the Napa *Register*:

Although no work has yet been done upon the railroad, the prospect of its early completion has already caused a very decided advance in the prices of land in the county generally, and in and about Napa City in particular. Within a week $100 has been offered and refused for lands near St. Helena which could have been purchased for $40 per acre less than six months ago. Lands anywhere whithin a mile or a mile and a half from Napa have risen in an equal degree, but by no means reached the price which they will bear by next Fall. A small capital judiciously invested now in lots in or near town would undoubtedly pay a better interest than any other investment. Magnificent sites for building, within 10 or 15 minutes ride of our business street could probably be purchased now for $100 per acre, by taking from 20 to 40 acres, and we greatly mistake if the same could be brought two years hence at an advance of 150 per cent. Of course, prices are much higher in the immediate vicinity of our business streets. Now would be the time to purchase to advantage, while business is still stagnant and money rather "tight," after a severe winter. A few months of good weather and active business will place a different complexion upon matters, and purchases will be compelled to "fish for clams at high water."

STRONG BUTTER.—A farmer named Davis, of Jackson county, *sent* Mad. Jeannie Gilfoyle, of Jacksonville, 300 pounds of rancid butter. She was so incessantly bothered by Davis that at last she paid him off in greenbacks. After this Davis published her. In her reply the following occurs:

That this butter was as bad as I have represented it to be, I can bring any amount of proof. One of my boarders, to whom I was talking, yesterday, in regard to this matter, got off a couple of good hits, as follows: Talking of the fact that Davis *sent* in the place of *bringing* the butter into town, he said "that didn't appear at all wonderful to him; and, in fact, it wouldn't have surprised him very much if the butter had risen in its majesty, and *walked* into Jacksonville. And, Madame," said he, "certain facts which this greenbacking affair has brought to view, suffice to explain the fact that, for some months past, the Good Templars have appeared generally to withhold their patronage from 'The Franco-American'—they have taken a vow not to use anything *strong*.

IN TALL CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Lafayette *Courier* relates the following:

Boswell Lamson, son of Jeremiah Lamson, present member of the General Assembly from this county, served awhile during the war, in the U. S. Navy. After the close of the struggle he come into possession of a large lot of improved Government arms, which he disposed of in Europe at an enormous profit, becoming vastly wealthy thereby. He subsequently formed a matrimonial alliance with an heiress in England, thus doubling his already immense fortune. Young Lamson was reared from boyhood in Yamhill county. Wonder if, in his hours of revery, he ponders retrospectively over his life, picturing himself what he was, the son of an unpretending farmer, living quietly in an obscure but fertile valley of the Yamhill, with no visible future beyond that apparently in store for the humblest of his cotemporaries in boyhood sports? Verily, his future no man knoweth!

A PRETTY INCIDENT.—The following is related as having occurred recently at the Winter Garden, New York:

The immense audience was deeply interested in Booth's admirable character of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice. The play had proceeded to the first scene in the fourth act,—

PORTIA—Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHYLOCK—On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
PORTIA—The quality of mercy is not strained
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven;
Upon the place beneath, etc.

At which instant the rain of an approaching shower struck the roof of the theatre, and with miraculous effect the whole audience burst into applause.

WELL ANSWERED.—A story being current that Anna Dickinson and Theodore Tilton had matrimonial designs upon each other, Mr. Tilton responds to a letter of inquiry on the subject as follows:

MY DEAR SIR:

In reply to your kind inquiry whether the story be indeed true that I am about to marry my pleasant friend Miss Anna Dickinson, permit me just to mention—which must suffice for the present—that in this, as in every important matter, I am bound by a rule which I have observed now for nearly eleven years, and that is: Not to take a conclusive action without the advice of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, a very sensible woman, and the wife of

Yours truly, THEOD. TILTON.

The same vanity which leads us to assign our misfortunes or misconduct to others, prompts us to attribute all our lucky chances to our own talent, prudence and forethought. Not a word of the fates or stars when we are getting rich and all goes on prosperously. So deeply rooted in our nature is the tendency to make others responsible for our own misdeeds, that we lapse into the process almost unconsciously. Men scold their children, servants, and dependents, for their own errors; coachmen invariably punish their horses, after they themselves have made any stupid blunder in driving them; and even children, when they have tumbled over a chair, revenge themselves for their awkwardness by beating and kicking the impassive furniture.

SHOULD COME TO OREGON.—The editor of the Jacksonville *Sentinel*, speaking of that peice of femininity, in a Good Templar lodge, who declares that rather than live without cider she will eat apples and get some nice fellow to squeeze her, says:

"We think we would like that gal, and wouldn't mind being a 'cider press,' just to accomodate her. She had better come to Oregon where apples and muscle are dog cheap."

MARBLE fire-places should not be washed with suds; it will in time destroy the polish. After the dust is wiped off, rub the spots with a nice oiled cloth, then rub dry with a soft rag.

Facts and Fancies.

Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe? Because it once had a Solon.

Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity is the sole of it.

Why are man's eyes like stage horses? Because they are always under the lashes.

What word will make you sick if you leave one of the letters out? Music.

Better be honorable and be despised—than to be despicable and be honored.

The man who trumpets his own fame will soon have no fame to trumpet.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle fills many a bier.

Punch says that the best way to kill time is shoot every day.

There are in New York about 314 buildings set apart for religious uses.

Coal oil is certain destruction to bedbugs.

Gilt frames, slightly rubbed over with coal oil, will not be troubled by flies.

The sulphate of lime will stop the fermentation of new cider.

The artist Oertal has abandoned painting and taken to preaching.

On a child being told that it must be broken of a bad habit it honestly replied: "Pa pa; hadn't I better be mended?"

A bachelor arithmetician says a girl is "sum" when she causes one to sigh for her.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though first in pity he is last in help.

Fine charcoal, placed over any animal or vegetable decaying substance, will arrest all offensive effluvia.

Great men direct the events of their time; while men take advantage of them; weak men are carried along in the current.

Forty of the costumes recently provided for a transformation scene in a London pantomime cost two hundred dollars each.

What is the use of sighing and weeping as we float down the stream? Why make the voyage of life a wailing voyage?

A wife agency is in operation at Cleveland, Ohio. It is conducted on the employment system.

Md'lle Rosa Bonheur has nearly completed a large picture of cattle and drovers in the Highlands.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we make but what we save, that makes us rich.

Why can persons occupied in canning frust stow away more of it than anybody else? Because they can.

Miss Vinni Ream, the handsome young sculptress who received $10,000 to make a statue of Lincoln, will execute her commission at Florence.

Why is John Morrissey—prize fighter, gambler, and Member of Congress—like the Red Sea? Because he was death to Faro.

A bucket of water with some hay in it, if stood in the middle of a newly painted room all night, will remove the offensive smell.

"A traveler" wishes an eastern paper to explain what sense there is in the term "railroad securities," since there is no security on any of the railroads.

"Dear Laura, when we were courting you were very dear to me; but now you are my wife and I am paying your bills, you seem to get dearer and dearer to me."

"Six feet in his boots," exclaimed Mrs. Partington: "Why, what will the importance of this world come to, I wonder. They might as well tell me that he had six heads in his hat."

The Hicksite branch of the Society of Friends of Philadelphia, are erecting a spacious College at Westdale, Pa., for the education of their own children. It will cost $200,000.

Queen Victoria has ordered a collection of everything attainable relative to Michael Angelo, in deference to the admiration which Prince Albert entertained for his works.

Quilp thinks it rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

In 1858 a general asked a Texas lawyer at Houston for a copy of the statutes of that State. The lawyer opened a drawer, and taking out a large bowie-knife handed it over.

What is the difference between a rifleman who shoots wide of the target, and a husband who blackens his wife's eyes? The one misses his mark and—the other marks his missis.

A railroad train was delayed in consequence of an axle of the tender giving way—A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why they were so delayed: He gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

ATTORNEY FRIGHTENED.—An improved apparatus for ventilation is employed in the County Court Room. It consist of a cylinder about three feet in diameter, reaching to the roof, covered with a raised cap, and partially closed at the bottom by ornamental scroll work. Just above the perforated bottom jets of gas is kept constantly burning, which causes a more rapid draft of foul air upward, and of course any one by looking up at the ceiling can see the light shining through. A good story is told in connection with it. A celebrated lawyer had a case in Court, and quite a crowd of spectators had assembled. When he was about to open his case, some wag went up to him and whispered: "Aint this Court room on fire? Look up there," pointing at the ventilator. The lawyer looked up and saw the light, then took hold of his hat, clutched Wood's Digest, and to show his presence of mind even in the presence of the most startling and overwhelming danger, exclaimed to the crowd in the room: "Don't rush, gentlemen; go slow, and we can all get out safely. If you rush, you will block the doors and we will be lost—keep cool!" The crowd had not seen any cause of alarm, and thought the attorney had become suddenly insane; so there was no rush, save of blood—to his cheeks, when he saw how he had been sold.—*S. F. Times.*

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