THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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The Weekly Enterprise.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY
A. NOLTNER,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick Building.

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:
Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 50

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, ₩ sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.	$ 2 50
For each subsequent insertion.....	1 00
One Column, one year.....	$120 00
Half " "	60
Quarter " "	40
Business Card, 1 square one year.....	12

☞ *Remittances to be made at the risk o Subscribers, and at the expense of Agents.*

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.
☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable he Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times
Neat, Quick and Cheap!
☞ Work solicited.
All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

BUSINESS CARDS

CHARLES E. WARREN,
Attorney at Law,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Sept.16:1y.

JOHN M. BACON,
Importer and Dealer in

BOOKS,
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,
Oregon City, Oregon.
At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackerman, Main street. 10:tf

JOHN FLEMING,

DEALER IN
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

MACK & WELCH,

DENTISTS.
OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder Streets, Portland.
The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.
☞"Artificial teeth "better than the best," and *as cheap as the cheapest.*
Dec. 23:tf

Dr. J. H. 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—In Weigant's new building, west side of First street, between Alder and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon.

"Live and Let Live."
FIELDS & STRICKLER,
DEALERS IN
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.,
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.
☞At the old stand of Wortman & Fields
Oregon City, Oregon. 13tf

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

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.

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.

NEW YORK HOTEL,
(Deutsches Gasthaus,)
No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steamship landing, Portland, Oregon.
H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS,
PROPRIETORS.

Board per Week	$5 00
" " " with Lodging.....	6 00
" " Day.....	1 00

A. G. WALLING'S
Pioneer Book Bindery.
OREGONIAN BUILDING,
Corner of Front and Alder Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
BLANK BOOKS RULED and BOUND to any desired pattern.
MUSIC BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, Etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade.
Orders from the country promptly attended to.

WHAT SONG SHALL IT BE?

What shall it be? What song
Will win your fancy, dear,
And move your heart to sing
As mine is moved to hear?
Shall it be gay or sad—
Bright as the linnet's strain,
Or full of unshed tears,
That deaden life with pain?

I touch the keys and wait,
Watching those dreamy eyes,
That hide their thoughts as stars
Are hid in bluest skies!
No furtive flash betrays,
There is no tell-tale gleam,
Help me, then, dear, to try
And read your waking dream.

Say, shall the song be ripe
With Summers of the past,
With rosy blossoms shed,
Shall scenes and sounds that were
In pleasant memories strong,
And song give life again
The days when life was song?

Shall sadder fancies find
An echo in the tone,
Till we are moved to weep
O'er sorrows not our own?
Or shall heroic deeds
Move us to fierce delight
As when a clarion thrills
The pulses of the night?

Shall laughter bubbling rise,
Like streams that seaward go,
And, prodigal of life,
Wrestle to overflow?
Or 'neath a deeper spell,
Say, shall the music move,
Stirring the hearts of all—
Shall its discourse of love?

Ah! dreamy eyes that hide
Their secret thought so well,
A burning cheek reveals,
A silent lip can tell.
What need to ask the strain
That youth to youth will bring?
Love it has ever sung,
Love it will ever sing.

Brilliant Women.

MAN LOVES WOMANLINESS IN WOMEN.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

We hear it sometimes said that men depreciate learning and genius in the opposite sex because they are afraid of brilliant women. But the men thus charged with mental pusilanimity in regard to intellectual women, are not commonly supposed to exhibit a similar dread of learned and accomplished persons of their own sex. No man withholds from a club because great men belong to it. No man is afraid of a career at the bar, in literature, or in politics, because distinguished persons are connected with those professions, whom it will probably be his destiny to meet and perhaps professionally to encounter. Men, if anything, are overconfident in all intellectual struggles with their fellows; self-respect, or pride, or conceit—some motive either worthy or unworthy—prevents them from acknowledging inferiority, even if they are concious of it. It cannot, therefore, be that men dislike learned women because they are apprehensive of intellectual force. People are usually too unconscious of defeat in all encounters of wit to dread it much. Their very insensibility to the palpable hits and the verbal triumphs of an opponent give them no fear of the conversational arena. The dullness or the indifference of men, in this particular, is alone sufficient to prevent them from disliking ability in women; and then every man is so profoundly assured of the other sex, that, in the abundance of his confidence, he has no doubt. Clever men know that the most brilliant women are always vulnerable in argument, and stupid men talk on without ever knowing they are defeated. Why, then, is conspicuous ability disliked in women.?

It may be asserted by some people that we are assuming our ground, and that it is not certain that men are offended at the evidence of talent in the other sex. We think it must be conceded they are. Not but what every man imagines women of genious in whom he could find delight, but whatever learned women say or think about the matter, the first, the second and the third essential quality that every man admires in his mother or seeks for in womanliness. If genius and learning can enhance this supreme grace, genius and learning will be admired in women; but, so long as it is believed that intellectual force extinguishes or diminishes delicacy, gentleness and sweetness, men will dread its manifestation in their wives and daughters. Frivolty and interpidity, which men are accused of liking in women, are simply accepted with forbearance when they are accompanied by those charms of sex that make women delightful, and which compensate for so many shortcomings. Judgment, taste, discretion, vivacity—all good qualities of sound minds, are excellent things—but even these in women must be fused into a harmonious, mellow, unobstrusive unity. Delicacy of apprehension, quickness of perception, capacity of appreciation—these supreme womanly qualities of mind every man of taste delights in; but loud argument, boisterous assertion, clamerous talk, these things men do most decidedly dread in women, and these things have too commonly marked our intellectual Amazons. Do not let our ladies lay the flattering unction to their souls that men fear their mental superiority; let them rather believe that there is gallantry enough among us yet even to delight in their victories over ourselves; but let them understand that, so long as man inherits the nature of Adam, the primal delight of his heart will be in fresh, fair, and gentle women, and every honest man will confess that he does fear in woman whatever may tend to rob her of these graces.

The Sorrows of Chas. Sumner.

A FEARFUL FEMALE FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIM.

[From the Washington Capitol.]

The social atmosphere in the neighborhood of Arlington was disturbed last week by an event seriously affecting our friend the Hon. Charles Sumner. It seems that an infatuated female, far off in the regions of Maine, took the insane determination in her female brain to be a slave for life to her idol, the great statesman. To this end she first addressed a letter to the unfortunate victim, and then, being full of enthusiastic tenderness, but not greenbacks, she set out on foot. At every stopping place on the way she mailed a bulletin to the statesman. With the greatest liberality.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.

the great negotiator of foreign relations continued to receive these fearful messages; and, like the dropping of water upon stone, they wore upon his brain. When his huge mail came in his great heart sank within him. This came to be a terror. His fate was approaching. His fate came slowly but surely on foot. If it could have been swift; if one could be put out of one's misery—but to know, day after day, to waken and toss out through the long watches of the night, and realize that the infernal woman was on foot, and every hour brought her nearer, was terrible.

TO SOME MEN.

under these circumstances three alternatives would present themselves. One would be to fly, to elope, to run away; the second, to get drunk; the third, to commit suicide. Of these the great Sumner could not avail himself. He could not fly. Brave as a lion, he did not know how to retreat. To get drunk was simply impossible—the strongest liquor only makes him sick, not drunk. And as for suicide—what, die, and leave the inscrutable alive?—impossible.

BUT THE DREAD APPROACH

wore on him. He thinned and paled. He got to be querulous and ugly. The many Fifteen Amendments, who acted as menials about, stood in fear and trembled as his deep voice came up like vaulted thunder in hasty wrath.

AT LAST,

one morning the door-bell was rung as if the Angel of Death, somewhat behind time in his appointment with the family physician, was taking a pull at the summons. The Fifteenth Amendment, whose duty it was to respond to the door, hurried up, and, opening it, saw a tall slender female, with a carpet-sack, thrown over her shoulder, armed with a cotton umbrella, and gazing at life from behind a pair of spectacles that served as did the once feared masked batteries of the civil war. The proprietor of these several disagreeable qualities thurst a note into the darkey's hand, and said in a shrill voice of command: "Give that to ye'r boss."

THIS WAS DONE.

The terrified statesman gazed from the window and saw his fate. For a moment he stood dizzy and irresolute. Then he smote his manly breast, started up, and cried, Sumner! Sumner! show true courage—now's the hour!'

The servant brought the note. he read:

"WAHSINGTON, D. C.

Senator Sumner—I have accomplished my journey. I am standing on your door-step. May I come in?

MISS SUSAN A. GIRTZ"

THE MIGHTY ORATOR,

beckoned to a policeman he had engaged in advance to guard his premises, locked his door. In a moment the policeman asked admission. Opening the door cautiously an inch, Sumner said in deep tragic tones, "Arrest that female at the door." But he spoke too late. He heard a hurried step upon the stair. He slammed the door, and too much frightened to lock it, fled and concealed himself in a closet. A brief engagement came off between the municipal snapping-turtle and the enthusiastic female. For a moment victory hung doubtful. At last it was decided in favor of enthusiasm. She poked the guardian of the Senator in the right eye with the end of her cotton umbrella. He gave a great howl and fell back. She entered the room. She gazed hurriedly around. The door of the closet stood ajar. She opened the door and

SAW HER IDOL.—

"I am here, your Susan; behold me, your guardian!" she cried.

"Woman, begone!" exclaimed the Senator; I want you not. I am devoted to my country; I am wedded to my books. Women annoy, therefore, begone!"

"Not want me! you stupid man. You do want me; you need protection; you need tender solicitude. Look at this vile place; see these indecent figures and abominable pictures of naked women. I come to purify and sustain—and I will!"

Here she threw out her arms—one hand wielding the carpet-sack, the other the umbrella. Either through accident or design, she threw from its pedestal to the floor, breaking in pieces an exquisite marble statuette of the *Venus de Medicis*. The great Sumner uttered a piercing cry of anguish. "Wretch he exclaimed. "Vandal, outlaw, female fury! what have you done?"

At this moment policemen rallied, and assisted by the colored fellow citizen of the mansion, captured the frantic female by throwing a rug over her head, and, amid screams, kicks and fearful struggles, carted her off to an insane asylum.

The friends of the Senator have since made up a pony purse and shipped female enthusiasm back to her home in Maine.

Gen. Butler in Another Role.

[From the New York World.]

Miss Tinnie Claffin, one of the heroines of a silly and disgusting family squabble now fighting out in our city courts, declared her intention to open a general crusade against the abominations of marriage, in which it appears she is to have the valuable assistance of Gen. Butler. She is reported to have said to an inquisitive mortal who took the pains to inquire into her projected scheme of anti connubial philanthropy, not only that "society is a sham, a fraud, a moral corruption, unintellectual and really immoral," but that General Butler advised her to shake off the trammels of "society," by getting rid of her reputation. The worthy General supported his precepts by his example. After "revising a portion of Viey's lecture," said this enthusiastic young lady, "and putting in a point here and there," General Butler went on and said:

"Mrs. Woodhull, don't you mind about your reputation. You've got a good deal to lose yet. "Mrs. Woodhull," he went on to say "I never knew what it was to enjoy real happiness until I lost my reputation, and you'll never be really happy until you lose yours, and you have got a good deal to lose yet." Now, sir, that was Ben Butler who said that.

It will surprise most people to learn that "Ben Butler" believes himself to have lost the only reputation with decent people he ever had. But it will surprise no one to find that this mistaken belief has given him "real happiness;" and if we could be so ungallant as to suppose that the reputation he advises "Mrs. Woodhull" to lose at all resembles the reputation he imagines himself to have lost we should say his advice is excellent.

The great doctrine to teach a child is, that he must labor for what he wants. Is it riches? let him stop envying those who have made money, and go to work to make it himself. Is it the position which character gives? let him build up a good reputation for himself. Is it talents? let him study night and day to improve his mind. Possibly he may come honestly by somebody else's money, without working for it, but he can't inherit an education. Knowledge requires brain work, and there is no getting over it. A man may die and leave him his money, but he can't leave his education.—*New Jersey Mechanic.*

PLEASANT WORDS.—A Vicksburg editor pleasantly terms one of his rivals "an anoymous coward, a malignant caitiff who stabs in the dark, a cowardly hound, a mockery of a man, and a miserable wretch." He wasn't really angry, either.

The estate of Vallandigham is valued at between $30,000 and $40,000, free of all encumbrances. The news of his death so prostrated his wife as to nearly cause her death also. She was very low at last accounts.

Woman's Equality.

[From the Citizen and Round Table.]

The fair sex are a queer set: we gave them up ever since, when we were six years old, our bewitching blue-eyed Mary Jane, who had plighted her eternal troth to us, jilted us for a fellow who was twice as big as we were—and so safe from our revenge—because he had a new top. Now, Mary Jane, could not spin a top—spinnig tops is not in the female line; it is not a privilege of the sex; on the other hand, it is one of the forbidden delights. We never knew a girl who could fasten the twine round the top, much less send it down humming upon the boards upon its iron peg, as the superior sex learns so readily to do. Our fairy Mary could look on while that lubberly Tom performed this feat; but so could the rest of us, and she was no better off than if she had been true to her first love. She never tried to spin the top, for ought we know, but used to follow the possessor about as though she shared some of the grandeur of such a possession. We gave the sex up from that time to this, as a conundrum too complicated for us to solve. If Mary Jane had been presented with a new doll we should not have striven to learn how to nurse the sham baby; nor if another girl had been so favored should we have dreamed of changing our allegiance. Woman's nature seems different from man's nature—higher, better, purer, we are ready to swear it is; but different, certainly.

We dare say many a grown woman becomes enraged when she remembers how she was oppressed, abused and down-trodden because she was not taught how to spin a top or play at marbles. A girl unjustly deprived of these rights grows into a Miss Anthony or Mrs. Stanton as she matures. From claiming an equality as to peg-tops and china-allies, she gradually advances until she asks to share the pants and the ballot. One of the funniest sights outside the realms of monkeydom—we mean no cruel allusion—is to behold Mrs. Mary E. Walker in her miserable parody of male attire. Why a woman should wish to cover herself in the unbecoming costume appropriate to the ugly sex, when she has the range of Stewart's and the run of Tiffany's to seek for ornaments of color, shape and material, is passing strange, but possibly no stranger than the demand now so generally but forward by the sweet creatures to earn their own living and rally round the polls. Earning one's bread was a curse of the fall, and the duty of voting is the heavy price of liberty, and no one but a woman or a lunatic would insist upon a share in either could she avoid it. But the inconstant—we are thinking of Mary Jane—and inconcistent creatures insist upon both these rights as though they were the sweetest of earthly boons. They want to labor and to vote, and no doubt they will have their way, as they usually do.

They have begun working already. There is a doctor or two practicing or professing somewhere in the country; and numbers of "shop ladies," as they love to term themselves; some lawyeresses out West, and a preacheress or two scattered through the length and breadth of our great land; and altogether quite a body of women have assumed their share of the struggle for life. They will go on as the charmers always do, and when they find out that if they will attend to the men, whether as professional or base mechanicals, and let the men wait on women customers, they will drive a great business, we have no doubt they will earn enough to pay their way and support themselves. In the meantime they are a little eccentric in their ideas. They sometimes strike into trades for which nature has not altogether adapted them. As lawyers, doctors, preachers, salewomen, accountants, bookkeepers, there is no great disparity between the sexes; but when one comes to handling the saw or the hammer, the paint brush, the trowel, or the spade, physical development will tell, and there does seem to be a difference between round, soft, tender muscles, and the sinewy coverings of man's body and bones.

The latest case of this misdirected energy occurred in the far West, and it should serve as a warning to positive females with mistaken ambition. The enterprising wife of a Swedish gentleman, engaged in agricultural pursuits, demanded all the privileges of farming; she wanted to hoe, and to dig, and to plow. Well, her husband—the brute—objected, but his objections were overborne, as they are apt to be in such cases. She hoed pretty well, and dug a little, but plow she could not at all. The furrow would not run straight, or else the share would sink too deep, or it would shoot out of the ground altogether. Her husband—the vile tyrant—tried to induce her to give up the attempt; but with the spirit of the sex she refused, until she had scratched over about one-half of a five acre field. Then her miserable lord and master sarcastically advised her to help the ox pull, if she wanted to do something useful.

This was unkind, it was ironical; and unkindness sinks deep into the sensitive female heart. Next day the unfeeling monster found her yoked with the beast of burden; he scolded, he pleaded, he begged, he prayed. But no; her feelings had been hurt, and she was adamant. If she could not be a man, she could at least be an ox, and she would be and was. The plowing was better than it had been the day before, but the experiment was not altogether a success. The reports say she ruptured some internal organ, endeavaring to keep up her end of the yoke. She died two days after, but she had her way and vindicated the courage and firmness of the sex. She was true to her cause; she set a brave example; but we hope her sisters will not follow it. She was a model for the strong-minded to worship; but if the sex is not to give out by endless internal ruptures—a calamity that we dread to think of—it is desirable they should take some other way of showing their independence than preceding the plow, yoked side by side with the patient ox, for such an association in question of anatomy, as well as patience is unnatural.

Grant on Grant.

The President has been interviewed by a reporter of the New York *Herald*, and seems for once to have been in a talking humor. The most interesting portion of the conversation relates to the causes which influenced Gen. Grant to enter the political arena. They are summed up in the assertion that he feared if a Democratic President and Congress should come into power they might abolish the office which he held at the head of the army. The New York *World* very happily treats the ridiculous side of this conjecture in the following:

A portent indeed! The talking ox of Rome, the singing statue of Egypt, sink by comparison into phonetic commonplace. Grant has ejaculated his innermost soul. As Rufus Choate once declared that he would empty his whole heart concerning Cicero, even so Ulysses the Silent has actually emptied his whole heart concerning, not Cicero indeed, nor yet Demosthenes, but concerning himself, than whom no creature to himself more precious or more sacred hath ever in the round of time existed.

The words of such a man speaking upon such a theme cannot be too widely circulated or pondered too deeply. How they ever came to be spoken at all is not lightly to be left unquestioned. Oracles were ever accompanied from the earliest times by particular conditions in nature. Sometimes they came with the rolling of supernal thunders and with the blaze of blasting bolts. Sometimes a mighty wind went before them, tossing the oaks in the forest and the ships on the sea. Sometimes the apocalyptic voice whispered still and small. The revelations of Grant were preceded, as the *Herald* which records them informs us, by a shower which ceased before it began, and which was so dry that it would not even "wet a Summer coat." Also, by "a cloud which paled before the rising wind at 7 o'clock." Also, by "usually turbulent waves sleeping peacefully in the lap of the land." Also, by "a lusty breeze," and by "the sun, rising red-faced and hot from his bed in the sea."

All this, we ought to say, occurred at Long Branch; and when all this had occurred the President, sitting "on the right hand one of a piece of expensive furniture from the door" of his own cottage, took his cigar out of his mouth, opened his lips, and recited wonderful things. Some of these wonderful things concerned the past, some the present, and some the future. Perhaps the most impressive of them all was the President's account of how he came to be President.

With much frankness the President announces that his only objection to becoming President arose from the circumstances that in becoming President he was obliged to give up being General of the Army. He stood between the two offices like Macheath between the two drabs in the opera:

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away."

And his choice was finally determined by the enlightened consideration that if he let anybody else become President he might lose his commission as General. "I wasn't sorry," said the President, "to be a candidate, but I was sorry to leave the command of the army. * * * It seemed to me it would be impossible for the Republican party to concentrate on any other candidate * * * I believed that if a Democratic President was elected there would be little chance for those who fought for the Union. *They would certainly have got rid of the office of Commander-in Chief of the Army, and so* "SHELVED ME! *Believing this I went into the contest in earnest.*"

We should rather think so. Now we understand how it came to pass that out of such a profound indifference to politics that he scarcely knew whether Jews were not by law excluded from civil rights, or whether Andrew Jackson was not a Massachusetts Free-soiler, Grant suddenly developed into a furious Radical. He became a politician and a candidate because he was determined that come what might, he at least should not "be shelved."

"For still, whatever king may reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir."

It is deplorable to think, "if a Democratic President had been elected," how little "chance there would have been for those who fought for the Union," like Jessie R. Grant, now Postmaster of Covington, and the Rev. Mr. Kramer, now Minister to Denmark, Frederic Dent, now Chief Usher of the White House, and Louis Dent, now counsel for claimants before the President at $40,000 a year, and John Dent, now Indian trader in New Mexico at $100,000 a year, and Silas Hudson, now Minister in Guatemala, and Alexander Sharpe, now Marshall of the District of Columbia, and James F. Casey, now Collector of New Orleans at $30,000 a year; and above all, like James F. Casey's cousin, General Longstreet of Lee's main army, now Surveyor of New Orleans. All of these venterans of the Union had now been earning their bread in the unnoted walks of private life like the legless soldiers who, after giving their manhood's vigor and glory to their country, now grind out doleful ditties for casual pence along our city curbs. For these alone. Heroes like Mr. Thomas C. Murphy would have had as "little chance" under a Democratic President, the actual administration. Surely the country can never be sufficiently grateful to the man who to use his own noble words, "consented to give up a life-office for a temporary though higher one" under the influence of motives like these! But President Grant's motives for suffering himself to be made President, exalted as they were, were not more exalted than the motives by which he, as he now informs us, is governed in discharging the duties of his office.

J. J. Barton, who subscribes himself "Defunct Publisher of the *New Era*," Carbondale, Ill., becoming desperate, sinking deeper and deeper in the slough of despond, neglecting to avail himself of the cash-in-advance-and-pay-as-you-go-system, thus mournfully chants the particulars of his predicament:

"I want you to liquidate! I've not had a square meal, a drink of good whisky, nor a chew of decent tobacco for so long a time that I have forgotten how they taste. I have "boarded round" for so long that my acquaintances have shook me. The store-keepers smile in my face when I ask trust for a peck of potatoes or a pound of codfish. My wife is growing cross and jaws me fearfully. My children are crying for bread. I have made up my mind that I can't stand this sort of thing any longer. Money I must have."

In 1848, Mr. Junius Smith, of South Carolina, commenced the cultivation of tea in this country, and since that time it has been cultivated with moderate success in various parts of the South. A correspondent of the Wilmington, North Carolina, *Journal* says that his brother has raised plants and cured tea which cannot be excelled in flavor by the imported article The plants were obtained from the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office before the rebellion, and their number has increased every year, the later plants being fully equal to those first grown.

CHANGED.—The woman-women should make a note of this item and apply the moral. A correspondent sends it to a Delaware paper: "I saw a hen Sunday that is a gay old chicken—half bantam. She used to lay eggs and hatch them during the first five years of her life. She then ceased to lay—changed her manner and looks to that of rooster, and now crows for day and all day, fights the other roosters, and mates with the hens."

HER REASON.—"Pray, madam, why did you name your hen Macduff?" "Because I wanted her to lay 'on.'"

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