OREGON CITY 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

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Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, $1 sq. of 12 lines, 1 w. $	2 50
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One Column, one year.....	$120 00
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All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

BUSINESS CARDS

CHAS. E. WARREN. F. A. FORBES.
WARREN & FORBES
Attorneys at Law,
OFFICE—CHARMAN'S BRICK, MAIN STREET,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Nov. 10, 1871:tf

J. M. THOMPSON. C. W. FITCH.
THOMPSON & FITCH,
Attorneys at Law,
AND
Real Estate Agents,
EUGENE CITY, OREGON,
OFFICE TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE POSTOFFICE.
REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD.
LOANS NEGOTIATED, AND ABSTRACT OF TITLES FURNISHED.

WE HAVE A COMPLETE ABSTRACT of Title of all property in Eugene City, and perfect plats of the same, prepared with great care. We will practice in the different Courts of the State. Special attention given to the collection of all claims that may be placed in our hands. Legal Tenders bought and sold. sep8tf

JOHN M. BACON,
Importer and Dealer in
BOOKS,
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,
Oregon City, Oregon.
At Charman's Warren'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.

DR. J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, cor 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.*
Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays.
Nov. 5: f

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.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—O.S.I. 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 MERE TYPE-SETTER.

BY J. L. BATES.

"A mere type-setter!"—still a man
The world, perchance, may well revere.
Unknown, unnoticed, one who can
Have nought to hope and nought to fear.
Yet where's the kingly sceptered hand,
The brow that wears the pricely gem,
That wields so well a wide command—
Whose "stick" may match a diadem.

"A mere type-setter!" let us see:
Who gave the glorious stripes to air,
That mark the banner of the free;
And bound the stars that glimmer there?
Who turned the bolt of heaven aside,
And conquered its ethereal fire?
Who made the lightning harmless glide
Along his magic wand and wire?

"A mere type-setter!" Search the past,
The record of each battle-field;
Who nailed our colors to the mast
And died because they could not yield?
Who taught our hand to strike the blow
Through toil, and danger and distress
That severed England's chain of woe—
Who but the master of the "Press?"

"A mere type-setter!" Name of fear,
To bid the slave of freedom wake—
That tyranny should quake to hear,
And old oppression's empire shake?
Is Franklin a forgotten name,
That men no longer revere?
Has Prentice lost his soul of fame
Or Greeley dropped his pen of fear?

"A mere type-setter!" Honored name,
That ages yet unborn may bless,
When empires crumble and their fame
Has sunk in worse than nothingness!
Show the thing whose jeers deride
The mere type-setters humble school,
And I'll show you an ape of pride,
As brainless as the dandy fool.

Longevity of a Good Deed.

Here is a neat little story from Kentucky: About twenty-five years ago a young man from that State took a horse-back ride to Virginia, where his father came from, and on his way he met a man and his family removing west, so poor that they were almost reduced to starvation. He had compassion on the wretched group, and gave them a $20 bill with which to reach their journey's end. In about fifteen years the young man received a letter from the man he had befriended, saying he was a prosperous merchant in Southern Kentucky, and enclosing a $20 bill to repay his loan. After another ten years, which included the great rebellion and its termination, he was elected to the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature, and being a man of talent and influence, was chosen Speaker, in the contest for which, he had noticed that a stranger and one of the other party was his strongest supporter. His curiosity was aroused by this, and he asked the man's motive as he never had, to his knowledge, seen him before. "Sir," replied the member, "you will recall, when I mention it, a little scene that occurred when you were a boy on your way to Virginia. It was you who saved my wife from starvation. She told me time and again that never did a morsel of food taste so sweet, so utterly delicious, as that you gave her then. She was just six years old at that time; but when she saw your name, during the late canvass, among the prominent probable candidates for the Speakership, she laid down the laws as to how I was to vote.—This is all. Neither she, nor her father nor mother, nor brother nor sister, nor myself, can ever forget you."

SILLY FORMALITIES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.—There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who though versed in the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every portion; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what, I want is the heart and gayety of social intercourse; the frankness that spreads ease and animation; the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidly from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—*Chalmers.*

GOOD DEFINITIONS.—A modern fashionable wedding is defined to be a grand crisis of clothes; the "bride" a peg on which finery of all kinds is hung; the "bridegroom, a sober black object following the bride, of no account in particular, and yet without whom there would be no fuss and the fun could not go on."

LITERAL.—Enraged Parent—"Did you throw the half-brick at random? Weeping boy—"No; I threw it at Johny Williams."—"And did you stike him on purpose?" "No I struck him on the nose."

Grant's Jobs.

The New York *World* furnishes the following detailed statement of the many questionable transactions in which our present Radical Chief Magistrate is engaged:

The President's recommendation that the Government purchase the telegraph lines of the United States is a job. It is the last and worst and greatest job of his official career.

As President, Mr. Grant pushes the use of the Seneca sandstone in the public buildings, sidewalks, etc., of Washington. As stockholders of the Seneca Sandstone Company Mr. Grant and his military entourage pocket the profits.

As President, Mr. Grant pushes the purchase and obstinately maintains the war power protectorate of Santo Domingo. Success therein—now impossible—would have feathered his own nest and the nests of all the White House "ring."

As President, Mr. Grant appoints or removes internal revenue officers at Chicago. As a thrifty investor Mr. Grant sees his brother Orville, by foreknoledge and influence in appointments and removals, make himself and his whisky "ring" rich.

As President, Mr. Grant dictated, before and on Black Friday, the policy of the United States Treasury Department in Wall street. As a fond husband he had the pleasure of seeing the Fisk-Gould-Corbin job pay over $25,000 on the Fisk and Gould transaction. By the bye, will not Mr. Stewart disclose how it was invested?

As President Mr. Grant nominates persons to the civil service of the United States. As plain Mr. Grant he receives from them presents by the score from part-piece of his cottage at Long Branch to a bull-pup from Sacramento.

As President Mr. Grant "especially recommends favorable consideration of the telegraph purchase. As honest Mr. Grant, if he has bought one year ago (through "friends" of course) 5,000 shares of Western Union Telegraph Company stock at 44, which to-day is worth 68, he has made four times his annual salary, and what with the power of his office and the margin of profit still remaining (on a par sale to the United States) open to venal Representatives like the late Thad Stevens and carpet-bagging Senators.

Mr. Grant stands fair to make his office just about twice as profitable as his re-election. Grant is a jobber. So was Tweed. This is his tone. This is his conception of public and private morality. He is not indeed an absolute thief, but Grant is fast becoming a millionaire by precisely the same methods which made Tweed rich before he turned thief to get richer.

Grant's Seneca sandstone job is a weak imitation of Tweed's bluestone quarry job. It is even more scandalous, for the Seneca sandstone is a miserable stone, costly, chips badly in cutting and is not durable. Tweed's bluestone was the best of the kind. Neither Grant nor Tweed see wrong in such use of official position for private profit.

Grant's telegraph purchase job beats Tweed's County Court-house job hollow. Tweed's net profit of the $6,000,000, tracked in Mr. Tilden's affidavit, is a flea-bite to the profit which will go straight to the pockets of Grant's "next friends" when the Western Union stock is at its highest. Grant will rank higher than Tweed for distributing the cost of his private gains over the backs of forty millions of taxpayers. For Tweed cruelly saddled his extortious upon one million. But as between Grantism and Tweedism, morally, there is little to choose.

"A POSER."—The Louisville *Ledger* slings the following at U. S. Grant's defenders and apologists: "Will the New York *Times* and the Louisville *Commercial* dare to deny that on the 23d of May, 1869, John Russell Jones of Chicago, deeded to President Grant ninety-seven acres of land in Cook county, and that on the same day John Russell Jones was appointed Minister to Belgium? Or shall we be obliged to publish a certified copy of the deed now on file in this office?"

OLD MARM G——was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if "cleanliness is next unto godliness," as Saint Paul asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she anything but neat herself but she showed a sovereign contempt for the quality in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particlar men in the world. "Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee, the other morning, because it had a bedbug in it!"

Rough on Revels.

[Cincinnati Commercial Washington Letter.]

I heard a good story told of the colored ex-Senator from Mississippi, the other day. Revels, while in the Senate, was petted somewhat by the New Enland people, and, I fear, somewhat spoiled, for he had not been in the Senate a fortnight before he had adopted the practice of Mr. Sumner, of never receiving any cards while the Senate was in session. Every other Senator, if he gets a card from a person, goes out into the hall to see him. Mr. Sumner instructed the doorkeepers never to bring him a card during the sessions of the Senate, and Mr. Revels followed his practice and became, of course, a little unpopular. But that is nothing to the purpose. Revels received many invitations from New England to lecture. Of course he couldn't make a decent lecture, and he was no speaker, but he was a colored brother and a Senator, and they made the most of him. He was, as all know, in the Senate but a short time, yet he made it pay. He was rarely in the city, and accepted all the invitations to lecture that came to him. While being made the most of in Massachusetts by the old abolition element, he frequently heard the name of Mr. Garrison. He finally asked some of his newly-made friends who "this man Garrison" was. They answered in the greatest astonishment:

"Why, don't you know William Lloyd Garrison, the great Abolitionist?"

"No," he replied, "I don't think I know him. Where is he from?"

"Why, he lives here, in Massachusetts?"

"Oh, I don't mean that," replied the great Senator; "I mean, where was he a slave?"

I believe the answer to this question was never given.

A LAWYER-LIKE ANSWER.—A prominent lawyer was hailed while passing a jewelry store, by the proprietor, with: "General, come in here a moment; we have something for you to solve. If a man brings his watch to be fixed, and it costs me ten cents to do it, and I keep it a week, and charge him six dollars, what per cent. do I make? We have been figuring, and make it 900 per cent. and have only got up to one dollar. How much do you say it would be at six dollars?" "Well," replied the General, "I do not wonder at your perplexity, for it is well known, and the celebrated Babbage calculating machine has demonstrated, that at certain points in progressive numbers the law governing them changes. In this case the law would change, and long before it would reach the six dollars, it would run out of per cent. and into what is known as larceny."

The London Crystal Palace aquarium is four hundred feet long and seventy feet broad, and the total capacity of all the tanks is 200,000 gallons of water, weighing a million pounds. Of sea anemones alone there are already in the aquarium over three thousand specimens These flower-like animals, being deprived in their captivity of the ocean currents which bring them their food, have to be fed at frequent intervals, each having given to it a morsel of food suited to its size.

"UPSETTING SINS."—The story is told of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called the "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got the hang of that word. It's besettin', not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to sabe us from de sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't a upsettin' sin' I dunno wat am."

THE greatest part of mankind may be divided into two classes—that of shallow thinkers who fall short of the truth, and that of abstruse thinkers who go beyond it. The latter class are by far the most uncommon, and I may say by far the most useful and valuable. They suggest hints at least, and start difficulties which they want, perhaps, skill to pursue, but which may produce very fine discoveries when viewed by men who have a more just view about thinking.—*David Hume.*

Never was a Roman province won at any cost of blood and treasure so shamefully oppressed, even in the days of barbarism, so-called, as is the South to-day. As an instance: New Orleans is taxed ten cents on every dollar of real and personal property, in the city. The *Picayune* says: "We are merely working for our subsistence, our victuals and clothes, all our profits are absorbed in taxes."

Sleeping Together.

More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous system go by lodging together night after night, under the same bed clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law, and in married life is defied almost universally.—*Laws of Health.*

THE manner in which a newspaper paragraph sometimes makes the rounds of the press, has, perhaps, rarely been better illustrated than by the following, the original of which was first started by the *Evening Post*, in New York, and was simply thus: "Hoyle the Apostle of whist, under the old dispensation, is said to have died full of years and honors.' Copying this, the day after it appeared in the *Post*, the New York *World* added: "This is not true. He has merely fallen asleep, waiting for the last rump." This, again, was taken up and passed around in the following order: "Wonder if the grave digger held a 'full hand' of spades?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.* "He doubtless met the duce with a grim-ace.' "—*Chicago Evening Journal.* "And is now expecting the Angel Gabriel to 'order himup.'"—*New York Commercial.* "It is cruel to talk of him thus after he has 'handed in his chips.' "—*Pittsburg Leader.* "True; especially as it is perfectly obvious he has now to 'play the dummy.' "—*Titusville Courier.* To this we would humbly suggest that it seems rather hard to have all the papers of the country play this "cut-throat" game on a man who has to "go it alone."

We concur heartily with the Cincinnati *Enquirer* in saying that we have had strong prejudices against General Logan of Illinois, but really he is behaving quite admirably this session. His, scathing rebuke to the Administration leaders for opposing the General Amnesty bill because, forsooth, it would relieve Governor Vance of North Carolina of his disabilities, and render him eligible to his seat in the Senate, which a mean carpet-bagger by the name of Abbott is trying to steal from him, was well-timed and manly. Both the Senators from Illinois were formerly old Democrats, and occasionally, in their independence and in their scora of political baseness, we see a spark of the old fire. It is difficult for one to throw off entirely the effects of a good early political education.

A MOST remarkable case of petrifaction is that of the body of a lady well known in Kalamazoo, Michigan. On attempting to remove the body from the College Cemetery, for interment in Mountain Home Cemetery, the sexton found the coffin so heavy that he had to procure the assistance of a number of men. It was then raised to the surface, but in so doing the coffin was broken, and revealed the marble-like body within. An examination was made, and the features were found to be perfectly preserved; even the petals of flowers upon her breast were marbleized and intact. The folds of her clothing and everything were wonderfully preserved, and the whole were statuesque in appearance. It is said the coffin was full of water when opened.

INDIANA ALL RIGHT.—Uneasy wives who pant for freedom will be glad to hear that Indiana still stands their friend. The total number of suits for divorce brought in the Allen county (Indianapolis) Courts this year up to the present time is 1,290. Of these 1,080 were grated and 112 dismissed. Forty-one divorces were granted in one week.

DR. NEWMAN appears to be a handy man to have at the Capital, and excellent at certifying to the piety of candidates for office. After having certified to the piety of Senator Harlan, he could not probably have any scruples of conscience in regard to vouching for that of General Grant. He is also celebrated for his prayers, having composed a prayer for the North Pole.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Is Grantism Meaner than Tweedism?

From the New York Sun (Radical).

Nearly every day brings some fresh development illustrating the resemblance of Grantism to Tweedism, even in the most minute details of the methods adopted for plundering the public.

Grant has a Board of Public Works in Washington, which has been shown to be as corrupt and lawless as Tweed's Board of Public Works in this city. Tweed and his accomplices had their marble quarry for supplying material for public buildings at extravagant prices, and Grant and his friends have a Seneca stone quarry used for the same purpose. Tweed had a swarm of his relations provided with soft places at the public expense, and Grant has pensioned his connections and his wife's connections, to the remotest degree of consanguinity, upon the United States Treasury. Tweed used money freely to control the action of the State Legislature, and Grant has used the Federal patronage lavishly to influence the legislation of Congress, and has gone to the Capital in person to lobby in the interest of the mercenary San Domingo Ring.—Tweed even went so far as to clutch at the deposits of the industrious poor in the savings banks, and now it appears from a letter in the Savanah *News* that the Freedman's Savings Bank and Trust Company in Washington, an institution which holds in trust millions of dollars belonging to poor colored people, is managed in the most reckless manner by a set of desperate speculators in the interest of the Seneca Stone Ring, of which Grant is the most distinguished member.

The correspondent of the *News*, who appears to be as familiar with the interior workings of this bank as was Capt. O'Rourke with the secrets of the Comptroller's office, distinctly asserts that attempts to draw out any considerable part of the money due to depositors would result in a wreck of the concern. He says that the bank has loaned money to the Seneca Stone Company of a fictitious value, and that $250,000 of the freedmen's earnings have been spent for a banking house built of Seneca stone. He urther says that an investigation would show among the assets of the institution shares in the stock of other savings companies, placed at a fictitious value, the officers of which are also officers of the bank; corner lots enough for a city, but many of them of doubtful value; nearly a million dollars worth of contractors' accounts against the old and new governments of Washington; and stock of fancy paving companies on which loans have been made. The Hon. Henry D. Cooke, the Treasurer and heaviest stockholder in the Seneca Stone Company, who was appointed by Grant Governor of the Territory, is Chairman of the Finance Committee of the savings bank. Other members of the Finance Committee are spoken of as notorious jobbers and speculators and are charged with borrowing the funds of the bank which they control, in violation of the provisions of its charter. The details of loans made under circumstances calculated to create the gravest suspicions are given with great particularity, and other disclosures of a more startling nature are promised.

These charges may or may not be sustained by proof; but they are confidently made in the columns of a respectable newspaper, and are republished in the Washington *Patriot*, whose editors may be supposed to be competent judges of their credibility. If it is true that the savings of the poor negroes have been misappropriated or hazarded in the reckless manner described, it only goes to show a little more clearly than heretofore how closely Tweedism and Grantism assimilate in this essential characteristic.—Robbing the negroes, however, may be considered a little meaner than robbing white folks; if so, it is but just to Tweed that his kind of robbery should have all the credit to be drawn from this nice distinction.

HOW LONG IT TAKES TO READ THE BIBLE THROUGH.—Elder Weaver, a man who has preached the gospel with good success for forty-five years, who is now settled over the Baptist Church in Voluntown, stated in an address to the Sunday School in the Congregational Church in Jewett City, that he had heard a man say that he had read the Bible through in sixty hours. Determined to ascertain if he had told the truth or a lie, he set about it himself, and read the whole of it aloud to his wife in fifty-nine hours and something over thirty minutes. He read sometimes an hour, and sometimes two hours a day, keeping the exact time, with the result indicated above.

An enterprising New Englander is running a high-pressure steamboat on the river Ganges.

Fact and Fancy.

A tight fit—The delirium tremens.

A sad dog—one who tarries long at his whine.

Sixteen railways of England own 8,400 locomotives.

Four people meet a violent death every day in New York.

An enterprisng editor of Wyandote dates his letters thus, "Y & ."

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It is not much account without a tender.

In dress a lady should aim at simple elegance rather than ostentation of display.

The Russian Grand Dukes only have $25,000 a year each for spending money. Poor boys!

If you should lose your nose, what would you do? Take the first one that turns up.

A Detroit wedding was "postponed" by an affidavit handed in by a discarded lover.

That New York Custom House "ring" is fearfully loud. It is heard all over the country.

An honest man gathers no moss. A rolling stone's the noblest work of God.—*P. V. Nasby.*

The velocity of the galvanic current in iron wire does not exceed 1,800 per second.

Sol Smith Russell, the actor, has been baptised, and contemplates studying theology.

Three hundred and five murders in New York city last year, and nobody hanged.

St. Louis has a Free Thinkers' Society, and Louisville caps it with a Free Drinkers' Association.

The County Recorder at Boston employs twenty ladies, besides three male clerks, one of whom is a mute.

Baron von Schlosser, the successor of Baron Gerolt as Prussian Minister to Washington, is remarkably gifted as a musician.

A Georgia negro lighted a paper bombshell, and blew it up to hasten the explosion. It was a sad "blow" to his family.

Mr. Low got "high" on egg-nogg, at Columbia, Ga., and was brought low by a little pistol in the hands of a boon companion.

Chang, the giant, has found a young woman in Australia who has consented to change her condition. No cards.

The public is getting pretty well bored with the numerous reports of the New York Board of Aldermen.

Over the door of a cobbler's shop in Providence appears this legend: "Boots and shoes is made hear—ladies and shentlemans repaired."

King Louis, of Bavaria, broke the matrimonial engagement with his cousin because she ate prunes. Such a lover isn't worth a fig.

A hundred and twenty Cashmere goats have been imported into Utah, where they will be Utahlized in the production of shawls.

An old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of many of them being converted.

Minnie Hauck, the American prima donna, has been offered by the Empress of Austria the position of contratrice to her majesty for life.

A young lady writes to a friend; "Miss Smith is staying with us. We went out sailing yesterday. I didn't know there was so much in her."

A quarry of round-grain marble, 200 acres in extent, has been found in Brillion, Calumet county, Wisconsin. It is of a pink and white color, and is equal to the Italian.

"Loss of a China packet ship!" exclaimed a simple minded old laday, as she laid down a newspaper, "I should think so, when not even iron are always safe."

A New York justice became enraged at a witness, and told him if he spoke that way again the Court would forget its dignity and punch his snoot.

The Cambridge young ladies refuse to accept courtesies involving an outlay of lucre from the Harvard men. They even insist on paying for their tickets to the college assemblies.

An English banker's son has been convicted of a mania for breaking widows. He would habitually shoot at the largest and costliest plate-glass with a catapult and stone bullets.

"The best way to find out is to put a ring on it," was the blushing reply of a young woman to the remark of her lover that he hoped her "hand wos not counterfeit."