

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 3.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

NO. 28.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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.

GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Portland, Oregon.
OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's brick block.

Logan, Shattuck & Killin,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 109 Front Street, Up Stairs,
Portland, Oregon.

CAPLES & MORELAND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Cor. FRONT and WASHINGTON STS.,
Portland, Oregon.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,
Attorneys at Law,
Oregon City, Oregon.

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

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—35 Front street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

D. R. F. BARCLAY,
DR. OF DISEASES,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE—At Residence, Main street Oregon City, Oregon.

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.
115 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

ICE CREAM SLOON.
Main street, one door North of the Lincoln Bakery, Oregon City.

B. F. Newman, Proprietor.
The proprietor is now prepared to furnish the public with Ice-Cream whenever the weather will permit, also Soda, Sarsaparilla, etc., constantly on hand.
Pic-Nic parties, and excursions supplied, and attended on short notice. (25, 14)

IMPERIAL MILLS.
Savner, LaRoque & Co.,
OREGON CITY.
We keep constantly on hand for sale, flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sacks.

CHAUNCEY BALL,
Successor to Graden & 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.

WILLIAMS & MYERS,
25 Front street and 21 First street, Portland.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS, and Dealers in Groceries and Produce. Agents for the Champagne, Commercial and Lafayette Flouring Mills. Have ample Fire-proof Storage. Consignments solicited. (13, 14)

J. F. MILLER & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
Boots and Shoes!
At the Oregon City Boot and Shoe Store, Main street.
THE BEST SELECTION
Of Ladies', Gents', Boys', and Children's Boots and Shoes, on hand or made to order.

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.

WILLIS & BROUGHTON,
Having purchased the interest of S. Crum, 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.

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; Wagons making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

J. McHenry,
94 FRONT STREET,
PORTLAND, Oregon.
Has on hand, and is constantly receiving direct from the East, a large and carefully selected stock of
Crochery, Glass Ware, Plated Ware, Lamps, etc., all of which he offers at prices to suit the times, at Wholesale and Retail.
Dealers will do well to call and examine his stock, and learn his prices, before purchasing elsewhere.

SOULLESS PRAYERS.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who loans for twenty-five per cent,
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;
And in the Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say "take interest!"

I do not like to see him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour;
I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be!"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If I want o'ertake you, come to me."
I hate that prayer so loud and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feal.

I do not like to hear him pray,
With jeweled ear and siken dress,
Whose wadsworth woman tells all day,
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to Heaven their "angel eyes,"
And steal the earnings from the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from Heaven.
I do not like long prayers to hear,
And studied from the lips repeat;
Our Father leads a ready ear:
Let words be few—He hears the heart.

W. M. 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.

Marble Work.
A. J. MONROE,
Dealer in California, Vermont
and Italian Marbles, Obelisks,
Monuments, Head and Foot
Stones,
SALEM OREGON.
Mantels and Furniture Marble furnished to order. (12, 1)

PHENIX HOTEL,
Main Street, Oregon City.
J. F. Miller & Co., Proprietors.
The proprietors of the above Hotel take great pleasure in announcing to the public that they have made arrangements to keep a first-class house for the traveling public, and hope to receive a share of their patronage.
The Hotel is at a very convenient distance from either landing of the steamboats, and near the center of business.

CLIFF HOUSE,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
The proprietors of this well known House renew their thanks to the public for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed. Having enlarged and newly furnished out house, we accommodate our accommodations in every respect inferior to no house in the State. WHITE & RHOADES,
Feb. 13, 1869. Proprietors.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,
Formerly Arizona's,
PORTLAND, Oregon.
The undersigned respectfully announce that having purchased this widely known and well kept hotel, they are now prepared to offer superior accommodations to the traveling public at greatly reduced prices. This hotel is located near the steamboat landings.
The hotel coach will be in attendance to convey passengers to and from the house free of charge.
W. B. SEWALL, J. B. SPRENGER,
Proprietors.

WESTERN HOTEL,
Corner of First and Morrison streets,
PORTLAND, Oregon.
The best and most comfortable Hotel in the State, where every want is anticipated, and cheerfully supplied. Warm and cold Baths attached to the house.
This Hotel is located near the steamship Landing. The Hotel Coach will be in attendance at all the Landings, to convey passengers and baggage to and from the house free of charge.

WHAT CHEER HOUSE,
Nos. 126, 128 and 130 Front street,
PORTLAND, Oregon.
The undersigned having newly furnished THOROUGHLY RENOVATED this well known house, solicit increased patronage from the traveling public. The House has lately been refitted, and the proprietors are now able to offer additional inducements to their patrons. The table will be furnished with the best market affords, and be under the immediate supervision of the proprietors. Rooms well furnished and well ventilated. A large fire-proof safe for the deposit of valuables. Baggage taken to the hotel free of charge.
Nothing will be left undone, which is in the power of the proprietors to render guests comfortable. J. LYONS, F. O'CONNOR,
Proprietors.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE,
(Late LINCOLN HOUSE)
No. 84 Front street, Portland Oregon.
L. P. W. QUIMBY, Proprietor,
(Late of Western Hotel).

This house is the most commodious in the State, newly furnished, and it will be the endeavor of the proprietor to make his guests comfortable. The Baggage Wagon will always be found at the landing on the arrival of steamships and river boats, carrying baggage to the house free of charge.

BELOVED SALOON,
Main Street, Oregon City.
M. BROWN, Proprietor, thankful for past favors, solicits a continuance of the same.
FREE LUNCH DAILY.
And the very best qualities of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Pigs' Feet, Tripe, Herring, Oysters and Sardines constantly on hand.

UNCLE PETER'S HORSE.

By GRACE GREENWOOD.
During the war a great number of government horses condemned as diseased, or sometimes on account of slight wounds, which obstinately refused to heal, were taken out beyond the city limits and shot. There was one particular point, a low-lying spot on the bank of the Anacosta, which was a perfect *Plaque de Greece*, a valley of death, for the poor creatures—an equine Golgotha.

One summer morning, at the hour appointed for these executions, a little newsboy, with a package of the *Washington Chronicle* under his arm, appeared on this tragical spot, drawn by a certain fearful attraction, and stood watching the executors at their "dreadful trade," as horse after horse was led, limping or panting, up to his doom—to receive into his brain the leaden sleeping potion that should end his thankless toil, and mute, unpitied pain.

As the lad looked on, curious and as pitiful as he thought becoming to a newsboy of his inches, a little sickened now and then by the unnecessary brutality of the men, whom he thought might be content with shooting a horse, without swearing at him to the last, and kicking his carcass, he saw led, or rather pulled forward, a bright, long-tailed bay, which, though extremely emaciated, and "dead lame," had yet the remains of considerable beauty. Something moved the boy to intercede in the most earnest manner for the life of this animal.

"Now, see here," he said, "don't you go to shoot that horse; I'll take him off your hands. Say, won't you let me have him?"
"You'll let me have him?" asked the chief executioner, laughing quite humbly.

"I don't just know, but I guess father will let me keep him in our back-yard, and I believe he'll get well, after a while, I do."
"Well, my little chap, what'll you give for him, anyhow?"

"Give, why I hadn't got nothing to give, but these here *Chronicles*. They're my whole stock, you see—I've only sold a couple of copies this morning. You can take 'em out to camp and sell 'em, or hold on to 'em and they'll keep you in reading for a month."

"Well, my lad, hand them over, and take the horse; but if you get sick of your bargain, you must get rid of him the best way that you can. Don't bring him back here, now."

"Oh! don't you be afraid—I never backs out of a bargain, and whatever's yours, we won't come bothering about you. We'll fight shy of this place, you bet!" replied the lad, joyfully delivering up his *Chronicles*, and taking his horse by the halter—about a yard of knotted rope—to lead him away.

His horse! How his small breast swelled with the sense of possession, as he contemplated his purchase—noted all his points, in imagination beheld him cured of his lameness, in good condition, bravely caparisoned, and he the envied of all his compeers, the first mounted newsboy of his time, dispensing *Chronicles* from his saddle-lowe! But the animal was "jolly lame, and no mistake." Very slowly and painfully he hobbled along, coming now and then to a hopeless halt, and requiring something more sharp and cogent than moral suasion to induce him to take another step forward.

In fact, the morning was far advanced before Master Tom made his triumphant entry into the little back-yard in which he intended to quarter his steed, until, in some happy conjunction of unlikely events, under a providence looking out especially for newsboys and broken-down army horses, a stable could be provided. But, alas! he had left too much out of his calculations a certain fine old Irish gentleman, all of the olden time, who, on occasion, could be the most inexorable and "contrary" of sires; while he had counted too securely on the alliance and support of his paternal parent, who not only failed him now, but went boldly over to the enemy. In short, he was not only forbidden to keep the sorry brute on the premises, but commanded to take it away, and dispose of it as speedily as possible.

Then the poor fellow, feeling very much like the unfortunate man who drew the elephant in a raffle, embarrassed with his riches, set forth, leading his poor, limping, dejected prize, and looking out,

right and left, for a purchaser. He made a considerable journey along the outskirts of the city, vainly crying up his just-alive stock, his discharged charger. At last he chanced upon an old friend—an honest, industrious colored man, somewhat past his prime—for he had been a "prime negro"—who now, rejoicing in his freedom, lived with his own little family, on his own little place, and fortunately had at this time, just back of his house, a vacant cow-shed, which might serve as a stable for the nonce. To him our newsboy obligingly offered his horse as an animal of good blood and fine points, though slightly out of condition, and a trifle lame.

"To you, Uncle Peter," he said, with the most amiable condescension, "I will sell him for only twenty dollars—the halter thrown in—and he will pay for himself in a week, Uncle Peter, when he gets well of his rheumatiz—see if he don't."
It was a tempting offer; but as it happened that a greenback of the modest denomination of two dollars was all the money then in the possession of Uncle Peter, and as he was shrewd enough not to appear over-anxious to invest even that sum in such dubious horse-flesh, the animal finally went for the said two dollars, halter and all.

Exit newsboy, whistling "Dixie." Uncle Peter, the new master of the long-tailed bay, had fortunately some little veterinary knowledge, having been brought up on a large Virginia plantation, and he entertained a lively hope that he could make something out of his former purchase.

After sheltering, feeding, and watering the animal, whose big brown eyes regarded him in a sort of wistful wonder and gratitude, Uncle Peter put on his spectacles and made a careful examination of the lame leg, which, from the knee down, was much swollen and painfully sensitive. At last he discovered, buried deep in the frog of the foot, a large splinter, the cause of all the trouble. This he succeeded in removing with a pair of pinchers, to the immediate relief of the sufferer. He then syringed the wound with some soothing wash, and he repeated this operation once or twice a day for several weeks, patiently watching the slow subsiding of the swelling, and the closing up of that ugly hole in the foot. Finally, he was rewarded by seeing that once condemned, sick, and unsightly animal, halting and hobbling no longer, but as sound and symmetrical in every limb as *Bucephalus* or *Chiron*, the original Head-Centaur.

In the mean time worthy Uncle Peter had invested all his spare earnings in forage for his *protege*, besides keeping the younger members of his family uncommonly busy in picking grass and clover from the common and fence-corners. Uncle Peter himself carefully watered and groomed him, and Aunt Polly disclaimed not to plait, now and then, his somewhat scant mane and tail, to give to them the fashionable fullness and crimp.

Never was horse better cared for and tended, and never did horse give better return for faithful care and tendance. He grew fat and sleek—he held up his head and became playful, even to sauciness.

At length, with the help of a kind friend or two, Uncle Peter became possessed of a harness and a small cart, and then brought forth his long concealed treasure, and put him to actual service. He exacted from him but light labor at first, establishing with him a sort of irregular local express business—being anxious not to have his spirit broken or his comeliness marred by rough usage or heavy demands on his strength.

That remarkable animal not only came out perfectly sound in wind and limb, but proved to be very fast—a trotter of no mean capacity.

Uncle Peter was a man of modest and serious deportment; he desired not to be puffed up by his sudden prosperity and distinction; he endeavored still to bear himself in the old, humble, deprecating way, acquired in long years of servitude, and still becoming to an elderly Christian of his condition; but, in spite of himself, he would trace himself back and hold his head high, whenever, happening on one of the fashionable drives, with a light load, the spirited bay, bearing hard on the bit, would strike out gallantly, whirling that little

rough cart past elegant equipages, and even light trotting wagons, whose proprietors looked utterly dumfounded at the phenomenon. These triumphs were a trial to Uncle Peter's humility, but he kept a taut rein and a grave countenance, and bore that trial with Christian two-forty-tude.

In truth, I do not believe that a prouder or happier driver than was Uncle Peter, at such times, ever held reins—never an ambitious young viscount, driving the mail-coach from London to Cambridge—not imperial Aurelian in his triumphal chariot, with the spoils and queen of Palmyra in his train—not even the princely proprietor of the *Lodger*, driving *Deceit*, with a distinguished Doctor of Divinity, or a heroic President-elect at his side.

Occasionally, toward the end of a pleasure-drive, when somewhat of the bay's fire and frolic had been taken out of him, Uncle Peter entrusted the ribbons to Aunt Polly; and surely not the fast Grecian matron or maid who was first permitted to drive a chariot in the Olympian games could have shown more pride and elation than beamed from her broad, bronzed countenance.

As to the younger members of this fortunate family—Peter the less, and Miss Lucinda—as to their pride and joy in the family turnout—as to their gushing affection for that wonderful family horse—I must be allowed to leave it to the imagination of my readers.

All this time there were plainly visible on the right flank of this precious horse certain letters, in which Uncle Peter took a sort of complacent pride, a sense of distinction, of nationalization and security. Alas! he should rather have seen in them a warning, like to "the hand-writing on the wall," for by them his pride, his treasure, his helper, his well-beloved friend rescued from death, built up from a skeleton—was sealed in *perpetuum* to the United States.

At last the bolt fell. Driving about one Saturday afternoon on his express business, which was prospering, and feeling himself growing into a formidable rivalship of Adams & Co., Uncle Peter was arrested in mid career by one of Baker's ubiquitous detectives, who, pointing to that fatal brand, took immediate possession of the horse—walking him out of the shafts, stripping the harness from him, and leading him away, before Uncle Peter could quite realize the calamity that had befallen him. Yet he followed the officer, earnestly and piteously protesting, till he was driven back by oaths and threats; then he dragged his cart homeward, and told his story—the old, old story of wrong and injustice. Let us drop a veil over the sorrow of that household.

Uncle Peter had several good white friends—gentlemen of position, who generously interested themselves in his cause—but it was long before they could even obtain a hearing for their humble client; and when his simple story had been told and substantiated, they were informed there was no redress—the horse clearly bore the brand of the United States; and even though it had been raised as one from the dead, to the United States it belonged, and could not be given up. Confiscation by the military police was the bourne whence no property returned; and the bay, now a valuable animal, was found to be so tethered with red tape, that there was no getting him out of the government enclosure. So that was the end of the case of Uncle Peter vs. Uncle Sam, unless, indeed, a claim be yet brought before Congress.

From the day of his bereavement, our poor old friend has never beheld his horse. On an instant it vanished forever from his sight, swallowed by the quicksands of confiscation, like the steed of Ravenswood, "stabled in the Kelpie's flow."

I don't know how my military or legal readers, if such I have, may regard this transaction, but I look upon it as a grievous injustice to Uncle Peter, and a very small, mean piece of business altogether. I desire not to be self-righteous, but I feel very sure I wouldn't go far to do such a thing if I were the United States.

—As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do the most trifling things show a person's character.

—There is no condition so low but may have hopes.

MURDERING WITH SPRING GUNS.

A telegram from Saratoga, N. Y., sets forth that one Samuel Barber set a spring gun in his corn-crib, by discharge of which a thief in the act of carrying off a sack of grain was instantly killed. We hear frequent complaints of a haze of sentimentalism in the moral atmospheres, which, enveloping criminals of mark, shows them in such an attractive shape as brings to them the embracing arms of a morbid benevolence. This haze is not, in its fall sweep, deserved. Wherever there is a high Christian civilization, its normal operation produces a regard for the sacredness of human life, and inclines the common mind to lean toward mercy.

So, when a citizen is arraigned for a capital offence—a citizen whose previous life has not fallen below the average of conventional virtue, and whose conviction or acquittal must solely depend upon a careful and conscientious collation of circumstances and probabilities—a perfectly just mind will be on its guard against passion, and in its exercise of this charity it may sometimes incline to the side of the accused. And besides this, there is such a wide-spread popular conviction of the inexpediency and unprofitableness of hanging convicts, that it is unconsciously thought to be a moral duty to interpose human sympathy between the offender and penalty. And if this be ultraism, it is extravagance in a better direction than the inhuman indifference of the past—when the ancestors of some of us, perhaps, would behold a dozen wretches of a morning carted through London streets to Tyburn to be hanged for larceny.

Nor does there seem to be at the present time any excess of popular sensibility either in urbane or rural New York. There, horror succeeds to horror, and there is avidity as well as impunity in the doing of hellish things. Great ship-owners there lift themselves up, brass-fronted, before the world and apologize for subordinates who are guilty of revolting acts of cruelty and practices of lust upon defenceless emigrants; there, infirm convicts are deliberately showered into a subjection which lifts the latch to a next day's burial, and it is there that a rural proprietor is found who sets his concealed spring gun with the same punctuality and composure with which he winds his clock.

Where did Samuel Barber get the prerogatives of a legislator? This farmer turned murderer must know that there is no statute of the State which declares the penalty of death for the theft of a bag of corn. Who invested him with the functions of judge? To pretend that he did not intend to inflict death, or a grievous wound which might speedily lead to it, is but to extenuate villainy with falsehood. "He set the gun," says this infamous telegram, "for the purpose of detecting the thief." It might as rationally be averred that he set it for the purpose of deterring him.

While we hardly expect it, we earnestly hope that Barber will receive fitting retribution for his crime. The wanton murder of a thief in a corn-crib, if not atoned for by the regular processes of justice, will yet find vengeance in a bullet from behind a hedge, in the blaze of burns and stacks, and the midnight blood which spirals and oozes after the assassin's edge. To-day it is a despised thief, to-morrow he is the victim; to-morrow there may be sudden gloominess and wail in some fifth avenue mansion.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A lady on the shady side of fifty recently married to a fast young man, went to take leave of him at the station on the occasion of his departure on a business tour. "Remember dear Charley," she cried, as the train began to move, "that you are married." To which he replied, "Dear Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a not in his handkerchief.

A Nashville druggist has invented a rat paint, made of a phosphorus. You first catch the rat, and then you paint him. After dark he looks like a ball of fire, and going among his fellow-rats, they get scared to death at the "light of his countenance," and vacate the premises, the "bright particular" rat following and hurrying up the rear.

—In order to deserve a good friend, we must become one.

THE END OF CRIME.

On April 8th the gallows was called upon to vindicate outraged law and repeat its impressive lesson to society. George S. Twitchell, Jr. and General Eaton were tried for murder and found guilty by a jury of their countrymen. The former slew a helpless woman secretly, in her own house. The latter killed a fellow-citizen upon a public street of the city. Twitchell quaked before his doom, and added murder of self to that of his mother-in-law. He preferred cowardice and the ignominy of suicide to the ignominy of the scaffold. Eaton met the fate the law provided for him. Which will fare best before the Judgement Seat? And now that the law has been both vindicated and cheated, society should thunder wholesale condemnations against the prison discipline, or the violation thereof, which allows promiscuous intercourse of the public with prisoners condemned to death. The sympathy they need is that of retirement and freedom from the public gaze; and if we understand it, this exemption is in accordance with the spirit of the verdict. Why allow men to be tortured to death by the curious? Why force the pangs of hell upon convicts ere their hour has come? Had Twitchell been let alone his hands would have been clean of his second murder. Again, every lover of peace and good order should thank the authorities for providing an example to those who, in utter disregard of their surroundings, and in blind obedience to bullying and depraved natures, indulge in indiscriminate assaults upon the public. We know not how many, but very many murders were committed last fall which were without extenuating circumstances, save that whisky was in, passion was on, or the crowd was to great for successful identification. The coward who thrusts or shoots under such circumstances should be taught that partisan friends are not mightier than the law, and that this kind of assassination is the worst type of murder. We hope the example provided will have the results intended, else will Eaton also have cheated "the law of its motives."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A JOHNSONIAN BLUNDER.—At a meeting in London of the British Colonial Association, Reverly Johnson, in reply to a toast to his country said: "It is possible that some of the Colonies which now flourish under the dominion of her Majesty may incorporate under the Stars and Stripes which adorn the flag of the United States." There was an ominous silence, when Johnson proceeded as follows: "But I trust that day will never arrive. God forbid that any of her Majesty's dominions should ever be curtailed." Earl Granville, the Colonial Secretary, responded to Reverly, amid loud laughter as follows: "I am rather afraid that the Minister of the Great Republic, who has spoken with such singular evidence this evening, will feel that it is a little want of sense on my part which makes me unprepared, at this moment, to open negotiations with him for the cession of British Columbia to his Government."

—Wooden car wheels are becoming a fixed fact, and are being adopted on the railroads in the Atlantic States. The Hudson River Railroad Company has recently placed twelve of the "Mansell wooden car wheels" on their drawing room car. These wheels cost treble the ordinary cast-iron wheels, but this is regarded as of little consequence compared with the advantage gained by their use. They ride smoothly, making conversation, reading, and even writing, not only possible, but an easy task on the cars. They are made of thoroughly seasoned elm or oak, with steel tires; are very durable, only one accident having occurred to one of them, and that through the carelessness of a workman; and will wear, by reason of their elasticity and durability, over four hundred thousand miles of railway, while the average use of the ordinary wheel is but fifty thousand miles, after which it is necessary to break it up.

The citizens of Southport, Connecticut, drove out of the town three drunken rowdies who have been loafing around the place, insulting woman, etc. The citizens armed themselves with horse whips and lashed the scamps vigorously beyond the limits.