

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 2.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

No. 15.

The Weekly Enterprise.

By D. O. 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 1.00
Business Cards one square per annum
1.00
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(12 lines or less) first insertion \$2.50
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payable quarterly 12.00
One column per annum 60.00
One half column 30.00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Book and Job Printing!

THE ENTERPRISE OFFICE
Is supplied with every requisite for doing
in superior style of work, and is constant-
ly accumulating new and beautiful styles
of material, and is prepared for every
variety of
**BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING!**
AT SATISFACTORY PRICES.
The Public are invited to call and
examine both our specimens and facilities
for doing work.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. F. Barclay, M. R. C. L.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE—At Residence,
Main Street, (531) Oregon City.
Dr. CHARLES BLACH,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.
OFFICE—Corner of Washington and Front
streets, Parrish's Block, Portland, Oregon.
RESIDENCE—Washington street, between
Fourth and Fifth streets. (321)
O. P. MASON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
102 Front St., Portland, Oregon.
WILL ATTEND TO BUSINESS IN ANY
Court in the State or Washington
Territory, including business under the
Bankrupt Law. (371)

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. (317)

GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's
New Brick Block. (52)
W. C. JOHNSON,
Notary Public and Com. of Deeds.
JOHNSON & MCGOWAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS 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. (151)

RUSSELL & DALTON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and
Real Estate Agents.
Will practice in the Courts of the second,
third and fourth Judicial Districts, and in the
Supreme Court of Oregon.
Special attention given to the collection
of claims at all points in the above named
districts.
Office in Parrish's brick building, Albany,
Oregon. (31)

Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and
Proctors in Admiralty.
Office over the old Post Office, Front
street, Portland, Oregon. (317)

BENTON KILLIN,
LAWYER,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office in Charman's Brick Block, up
stairs. (501)

JAMES M. MOORE,
Justice of the Peace & City Recorder.
Office—In the Court House and City
Council Room, Oregon City.
Will attend to the acknowledgment of
deeds, and all other duties pertaining to
the office of Justice of the Peace. (317)

C. A. DOLPH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office 106 Front street, Portland, Ore-
gon. (46.5m)

C. P. FERRY,
LAWYER,
No. 108 Front street, Portland.
Agent North British and Mercantile
Insurance Company.
And Manhattan Life Insurance Co
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, STOCKS
& Bonds, and Real Estate bought and
sold on Commission. (313)

J. A. MacDONALD,
Green Street, Oregon, Oregon.
Post Master and Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Groceries, Wines and Liquors!
Fred. Muller,
The Original Pazaratta
Begs to announce to his old
customers and the public, that
His NEW RESTAURANT,
Two doors from Alder, on First street, Port-
land, is now open.
Orders, Gagne, Chopin, etc. (151)

BUSINESS CARDS.

CLIFF HOUSE,
MAIN STREET,
Nearly Opposite Wooden Factory,
W. L. WHITE,
T. W. RHODES, 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)

OREGON HOUSE,
Main Street, Oregon City.
JACOB BOEHM, Proprietor.
ESTABLISHED 1857.
REDUCTION IN PRICES!
The undersigned wishes to give notice
that from Saturday, October 5th, 1867, prices
at the above house will be as follows:
Board and Lodging per week \$5.00
Board and Lodging per day 4.00
Board and Lodging per month 1.00
Oregon City, Oct. 5th, 1867. (501)

AMERICAN EXCHANGE,
No. 84 Front Street, Oregon City.
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 en-
deavor of the proprietor, to make his guests
comfortable. The Baggage Wagon will al-
ways be found at the landing on the arrival
of steamships and river boats, carrying bag-
gage to the house free of charge. (171)

OSWEGO HOUSE!
OSWEGO, OREGON.
JOHN SCHADE, Proprietor.
Is now prepared to receive and entertain
all who may favor him with their patronage.
The House is New and the Rooms are
Newly and Neatly Furnished. The Table
will be supplied with all the delicacies of
the season. The House is situated near the
steamer landing. The proprietor will at all
times endeavor to give entire satisfaction to
all who may favor him with a call, and
would respectfully solicit the patronage of
the Traveling Public. (171)
Board per week \$5.00
Board and Lodging 6.00
Single Meals 25c

Imperial Mills,
OREGON CITY.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:
**FLOUR, MILLINGS,
BRAN AND CHICKEN FEED!**
Parties wanting feed must furnish their
sacks. (181)

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 the fact, that
before making purchases elsewhere. (171)
JOHN H. SCHRAM.

W. F. HIGFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
An assortment of Watches, Jew-
elry, and Seth Thomas' weight
Clocks, all of which are warranted
to be as represented.
Orders for repairs on short notice,
and thankful for past favors. (57)

I. S. ROSENBAUM & Co.,
No. 45 Front St., Portland Oregon.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
**Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Stationery,
Yankee Notions, and Toys.**
Orders promptly attended to. (141)

A. J. MARSHALL,
Wagon and Carriage Maker, Main
street, Oregon City.
Wagons made to order, and all work in
this line executed in the most satisfactory
manner, at reasonable rates.
All kinds of country produce taken
in exchange for work, at cash prices. Give
me a trial. (471)

**William Broughton,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,**
Main street, Oregon City.
Will attend to all work in his line, con-
sisting in part of Carpenter and Joiner
work—framing, building, etc. Jobbing promptly
attended to. (52)

SHADES SALON,
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 season is now for their
accommodation with a new and well as-
sorted supply of the finest brands of wines,
liquors and cigars. (52)

Fashion Billiard Saloon.
Main street, between Second and Third,
Oregon City.
MANN & LEARY, Proprietors.
THE above long established and popular
Saloon, is yet a favorite resort, and is
only the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors
and Cigars are dispensed to customers a
share of the public patronage is solicited.
N. B.—Families supplied with the
choicest Liquors, English Ale and Porter,
in bottles, on the most reasonable terms.

**BELL & PARKER,
DRUGGISTS,**
AND DEALERS IN
Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,
And every article kept in a Drug Store.
33. MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
**L. ZIGLER & SON,
COOPERS,**
Oregon City, Oregon.

**THE UNDERSIGNED ARE NOW PRE-
pared to make all manner of ware in the
line of cooperage, from a well-bucket to a
hoghead, of both light and straight work,
on short notice, and at reasonable rates.
Call and examine samples of our work, as
it is its own recommendation.
L. ZIGLER & SON.**

The Forsaken to the False One.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go; wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sabre's hilt;
Away! thou art free, or land or sea.
Go, thou art danger's brink!
But, oh! thou canst not fly from thought,
Thy curse will be to think!

Remember me, remember all
My long, enduring love,
That linked itself to perily,
The culture and the dove!
Remember, in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly;
Thy curse will be—to think!

Then go! that thought shall render thee
A dastard in the fight;
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,
In some dark dungeon mayst thou lie,
And counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity—
Thy curse will be—to think!

Go, seek the merry banquet hall
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom.
That thought shall turn the bitter cup
To poison while you drink—
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be to think!

Forget me! false one, hope it not!
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee when they sing!
The melodies I used to love,
Will make thy conscience shrink.
Aye, every note will be thy sting—
Thy curse will be—to think!

Forget me! no! that shall not be;
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep;
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That o'erhang the deep—
Thou'lt shriek for aid, my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink!
And when thou wast' in wild dismay
Thy curse will be—to think!

Influence of the Moon.
The moon is thought by old wives
to influence the life of a child. Thus
the child born on the first day of the
new moon is fortunate in all its un-
dertakings, and will live long; one
born on the fifth day will be vain and
deceitful; and one born the sixth will
live long; one born on the seventh
will have a life of trouble; one born
on the ninth will be rich; one
born on the tenth will be a great
traveler; one born on the eleventh
will be a devotee to religion; one
born on the sixteenth will be grate-
ful and unfortunate; one born on the
eighteenth will be brave; one born on
the nineteenth will be full of malice;
one born on the twenty-first will be
strong and healthy, but selfish; one
born on the twenty-second will be
cheerful, but inclined to low society;
one born on the twenty-third will be
ungovernable, will forsake family and
friends, and wander in a foreign
country—unhappy through life; one
born on the twenty-fourth will have
extraordinary ability; one born on
the twenty-fifth will be desperately
wicked and come to a fearful death;
one born on the twenty-seventh will
be amiable; one born on the thirtieth
will have the acme of all good gifts,
temporal and spiritual.

A baby's nails must never be cut
till it is a year old, or it will be a
thief. A child with a blue vein
across its nose will never wear its
wedding clothes; should it chance to
outlive its infancy it will bring sor-
row and disgrace to all belonging to it.
A babe that cries at its christen-
ing will live long; if you bathe it on
Sunday it will be sorrow free; if on
Wednesday it will grow beautiful; if
on Thursday it will grow fat; if on
Friday all its sins will be forgiven; if
on Saturday it will be unhealthy.
There are certain other supersti-
tions applying to grown people: If
you cut your nails on Sunday, it
provokes Monsieur le Diable to such a
degree that he'll shave you all the
week, and lead you into mischief.
If you clip your hair at the new
moon, it will grow long at the full;
and the moon wanes your hair will fall
out. If you don new clothes on a
Sunday you'll be happy; if on Mon-
day, they'll tear; if on Tuesday,
they'll burn; if on a Wednesday,
you'll be unlucky; if on a Saturday,
you won't live to enjoy them. Every
one, silently or openly, is a little
superstitious regarding Friday, yet few
could give a reason.

—Among the signs of growth in
Italy is the application of the co-
operative system in Venice. A plac-
ard has just appeared on the walls of
that city inviting the working
classes to join a co-operative store.
Its primary object is to buy oil,
flour, rice, and other provisions at
wholesale prices, and then to sell
them at a small profit, pledging that
the money will be refunded in a given
time—say thirty years.

BAD POLICY TO PAY RENT.

We do not mean if you agree to
—but bad policy to agree to do it.
Any man who is able to pay rent can
build a house. This will strike you
as a bold proposition, and one hard
to prove—but reason with us. It is
hardly our interest to discourage the
renting of houses, but we will waive
interest and go for principal.

First, you say you have no lot.
Lease one then, or buy one on time.
You have no lumber or material.
You are paying from \$100 to \$200
per annum for rent. When you pay
it's gone, and at the end of two or
three years you have paid out enough
to build a house, but still you are a
renter. All you need is to anticipate
these payments—say for a year bor-
row out of a bank or otherwise, and
give your rising building as security
for enough to buy the lumber—put
up the frame for; say four rooms—
finish one or two to live in, instead
of paying rent. Now, finish them
one by one, as you are able, and in
two or three years time you can be-
gin to pay for your leased lot and
own it yourself.

Next, you are afraid of mortgages
you say. Why, mortgages are the
poor man's friend. They are like the
life boat to a wreck, for a man who
is in debt. They build all our railroads,
and great internal improvements—
They are perfectly harmless, if you
only understand them. Mortgages are
foreclosed sometimes—but then, you
have time in which to redeem, and
any kind of a financier, who will
work, can keep ahead of them. If
you will pay the interest promptly,
which you can do easier than to pay
rent, your mortgage will not be apt to
be foreclosed. If you are sharp you
can play with them like Herr Dries-
bach and the lions, and they won't
bite you. Moreover, robbing Peter
to pay Paul is not robbery, if Peter
is willing, and will lend you the
money on a new mortgage to pay off the
old one—and there are always Peters
who live by doing just this kind of
business.

The process of knocking an old
mortgage on the head, whenever it
grows ugly and threatens violence, is
a familiar one to all good financiers.
Use your wits. Work more with
head, and you need not work so much
with hands.

The richest men in the world are
those who commenced on nothing and
have lifted themselves up by their
boot straps. Localize this proposi-
tion if you please—pick out the most
wealthy in your own immediate neigh-
borhood, and then say we are not
correct—if you can. These richest
men have all of them financed like
our radicals—without money. Issue
your bonds, give the road-bed and
superstructure of your new house as
security—and go ahead.

But here again, some nice young
man answers that his richer associates
and friends will snub him—if he lives
in that style. Here is a great error
of young men, and we wish to call
particular attention to it. They can-
not stand to be "socially tabooed."
Our experience shows that the tabooing
are generally inferior in brains to
the tabooed. It is in the highest de-
gree foolish to even wish to commence
life in as elegant style as our fathers
lived after twenty-five year's hard la-
bor, and yet, this is the too common
error of the age—the prolific source
of celibacy and bachelorhood—which
operates as a fraud upon good looking
girls, who are cheated out of hus-
bands by it.

Young friend—but more especially
our young married friends—act inde-
pendently—take a longer look at
things—snub the snubbers, and make
them sick of it!—and in five years
or less you will be bowed and
courted by the same class of men.
The good will of such is purchased
at too dear a price. It is not worth
having.

You are a coward—a toady. You
are willing to sell your home and in-
dependence for weak and unmanly
sentimentalism. Dare to follow your
own line of policy, if it is honest, and
for your interest to do so, and not al-
low weak and snobbish pride to con-
sign you to hard labor for life, as the
tenant and vassal of your landlord.

By following this advice the thou-
sands of dollars you would give away
for rent in ten years, and have noth-
ing to show for, will give you a home
of comfort and elegance, with a wife
and family, and all the "influence" of
our respected citizens. "This is the
way, walk ye in it." It leads to inde-
pendence, respectability and honor.

OVERLAND SCENERY.

No person who has ever crossed
the plains, from the Missouri to the
Pacific, has the least scruples
about saying that the scenery on the
overland route outrivals the most fa-
mous of European notes; Speaking of
the "Niagara of the West" the
Deseret Evening News, published at
Salt Lake City, says:

A week ago, Mr. C. R. Savage, of
the firm of Savage & Ottinger, went
north to obtain by photographic pro-
cess, pictures of some of the finest
scenery at and around the vicinity of
Snake river falls. The result of his
trip appears in a series of views,
which are entitled to rank very high
as works of art for their delicacy of
outline, and the exquisite manner in
which they are toned, the manipula-
tion being very superior. But apart
from their superiority as works of art,
these views are interesting and
valuable for the scenes represented.
The great west is still to a considera-
ble extent unexplored; and its beau-
ties and sublime scenery, now com-
paratively unknown, will in a few
years attract the attention of thou-
sands of sight-seers, tourists, and
earth-wanderers, who tired of the oft-
looked at scenery of Italy and Switzer-
land, will seek the wonderful and
sublime in nature now hidden in the
Rocky Mountains, yet to be develop-
ed.

Here, in the views before us, is
the "Niagara of the West," the great
Snake River Falls, the savage grand
and wild sublimity of which are
almost indescribable. Snake river, or
the Lewis Fork of the Columbia,
winding its way in a north-westerly
direction, suddenly reaches and dash-
es over a fall of thirty feet, its vol-
ume being broken into half a dozen
streams by dark rocks rushing out
of its food. A little farther on, di-
viding into three streams, it bounds
down a wall of rocks some sixty feet
in depth; while still a little farther
on, its waters suddenly narrowed to
about four hundred feet, the whole
body leaps in one unbroken body
down a precipice of two hundred and
ten feet. The ever rising mist, with
its changing prismatic hues; the wild
leap of the mad river down into the
abyss beneath; the frowning and
jutting rocks of black and grey, which
cast their shadows over the sluggish,
tear-drooping water, that seems ex-
hausted after its desperate leap; the
dark look of the towering banks
which rise a thousand feet above the
river; and the deafening roar which
ever meets the ear, combine to form
a picture of nature's power, sublimity
and grandeur, before which man can
only stand awe-struck, filled with re-
verence and admiration. These Falls
are four miles from the crossing of
Rock creek, on the coach road be-
tween this city and Boise, the capital
of Idaho.

Another view is that of the rising
of the Unknown river—a marvel in
nature which will attract many a
tourist. It pushes out of the bank
of Snake river valley, near the Over-
land ferry, with a volume equal to
that of Big Cottonwood, and empties
into the river.

Then follow scenes at and round
Bear river bridge, including the
bridge, the hotel of Godbe & Hamp-
ton, and the office of Wells, Fargo &
Co., at Bear river north. The hotel
is as much finer looking building than
one would expect to see in such a lo-
cality, being built of rock, two stories
high, and beautifully finished; and
is presided over by our well known
citizen, Ben. Hampton, Esq. The
bridge, also erected by Messrs. God-
be of this city and Nichols of Box
Elder, is a substantial looking and
apparently well built structure, judg-
ing by the sharp and well defined
photograph of it, which has been
made.

But the points of greatest interest
are those first mentioned, least
known, and now for the first time
photographed, though, we believe,
they have been sketched before.
Messrs. Savage & Ottinger deserve
credit for their enterprise in giving
to the world, for the first time, cor-
rect views of these scenes and marvels
of nature, which may be expected to
be soon much sought after by those
who admire nature in her wildest and
most sublime moods.

The public will be interested in
knowing that the great Shoshone
falls, or Snake river falls, and the ab-
sorbingly interesting natural wonders
which abound in that region, can be
reached, within a short distance, by
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s regular coaches
on the northern line.

FARMER STATESMEN.

Nearly all the successors of Wash-
ington, in the Presidency of the
United States, both the deceased and
the living, passed or are passing their
closing years in the dignified tran-
quility of rural pursuits. One of the
most distinguished of them, Mr. Jef-
ferson, invented the hill-side plough,
Adams, Calhoun, Clay and Webster,
forgot the colossal anxieties, the
stern contentions, the herculean la-
bors, and the thankless sacrifices of
the public service, in the retirement
of the country, and the calm and
healthful pursuits of agriculture. One
of these four great men it was not
my fortune personally to behold in
the enjoyment of these calm and ra-
tional pleasures, said Edward Everett,
but I well remember hearing him say
with a radiant countenance, that there
was nothing in the triumph or honors
of public life so grateful to his feel-
ings as his return to his home in
Carolina, at the close of the session
of Congress, when every individual
on his plantation, not excepting the
humblest, came out to bid him wel-
come and to receive the cordial pres-
sure of his hand. I was often the
witness of the heartfelt satisfaction
which Mr. Adams enjoyed on his
ancestral acres, especially in con-
templating the trees planted by him-
self, thousands of which are now
scattered over the estate. While he
ministered in this way to the gratifica-
tion and service of other times, he
felt that he was discharging no small
portion of the debt which each genera-
tion owes to its successors. Adopting
a tree as the device of his seal, he
added to it as the expressive
motto, the words which Cicero quotes
with approbation from an ancient
Latin poet, *Alteri seculo*. Mr.
Adams took particular pleasure in
watching the growth of some white
maples, the seeds of which he had
gathered as they dropped from parent
trees in front of that venerable hall
in Philadelphia, which echoed to his
honored father's voice in the great
argument of American Independence.
At Ashland, in 1829, I rode over his
extensive farm, with the illustrious
orator and statesman of the West;
and as the "swinish multitude," at-
tracted by the salt which he liberally
scattered from his pocket, came run-
ning about us, in the beautiful wood-
land pasture, carpeted with that fu-
mose Kentucky blue grass, he good-
naturedly compared them to the
office seekers, who hurry to Wash-
ington, at the commencement of an
administration, attracted by the well-
flavored relish of a good salary. Mr.
Webster, reposing on his farm, at
Marblehead, from the toils of the fo-
rum, and the conflicts of the Senate,
resembled the mighty ocean, which
he so much loved, while, after as-
saulting the cloudy battlement of
the sky, with all the seething artillery
of his furious billows, when the gentle
south-west winds sing trace to the
elemental war, calls home his rolling
mountains to their peaceful level,
and mirrors the gracious heavens in
this glassy bosom.

CROMLECH.—M. de Closmadene
has discovered, writes the New York
Tribune, in a small desert island in
the Bay of Morbihan, France, a very
fine Cromlech, containing more than
sixty obelisks of granite, forming a
regular circle of 180 meters in cir-
cumference. A curious fact is, that
only one-half of this Cromlech, which
is supposed to have been a Druidical
altar, is now on dry land, owing to
the encroachment of the sea. M. de
Closmadene has made large excava-
tions in the neighborhood, and dis-
covered an enormous quantity of
pottery, similar to that found in
Celtic monuments, several hundred
flints worked by man, as well as a
large number of stone hatchets.

—The manufacture of artificial fuel
from consolidated coal-dust, al-
though commercially unsuccessful in
this country, has met with a very
different result abroad. Twenty es-
tablishments in France produce an-
nually 500,000 tons. In Belgium
seventeen manufacturers turn out 460,000
tons, while in other countries the
produce, though less, is very consid-
erable.

—Sir Frederick Bruce usually de-
sired to ride in other cars than those
filled with smokers and chewers.
Whenever he traveled he was under
the ludicrous necessity of taking his
cook with him as a means of obtain-
ing admittance to the ladies' car.

—"That's the rock on which we
split," said Charley to his wife, when
she asked him to rock the cradle.

WELL.

Fun is always observed on board
a steamer where there are jolly of-
ficers. The following is no doubt
true, to the core, and is so like some
of our good natured acquaintances
"on board" that it might almost as
well be adopted as an Oregon joke:
The story is that—a popular com-
edian, of whom nothing further
need be said than that he is fast
losing his early pretensions to shape
and beauty, and that his name is
Tom, once upon a time—and, if there
be any curiosity as to season, we
might as well say "during the Fall"
—was descending the Mississippi, in
fine spirits, and a sporting coat.
There were divers queer characters
on board of the steamer, with whom
Tom, while amusing himself with
their peculiarities, was with a great
favorite, but none of them "cotton'd"
to him more kindly than an elderly
"hoosier," from the innermost depths
of Indiana, who was visiting New
Orleans for the first time. This
russet-looking antique, whether it
was from the comedian's sporting
buttons, or his habit of concluding a
controversy with "I'll bet you," etc.,
fully made up his mind that Tom
was a "gentleman sportsman," and
wherever he saw a "small game"
going on he was careful in noting
the skill and quality of the players,
the "size of the pile," etc., and bring-
ing Tom the items. The "gentle-
man sportsman" was very much
obliged, of course, though he didn't
exactly know what to make of it,
when, one day, the confidential
hoosier took him aside, told him that
there was a "smart chance of a
pile" on one of the tables, and that,
if he liked, he (the hoosier) would
"go in with him—in cahoots!" Tom
was very much amused at this, but
told his proposing partner that he
was mistaken; that the fancy coat
covered not a "sportsman," but a
player.

"Swan to gracious!" exclaimed
the old contriver, "one of them fel-
lers that tumbles! Seen 'em, once,
more'n half naked, cuttin' up, down
to Madison!"
Tom didn't trouble himself much
in explaining the difference between
a theatrical show and a circus show,
but told the story of the cards, etc.,
about the boat, rendering the old fel-
low quite an object of interest to the
passengers. Next to the card-play-
ing, the object of anxiety to the
hoosier was a very large and singu-
larly shaped nice box, which lay in
the "Social Hall," containing noth-
ing more nor less than a big fiddle,
and which was owned by a very re-
served and gloomy-looking German,
on his way South, professionally.

"Plass," said the hoosier—he was
thrice familiar with Tom, after learn-
ing that he belonged to a show—
"what on airth hev they got in that
box? It's the onl'manish shape I
ever see in all creation!"
"Hush," said Tom, mysteriously;
"don't you know?"
"No! I'm mighty dead a guessin'!"
"Bodies!" whispered the com-
edian, with a strong expression of
loathing.

"Bodies!" echoed the startled in-
quirer; "not 'ral' human bodies!"
"Bodies!" repeated Tom, at the
same time applying his handkerchief
to his nose; "taking them down for
dissection; belong to a doctor on
board."
The hoosier turned away, opening
his eyes and shutting his nose. At
length, he inquired if they were
"Niggers."
"White woman and two children,"
was the reply; "one on each side of
her—accounts for the shape of the
box."
At this moment the haggard, un-
shaven violinist approached, and the
thoroughly "sawed" victim made
way for him, as if he had been the
cholera incarnate!

"Goes about diggin' on 'em up,
does he?" said he, between his teeth,
and in a suppressed voice: "Why
I'll breed pison!" and out he went,
on the "guard" to take a long
breath.

Tom told this joke, also, among
the passengers, who carried it on,
highly amused; making wide circuits
whenever they had to approach the
box, using their handkerchiefs, and
expressing much indignation at the
captain for permitting that descrip-
tion of freight to be brought under
the noses of his passengers. Some
talked of leaving the boat, and others
of lynching the doctor, till at length
the captain, who had also been put
up to the fun, approached the crowd,
then gathered about the bar.

VERY DAY JOKE.

—A good story is told of camp-
meeting John Allen: At a social gath-
ering of ministers of different churches,
a Baptist brother made a display
of objections to the Methodist pol-
icy because, as he said, "there was
too much machinery to it." "Yes,"
responded brother Allen, "there is
a good deal of machinery, but it
don't take so much water to run it,
as the Baptist does."

—Sarah Jennings, wife of Marl-
borough, wrote to the Duke of Som-
erset when he offered her marriage:
"If I were young and handsome as I
was, instead of old and faded as I
am, and you could lay the empire of
the world at my feet, you should
never share the heart and hand that
once belonged to John, Duke of
Marlborough."

—"What do you call this?" said
Jones, tapping his breakfast with his
fork.
"Call it?" snarled the landlady,
"what do you call it?"
"Well, really," said Jones, reflect-
ively, "I don't know. There is
hardly hair enough in it for mor-
tar, but there is too much if intended
for hash."

—A little girl was very fond of
preaching to her dolls. Her mother
heard her one day reproving one
for being so wicked. "Oh, you naugh-
ty, sinful child," she said, shaking
the waxen limbs, "you will just go to
that lake of brimstone and molasses,
you won't burn up—you'll just sizzle!"

—The latest improvement in
stock is a new breed of cats in Ver-
mont, which have tails only an inch
long. The advantages claimed for
such are, that they cannot get under
a rocking chair or be stepped upon,
and that the door can be closed quick-
er when they go out.

—What can be a more desolate
spectacle than an old maid sitting on
an inverted half bushel, in a cold
kitchen, with her feet on the brim of
a slop bucket, paring her corns with
a case knife, by the light of a tallow
candle!