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For the very best photographs, go to Brad- & Buford's Gallery without STAIRS—Across in the Elevator, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

THE COWS ARE COMING.

BY ALICE ROBINS.

The cows are coming, Jesus dear, make haste and see the sight: There are twenty milky beauties to be counted up for tonight.

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A tender creature was she, so weak, and cold and thin! John said she was not fit to raise, I said she was a sin.

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There's May, her arms round Star-bright's neck; the girl is 9 to-day; A frolisome and genial thing at study or at play.

The darling in our falling years, the spring in our autumn set, A fair white jewel lying in our faded coronet.

But see, John lets the bars down; in clover deep they stand With glossy flanks, and backs as straight as your own hand.

The fragrance of their breath pours in like ambrosia and myrrh; They've just the heat of cows to milk—John says they never stir.

They know his tone—"tis seldom loud; they know his touch—"tis kind." "John has a way," the neighbors say, "to make the cow as tame as a lamb."

Perhaps I only know that I, through all these blessed years, Have never seen a cow when his voice has brought me tears.

Sacred Thoughts from Gifted Minds.
It is not the bee's fondling on the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not the frost that melts, but that that melts the frost, that melts the frost.

It is so little we spend in religion, and so very much upon ourselves; so little to the poor, and so without measure to make ourselves sick, that we seem to be in love with our own mischief, and strive all the ways we can to keep ourselves from it.

There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many fruits which never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has laid its cold fingers upon them.

A man who receives the truth of God to give it forth again is like the sea of Galilee, through which the river Jordan flows. He is kept clear and sweet by the passage of the stream. He who absorbs without giving back is like the Dead Sea, which is left stagnant and bitter, because it has no outlet.

There is no greater argument in the world of our spiritual weakness, and the falseness of our hearts in the matter of religion, than the backwardness which men have to say their prayers; so weary of their length, so glad when they are done, so witty to excuse an opportunity; and yet there is no manner of trouble in the duty, no weariness of bones, no violent labor, nothing but being a blessing, and receiving it; doing ourselves the honor of speaking to the greatest person and greatest King of the world; and that we should be unwilling to do this, so make us continue in it, so backward to return to it, so without gust and relish in the doing it, can have no visible reason but something within us.

In 1839, when we were stationed at St. Louis, near the falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi, when we had to travel in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, through a wilderness country, 300 miles to reach the fort there established. In 1840 we took the census of what is now the State of Minnesota, in making one trip in our missionary District, in a canoe, twelve hundred miles in a circuit. We all know what a vast population fills that country now, with great lines of railroads and vast cities in all its parts.

As a rule, no person who succeeds in this debasing habit is an exception to the rule. He who is entrusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character.

Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one, and deep-seated. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or even low women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts.

Let your chief happiness in life depend upon their entire faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than the character of God, who has been sealing upon tips that are wont to speak slightly of women.—Packard's Monthly.

Mr. J. M. Arlington, who has made a preliminary survey of the Roseburg and Port Oxford Railroad, says that the route is the best natural route for a road in Oregon. The steepest grade is 70 feet to the mile; distance a little less than 105 miles; route through Camas valley, down the middle fork of the Corvallis, leaving that river near Beaver Creek.

Great Change.

The editor of the Texas Mirror, published at Houston, reviews the past forty-eight years, and notes the great changes as follows:

We are astonished when we look back to the days of our youth, and glance at the changes that have transpired within our own recollection.

In 1824, we mounted a flat boat, high up in the Kentucky river, loaded with tobacco and bale rope, and made our way to New Orleans. At that time the great Mississippi rolled its vast current from the mouth of the Ohio to Natchez, Mississippi, through an unbroken wilderness.

There was a small town at New Madrid, Missouri, a house or two at Chalk Bluffs, now Columbus, Kentucky; four small shanties at the fourth Chickasaw Bluffs, now Memphis; a few houses where Helena stands in Arkansas, and but one house at the Walnut Hills, where Vicksburg now stands. The whole distance down to Natchez may be regarded as a desolate wilderness.

The first steamboat was introduced into the waters of the Ohio river in 1817. In 1824 there were but three or four in all our Western waters. The old Care of Commerce, built in 1820, had a very large engine put in her small hull, when it was too much power for the size of the boat. To economize, and save the extra power from loss, a small barge was built and attached to her stern; after which she was called by the boatmen, the "Cow and Calf."

We took passage from New Orleans on the "Favorite," on our first trip, for Louisville, Ky., and made the quickest time then on record—13 days and 10 hours! New Orleans, at that time, was mostly populated by the French and Spanish. All that of the city west of Canal street, was an open common, where the African negroes used to celebrate their Congo dances.

In 1836, when we made our first trip over the mountains, to visit the eastern cities, there was no rail road across the mountains. From Pittsburgh we set out in a canalboat, and then passed over the backbone of the Alleghenies by rail, on which we ascended and descended six or eight inclined planes by stationary engines.

In 1829 we moved to Illinois; and in 1830 spent most of the winter in Vandalia, then the seat of government where the Legislature was in session. The whole town, Legislature and Supreme Court, were compelled to live on venison, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and corn bread.

It was "the year of the deep snow," and all communication was cut off from St. Louis for three or four months. In 1835 St. Louis was but little more than a French village. All the business was done on Front street, with a few stores around the "Old Market" and "Market" and "Market" streets. The dwellings were chiefly on Third and Fourth streets. We should not stop here to measure the improvements since that time. Everybody knows that it is now a city seven miles in length by three hundred miles in width, with three hundred thousand inhabitants.

We were present when the first ground was broken, at St. Louis, for the first railroad west of the Mississippi. The address was delivered by Edward Bates, since Attorney-General of the United States. It was the Atlantic and Pacific road, as then called, which now has its terminus at San Francisco on the Pacific. Not to mention the grand system of railroads that center at St. Louis, extending in all directions, east, west, north and south, the stupendous bridge, now nearly completed, spanning the greatest river in the world, at St. Louis, and connecting the most gigantic structure of the kind ever erected on earth.

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The House that Cakes Built.

The Buffalo Courier breaks into childlike warbling on the subject of Ames' Congress doings:

The Union Pacific is the road that Ames built.

M. C.'s the malt that lay in the road that Ames built.

M. C.'s the malt that ate of the malt that lay in the road that Ames built.

H. G.'s the cat that went for the rats that ate of the malt that lay in the road that Ames built.

S. C.'s the man all tattered and torn, that laid to the maul the crumpled horn, that hoisted the dog that got mad at the cat for exposing the rats that ate of the malt that lay in the road that Ames built.

Honey W. Lion is the (K. N.) high priest all shaven and shorn, who compelled his dead wife to acknowledge his crime, as he had as "Dear Schuyler," all tattered and torn, that fawned on the maiden all forlorn, etc., ad nauseam.

Fear is the cock that crowed in the morn, and frightened the priest all shaven and shorn, who sold the malt, 'twas his wife's (in a horn) lest it might arouse the popular scorn, if malt should be found in the family corn of the (K. N.) high priest who desired to adorn the chair of his own all tattered and torn, that honored the maiden all forlorn, etc.

McComb is the farmer that sowed the corn—when he sowed the whole C. M. concern—that inspired the man all tattered and torn, that ino spilled the malt from the family horn, lest finding it there might subject it to scorn, and forever destroy his chance to adorn the chair of his own all tattered and torn, that explained and explained to the maiden all forlorn, that fooled the horn, that teased the dog, that worried the cat, that went for the rats, that laid to the maul that lay in the road that Ames built.

Teasing Children.
We know of persons that cannot be in the room with a child but a few minutes before they exhibit a morose and angry countenance, and are in the way to play with them. If the child is an infant, they notice some marked desire which it has and tempt it to demand it. The little one's efforts and failures seem to please them, and they are finally and finally expressed. It is impossible to enumerate the ways in which it is common to tease children. No reasoning person can fail to recall hundreds of cases. That they are arising, we will admit. But by long and constant repetition, the teasing, the disposition of a child is rapidly soured. The child soon grows suspicious and leans to exhibit no desire in the presence of its mother, or else it becomes bold and rude in its demands. Simplicity is a quality which makes, when combined with confidence, the loveliest trait in any little boy or girl. It is needed to us that no argument is needed to show the consequence of such an early training. An injury is perpetuated on the helpless child. His little strength is of no avail to redress its wrongs. The instinct of nature tells the sufferer that it ought to resent them, and that it cannot, on occasion, this reaction is upon the child's mind. What the subtle process is, we cannot explain. It is, however, analogous to the feelings in nature which when subjected to heat, or cold, or any other kind of force, it is a reaction upon the child's mind. What the subtle process is, we cannot explain. It is, however, analogous to the feelings in nature which when subjected to heat, or cold, or any other kind of force, it is a reaction upon the child's mind.

The Love of a Good Boy.—Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a good boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble—honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy grieve at any wrong done to his mother, saying to everybody, plainly, that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this sincere love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

A good story is told of an Irish hostler, who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stable belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals, and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my mare." "Certainly," replied the hostler, "but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

GOING DOWN HILL.

"That looks bad," exclaimed farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of the companion to whom this was addressed.

"Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything around his little place was neat and tidy."

"He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man," rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots of his make and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply. "I must confess that he is a good workman, but nevertheless, I believe I shall go into Jack Smith's and order a pair of boots, of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who are running behind-hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves."

"Very true, and as my wife desires me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Mr. Smith. He is no favorite of mine however—an idle, quarrelsome fellow."

"And yet, he seems to be getting ahead in the world," answered the farmer, "and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's but I shall not stop to detain you."

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented a rather shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard for economy which did not escape the observation of farmer White. After passing remarks the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account-book with a somewhat anxious air, saying as he charged the little bill of meat—

"I believe that it is time that neighbor Thompson and I should come to a settlement. A short account make long friends."

"No time to lose, I should say," remarked the farmer.

"Indeed, have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No, I have not; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must look out for number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. "Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself then. He owes me a right snug sum for leather I sold him some time ago. He is a month's credit, but on the whole I guess the money would be safer in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of that quiet little village another scene was then passing.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dressmaker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing out upon the passerby. "If there is any thing to be done, it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She always has paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risk. I have seen her, Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation."

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but a great pressure of business was plainly expressed on her countenance. She said, and she took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dress-makers were.

On her way home the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

"Ah, Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I have just been to your house, would it be convenient for you to settle our little account this afternoon?"

"Our account?" was the surprised reply. "Surely, the term has not yet expired."

"Only half of it; but my present plan is to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late."

"I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time. I fear that it will be impossible for me to settle until that time."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment as she passed on in a different direction, she muttered to herself:

"Just as I expected. I shall never see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two in payment for the half quarter

if I manage right; but it will never do to go on in this way.

A little decomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling article of family necessities.

"I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the polite shop-keeper, as he produced the desired article.

"Is it the usual time for settling?" was again the surprised and anxious inquiry.

"Well, no, not exactly, but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In the future I intend to keep short accounts. There is the little bill if you would like to see it. I will call around this evening. It is but a very small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way toward home.

"It seems rather strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expense of the winter. I cannot understand it."

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said, as she entered, "here are two unexpected calls for money; one from the doctor and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last coat. They are both urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come singly, and if a man gets a little behind hand, troubles seem to pour in upon him."

"First one," replied the wife, "but the neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher."

Really was presented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

"The butcher's account as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has given satisfaction, if I could only have as much employment as usual, and my credit allowed me, I could satisfy these claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability would send us to the downward path."

"We must do the best we can and trust in providence," was the consoling remark of his wife, as a second knock aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

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pecuniary difficulties. They had never before realized the beauty and abundance of his work. The politeness selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among the best scholars in school. The dress-maker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly manner expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly. As the grateful shoemaker called upon him at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down if they had his face that way. In the future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper."

And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence. Whilst he whom he had befriended, with cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

Grant Must Disgorge.

Still we hear of Congressmen returning to the treasury of the people of their respective districts their shares of the back-pay steel, and still we are treated to sarcastic remarks in this connection by our Radical brethren of the press, whenever one of these Congressmen thus admits that though he has no scruples so far as the crime is concerned he fears the vengeance of outraged public opinion. To break the monopoly, and for a change, we would like to see the President do something of this kind. As he was the chief mover in the matter, such action on his part would go a great way in giving the late-in-the-day honesty dodge the appearance of sincerity. Congressmen only stole from three to four thousand dollars; but the President's grab amounted to \$25,000. According to the offense committed is the crime judged, and the sentence pronounced; and if the matter was up for trial before the courts, and the judge should sentence a poor Congressman to three or four years in the Penitentiary, he would certainly not give the President half fifteen years. Do not suppose either that the President needed the increase of salary more than did those who voted for it. The same Congress that voted him the extra \$25,000 per year had previously given him in the same manner \$89,160 for annual repairs of house and for furniture, and other incidental expenses. This was \$46,660 more than an equally loyal Congressman in 1861 would vote to Lincoln, and yet the illustrious "lincoln-splitter" managed to save one-half of his salary. Grant thought differently, however, and worked early and late for the passage of the bill, assumed the role of a Congressional lobbyist that he might secure the coveted \$25,000 extra. Perhaps his horses are too costly in the matter of their feeding and stableboard to well stocked with sparkling and gaily liquors, to admit of his living as all other Presidents have lived. But be it as it may, we must reiterate our former assertion that if the Radical party wishes to make the appearance of the refunding dodge means honesty in the party, it must have the President as well as the rest disgorge his ill-gotten gains.—Mercury.

Kiss me, before I sleep.

How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little supplicant is that soft, gentle kiss! The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is revealing in the bright and sunny dreams of innocence. Yes, kiss me, mama, for that good night kiss will linger in memory when the gray hair is moldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss, has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illumine his desolate heart; for remember, life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce; and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lip will become dewy again as recollection bears to the mother's couch a mother's love—a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

"Where is your house?" asked a traveller in the depths of one of the "old solemn wilderness" of the great West. "House?" I ain't got no home.

"Well, where do you live?" I live in the woods—sleep on the Great Government Purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi! And he added: "It is getting to thick with folks. You're the last month, and I hear there is a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river, and I'm going to put out in the 'woods again."

A lady asked Mr. Serudgells if he liked children. "Don't know, ma'am answered that crabbled old gentleman; never tried 'em; am not an expert on the subject. Serudgells remarked that infants were not innocents. "Quite the reverse," said Serudgells. "A baby is a crying will."

A. S. Bancroft