OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 2. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868. No. 29.

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, per 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 120 00
One half column " 60 00
One quarter " 40 00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Book and Job Printing!

THE ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Is supplied with every requisite for doing a superior style of work, and is constantly 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Ladd & Tilton,
BANKERS,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Will give prompt attention to collections, and other business appertaining to Banking.
Sight and Telegraphic Exchange
On San Francisco and the Atlantic States for sale. Government Securities bought and sold. xi.tf

L. G. Fuller,
BROKER,
Pays the Highest Price for Gold Dust

Legal Tenders and Government securities bought and sold. No. 108 Front st.,
xi.tf Portland, Oregon.

Dr. F. Barclay, M. R. C. L.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE:—At Residence,
Main Street.....(152).....Oregon City.

J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.
Rooms with Dr. Sallarans, on Main street.

BENTON KILLIN,
LAWYER,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office in Charman's Brick Block, up stairs. (5cif)

W. C. JOHNSON. F. C. 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.tf

J. B. UPTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
Oregon City, Oregon.
☞ Office over the store of Pope & Co., Main street. [46.tf

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

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

A. B. 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.
33.) MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

J. C. MANN. THOS. LEARY.
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 as 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.

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

ISAAC FARR. JOHN FARR.
FARR & BROTHER,
Butchers and Meat Venders.
Thankful for the favors of the community in the past, wish to say that they will continue to deliver to their patrons, from the wagon, as usual,
On Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week,
all the best qualities of Beef, Mutton, and Pork, or any other class of meats in the market. 9:tf

Imperial Mills,
OREGON CITY.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:
FLOUR, MILLINGS,
BRAN AND CHICKEN FEED!
☞ Parties wanting feed must furnish their sacks. [30.tf

BUSINESS CARDS.

Thomas W. Kinney,
49 Front street, Portland Oregon,
DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
Is constantly in receipt of Pure Whiskeys direct from the Atlantic States, and can offer to the trade better inducements than any other house in Portland.

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

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.
(15) JOHN H. SCHRAM.

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. 18.6m

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors. (37

DAVID SMITH,
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,
Black-Smith and Wagon Maker,
Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City.....Oregon.
Blacksmithing in all its branches. Wagon making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction. (59

I. GRADON. CHAUNCY BALL.
GRADON & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Wagons & Carriages,
201 and 203 Front st., Portland, Oregon.
☞ *Wagons of every description made to order. General Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.*
Orders from the country promptly attended to.

OSWEGO BUSINESS.

J. A. MacDONALD,
Green Street.....Oswego, Oregon.
Post Master and Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Groceries, Wines and Liquors!

NOTICE TO ALL
WHO WANT
First Class Fine or Course
Boots and Shoes!
Made or Repaired. Especial care and attention paid to orders for fine work, such as Ladies' and Misses Fine Gaiters, Gents' Fine French Calf Boots, etc.
☞ Orders solicited from abroad will be executed with neatness and dispatch.
TERWILLIGER & SMITH,
40.tf Green st., Oswego, Oregon

OSWEGO BREWERY AND BILLIARD SALOON.
Henry Gans, Proprietor.
The proprietor of the above saloon wishes to inform his friends and the public in general that he is now ready to accommodate them with the best of Liquors, Beer, Wines & Cigars. Also agent for the sale of Humbel's Oregon City Lager Beer, Cream Ale etc.
☞ Orders promptly attended to. [16.

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. 41tf.
Board per week.....$5 00
Board and Lodging..... 6 00
Single Meals..... 50

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, &c.

McLaughlin House.
Main street, (opposite the Woolen Mills,)
Oregon City, Oregon.
E. B. KELLY, - - - Proprietor.
☞ This is the most commodious Hotel in the city. Newly furnished, and just open for the reception of guests.
☞ It will be the endeavor of the Proprietor to make his guests comfortable. [20.tf

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 without Lodging..... 4 00
Board and Lodging per day..... 1 00
JACOB BOEHM.
Oregon City, Oct. 5d, 1867. [50:tf

CLIFF HOUSE.
MAIN STREET,
Newly 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

Notice to the Public.
I HAVE this day closed the Barlow House in favor of the Cliff House. Hope my old customers will give their liberal patronage to the above well kept house. They will find Messrs. White & Rhoades always on hand to make guests comfortable.
WM. BARLOW.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
TO THE MEMORY OF LOUIS LOGUS.

Cold as marble! His hour is come,
And God has called his loved one home,
Life's morning had but just begun
When Death eclipsed its rising sun.

Fold the small hands across the cold breast
Close the sweet eyelids forever to rest;
Comb the damp spray from his sunny hair,
Kiss the pale cheek, so wondrous fair.

Weep tears, sad tears for the early dead
For he who on Calvary's dark brow bled:
Wept, when they told of His friend laid low,
Where the cold rains fall, and the grasses grow.

Scatter fair garlands over his bier.—
But garlands such as conquerors wear;
For this fair victor wreathed is seen,
In a fadeless crown of evergreen.

His life was but a morning hour,
An opening bud, not yet a flower,
Chilled and sent to his soft repose
As frost in spring blights the early rose.

He is gone from this weary world of strife,
But in heaven has won a happier life;
He is dead to earth's dark and sinful ways,
But lives in heaven by love and praise.

He lives in a home of tearless joy
Where Death cannot enter to destroy,
Where no shadows of earth can cloud the eye
For "mortal has put on immortality."

OREGON CITY, May 1868.

BONNIE MAY.

The sunbeams kiss thy forehead fair,
And rest upon thy golden hair.
My bonnie May!

They can not choose but love a face
That meets them with so sweet a grace,
Thou bonnie May!

To me thou art a ray of light
Making the whole world wondrous bright,
My little May!

My heart thrills at the simplest word,
The soft tones of my singing bird.
My pretty May!

The best, the bravest, truest love
That e'er was sent man from above,
My peerless May!

Thou'rt always true to Hope, and she
Hath never yet forsaken thee,
Her loyal May!

Thou say'st when'er my heart is bowed,
"The sun still shines behind the cloud,"
My comfort May!

As we have shared life's woe and sorrow,
That there will come a brighter morrow,
Let us not doubt!

Ay, love, we will go hand in hand
Until we reach the promised land,
My darling May!

And every hour, and every day,
I upward lift my heart and say,
"Heav'n bless my May!"

Might of mine eyes, my hope, my life,
God love for aye my sunshine wife,
My peerless May!

LONG DRESSES.—Where do the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets come from? Not out of Boston parlors, I trust. Why there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid of all work or factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the streets, picking up and carrying about with her—bah! that's what I call getting valgarity into your bones and marrow. Show, over dirt, is the attribute of vulgar people. If a man can walk behind one of these women, as she rakes up as she goes, and not feel squamish, he has a tough stomach. I would not let one of them into my room without serving them as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts! Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I don't believe it of a lady. There are some things which fashion has no right to touch, and cleanliness is one of these things. It is an insult to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with, says Oliver Wendall Holmes.

COULDN'T FIND IT.—In the late war, an Austrian soldier who received a bullet in his thigh, was taken prisoner and was sent to the hospital. He remained in bed fifteen days, eating turtle soup and drinking the best of wine. At length it was considered necessary by the Prussian physician to examine the wound for the bullet. "What are you after?" exclaimed the soldier. "Looking for the bullet," was the reply. "What! with those horrible instruments?" "Just so" "Then, don't put them into my flesh, but into my pocket, where you will find the bullet I pulled out the day after I came into this place."

—Luck lies in bed, wishing the postman would bring him the news of legacy.

ANGEL AND WOMAN.

Faith is beautiful. And the faith of some men in some women is beautiful. But the faith of some other men in some other women is so far from beautiful that it is simply absurd and ridiculous.

I have just been spending a month with a woman who was described to me as an angel by a man who is reputed to possess excellent discernment and rare judgment.

The woman is Eleanor Saxe.

The man is Roger Platt.

He told me she had a fair complexion beautifully tinted with pink like sea-shells.

I nodded my head approvingly. Angels are not supposed to be tanned, or freckled, or blotched. Moles and pimples, too, would be out of character on the face of an angel, I suppose, if, indeed, angels have faces.

He told me she had naturally wavy hair that fell around her shoulders in masses of golden beauty.

I nodded approval of that too. If an angel's hair waved, of course it would wave naturally, for probably patent crimpers and frizzing irons are inventions the angels have not looked into.

He told me her teeth were like pearls and as even as false ones.

I bowed. Angelic teeth could be no more.

He told me her eyes had the soft, liquid beauty of the gazelles, with mysterious depths like mountain lakes.

To tell the truth I never examined the eyes of a gazelle, or explored the depths of mountain lakes; but then I never saw an angel's eyes, so I had no reasonable ground of objection.

He told me her neck was white as ababaster, and plump and round.

An angel's neck gaunt and bony, with the clavicle and scapula scantily protected, it never entered into man's imagination to conceive; and in this particular also Miss Saxe might be angelic.

He told me her hands were white and delicate, and her feet the tiniest he ever saw.

Being in doubt concerning an angel's proportions, I could not say whether or not these Lilliputian extremities gave Miss Saxe a claim to be included among the angels.

He told me she had soft, gentle tones, and sang divinely.

That was angelic, I confessed, if it were true.

He told me she wore becoming colors, and the most bewitching knots of ribbon and bewildering bonnets it was possible to imagine.

I shook my head. White is the only orthodox color for angels, and the knots of ribbon and bewildering bonnets belong to *Parisiennes*, rather than angels.

He told me she danced like a sylph, and had pretty, piquant ways and graceful manners.

He paused.

"What else?" I asked.

"Nothing," he answered. "I believe that is all."

"Miss Saxe has a cousin," I remarked. "One Rachel Endermier.'

"Yes," replied Roger Platt, indifferently. "She is not at all pretty or interesting, only a very ordinary woman."

"I am somewhat weary of my bachelor state," he continued, confidentially, after a pause. "I think I shall take to myself a wife to cheer and bless me all my life. There is something so beautiful in the patience, unselfishness, and enduring love of woman. I shall get them all by making Eleanor Saxe my wife, for, as I said before, she is an angel."

Roger Platt is a lawyer, and in the summing up of his cases I have been impressed with the acumen displayed in collecting valid testimony, and rejecting that which had no bearing on the case.

It seemed to me Roger Platt's argument was weak this time, however. In establishing the point that Eleanor Saxe was an angel he had mentioned fair complexion, golden hair, pearly teeth, liquid eyes, alabaster neck, delicate hands, tiny feet, gentle voice, graceful form, becoming dress, and piquant air. Possibly these were angelic, possibly not. As for patience, unselfishness, and enduring love, they were inferences deduced from irrelevant facts. As far as I could see, no witness had testified concerning them.

For the past month I have been thrown in daily intercourse with Eleanor Saxe and Rachel Endermier.

I have seen Roger Platt's angel with her hair in curl-papers, her feet slipshod, and her form untidily clad, and I have said that, according to his reasoning, all the difference between an angel and a shabby woman is paint, powder, hair-oil, and dry-goods.

I have seen Rachel Endermier in season and out of season, with tidy head and feet, and a form that is always neatly clad. No one thinks of calling her angel. Her highest praise is—womanly. Contrasting the two characters, I have said it is better to be a woman that an angel.

I have seen the mother of Roger Platt's angel, toiling wearily in the kitchen while the angel lounged in the parlor. Eleanor Saxe's hands may well be lily white. Toiling and spinning mar not their delicacy.

I have seen the mother of Roger Platt's very ordinary woman blessed with the care of the woman's willing hands and the forethought of her loving heart. Rachel Endermier's hands are brown and not so small as Eleanor's—but when I have thought that angels are ministering spirits, I have said Rachel Endermier is more an angel than Eleanor Saxe.

I have seen Eleanor Saxe unreasonable and unjust. I have seen her cruel and severe. I have said, "Alas for angels, if these be they!"

I have seen Rachel Endermier just when justice was not easy, and kind when kindness cost a sacrifice. I have seen her pitiful when others were severely just. I have said, "All hail to women, if these be they!"

I have seen Eleanor Saxe impatient and vindictive. I have seen her eyes flash with fury and her lips curl with proudest scorn.

I have seen Rachel Endermier patient under provocation, submissive under discipline, and forgiving under injury. I have said, "Roger Platt is in error. Eleanor Saxe has not the patience we attribute to the angels, and Rachel Endermier has."

I have seen Eleanor Saxe seek her own comfort at others' expense, and Rachel Endermier sacrifice her own for others' pleasure, and I have said, "In this too is Roger Platt mistaken; Eleanor Saxe has not the unselfishness of angels, and Rachel Endermier has."

I have seen Eleanor Saxe a flirt and coquette. I have seen Rachel Endermier true in trial and faithful in adversity. I have said, "Roger Platt is at fault again; Eleanor Saxe's is not the enduring love that blesses him that hath it, and Rachel Eadermier's is."

To-day I have talked with Roger Platt just in sight of the angel and ordinary women. The angel lounged; the ordinary woman sewed. They were characteristic att tudes.

Roger Platt bade me observe the delicate pink that tinged Miss Saxe's cheek and faded into pretty whiteness at her temples, and tell him if I ever saw any thing half as lovely.

"Your gift of yesterday was like it," I answered.

I put in his hand a faded flower. The day before it was delicate pink, into snowy whiteness at the petals edges, but to-day, as I gave it in his hands, it was withered and void of beauty.

"Miss Endermier is a model of industry," I remarked.

"But sewing pricks a woman's fingers so outrageously!" answered Roger Platt.

I declare I laughed, thinking of the day that will surely come when Roger Platt will fail to find compensation in the pink and white of an angel's face suffering for the careful stitches of an ordinary woman.

"Miss Saxe has a perfect profile," observed Roger Platt, after another survey of Eleanor's side-face. "I think you never saw more regular features."

For answer I pointed to a broken statuette. The day before it had in it the beauty of delicately-chiseled chin, and lip, and nose, and brow. To-day it was worthless as a broken toy.

"Miss Endermier has a good face, full of truth," I said.

"I never could abide a *retrousse* nose on a woman's face," was the answer.

I laughed again, thinking of the hour that is inevitable when the perfect profile of an angel's face will not weigh in the balance with the goodness and truth of an ordinary woman.

"Miss Saxe unconsciously takes attitudes fit for pictures," remarked Roger Platt, studying the easy negligence of her position in the most comfortable chair in the room.

"I like Miss Endermier's better," I answered. She had just arisen and exchanged her comfortable chair with an invalid, whose seat was straight-backed and less easy.

"I hate to see a woman sit bolt upright," answered Roger Platt.

I did not laugh. I sighed for thinking of the day when the grace of an angel would gladly be exchanged for the unselfishness of a woman like Rachel Endermier.

"Miss Saxe has the rare faculty of dressing becomingly," remarked Roger Platt "Did you ever see any thing more bewitching than those jaunty little bows that loop up her over skirt?"

"Yes," I said, with my eyes on Rachel Endermier, who was soothing the child Eleanor Saxe had driven from her lest it should soil her dress. "Miss Endermier has the most loving heart and true disposition, of any woman I know," I added, by way of conclusion.

"I am sure you are mistaken," replied Roger Platt. "Miss Saxe must be affectionate and noble, with such a face."

Such a face! That is the secret of Roger Platt's error, the rock on which his judgment wrecked.

I turned away with the old justification. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

The history of another will be Roger Platt's, in another year:

"But when a twelve-month passed away, Jack found his goddess turned to clay."

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE—At the last Bal de l'Opera, Paris, a commercial agent met a masked lady, as he imagined of the great world. A carriage and livery servant awaited her exit. She graciously permitted the admirer to accompany her to her house, but on condition of allowing her to blindfold him. The drive lasted about an hour, at the expiration of which time the carriage stopped at a house, which they entered, and, ascending the staircase of thirty steps, M. B—— heard a door open. On the lady taking off the bandage from his eyes, he found himself in a brilliantly lighted apartment, and in the presence of three armed men with poniards and revolvers. 'If you stir you are a dead man; give us your money and you shall be left at the pantheon." There was, of course, no alternative; the victim laid his purse on the table, and at five o'clock in the morning he was deposited at the pantheon, the carriage immediately starting off at full speed. The police vainly endeavored to trace out the affair, but no light was thrown on the mystery till a few evenings since. M. Paul B——, a grocer, was walking home by the Rue Sous flat, when a young woman suddenly fell almost at his feet, and in such a manner that M. Paul was obliged to support her. She appeared to have sprained her ankle, and therefore to be unable to walk. The grocer had nothing for it but to offer her his arm, and assist her to her lodging, Rue Mouffetard. Arriving at the porte cochere, her sufferings prevented her ascending the stairs without his aid. She lived *au sixieme*, on reaching which story she knocked at the door, which at once opened, and M. Paul was instantly seized by three men, who enacted precisely the scene of the Bal de l'Opera robbery, with the slight difference that they obligingly informed their victim that they belonged to a society scattered all over Paris—therefore, if he betrayed them to the police his life would not be safe in any quarter. The first of his story proved perfectly correct, the police having already twelve of their gang in safe keeping.

EMBARRASSING.—A gentlemanly agent of a certain city was collecting fares from the passengers of a very full 'bus one morning. All paid promptly except one fat old lady who sat next the door, and who seemed to be reaching down as if to get something she had dropped on the floor. When her time came to pay she raised her head and addressed the blushing youth: "I allers, when I travels, carry my money in my stockin', for you sees, nothin can git it thar; I'd thank you, young man, jist to reach it for me, as I'm so jammed in that I cant git to it." The youth looked at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his plight; one or two young ladies among them blushed scarlet, and he beat a sudden retreat, muttering something about not charging old ladies, etc. His cash was short that morning the fare of one passenger.

WHICH.—A grave subject for a debating club—"If a man has a grizzly bear by the tail, would it be policy to hold fast or let go?"

THE RAILROAD SUIT.

PORTLAND, Oregon, April 24, 1868.

EDITOR OREGONIAN:

In your local column of this morning appeared the following article:

"The directors of the East side company have not commenced an action against the West side company for any purpose, but the President of the East side company has instigated an action in the name of the State, to inquire by what authority certain persons connected with the O. C. R. R. Co. exercise the powers of a corporation. A similar action was commenced last December against a gentleman connected with the East side company. The suit against the West side company was commenced more than a week ago, and immediately after its commencement the attorneys of the West side company proposed to the East side, to file papers at once and settle the questions involved before the Judge at Chambers, without delay, and the proposition was declined by the East side attorneys. While Mr. Flint was in the city, an officer of the West side company agreed to submit all questions in dispute to arbitrators, or to the courts for immediate settlement, and the East side company declined the proposition, but met it with the suit first noticed above, which they now decline to try. The West side company stands ready at any and all times to have its organization or its rights to the name—'Oregon Central Railroad Company'—tested in courts *without delay*; they desire and request a speedy trial and settlement of the matter."

And as there is one statement made therein with reference to ourselves—namely: "that immediately after its commencement the attorneys of the West side company proposed to the East side to file papers at once and settle the questions involved before the Judge at Chambers without delay, *and the proposition was declined by the East side attorneys*," which is untrue, we deem it but just to ourselves and the public to contradict it in the same public manner in which the statement is made. In the first place, no such proposition as is stated was ever at any time made to the attorneys of the East side company by the attorneys of the West side, or by any one else. On Friday last, while at the Chambers of Judge Upton, for the purpose of arguing a demurrer in the case "State of Oregon by J. Gaston relator, *vs* Geo. L. Woods et al.," the attorneys of the West side being present, they stated to us that they intended to file a motion in the case against the West side, to make it more specific, and stated that they would like to take up *that* motion next day. We stated that it was not convenient, as we were engaged and could not possibly attend the motion that day; but also stated at the same time that we had no disposition to delay and would agree to argue the motion referred to at an early day. This is the substance of what took place, and all that ever did take place. There was no proposition "*to file papers at once and settle the questions involved*" unless the proposition as above stated amounts to that, and every lawyer knows, that knows anything about the case, that the decision either one way or the other upon a motion to make more specific would "*not settle the questions involved.*"

Now we have no objections to Mr. Gaston saying or doing anything that may advance the interests of the West side road, for we hope to see a road built on either side of the Willamette at no distant day; but we protest against statements being made that are untrue when such statements refer to the attorneys in the case and tend to place them in a false position before the community. Besides, we do not believe the interests of either road will be advanced by misrepresentation or falsehood. What propositions in regard to settlement may have been made to other parties we know not. This much, however, we do know, that our instructions from the President of the East side company were at the time of the commencement of the last action, and now are, to not attempt any delay by filibustering or otherwise, but, unless a compromise was effected between the two companies, to prosecute the same to a speedy and final determination.

Very respectfully,
MITCHELL, DOLPH & SMITH,
Attorneys for O. C. R. R. Co., East Side.

BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.

For several weeks the Springfield *Leader* kept the following notice well displayed throughout the local column:

"BOY WANTED AT THIS OFFICE."

A few days after, the editor's wife presented him with a "bouncing boy" some eight and a half pound in weight.

This shows the value of advertising.

AN IRISH VALENTINE.—Oh, Paddy, swate Paddy, if I was ye're daddy, I'd kill ye wid kisses intirely; if I was ye're bruther and likewise ye're muther, I'd see that ye wint to bed early. To feel ye're sweet breath I would starve me to death, and lay off my hoops altogether; to joost have a taste of your arm round me waist, I'd laugh at the meanest of weather. Dear Paddy, be mine, me own Valentine—ye'll find me both single and civil; our life we will spind to an illigant ind, and care may go dance wid the divil.

THEY FILLED THE HOUSE.—Henry Ward Beecher attempted to preach a sermon to young men, but the young women filled the house to the exclusion of the naughty sex.

AN ITEM FOR BACHELORS.

A judicious wife is always snipping off from her husband's nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continually pruning. If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing your doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning hook. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets—no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed or talking absurdly, or exhibiting an eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the rough corners are rounded off—the shoots are pruned away—in married men. Wives generally have more sense than their husbands, especially when their husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady; they are the wholesome, though painful snears, nipping off little growths of self-conceit.

CLEVER, VERY!—Hope none of our clothiers are as sharp as one of their brother merchants we reab adout in another city. This clothes dealer places in the pocket of a readymade coat an old portmonnaie, and quietly awaits the advent of a fitting customer. Presently enters an individual who wishes to purchase. After essaying several coats, the dealer says:—"Here's a coat made for a gentleman. He wore it one day and sent it back—it was too small for him. Try it on. Ah, it fits first rate, like as if it was made for you. It is well made, buttons sewed on strong, with strong pockets." The customer puts his hand into the pockets to try them, when his fingers came in contact with the pocket-book. His imagination is kindled with the idea of appropriating the supposed treasure. "How much did you say the coat was? he eagerly asked. The dealer named a good round sum. "Suits me—I'll take it," is the quick reply. The money is paid, and the self-duped customer walks off hurriedly with a supposed prise, not stopping to hear the suppressed chuckle of the dealer, as he looks after him out of the corner of his eye.

THE STYLE.—A housemaid writing to a friend respecting the fashions of the city, says: "As for lo nees, the loer it is the more fashunable yu air; and the less cloz yu ware the more fashunable yu air drest. Miss Goolra gave me a blu silk ov hern, and I cut its nec orf, and Susin Simmons cut orf hern, and we attrax a great eal of attenshun to our necs, promanadin in the stretes lyke uther ladys and holdin up our cloz Nobody isn't nothin now which doesn't hole up her cloz, and the hier yu holds them the more you is noticed."

CONTENTMENT.—Though I am not of opinion with some men, that the existence of objects depends upon ideas, yet I am convinced that their appearance is not a little influenced by it. The optics of some minds are so unhappily constructed as to throw a certain shadow on every picture that is presented to them; while others, like the mirrors of ladies, have a wonderful effect in bettering their complexion.

UTTERMOST.—"Which are the uttermost parts of the earth?" asked a schoolmaster of one of his boys.

"The parts where there are the most women," answered the boy at the head.

"What do you mean by that, Brown?" asked the teacher.

"I mean" was the reply, "where there are the most women there is the most uttered."

—Says Alexander Thompson, an English official, in his published report, "The Exchequer receives 21,000,000 for licenses, and these twenty-one millions, cost the country sixty-three millions!

FRIENDS.—The fewer relations or friends that we have, the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you; in your prosperity they always help themselves.