A. L. Bancroft

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

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 of 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 the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times *Neat, Quick and Cheap!*

☞ Work solicited.
All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

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.

IMPERIAL MILLS.
Savier, LaRoque & Co.,
OREGON CITY.
☞ Keep constantly on hand for sale Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sacks.

DRS. WELCH & THOMPSON,
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.
Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays.
Nov. 3:tf

Dr. B. R. FREELAND,
DENTIST,
ROOM 2 DEKUM'S BUILDING, CORNER First and Washington Sts., Portland. Nitrous Oxide administered. n2tf.

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

S. HUELAT. CHAS. E. WARREN.
HUELAT & WARREN
Attorneys at Law,
OFFICE—CHARMAN'S BRICK, MAIN STREET,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
March 5, 1872:tf

F. BARCLAY, M. R. C. S.
Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.
35 Years Experience.
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Main Street, Oregon City.

Store to Rent.
THE STORE HOUSE FORMERLY OCCUPIED by KAPKA, on Rock Creek, 12 miles from Aurora, situated at a fine point for country trading post; can be had on very reasonable terms. This is a desirably point for a man with small capital to go into business.
Enquire of JOHNSON & McCOWN,
july26tf.] Oregon City, Oregon.

WEALTH AND HEALTH IN
Good Cable Screw Wire
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Will not Leak and Last Twice as Long

JOHNSON & McCOWN
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State.
☞ Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City.
April 5, 1872:tf

A. NOLTNER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERPRISE OFFICE
Oregon City, Jan 13:tf

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. September 27th, 1872:1y.

There is No Such Thing as Death.

"There's no such thing as death"
To those who think aright,
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act,
Life's drama must contain;
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then an end of pain.

"There's no such thing as death"—
That which is thus miscalled,
Is the life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;
'Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing the clouds at night,
To shine in gentle radience forth,
Amidst its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death"—
In nature nothing dies;
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise,
The faded leaf that falls
All sere and blown to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the shapes
That gave the flowers birth.

"There's no such thing as death"—
'Tis but the blossom spray,
Sinking before the common fruit
That seeks the summer ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flowers;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

DEAD.

BY GEORGE H. BOOKER.

Close his eyes—his work is done;
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow;
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight—
Proved his truth by his endeavor.
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow;
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low.

Leave him to God's wathing eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him;
Mortal love weeps idly by—
God alone has power to save him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow;
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low.

Too Much Credit.

Mr. Keene, a shrewd and thrifty farmer of Allenborough, owned a large flock of sheep, and one Autumn, when it came housing time he was greatly annoyed upon missing a number of his finest muttons, among them three or four weathers which he had raised and fattened for his own table. He was sure it was not the work of dogs, and the most he could do was to await further developments.

On the following Spring, when his sheep were turned out to pasture, he instituted a careful watch, and ere long he detected Tom Stickney, a neighboring farmer, in the act of pilfering a sheep; but he made no noise about it at the time. Stickney was a man well to do, and Keene did not care to expose him.

Autumn came again, and upon counting up his flock, Mr. Keene found eight sheep missing. He made out a bill in due form to Thomas Stickney for eight sheep, and presented it. Stickney choked and stamered, but did not back down. Like a prudent man he paid the money and pocketed the receipt. Another Spring time came, and Mr. Keene's sheep again turned out. Another Autumn came, and the farmer again took an account of his stock, and this time, fifteen sheep were missing. As before, he made out the bill to Tom Stickney for the whole number missing; but this time Tom objected.

"It's too much of a good thing," said he. "Fifteen sheep! why, bless your soul, I hadn't had a fifth part of 'em."

Mr. Keene was inexorable.

"There is the bill," said he. "I have made it out in good faith. I have made no fuss when my sheep have been missing, because I deemed your credit good and sufficient."

"Well," groaned Tom, with a big gulp, "I suppose I must pay: but," he added emphatically, "we'll close that account from this time. You have given me to much credit altogether—some other rascal has been stealing on the strength of it!"

A curious question in life insurance is liable to arise in Delaware, growing out of the recent murder of a negro by Prof. West. His acknowledged objects in killing and mutillating the negro was that the body might be mistaken for his own, and that thereby he might defraud the life insurance companies out of $25,000, the amount for which his life was insured. Some days after his disappearance however, he returned and confessed both the deed and the purpose. The question which now arises is, if West is hanged for the murder, will the companies be compelled to pay the insurance to his family? This qestion is now exciting almost as much interest in Delaware as the murder did, especially as, if the companies are compelled to pay it, it will be for their interest to get his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life.

Who Killed Him?

"Only two weeks more, Jennie, and you'll be my wife," and the stalwart young fellow drew the girl close to his breast, and kissed her fondly.

"True enough," was the arch reply, "and don't forget there's two weeks yet for you to behave yourself. Father mightn't like to see you too free with your kisses, and he's just there in the boat house."

The scene was a New England coast, with a fisherman's humble cottage and boat-house in the immediate foreground, and distantly backed by a moderate-sized village. The speakers were Jennie Lee, the daughter and sole relative of the owner of the cottage, and Will Gardiner his assistant and employee. Living under the same roof, it was only natural that Will should fall in love with the rosy-cheeked warm-hearted girl, or that she should have contracted an equally affectionate regard for her stout, handsome, manly companion. And as they stood reading in each other's eyes the same story of mutual love and trust that more pretentionious pairs have read, they were a picture worth an artist's sketching. Will, with his stalwart frame, bared, muscular arms, and sun-browned face; Jenny, with her pretty, childish face, rounded figure, and bare feet.

"There, Will!" suddenly exclaimed Jennie, disengaging herself from his enfolding arms, "I told you to behave yourself. Here comes Abel Berton, and, likely as not, he has seen you hugging me."

"And what if he has?" replied Will, defiantly.

"You know he's a rival of yours, Will," laughed Jennie, and then added, more seriously: "and I'm afraid of him—not for myself, but for you, Will. When I told him, the other day, that our wedding day was set, and that he mustn't pester me any more with his love-making, he got as black as a thunder-cloud, and muttered more threats against you than I can remember."

Further conversation between the lovers was precluded by the approach of Abel Berton. He was a sullen-looking fellow, with a sly, slouching gait, and none of the outward manliness of Will Gardiner. A comparison between the two men confirmed the good sense of Jennie's choice.

"Good morning, Abe," said Will, frankly. "What brings you here so early?"

"That's nothing to you," was the surly reply. "I've business with Mr. Lee."

With this he passed on and entered the boat-house, where Jennie's father was at work. He was also a fisherman, and his errand related to the borrowing of nets, or something of that nature. In a few minutes he emerged, to find Wil and Jennie in company with a stranger, a well-dressed man of middle age.

"Can you row me out, late this afternoon, for an hour's fishing?" he overheard the stranger say.

"Yes, sir," replied Will; "at what time shall I be ready for you."

"At six o'clock, and I shall expect you to row me to a good spot for lively sport."

"Don't fear for that," said Will, in good spirits at the prospect of earning a half dollar or so, "its my business to know where the scaly fellows can be caught."

The stranger turned away toward the village, and Abe Berton slunk off with murdurous thoughts in his heart.

"Curse them both!" ran his mutterings, "he for cutting me out, and she for her airs over me; and now comes a chance that I've been waiting for, if I can only plan it all out. The stranger had a gold watch, I saw that, and likely a pocket-book crammed full of money. Will's to row him out alone, and they'll go along the beach beyond the rocky point—that's where the best fishing is. It'll be pitch afore they're through. Yes, that'll do. So here goes for robbing Jennie of her lover, and the man of his watch and money."

The stranger kept his appointment promptly at the hour named, and found the young fisherman ready with his boat. With an admiring look at Jennie, whose bare, plump arms pushed the boat from the shore and threw a kiss to her lover, he seated himself in the stern while Will took the oars. A few strokes sent the boat around the rocky point that Abe had alluded to in his muttered plans, and the girl walked back to the cottage and finished preparing the supper for her father.

She had scarcely disappeared within the cottage, when Abe Berton stealthily advanced toward the now deserted boat-house, and entered. He knew the place thoroughly and was not long in finding what he wanted—a long bladed knife, used in the mending of tackle, etc. He held it up and examined the handle. Upon it was carved in uncouth letters the name of Will Gardiner.

"That's the one," said Abe, exultingly, "and a good idea it was of mine to get it. Now to get away with it without being seen."

First peeping out of the door to see that nobody was about, he stole out and away with the knife in his pocket.

It now grew dark rapidly, and it was not long before Abe deemed it sufficiently so for the execution of his plot. Walking along the beach, he passed around the rocky point, and kept on until he saw the dim outline of the boat and its two occupants. It lay but a short distance from the shore, and he was too good a swimmer to doubt his ability to reach it silently and unseen. Hastily removing his clothing, he laid them on the beach. Then he waded in, and struck out, with the stolen knife held between his teeth, in the direction of the boat.

Will Gardiner, tired of a day's hard work, lay idly across a seat, while his companion indulged in the sport of fishing. All was silent until Will heard a groan of agony that brought him quickly to a sitting posture. He was just in time to see the stranger fall backward from the boat, with a red stream of blood gushing from his side. For an instant—so sudden and unexpected was the whole occurrence—he sat still, fairly benumbed with horror. Then he leaned far over the edge of the boat, on the side from which the stranger had fallen, and peered into the darkness, but he could see nothing, and hear nothing but the cautious stroke of the swimmer rapidly dying out in the distance toward the shore. What could he do? He paddled the boat around, but could not find the body. He called out, but there was no answer. He was about to row home for lights and assistance, when the flashing of oars and the hum of voices heralded the approach of two boats rowed by a party of fishermen. They carried lanterns and the white face of Will Gardiner attracted their notice at once.

"What on earth's the matter, Will?" asked one, "you look as white as a ghost."

In a few disconnected words, he told them all he knew of the matter.

"The body must be about here somewhere," said Mark Landon, one of the arriving party; "row about, boys, and search for it."

A search of five or ten minutes, with the aid of the lanterns, was rewarded with success. The dead body of the stranger, with a fatal stab in its side, was drawn into the boat in which he had set out but an hour before. As they laid the corpse in the bottom of the boat, an object that glittered in the lamplight attracted Mark Landon's attention. It was the blood-stained knife with which the murderous blow had been struck.

"What's this?" said Mark, holding the knife up to a lantern. "Here's the thing that did it, and Will Gardiner's name is carved upon the handle."

At this Will sprang forward and gazed upon the weapon.

"Yes, it's mine," he said, "but so help me Heaven! I don't know how it came here. I'm sure I left it in the boat-house this afternoon."

He looked around upon the faces of the fishermen as if vaugely expecting a solution of the mystery, but only stern looks of distrust and suspicion met him. He read their verdict readily enough. They believed him to be the murderer.

"You can't believe I did it!" he exclaimed, as he comprehended the terribly convincing nature of the proof; "you can't think Will Gardiner's a murderer!"

And they certainly did not wish to believe it, but they could come to no other rational conclusion. The two men had gone out in the boat together, and one had been found stabbed with the knife of the other. But one opinion could be formed—Will Gardiner was a murderer.

The boats were rowed to the beach at Lee's cottage in silence, and the body was placed on a bench in the boat house. Will had followed the others mechanically, his faculties almost dazzled by his terrible situation.

After the body had been placed on the bench, the men paused as if undecided what to do next. All looked to Mark Landon, who was a sort of leader among them, for some suggestion.

"Will," said Mark, at length, "we all know you for an honest, upright fellow, and we don't like to think you did this, but it looks bad, and we shouldn't be doing our duty if we didn't arrest you. We'll leave two of us with you until morning, and then the coroner will be here."

This plan was carried out, and through the long and sleepless night Will brooded over the terrible affair. Jennie was by his side, and no breath of suspicion clouded her words of sympathy and hope.

"I'm sure it'll come out all right, Will," she said; "so don't give way. And I can't help thinking that Abe Berton did it."

This idea had not suggested itself to Will, but it now seemed feasible. He knew that his rival's hate was strong enough, for such a bloody deed.

At length morning came. During the day an inquest was held, and Will Gardiner was charged by the jury with the crime and removed to the county jail. The fact that the murdured man's watch and pocket-book were missing, explained the motive for the deed, and, although neither could be found, the evidence against the unfortunate prisoner regarded as conclusive.

Sad indeed were the days that followed for Jennie Lee. Convinced of her lover's innocence, but powerless to aid him—convinced of Abe Berton's guilt, but powerless to prove it—she was nearly wild with grief. But she was too vigorous of body and spirit to grieve idly. She had no money to hire skillful legal defense for Will, but she resolved to use her own exertions. Wisely refraining from expressing her suspicions, and thereby frightening the real murdurer into flight, she determined to watch his movements carefully.

"He must have the watch and money hid somewhere," she reasoned, "and by watching him close enough I may get some clue. Most likely he would go to it in the night, and that's the time I must watch."

For three nights in succession she flitted like a shadow around the house where Abe Berton lived with his old mother, and crept to her bed each morning, heart and foot sore. On the fourth night, wrapped in a dark colored cloak, she took her station in the deep shadow of a stone wall a few rods from the house weary and sleepy, she sat down on the ground and was soon fast asleep. When she awoke, the moon had gone down, and by that she knew that it was past midnight.

Glancing toward the house she saw a light in Abe Berton's bedroom. This served to rouse her sleepy faculties, and she stole cautiously to the window from which the feeble light struggled. It was covered on the inside by a tattered curtain, through which she cautiously peered.

The sight that she saw set her heart to beating wildly. There was the murderer bending over the floor from which he had removed a broken piece of board. From the hole thus exposed he drew a watch and a pocket-book.

Success had crowned her vigil, but what should she do now? The quick-witted girl was not long in deciding. The nearest dwelling was about a quarter of a mile distant, and toward it she ran as fast as her tired feet could carry her. Arrived there, a vigorous rap brought two men to the door, and to them she hurriedly told what she had seen.

"Come with me, quick!" she cried, "and see if I havn't told the truth."

Half doubting Jennie's sanity, they did as she requested. They had nearly reached the house, when she told them to stop.

"He's coming out," she whispered excitedly.

"Don't you see—and he has a shovel over his shoulder. He's going to hide the stolen things. See! He's coming this way!"

The three hastily hid themselves behind a fence until Abe had passed, and then stealthily followed him. He soon turned from the road into an unfrequented grove, and there they saw him commence to dig a hole in the ground. He worked quickly and nervously, and had soon burried the watch and money, which he had enclosed in a rough wooden box. He then returned to his bed-room and went to bed.

A consultation was held, and it was decided to wait until morning without doing anything.

In the morning the two men made the facts known to the proper authorities, the treasure was exhumed, and Abe Berton was arrested. Will Gardiner's release, of course, followed, and his marriage to Jennie was not postponed after all.

The New York *Journal of Commerce*, alluding to the late Presidential election, and the vast power of an administration to procure such an astounding result, in the face of a crushing indictment, says: "It is not well for the country to have such unchecked power in any human hands, much less in those who hold it after a bitter partisan contest as the result of a party triumph. When the administration is brought into power by a small majority, it must measure more nicely the steps it will take, and is kept within reasonable bounds by the presence of a strong opposition, ready to take advantage of its slightest errors. But with two-thirds or three-fourths of the Congress as its supporters, and a large majority of its friends in the several State governments, this wholesome restraint is, to a great extent, removed, and we cannot be very jubilant at such a prospect."

Family Receipts.

For Repairing Family Jars—Mutual love well stirred with forbearance, mixed with readiness to forgive, and general good temper, is an admirable cement. It is well to let all family jars be shelved at once.

Preserving—The temper is best kept by using as little vinegar as possible. The heart, by using abundantly of the oil of grace. Treasured by laying them up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

Creams—the milk of true faith, if it stands long enough, yields the cream of assurance; it is a delicious dish.

Stews—These are best avoided by leaving our troubles with him who sent them.

Dressed Peacock—This is too common and poor a production to be introduced into Christian families.

To Cure Cold and Heart burn—Do all the good you can, live near to God, and love your neighbor as yourself.

Fritters—Novel reading, silly conversation, gossiping, ceremonial visits; and late rising, soon fritter away time. Christians have not a moment to waste.

Tart—Some think tart implies to be smart, but it is never wise to let our wit wound other people's feelings. Soft answers turn away wrath; tart speeches lead to general sourness.

Sauce—Never to be tolerated in children; a vulgar and evil thing in any one. Generally found to go with goose.

Mincing—Only practiced by very silly persons; natural manners are best. See Isaiah iii. 16, for a warning against those who are described as "walking and mincing as they go."—*The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

Seeing the Point.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average, "Well said his father, you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes sir."

"How did it happen?"

"Don't know sir."

The father knew, if his son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house; but he had not thought it worth his while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor and he said:

"Empty those apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you have been the past month, filling it up with cheap dirt—*cheap novels!*"

NEW TAX BILL.—For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar; for kissing a homely one two dollars. The tax is levied in order to break up the custom altogether it being regarded as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation ten cents.

For every young man who has more than one girl, five dollars.

Courting in the kitchen, 25 cents.

Courting in the parlor, five dollars.

Conrting in romantic places five dollars and fifty cents thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, 20 cents; faiiing to see her home, five dollars and cost.

For ladies who paint, fifty cents.

Proceeds to be devoted to the relief of frail old bachelors whose earthly welfare has been put in jeopardy by this fashion.

Wearing hoops over eight feet in diameter, eight cents per foot.

Bachelors over thirty years old, taxed ten dollars and banished to Utah.

Each boy baby, fifty cents.

Each girl baby ten cents.

Twins, one hundred dollars premium, to be paid out of the fund accruing from the tax on bachelors;

Heads of families of more than thirty children fined a hundred dollars and sent to jail.

South Carolina.

A correspondent of the New York *World* writing from Columbia, S. C., gives the following picture of the South Carolina Legislature:

The town is again filled with the honorables—God save the mark—and white, red, yellow and black legislators are to be seen on every hand. Scott, the retiring Governor, has been too ill to install his successor, the saintly Moses, and the law-makers of this thoroughly Africanized State have spent the week loafing around promiscuously. Dark colors being fashionable in winter, every thing here may be considered in the height of fashion. The President of the Senate is a negro; the Speaker of the House is a negro; two thirds of the members of both Houses are negroes; the chairman of nearly every important committee is a negro; doorkeepers, messengers, and other attaches are negroes; the Clerk of the House is a negro; the Lieutenant Governor is a negro (convict in the United States Court); the State Treasurer, and in fact all the State officials except two, are negroes; the members of Congress are all negroes except one, and the few whites associated with this ignorant and degraded black crew look meaner than the darkies themselves. There are members who cannot sign their names; others who have dabbled a little in a spelling book, but are independent and original enough whenever they attempt to write to spell every word in a way of their own, unlike any way known to Webster or the printing office; others who have figured in the criminal courts of their respective counties, and if they do not understand a demurrer, they are by no means ignorant of bars, and the body entire may be considered (always excepting the few Democrats) as a mass of ignorance and brutality. One glance at the concern is enough to secure an indorsement of this verdict from any impartial intelligent looker-on.

A Tricky Tradesman.

Old Adam C., a resident of Berks county, Pennsylvania, had a queer habit of making correct mistakes.

When about to sell rather an antiquated horse, he was interrogated as to the age of the beast.

"Vell," he replied, "I guess about nine over ten."

In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said:

"Mr. C., what made you cheat me in selling me this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten, and here he is over twenty?"

"No, no; I sheats nobody. I say he is nine over ten, and he is all of dat."

At another time, when selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull and good to drive. Old Adam said:

"I tell you, in the morning he gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on good; hitch him fore de wagon good; take up de lines and vip, and tell him to go. I tell you he is right dair every time."

The buyer departs satisfied; but after following directions, he found him "right dair every time," and no amount of persuasion could make him change his position. Buyer, of course, returns the horse; but old Adam sheats nobody. He told him shust as it was.

Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires:

"Is it good wood? Will it split good?"

"Shplit? Yah, shplit like a candle."

Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time old Adam came to market he was reproached with selling rotten wood; but old Adam sheats nobody. He tells him shust as it was.

Senator Wilson's connection with Credit Mobiler is said to have come about in this wise: Mr. and Mrs. Wilson celebrated their silver wedding four or five years ago, at which time some of their friends gave Mrs. Wilson a present of several thousand dollars. The proceeds of the silver wedding were naturally invested in a silver mine in which Mr. John B. Alley was a head speculator. The silver proved a dead loss. Alley and Ames moved by pity for Wilson, tendered him shares of Credit Mobiler to make up the loss in silver, which shares Wilson took and held until rumors of bribery in connection with Union Pacific Railway matters became unpleasantly thick, when he handed the shares back to Ames, and received the silver wedding money from the great American Shovel without interest.

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