497 The Occident.

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT THE

OFFICE—Corner of FIFTH and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon.

B. C. IRELAND, Proprietor.

THE ENTERPRISE has been very well received during the time of its publication, by gentlemen of distinction in the State, who recommend it as a journal valuable for Eastern circulation. Such we shall endeavor to continue to make it.

THE WEALTH OF OREGON shall at all times constitute the paramount interest to which our columns will be devoted. Every re...ource for the good of the State, whether of *private or public interest*, irrespective of 'party,' will find in us an advocate and a defender, to the extent of our ability. We shall aim to attract the attention of the millions of

POPULATION AND MONEY seeking profitable places, to that channel which is now making this the *finest* of the globe, and rendering Oregon with other Pacific States, the graneries of the world, with a centre of trade second to none.

AGRICULTURE will continue to receive that attention which it merits, at the hands of every intelligent Journalist. "*The Farmer feedeth all.*

THE MARKETS will be watched carefully, and such information as we shall be able to compile will be published.

MANUFACTURERS are earnestly requested to inform us with respect to those various interests, to the end that we may be able to make the ENTERPRISE as near an encyclopedia of the business of Oregon as can be.

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Will be allowed as Commission on each additional *five Subscribers*. Thus any person who will interest himself in the matter, may secure the paper free—and receive a liberal compensation for his services.

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☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times *Neat, Quick and Cheap!*

☞ Work solicited.

D. C. IRELAND, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BENTON KILLIN.

LAWYER,

Oregon City, Oregon.

OFFICE—In Charman's Brick Block, up stairs.

DR. F. BARCLAY,

PHYSICIAN.

(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)

OFFICE—At Residence, Main street Oregon City, Oregon.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,

SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—95 Front street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

IMPERIAL MILLS.

Savier, LaRoque & Co.,

OREGON CITY.

☞ Keep constantly on hand for sale, flour Mullings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purching feed must furnish the sacks.

WM. BROUGHTON.

Contractor and Builder,

Main st., 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.

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.

KOSHLAND BROTHERS,

PORTLAND AUCTION STORE,

97 *First st., Portland,*

Next Door to Post Office.

☞ Importers and Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Grain bags, Burlaps, furnishing Goods. ☞ We pay the highest cash price for Wool, Furs, and Hides.

ARMES & DALLAM,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

Wood and Willow Ware.

Brushes, Twines, Cordage, etc.,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Brooms, Pails, Tubs, Washboards, &c

215 & 217 Sacramento st., San Francisco.

118 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

JAMES L. DALY,

(Late Daly & Stevens,)

GENERAL AGENT,

OFFICE—No. 104 Front street, Portland,

Will give special attention to Collecting and adjustment of accounts, bills and notes; Negotiating Inland bills; effecting loans; buying, selling and leasing real estate; house renting, and to the general agency business in all its branches.

John Nestor, Architect,

OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING,

Front st., Portland Oregon.

FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCES,

Business Houses, Halls, Churches, Tenements, Cottages, Suburban Residences, and

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF BRICK AND FRAME

Buildings Designed and Planned

With accuracy, and scrupulously and faithfully superintended. ☞ Owners' interests considered paramount.

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.

C. P. FERRY,

BROKER, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Cor. Front and Washington Sts.

Agent North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, and Manhattan Life Insurance Company.

☞ Government Securities, Stocks, Bonds and Real Estate bought and sold on Commission.

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. M'COWN.
Notary Public.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,

LAWYERS.

Oregon City, Oregon.

☞ Will attend to all business entrusted to our care in any of the Courts of the State, Collect money, Negotiate loans, sell real estate etc. Particular attention given to contested Land cases.

J. H. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH. A. SMITH.

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.

A. C. GIBBS. C. W. PARRISH,
Notary Public and Com. of Deeds.

GIBBS & PARRISH,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's brick block.

JOHN M. BACON,

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 business of a Justice of the Peace.

Dr. J. H. HATCH,

Late Mack & Hatch,

DENTIST,

The patronage of those desiring *First Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.

Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

OFFICE—Corner of Washington and Fron streets, Portland. Entrance on Washington street.

DENTAL NOTICE.

HOME AGAIN.

During my 'one of two years in the Eastern States I have spared neither time nor money to make myself perfectly familiar with and master of my profession. Those desiring the best work that the nature of the case will admit of can find me at my office, 107 Front street, two doors above McCormick's Book Store, Portland, Oregon.

DR. J. G. GLENN.

CHAUNCEY BALL,

Successor to Gradon & Co.,

MANUFACTURER OF

Wagons & Carriages,

201 and 203 Front st., Portland, Oregon.

☞ *Wagons of every description made to order. General Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.*

A LARGE INVOICE OF NEW

Sunday School and Gift Books!

FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY and

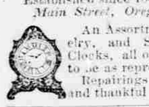
Various other Publishing Houses!

For sale by the subscriber, on Jefferson st. between 2d and 3d, Portland, Oregon.

G. H. ATKINSON, Secretary, and Treas. Oregon Tract Soc'y.

52.1y

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.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,

Established since 1849, at the old stand, *Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.*

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.

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. Main Street, Oregon City.

A. J. MONROE. W. A. E. MELLEN.

MARBLE WORK.

MONROE & MELLEN,

Dealers in California, Vermont, and Italian Marbles, Obeliskx, Monuments, Head and Foot stones,

SALEM.....OREGON.

Mantles and Furniture Marble furnished to order. 132.t

ANDREW WILLIS. WM. BROUGHTON.

WILLIS & BROUGHTON.

Having purchased the interest of S. Cram, in the well known

LIVERY STABLE

One door west of Excelsior Market, Oregon City, announce that they will at all times keep good horses and carriages to let, at reasonable rates. Horses bought and sold or kept by the day or week.

Oregon Seed Store!

R. E. CHATFIELD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Garden and Field Seeds of all Kinds.

PRODUCE AND COMMISSION.

First street, Portland Oregon, Near the Western Hotel.

Robinson & Lake

WILL CONTINUE THE STOVE AND Tin-ware trade as usual, at the established EMIGRANT STORE,

Corner of Front and Salmon sts., Portland, Oregon.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"Look not mournfully into the Past,
It comes not back again.
Wisely improve the Present,
It is thine."

O why should we sigh for the Future,
Or the Past so wrinkled and grey.
While the golden hours of the Present
Are rapidly flitting away?

The Past is a thing to dream of,
And the Future none may know;
But the bright substantial Present
Is ours wherever we go.

She offers us priceless treasures
From the boundless mines of thought,
And points to her glowing pages,
With the lore of ages fraught.

Many live in the Past and Future,
And traverse aerial ground,
Unheeding the gems which the Present
So lavishly scatters around.

And while they aimlessly trifle
With Imagination's foils
Comes knavish Procrastination,
And snatches the princely spoils.

The Past is a beautiful phantom,
That brings us both pleasure and pain;
The Future is shrouded—we cannot
One glimpse of her features obtain.

The wandering step will falter,
Pursuing her mystic trail:
And the eyes grow dim with striving
To peer through the murky veil.

As well might we strive to follow
Life's last faint flickering breath,
Or fathom the shades that hide from
Our vision the vale of death.

Then why when the Present is fleeing,
With steps no mortal can stay,
Should we fritter, in idle dreaming,
Its priceless moments away?

—*Mrs. H. A. Deming.*

Anecdote of Madame Alboni.

When Madame Alboni was in Berlin, the Director of the Theater Della Scala, at Milan, determined to engage her for a week or two. He accordingly set out for Berlin. In a village near Innsbruck, some part of his carriage was broken, and the Impressario was obliged to halt. In a very bad humor he set out for a promenade through the village while his coach was being repaired; sauntering listlessly along, he suddenly heard delightful, charming singing; never had he heard so sweet, so clear, so heavenly a voice. He approached the house from whence the music came, and soon found himself in the presence of the songstress. She was a handsome Tyrolean maiden, of uncommon grace and dignity, and was singing to three children, who were intently listening to her. He apologized for his intrusion, and begged to know if the fraulein understood music. The director drew from his pocket some sheets of "La Fille du Regiment," which he chanced to have with him, and requested her to sing a few passages. The Tyrolese complied with as much good nature as talent. "Mademoiselle," exclaimed the enraptured director, "I was on my way to Berlin to make an engagement with Alboni, the great European celebrity, but I have found you and will go no farther. Alboni could suit me no better than you do. I offer you 2,000f per night, and engage you for twelve representations."

"How much would you have offered Mme. Alboni?"

"Mme. Alboni! Oh, that is different. I should have given her at least 5,000f. But consider, she has an unrivaled name and fame, while you are wholly unknown."

"Yet you told me that Mme. Alboni could suit you no better than I. Am I not, then, entitled to the salary you intended for her?"

"That is impossible, Mademoiselle. Will you accept 3,000f?"

"No."

"Four thousand?"

"No."

"Then, Mademoiselle, adieu. I can give you no more, for you are entirely unknown; I risk everything, you nothing. You might make your fortune and that of your family; you refuse. Adieu."

The director reached Berlin, and inquired for Mme. Alboni, and was told that she was in the country.

"Where?"

"In Tyrol."

"In Tyrol! At what place?"

"In N——; two hours' ride from Innsbruck."

Returning, he sought his peasant maid.

"Madame," he said, you are no longer unknown. You have played me a pretty trick."

"I? Listen, Monsieur, you know me; but as you were this morning so unwise as to resign me for the peasant maid, I now refuse to enter into any engagement with you."

The director was in despair. He fell at her feet; but Mme. Alboni did not relent until after the most earnest solicitation, and a promise of 6,000f per night.

—Olive Logan thinks that any woman who can protect herself in a horse car is qualified to vote, and exclaims, "Now, girls, be men!"

—Never confide secrets to your relatives—blood will tell.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper's name is a familiar one all over the country on account of his persevering efforts to educate and elevate the poor and laboring classes, and the erection of the Cooper Institute for the instruction of the workingmen of the country. Cooper was born in New York City in the winter of 1791, and is of the Revolutionary stock—his father and grandfather having served as officers during the war. His father was a hatter at the close of the struggle, and Peter assisted him in the shop, and had a hard experience, as his parent was in straitened circumstances and had a large family to support. The boy was very anxious to learn, but he was unable to attend school more than half of each day during a single year, which was all the regular education he ever received. When seventeen he was apprenticed to a coachmaker, and he followed the trade for some years. He afterward engaged in the manufacture of patent machines for shearing cloth; then of cabinet ware, and at last he entered into the grocery business in Burling Slip. He conducted the grocery business for some years with profit; but retired from it to embark in the manufacture of glue and isinglass, which he has carried on ever since—a period of more than thirty years. He has been interested for many years in iron manufactures, and in his works near Baltimore he built, after his own designs, the first locomotive ever constructed in the United States. He has shown much interest in the extension of the telegraph, and is a stockholder and an officer in the Atlantic Cable Companies. He has served in both branches of the New York Common Council, and, what is extraordinary, he proved himself a most honest and honorable member—an exception that few have been tempted to imitate since his time. The difficulty he had in obtaining an education made him solicitous of securing advantages for others, when he had become rich, and Cooper Institute is the fine result of a self-promise made forty years before its erection. The Institute embraces a school of design for women, evening courses of instruction for mechanics and apprentices, especially as respects the application of science to the practical affairs of life; a free reading-room, galleries of art, collections of models of inventions and a polytechnic school. The building cost $500,000, which is not far from half of Peter Cooper's fortune. He is still healthy and vigorous, and no one would believe he was near his eightieth year. He is a peculiar looking and noticeable person, under the medium size, with a sharp, thin visage, a profusion of brown hair, very little grey eyes, always wears gold spectacles, and seems as amiable, kind and generous as he really is. No one ever doubted Peter Cooper's honesty. He is popular with all classes, and is never seen in public without eliciting applause. He has lived a true life; the genuine Republican, the earnest friend of the people.

GEORGE LAW.

A very different man is George Law. Once a famous personage, he has so sunk out of sight of late years that the great public has almost entirely forgotten him. He was born in Washington county, New York, and his parents being poor, he went to the metropolis to seek a livelihood. It is said he worked for his passage and arrived there penniless. He was in his first teens then; but being very stout and hardy, he worked on the docks and in warehouses for several months. At the end of that time he had saved $100. With that sum he began to barter and trade, and soon increased it to $1,000—the hardest amount to get, millionaires tell us, though the statement is not always true. He had a talent for making money out of other people; but he remained in obscurity till he was fully thirty. The first known of him by the public was his appearance as contractor for the building of the High Bridge for the Croton Aqueduct. He made the job profitable, and soon obtained other contracts from the city that rendered him prosperous. He purchased an interest in different ferry and street railway companies, and became an operator in Wall street, where his shrewdness served him to advantage. He was not a bold speculator, but had the sagacity to buy and sell at the right time, and rarely lost.

At one time the *Herald*—in the campaign of 1852, we think—nominated Law for the Presidency, and gave him the sobriquet of "Live Oak George," which long adhered to him. No one except Law imagined for a moment the journalistic weathercock in earnest; but he was greatly flattered by the nomination, and really cherished aspirations for the White House.

During the Lopez expedition in Cuba he bought a lot of muskets, and placed them on board the *Grapeshot*. The vessel was seized while lying in port, on the charge that the muskets were intended for the fillibusters, which no doubt was true. Law made a fierce protest against the seizure, and appealed to the Courts. While this case was pending the attempted revolution failed, and Lopez was garroted. The firearms afterward proved of very little value, and if they had been used in Cuba, would have been more destructive to their bearers than to the enemy. A great deal was said and written at the time about the George Law muskets, and their worthlessness grew to be a proverb. That venture was one of the very few in which he was not successful. He has the reputation of having made money out of whatever he touches, and he ought to make it, for he is totally regardless of the feelings or comfort of others. He is still a large owner in ferries and railways, one of the most unpopular men in the metropolis, a fact he cares nothing about so long as his coffers are full and his digestion is perfect. His conscience is easy, for it lies in his bank account. The good he does must be in secret, since it rarely becomes known.

Law has a handsome house in Fifth Avenue, and is probably worth $5,000,000, though it would not be imagined from his appearance and manner that he would be admitted to his own house, or that his income was $1,000 a year. He must be about five and sixty now; has a strong constitution and muscular frame, and promises to be active and interest calculating for thirty years yet. He is very large vertically and horizontally; dresses shabbily; has coarse features; resembles a carman more than a millionaire, and is personally known to few. He is frequently to be seen walking and driving about on his private business; occasionally appears at Fulton Market in quest of oysters, which he swallows voraciously, as if he were more savage than hungry; and now and then figures as a vice president of some public meeting, which he never attends. Such is Live Oak George, who, as has been said, is a self-made man, and worships his creator.

PETER B. SWEENEY

Has recently risen into prominence as the great Mogul of Tammany Hall. He is considered as one of the shrewdest of Democratic politicians; making politics his trade, and thrives by them. He is of Irish extraction, though native here, and seems to be a man of force more than firmness. He is a lawyer by profession; but he has quitted law for more lucrative, if not more honorable, pursuits, within the magic circle of the City Hall. He is the present City Chamberlain, and has made himself famous by paying over to the municipal Government certain monthly sums of interest that have heretofore been kept by the incumbent of the office. Such a proceeding was so unprecedented that few New Yorkers have been willing to believe that any man who would do such a thing acted from disinterested motives. Until recently a bank president has usually been made the Chamberlain, and the bank has received the deposits of the city without interest. The balance to the credit of New York is often $20,000,000, and it is estimated that the interest on the account is not unfrequently $200,000 per annum. It is alleged that Sweeney does not give more than one-third of the interest to the Treasurer; but that he pays any proportion of it voluntarily, and when there is no law to compel him, should certainly be interpreted to his credit.

As a wire puller, caucus controller and manager of men, he is said to eclipse many of his astutest predecessors. He is the power behind the throne in the City Hall, and certainly the champion of the ring. No Democratic body in that region can get along along without Sweeney; and no Democratic caucus is complete without him. He is steadily increasing his influence, and in the stronghold of the unterrified will find it to his advantage to stay. He is wealthy—probably $1,000,000 would not cover his fortune—in the prime of life; small, dark haired, dark eyed, swarthy complexion; feels proud of his political importance, and may long to have engraved on his marble monument in Greenwood, "Here lies the late leader of Tammany Hall."

—Beer was invented by the Egyptians, and was called the Pelusian liquor, because it was first made at Pelusium, a city near the mouth of the Nile. The invention is supposed to have taken place about 1,200 years before the Christian era. The intoxicating drinks of the northern nations were made from honey, and were known under the names of mead metheglin, the latter bearing the same relation to mead that small beer does to XXX ale or porter. The climax of a Scandinavian warrior's glory and happiness was to drink mead from a cup composed of his fallen foe's skull.

—"Jones, that must have been Brown that passed: Wonder why he didn't speak? Oh, I remember I lent him $5 the last time I saw him."

A "STUNNING" LOVE LETTER.

The following is sublimely splendiferous, and we recommend it as a model to letter writers:

MY DEAR MISS F.—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trowsers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs in a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a blue bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot straps to the top of the Presbyterian steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing school. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, risen from her saffron couch; when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree, by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at noon-tide, and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems to stretch clean across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, powdered with gold; and the brass pin, skewered through your waterfall, fills me with unbonded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths, I see legions of little Cupids, bathing like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire bit me upon my manly breast, it permeated my entire anatomy like a load of bird shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue birds out of the parient's nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind-harp's strains, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or hollows in cake of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty house-wives pour out hot coffee. Away from you, I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffy's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As the song bird hankers for the light of the day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the topknot plumage in the head of a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, raisins, pound cake, and sweetened toddy altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cheery tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of

JULIUS EPAMINONDAS MUGGINS.

HOW MONKEYS ARE TAKEN IN DARTOUR.—Monkeys are pretty common, yet as all the family are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch of the forest will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resemble man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Dartour and Sennaar the natives make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are excessively fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it he utters loud cries of joy, that soon attract comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who come too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these immediately begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support and endeavor to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and thus in turn till the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally got to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

—Josephine Gallmeyer is a charming soubrette, and when starring in Hamburg she attracted the attention of an enthusiastic young man, whom she allowed to visit her saloon. The acquaintance ripened until the eve of her departure, when the young man paid her another visit. She saw that something lay heavy on his heart. "What ails you, my friend?" she asked, in the most encouraging tone, and the youth replied hesitatingly, "I wish to ask a favor, which you could easily grant me. Just wait a moment; I will hasten home and fetch the casket." The soubrette awaited his return in eager expectation. "Is he so timid," she said to herself, "as not to venture to present a souvenir to me?" A few minutes afterward her friend re entered the room. He held a very neat little box in his hand. "Look, Miss Gallmeyer," he said, opening the lid, "these are the finest Bremen cigars; you have many distinguished acquaintances in Vienna; please take these cigars as samples, and recommend them to the Vienna cavaliers. I am a cigar dealer, and will give you ten per cent. discount on all you sell."

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE NEXT SUMMER.—On the 7th of August next a total of the sun will be visible in a part of the United States. The eclipse will be partial throughout the Union, but total in Iowa, Central Illinois, Southern Indiana, Tennessee, Kentucky and North Carolina—following a line from northwest to southeast, beginning in Iowa, between 4 and 5 P. M., and ending on the North Carolina coast a few minutes past 6. The sun will be nearly at its greatest distance from the earth, and the moon at its least, so that the obscuration will last longer than usual. There have been only two total eclipses visible in any large part of the United States during the present century—those of 1806 and 1834. Several annular eclipses have occurred, one of the most remarkable of which was that of 1838. In the *Atlantic Almanac* for 1869, Charles S. Pierce gives full tables of calculations showing the path of this eclipse, and the time of its duration at different points. The average duration of the total eclipse phase will be about two minutes. At central points like Springfield and Rock Island, in Illinois, Terra Haute, in Indiana, Louisville and Frankfort, in Kentucky, Abingdon, in Virginia, and Raleigh and Wilmington, in North Carolina, astronomical observers will probably gather to witness the phenomenon. Scientific expeditions were sent to Africa and India to observe the eclipse of this year, and the observations there made will be of service to the American astronomers next year.

—The Bourbons left Spain, and a deficiency of twenty-five thousand pounds in the treasury at the same time.

FLAX SEED.—There will, without doubt be a large number of acres sown in flax the coming season, and it becomes interesting to determine what kind of seed to sow. The past year there were two varieties grown in this valley—the common American and the Bombay flax. Where fibre is desired at the expense of the seed, the American variety is considered by far the best, as the stalks grow much taller; but where seed is desired, the Bombay variety is superior. The seed grains are about a third larger than those of the common variety, and consequently the same bulk of seed will produce more oil. Crops may be harvested with greater ease and less shattering, as the horse rake can be used without breaking the seed bells. In cleaning, the seed being heavy is not wasted by being blown away. It has an advantage in threshing, over the common variety as the straw is shorter. It is thought to be more productive than the common variety. Last summer in one experiment, from 37 pounds of seed sown on 1¼ acres of land a crop of 41¼ bushels of seed were harvested. Persons desiring seed for sowing can procure it of the Pioneer Oil Company Salem.

WINTER EVENINGS.—Winter evenings should be devoted to reading and family intercourse. The newspaper is indispensable in making the fireside cheerful. Get up early in the morning, finish your day's work before supper-time, and devote the evening to mental culture and the aquisition of knowledge. The family newspaper is the farmer's school book, and the winter evenings his school time.

—Describing an impromptu wedding, the St. Paul *Pioneer* says: "Judge Barnard, nothing loth, united the loving pair in Hymen's fetters, and a general scramble occurred for the bridal kiss, the chief of police being the fortunate individual who first succeeded in kissing the maiden's cherry lips, and Col. Flint the second. The bridegroom took it all in good humor, saying that 'if that was the custom it might do for that time,' but he'd be 'gol-darned if he didn't want to do the balance of the work himself.'"

—Adelaide Ristori recently said to some friends in Venice, that during her sojourn in America, she received every day several love-letters; but the sentimental gentlemen who addressed them to her, were probably ignorant of the fact that her husband opened all her letters, and that the billets doux always exhilarated the family at the breakfast table.

—A recent medical writer states that the vices of the American character may be briefly summed up as follows: First—An inordinate passion for riches. Second—Overwork of the mind and body in the pursuit of business. Third—Undue hurry and excitement in all the affairs of life. Fourth—Intemperance in eating, drinking and smoking. Fifth—A general disregard of the true laws of life and health.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady, during a conversation about the apostles. "Ah! he was a good old soul, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions, for conscience sake. I always should like him for a boarder."

—A little boy, on coming home from church where he had seen a person performing on an organ, said to his mother: "Oh! mamma, I wish you had been to church to see the fun; a man was pumping music out of an old cupboard."

—Sometimes in obituary notices, the newspapers give us the causes of death. Why not the causes of marriage? We should be vastly more entertained. For instance: "After a lingering flirtation, Joe Smith to Miss Kate Fling."

—Mr. Peter Cunningham, whose Shakespearean forgery, in the shape of the "Revel's Book," has excited so much attention in England recently, is a son of Allan Cunningham, the Scottish poet, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the head workman of Chantrey, the sculptor.

—A stingy husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying: "his wife always gave them their own way," 'Poor things, it's all I have to give them," was her prompt reply.

—Are men necessarily grammatical when they are in the imperative mood?