OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. I. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1867. No. 36.

The Weekly Enterprise.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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.

Terms of Subscription.

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

Terms of Advertising.

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

Legal advertising at the established rates.

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. n:29

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. [n:29

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. [39]
By order of W. C. T.

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. MCCOWN. Notary Public.
JOHNSON & McCOWN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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. H. Saffarrans,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
OFFICE—In J. Fleming's Book Store.
Main street, Oregon City. (52

Dr. F. Barclay, M. R. U. I.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE:—At Residence,
Main Street.....(52).....Oregon City.

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

JOHN H. SCHRAM,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESS,
etc., etc.,
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 H. SCHRAM.

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.
BELL & PARKER.
DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,
And every article kept in a Drug Store.
3d.) MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

L. ZIGLER & SON.,
COOPERS,
Oregon City, Oregon.
THE UNDERSIGNED ARE NOW PREPARED to make all manner of ware in the line of cooperage, from a well-bucket to a hogshead, of both bilge and straight work, at short notice, and at reasonable rates. Call and examine samples of our work, as this is its own recommendation.
35.6m) L. ZIGLER & SON.

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

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

DRAY FOR SALE CHEAP!
A FIRST RATE HEAVY DRAY, IN good order, will be sold cheap for cash upon application to C. GREENMAN,
(1.tf) Oregon City.

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

AMERICAN EXCHANGE.
(late LINCOLN HOUSE,)
No. 84 Front street, Portland Oregon.
L. P. W. QUIMBY, PROPRIETOR,
(Late of Western Hotel.)
This house is the most commodious in the State, newly furnished, and it will be the endeavor of the proprietor to make his guests comfortable. The Baggage Wagon will always be found at the landing on the arrival of steamships and river boats, carrying baggage to the house free of charge. [17.1y

SHAVING SALOON.
Nearly Opposite the Post Office, Main street,
OREGON CITY.
THE UNDERSIGNED, WHO HAS FOR some time past endeavored to serve the public satisfactorily in the art of Shaving and Hair Dressing, returns his thanks for the patronage he has received, and requests a continuance of the same.
32.tf) H. FRANZ.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!
IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO LET THE public be informed that
JOHN HELM, 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

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

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.

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. (32:y

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

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

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. 13tf

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

LOGUS & ALBRIGHT,
EXCELSIOR MARKET!
Corner of Fourth and Main Sts., Oregon City..... Oregon.
TAKE THIS METHOD OF INFORMING the public that they keep constantly on hand all kinds fresh and salt meats, such as
BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON, VEAL,
CORNED BEEF, HAMS,
PICKELED PORK, LARD,
And everything else to be found in their line of business. LOGUS & ALBRIGHT.
Oregon City, April 20th, 1867. [2:1y

Sunday School and Gift Books!
FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIety and Massachusetts Sunday School Society. For sale at Messrs. Hurgren & Shindler's, First street, corner of Salmon, Portland, Oregon. G. H. ATKINSON,
Sec.'y and Treas. Oregon Tract Soc.'y.
S. SHINDLER, Depositary. [25.1y

BILL HEADS PRINTED,
At the Enterprise Office.

Arriere Pensee.

He wraps me around with his riches,
He covers me up with his care,
And the love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a living prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have given my all in all,
And the flowers of a daily contentment
Renew their sweet lives ere they fall,
And yet like an instrument precious,
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart in the midst of its blessings,
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when beneath the branches,
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw on its bosom an image
As one seeth a face in a dream.

I would not resign his devotion,
No, not for a heart that lives!
Nor change one jot my condition
For the change that condition gives,
I should mourn not more for another,
Nor more for another rejoice,
Than now when I weep at his absence,
Or welcome his step and his voice.
And yet, like an instrument precious,
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart in the midst of its blessings.
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when beneath the branches
I stood in the shadowy light,
And heard the low words of a whisper
As one heareth a voice in the night.

ADVICE TO MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.—Punch's Pocket-Book contains the following from the pen of a "single woman of the world:"

"If a man wipes his feet on the door mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man in snuffing the candles puts them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure that he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch; it is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no 'brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, in dears, who wears goloshes, and is careful about wrapping himself up before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle, and prevents its boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—Towards the close of the war, when it was becoming evident that the authority of the United States was about to be restored in the Southern States, there was a general cry among the rebel leaders in favor of emigration to countries where the Governments were less tyrannical. Many prominent Southerners went to Mexico; many went to Europe; some sought freedom in South America. But their success in foreign lands was not flattering, and one by one they have been returning to their native country, satisfied, apparently, that they can be happier and more prosperous here, despite their political misfortunes, than anywhere else. The Mexican adventurers are nearly all back again, and pronounce themselves in favor of making the best of circumstances. They have discovered in their absence that the United States Government, bad as they professedly believed it, is still to be preferred to any other they can find. What is somewhat remarkable is, that those who were the most fierce and uncompromising enemies of the Government, are now the most contented and energetic under the new regime. The people of the South should profit by the example of the leaders they followed so faithfully in war, and settle down to work at home, for there is no other country where their prospects will be half so good, though they must expect a season of trouble and embarrassment before the return of actual prosperity. A glance at the condition and history of the countries were Southerners were so sanguine of finding happiness, will convince them of the infinite superiority of their own Government in strength, order, justice and all that civilization has taught them to desire and need. The despotism they feared so much exists only in their imagination, and they will do wisely to acknowledge their mistake by remaining under the Government they professed to hate so inveterately.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.—The London *Star* tells the British Government that it will commit a great crime if it permits the condemned Fenians to be hanged, for, says that free-spoken and truthful journal, the Southern States of America, with whom the English Government sympathized, had not one iota of the cause to rebel which the Irish have, and have had at any time within the last half century! Ireland may have half justice sometime if other Governments will do as this has done—protest against misrule there—but as the great, crowning evil is landlordism, we can scarcely see how the people are to rid of it without successful revolution.

Has anybody a nickle penny of 1858? The Washington *Star* says there is an active search for them, and that they are considered worth twenty-five cents each, because they have been almost wholly withdrawn from circulation, and will be very valuable by and by in completing collections. The penny in question will be remembered as bearing on one face the representation of a buzzard instead of an eagle.

A country cousin remarking to a metropolitan friend that a storm was brewing, the cockney said that he supposed it would be an "ail" storm.

Picture Rugs.

The tufted rugs having landscapes and animals upon them, are made by the Crossleys at Halifax, in Yorkshire, England. A single rug would cost a deal of money to pattern. It is multiplication that makes the article cheap. This is the manner in which rugs are manufactured.

A girl has before her a design which instructs her only in the way she is to place the woolen threads in an oblong box, but gives her no idea of the picture to be developed. Every color has its thread placed by rule. In a long course of time, the high box is filled, and her work is done. The pile of woolen threads is then condensed by hydrostatic pressure to the degree necessary to bring out the picture, as you look at it endwise. This work is all done in the upper story of the manufactory. It is then taken to the ground floor, in front of a razor-wheel thirty feet in diameter. Alongside is a vat of boiling India rubber; by the side of which are piled the coarse hempen cloths which from the back of our fancy rugs. Of these, one at a time is dipped into the vat and gets a superficial coating of the rubber. Quickly this is tightly plastered against the end of the wooly picture block and the sharp wheels cuts off a very thin slice, which adheres firmly to the hempen base. The rug is finished.

Several hundred rugs are thus made from one pattern; just as a certain kind of candy stick cut into many sections, always presents the same word to view.

The original idea was Sir John Crossley's. His best carpet weaver, named Thom, annoyed the foreman of his shop by not being punctual in his attendace at his loom. This being ascribed to bad habits, he was discharged. After a time the weaver presented himself at the counting room with an awkward looking bundle, and it was only by determined pertinacity that he obtained an audience with Sir John; for he would make known his business to no other person. Gaining an interview, he said: "I have an invention, Sir John, mayhap you would like to look at it?"

"Certainly, Thom; let me see it."

"Nay, but Master, if it should be a great thing for you, what would you do for me?"

Sir John had got many useful hints from this man, and he had faith that there was something in the invention. "Well, Thom; what would you wish me to do for you, if I like your invention?"

"Master, I don't want to be put out of my cottage; I want always to say there."

"Certainly; what next?"

"Would you," said Thom, "give a hundred pounds a year as long as Betsy and I live?"

"Yes; what else?"

Thom began to take courage. "Betsy said she would like a keg of ale always in the house."

"Well!"

"And some 'backy to smoke."

"Anything more?"

Thom took a hitch at his breeches and scratched his head to think what else a man could want. "I would like to be restored to my loom, and work just when I like, and not be turned off."

So the bargain was made and concluded. On inspection, Sir John saw that the patent rug maker was a prize. He accepted it and had the papers drawn and executed at once.

This invention has made more than half a million of pounds; and Sir John not only lived up to his agreement, but he has educated and handsomely provided for the inventor's children. As for Thom and Betsy, no amount of money could add to their happiness. Their cottage is ever full of friends, drinking ale and smoking; and they themselves are free to work or get boozy, as they please.

REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—The latest invention for battling with the dreaded *mal de mer* appears likely to achieve a genuine success, and to prove a real boon to those who are obliged to take sea voyages. The invention in question is the discovery of an American gentleman named Simpson, and is nothing more or less than an ordinary chair, with moveable arms, which can be easily compressed so as to keep the body immoveable. The chair is then lashed to any desirable part of the vessel, the person using the chair occupying it for some time before any motion is felt, and, after remaining in it about five hours, the most susceptible traveler may safely venture to walk about as unconcerned as an old salt. A series of experiments with Simpson's sea-chair have recently been made on board steam packets plying between Dover and Calais, Liverpool and Glasgow, and Liverpool and Douglas, the time for "trying" the chair being chosen when the weather was very rough. In each case, several persons, all peculiarly liable to sea-sickness, tried the chairs with the most satisfactory results, and in the voyage to Glasgow—the lengthiest and the roughest of the lot—one gentleman, who never before went to sea in the mildest weather without being sick, was enabled, after sitting five hours in the chair, to walk about without qualms of fear.

OUT OF THE PARTY.—The Oscaloosa *Herald* tells the following amusing story of a life-long Democrat in that vicinity, who was for years a slave to drink, but for twenty months past had been a radical temperance man. He was sitting in his office conversing with several of his friends, when the door opened, and Mr. D., a rigid old Democrat, came in. The usual compliments of the day passed, when the latter gave Mr. H. a slight nudge and winked him out to the back door, when cautiously peering around to see that no one was observing them, he drew from the deep recesses of his pocket a pint flask, which bore the appearance of having been several times visited, and asked him to drink.

"No," replied H., "I do not drink."

"You are a liar!" responded D.

"I pledge you my word," returned H., "that I have not drank a drop for over twenty months."

"Is that so?"

"It is; and I am now a member of the Good Templar Lodge in this place."

For a moment a look of blank astonishment came over the countenance of the old Democrat, which gave way to one of anguish, as he said, "Good God! have you left the Democratic party?"

The Pioneer woolen factory of San Francisco have increased their capital stock from $300,000 to $450,000.

The New Island.

A week or two since we made mention of the reported discovery of a new island in the Pacific ocean. The *Alta* says:

There is now a probability of its existence and locality being determined by parties who are negotiating the charter of a vessel to go in search of the same. From a gentleman who has been trading on the Pacific ocean since 1810, we learn that years ago this land was known by him to exist. He had seen land birds in about the latitude and longitude named for the island, and an old sea dog, who sailed on the Pacific at the same time, reported that he had sailed a whole day along the coast of an island, and had seen it a second time, but after that he gave it a wide berth, as he was not inclined to find a new land by piling his craft up on the rocks.

Its existence has been vouched for by several parties, and lying as it does in the track of the China steamers on the homeward voyage, it will, if found, be a valuable coaling station for those vessels. The fisheries in its bounds will probably be found valuable, to say nothing of its worth to our people in view of its being a convenient calling place on voyages from distant ports on the Pacific to our new Russian Territory.

If the Government does not take interest enough in the matter to send a vessel in search of the same, private enterprise will do it, and when found will be taken possession of in the name of the United States. The first party discovering this land may also find at the same time valuable codfisheries, seal, sea otter, sea lion, etc. A gentleman familiar with the fogs in that region at certain seasons of the year, says he has no doubt but that several vessels which have been bound north and never heard from, have been cast away on its shores. Over a year since the schooner Pride of the West sailed for the Okhotsh sea, in the track of which this island laid, but she was never heard from. It is barely possible that some of the crews of these vessels may be found on this island, or, if not that, then remains of wrecks, which may clear up the mystery which surrounds the disappearance of some four or more vessels which have gone out on distant voyages but never returned.

LEGAL QUIB.—During the trial of a case a pause occurred, during which the judge, counsel, and clients indulged in nonsense appropriate to the occasion. At last, one of the visitors propounded the following conundrum: "Why does a lawyer enter on, continue in, and at last abandon his profession?" No one could give a plausible reason for all this, except the judge, who said that he entered on the legal profession with an enthusiastic desire to enforce justice on all sides; continued in it to make a fortune; and finally abandoned it in disgust. This was voted good, but it was not an answer to the conundrum; and the suitor being called upon, said that the reason a lawyer enters upon his profession is, that he may "get on;" that he continues in it to get honor, and finally abandons it to get honest.

COMPLETED IN TWO VOLUMES.—Count Bismarck recently presented a faithful but poor secretary with a portfolio bound like a book, in which was deposited five thousand thalers. On meeting his secretary next day, the count asked him if he had perused the volume. "Yes, your highness," said the secretary, "and I am so captivated by its contents that I am waiting the appearance of the second volume with feelings of the greatest interest." The Count smiled, but said nothing. A few days afterward the secretary received a second portfolio, bound and filled like the first, and on the title page of which was the sentence, "This work is complete in two volumes."

CALIFORNIA MARBLE.—The Sutter county *Sentinel* is informed that a lode of marble has been discovered, seven miles distant from Colfax. The marble is purely white, admits of a superior polish, and is pronounced equal to the finest Italian. The lode is situated only two miles from the Pacific Railroad, and, if proven to be as extensive as is anticipated, will be an immense fortune to the lucky owners. Thus little by little new channels of wealth are opened to the Pacific coast, affording remunerative fields of employment to labor, and adding to the industrial wealth of the nation.

A capital story is told of a New Yorker who, last winter, on being presented at the Tuileries, kindly waived all that etiquette which often embarrasses sovereigns and said to the Emperor: "You have a first rate chance to see all the new fashions here, don't you?" The latter, feeling, doubtless, like the ancient centurion, unworthy that such a guest should come under his roof again, declined the repetition of the interview.

An old gentlemen (thought to be a member of the legislature from the "rural districts") went into Trinity Church, at Boston, one Sunday afternoon, recently, while Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was repeating the service to the deaf mutes by signs, etc. After attentively watching the proceedings for a few moments, he rose from his seat, took his hat and cane, and started for the door and, as he passed out shook reproachfully at the sexton, and muttered, "I can't stand them ritual tantrums, nohow."

A GREAT CITY.—The expenditures of the municipal corporation known as the city of New York for 1866 amounted to over $21,600,000, and its income was about the same. The city debt is about equal to one year's income. That is a very trifling debt, and one which most cities, in their proportion, would like to claim. It is less than the debt of Portland, or even our own corporation.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—The question of female suffrage must have advanced in England far more than it has in the United States, for on a vote taken on that subject in the British House of Commons, there was a majority of only 123 against it out of a House composed of over 650 members.

A contemporary wishing to state that the Dean of Chichest has the *fifth* volume of the "Lives of the Bishope," etc., in press, says that "he has the filthy volume almost ready." Misprint we suppose.

Tall Tiger Stories.

Miss Florence Moryatt is contributing some stories to an English magazine of her remembrances of Singapore, in which she tells some queer yarns. Here is one of them:

While I stayed in Penang, a large tigress swam on shore, perfectly exhausted, and had her brains knocked out as she lay panting on the beach. In Singapore, the "man-eating" tigers are so numerous that natives are said to be carried off at the rate of a man a day, and so used have they become to such accidents, that when a Chinese cooley sees a tiger trotting after him, with an evident view to dining, he quietly sits down and resigns himself to his fate.

But I must find my way back to the Bandypoor jungle.

A very distressing accident had occurred at the bungalow of that name, situated about five and twenty miles from the foot of the Neligherry hills, shortly before our arrival, by which the Hon. Captain H——, aide-de-camp to the Governor of Madras, lost his life.

It appeared that Captain H——, while staying at the bungalow, on a journey to or from the hills, had heard that a large tiger, which had done great mischief in the neighborhood, was still lurking in the surrounding jungle. This was grand news for a sportsman, and therefore he lost no time in sallying forth to meet him, and according to the statements of the natives who accompanied him, found himself at no great distance from his place of starting, face to face with this monarch of the Indian forests. The tiger was on one side of a "nullah," or small stream, and Captain H—— on the other, and it was afterward ascertained that he had fired on the fierce brute thirteen times before it sprang with amazing strength across the area which divided them. Amazing, when it is considered that Captain H—— was in general a most successful shot. Seizing upon the unfortunate man before he had time to elude the attack, the brute crushed him so frightfully about the vitals, that he was carried back to the bungalow to die. A doctor was procured as soon as it was possible to do so, but nothing could save his life. The tiger, after having accomplished his murderous attack, must have fallen back exhausted and died himself, as he was found on the same spot with the thirteen shots in his carcass.

The strength of these creatures in their dying spring is supposed to be something fabulous. A gentleman, somewhere about this part of the country, had shot a tiger. The natives, who had not dared to go within half of the brute while living, became extremely courageous now that it was dead, and surrounded the carcass in their usual manner, beating it with sticks, and subjecting it to all manner of indignities, while they danced about it and sung a song, which, interpreted, meant that they were the masters and the tiger was the servant, and that they were not in the least afraid of him, and he would never rise up again to hurt them. But, unfortunately for the prophecy, the gentleman's personal attendant having ventured, in his fearlessness, too near the prostrate body, the apparently lifeless animal suddenly raised himself, and having, with one blow of his massive paws, laid the presumptuous boaster dead at his feet, sunk down again, and this time expired in real earnest.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CLOVER.—G. Smith, of Iona, Michigan, in answer to S. T. Botsford, Ct., who values ten words relating to what a man has done more than a volume of what he can do, says:

Fourteen years ago I came to this county and purchased the land on which I now live; it was already worn out, although it had been cultivated but a few years. Clover at that time was hardly known in this region, but I obtained seed as soon as possible, believing that I could prove that such land could be made productive. I sowed plaster on my clover, and the result was astonishing. My crops, while I was preparing the ground for clover, hardly paid the expense of cultivation; but as soon as I began to plow under clover, my crops began to grow better and better to such an extent that I felt perfectly satisfied with my returns. My wheat crops soon run up from ten bushels per acre to thirty and even forty bushels, and my corn from twenty-five to forty and fifty bushels per acre. My circumstances rapidly improved; I bought more land and continued to sow everything to clover, new land as well as old, always sowing plaster at about the rate of one hundred barrels to the acre. I commenced with one hundred and sixty acres and have increased the amount to six hundred. Last year, though it was a bad one, my wheat crop amounted to eleven hundred bushels from fifty acres, sold for $2 50, but soon went up to $3. My corn to nine hundred bushels from eighteen acres; my wool to 1,440 pounds, from two hundred and seventy-five sheep, sold for 61½ cents; and other things in proportion. Now I ascribe my success to the use of clover and plaster, accompanied of course with industry and perseverance, and my experience is that of hundreds of others in this region of country. I have seen many erroneous statements as to the amount both of clover seed and of plaster best to the acre. One writer stated in the *Tribune* some time since, that clay land needed about one-third more seed than sandy land. The reverse is true here. The same writer said that from two to four hundred pounds of plaster should be applied per acre. I have found that when I sow clover at about the rate of two bushels to ten acres, mixed with timothy seed, it is sufficient even on our sandy lands, and I believe that one hundred pounds of plaster will do as much good as a greater quantity; fifty pounds frequently causes clover to fall down before it gets in blossom. I think the best treatment of clover ground, in preparing it for wheat, is to let the clover get up about to blossoming, and then trample it down with sheep before plowing.

A VALEDICTORY.—The Stockon *Independent* thus takes leave of the defunct *Express:*

A journal full of flummery,
Edited by Montgomery,
Who croaked out Copperhead mummery,
Has ended a life of bummery,
And given up the ghost.

The good people of Massachusetts, just now, are nothing if not tetotally temperate. A lady fainted a few days since in the cars. A medical gentleman present, who went to her relief, exclaimed, "Has any gentleman a flask of whisky or brandy?" Over thirty pocket pistols flashed in the air at once.

Runaway Horses.

The Fat Contributor throws off the following remarks upon runaway horses, and while we question the possibility of his having had any experience in that line, because of the utter inability of any steed to run away with his too solid flesh, we give his contribution as embodying some wise suggestions:

It is as natural for some horses to run away as it is for a Kentucky girl, when she wants to get married, and it isn't always the result of native viciousness in the one case, any more than it is in the other. Fact is, horses like to run—they were built for it—and when there is nothing particular to scare them into it, they will often get up a scare on their own hook, just for the fun of the thing. They have various ways of running away. Some run away on a run, some on a gallop, and some on a trot. When they run on a walk, it is generally on the sidewalk. Some run away under the saddle, some in harness, and many run away to nothing but a mere shadow.

Some will only run for money; others will only run for home. Running away is a habit usually acquired when the horse is young, although we have known horses whose early days were free from such viciousness take it up in their old age, when they are very liable to "run it in the ground." So we have seen men who were models of propriety through youth and middle age, put on a frisky way with gray hairs, drop sedateness and sobriety, and take to "running all night."

A runaway is very exciting, particularly to the individual who is being run away with. There is an exhilarating sense of being jerked about without touching anything in particular; a sense of seeing men scatter before you to get out of the way; a sense of hearing them yell "whoa!" behind you as you dash on; a sense of stopping suddenly—and then you haven't got any more sense.

The expedients that have been resorted to for breaking a horse of this habit are numerous. Whipping has been tried with only partial success. He has been hitched by the side of another horse, and run away with the other horse. Anchors have been rigged to the wagon to be cast out when the horse started to run, stopping almost everything but the horse.

A man whom we once knew, claimed that kindness was all that was required to cure any horse of running, no matter how long it had run. "Only prove to your horse that you have confidence in him," said he, and the native generosity of his disposition will overcome all desire to run away."

Some of his neighbors being incredulous about it, brought him a horse that would run away three hundred and sixty-five times and six hours in one year, if he had an opportunity. They wanted him to try his system on him, which he accordingly did. He hitched him to a buggy, conversing pleasantly upon every-day topics, meanwhile, and then to show the quadruped what confidence he had in him, got in to drive without any reins.

"Here, gentlemen," said he, "I am about to give you an illustration of the effects which kindness and a display of confidence will have upon the horse. Once convince him that you are his friend, and that you confide in him, and he will respond with the gratitude of a child. You will see that at a word from me he will do as I require."

Then in mild, soothing tones, that fairly overflowed with kindness to animals, he begged the privilege of seeing him move. And he did. The horse gave a bound, struck into a run, and was out of sight in a minute. Nothing has been seen of the horse or his trainer since.

We never knew a horse yet that had the habit of running away securely fastened upon him—and once will fasten it secure enough—to ever be satisfactorily cured except by death. Men who have doubted this, and given the horse a second trial, have had the trial go against them with costs.

Morning newspapers are now called night blooming serials.

Why is a loafer like a weathercock?—Because he is constantly going round doing nothing.

The young lady who was "driven to destruction," is now afraid she will have to walk back.

Why is an auger-hole, when bored too deep, like a man in the water? Because it is *overbored*.

Why is China called the celestial land? Because a little tea (t) makes an immortal life out of an immoral one.

"Why do you wish to know my age, sir?" "Beg pardon, Madam, but I am engaged in antiquarian researches."

A shoemaker out West has advertised "for a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots with a good moral character."

Jump, the caricaturist, of San Francisco, who "did" the Legislature and other notable sketches, has gone to Paris for Leslie, to make sketches of the Exhibition.

A bill, posted on the walls of an English country village, announced that "a lecture will be delivered in the open air, and a collection made at the door to defray expenses."

A teacher in a public school gave a sentence to be written and properly punctuated. A boy gave the following as the result of his effort: The quality of mercy says, "Shakspeare is not strained.

A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes—one being black and the other light hazel. "It is lucky for you," replied his friend; "for if your eyes had been matches your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

"Jennie," said a Puritan to his daughter, who was asking consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar. "Jennie, it's a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it is a great deal solemner not to."

If any person wishes to see the peculiarities of the negro fully displayed, let him go some day upon one of the wharves, and listen to the sayings of the negro stevedores employed in discharging or loading vessels. The other day there was a heavy box consigned to the United States Quartermaster. A negro was directed to pick it up, being told it contained only stationery. Feeling the box, which he found could not be moved without assistance, he exclaimed, with a grin upon his face, "Look here, marse, I think dis box am stashunary, sure enouf."—*Galveston News.*