

# Oregon City Enterprise

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## THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

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## Slam Economy.

(From the New York Sun.)

There is a vast deal of pretence at Washington on the subject of retrenchment. The departments are going through the motions of cutting off some of the monstrous expenditures, and diminishing estimates that were purposely exaggerated. Members of the Committee of Ways and Means are using the telegraph to humbug the country with a pretended zeal in the same direction.

This whole business is a sham, from beginning to end. No earnest disposition has been shown either by the Administration or by Congress to bring down the expenditures to a real peace basis. The cost of carrying on the Government has multiplied in the ratio of seven for one when compared with the increase of population during the last decade.

Extravagance, corruption, and profligacy are the causes of this extraordinary disparity. Abuses have grown into accepted usage that were never tolerated until the advent of Grant. Offices have been created merely to reward partisans. The contingent funds of every Cabinet officer, and all the heads of bureaus, have been converted into a source of personal profit, by which their compensation is largely increased.

Deception is habitually practiced in the estimates sent to Congress. The Secretary of the Navy obtains millions under the guise of necessary repairs, and applies this fund to building new ships. The naval estimates are "seen," and they connive at a bar-farred fraud.

The Indians are decreasing rapidly in numbers every year, yet the appropriations amount in the inverse ratio of their decrease. Under the hollow pretext of a Christian policy, the outgrowth of Christian statesmanship, eight millions were expended for this service during the last fiscal year, and a million more is demanded for deficiencies. In other words, nine millions against two millions eight hundred thousand in the year of 1863, when the Indians were almost doubly as strong as they are now.

While the Indian Bureau is connected with the Interior Department, and that continues to be presided over by Columbus Delano, these expenses will grow as they have continued to grow under a system of plunder and swindling, by which an infamous Ring is enriched, the Indians are cheated and the Treasury plundered.

When reform of these and other flagrant abuses is proposed, Mr. Garfield, at the head of Appropriations, answers that they are authorized by law. That is to say, an amendment is cunningly attached to some bill this year at the close of the session, by which a permanent outlay is incurred, an office established, or a service enlarged, without discussion or the knowledge of Congress. Next year it is added to the regular estimates, and if a careful member objects to the new item, Mr. Garfield rises and reads him a lecture, saying that the money is only asked to carry out a law.

And so it goes on year by year, until millions are voted in every supply bill, which are nothing but gross fraud. This thing cannot be concealed without collusion, and it is no secret at Washington that the important chairmanships in the Senate and House of Representatives are sought for the opportunities which they afford of making money. In this way the appropriations are constantly kept swelling, until the present proportions have been reached.

## About Married Women.

(From the New York Sun.)

There is a great difference in married women; some are happy and contented, some are cross and belligerent, many are tidy and industrious, and not a few are careless and indolent. Some have a bright and interesting group of children about them; others have none, and never will have any.

Young girls indulge in many romantic and unreal fancies with regard to marriage and its relations. They are ever looking forward to the time when they shall settle in life, with many happy expectations. Some find in marriage more than a happy realization of their dreams; others encounter trials and cares, to which in early life they were not accustomed.

A woman's domestic happiness depends as much upon her own disposition to be unselfish, patient and comfortable, as it does upon the worthy qualities of her husband.

Married women may be classed under three separate heads. The married life is usually a woman with a very pretty face and figure, a great deal of personal vitality, and very little good taste, common sense, and moral principle. She has in her character no element of true affection, or loving regard. She marries either for money, or to secure a greater freedom in her flirtations than she could have under the protecting wings of her unmarried mother. She has a prominent passion for jewelry and other barbaric ornaments, and she shows them off to good advantage, if wearing such decorations could be considered an advantage.

If she is unfortunate enough to have any children, they are usually left to the care of a careless nurse-maid. Sometimes the husband of a married flirt becomes a very jealous and suspicious man, and works himself into a furious passion at her various improprieties, yet often he encourages her in her little eccentricities, feeling in his bosom a sort of morbid pleasure in her every jealousy, and in her every coquetry. He is the owner of what to many others court and admire.

The strong-minded woman has the credit of possessing a considerable amount of brains. She has the head of a man, on the body of a woman. If she had only been born a man, she would have been a positive success. As it is, she can hardly be called upon as a prodigy; for she is in every way a very ordinary creature, and the superiority of her intellect often dwarfs the energy and business qualities of her husband, who soon sinks into a sort of mental and physical insignificance beside her, until he becomes a sort of a very little better consequence. She is usually engaged in bringing about some "much needed social reform," or lecturing on the domestic relations; the proper training of children, etc.; while her husband, who has never been in the habit of reading, and whose only appearance often indicates that he is a literary man, and she breathes nothing but gross and vulgar terms of the public press, and burns the midnight oil at home, in the agonies of composition, while her husband puts the children to bed, and looks after the household affairs generally.

There is nothing lovelier or more beautiful to the world, than the domestic wife and mother, she devotes her best years to the happiness of her husband, and the proper care, and moral and mental training of her children. The love and influence of such a wife and mother is one of the sweetest things in the universe. It goes with her children through their manhood and their womanhood, and is the guiding star to their subsequent great success and usefulness. She has her cares, her trials, and her sorrows, like all who are human. Yet she bears her burdens with Christian fortitude and patient resignation. She fills her life with a quiet and unobtrusive activity, which is unchangeable, and the world better for her having been an inhabitant of it. Such a woman is missed when she passes away, not only at the home fireside, but in the community where she lived. It is the highest type of true womanhood to be a domestic wife, a faithful help-mate and an affectionate mother, and the woman who fills this position, accomplishes the highest aim in life that God has given her to attain. — *Excerpt from Our Kinship Friend.*

An Apology. The editor of a Western paper once gave a notice of a ball, and happened incidentally to mention that the dancing of Major Heeler's better half was like "the cavorting of a fly-bitten cow in a field of cucumbers." The fact that the notice had been invited to the ball may somewhat detract from the value of the simile, while at the same time it accounts for his establishing the figure. The Major accompanied his better half to complain of the poetical nature of the image. On learning that the lady was the one he described, the editor besought her to raise her veil. She did so, adding, "Apologize! I should rather think I would." Was the answer, as he seized his hat and rapidly left the room. The astounded Major rushed to the window, gazed at the sky, and then said, "I'm going to do it in a minute." "What do you mean?" shouted the Major, accentuating the note of interrogation with a pistol bullet. The answer was walked back from around the next corner—Can't you see I'm looking for that cow!

## Workingmen.

(From the Kason Telegraph.)

The workingmen of Cincinnati, Chicago and Louisville, met together in large numbers recently, and demand of the authorities either work or bread.

These workingmen's conventions are getting to be very common and there is no falling to what they may call a lead. Just look upon this picture and then that. On the one hand we have honest American citizens struggling for a mere subsistence, the sunken eyes and wan countenances of their wives and children continually goading them on to desperation. On the other hand we have a President at fifty thousand dollars a year, with incidental appropriations amounting to over a hundred thousand more, to give a Congressman living in high style and frittering away their time, without any regard to the welfare of the people, at a salary of six thousand per year.

It is this extravagance in the pay of officials, expenditures of government officials, fat jobs for government pets and other like abominations of partisanship which bring these troubles upon the people. All that is needed, the only one who produces all that is produced, should have at least a living. There is no lack of wealth or means of subsistence in the country, but the cause of the trouble is that by unjust and unwise legislation a few have been enabled to amass millions of wealth—more than there is any sense or justice in one man obtaining, while the masses of the people are compelled to eke out a mere living not even beholding so much as a solitary basis in the gloomy desert of hunger, poverty and despair.

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Let us put all this sophistry and cant far from us; let justice be done to all; let no one interest be protected and another neglected; let our officials have reasonable salaries, and let them work for the good of the country and not for money. Let us hasten to return to the simplicity of republican government; let us not build up a moneyed aristocracy of the few while the masses labor on made at the expense of a servitude degrading as any that has ever been known to man. Let us see that justice is done and all will be well. Let us continue in the blind partisanship that has ruled our country so long, continue to let the Government officials be paid the lowest rate of wages, and we will not only meet to pass resolutions but their riots will cause our streets to flow with innocent blood and the horrors of the French revolution will be re-enacted in this fair land of ours. Who, in that day, shall bear the heaviest blame? Shall it be the poor workingmen led on to acts of violence by hunger and despair, or the moneyed sharks, who, while sitting in their gilded palaces, reared by the labor of these very men, have refused them even a crumb of bread from their tables bending with the richest viands of earth? Let justice answer.

The editor of the Louisiana, Mo., Press, in relating what he knows of the moneyed sharks, says: "To make Berkshire pigs out of your harelip splitters, select a cool day, stand them on their hams, tied to a sapling, and drive the nose back into their shoulders, leaving about an inch protruding. If you look at the agricultural papers you will see that all blooded hogs are fixed in that way. If you have any whose noses are longer than the rest of the body, better sell them to an artisan well company for drills, for you cannot drive the nose back without telescoping the whole pig. When you cut up hogs, leave the ham square, leave some hair too, salt overabundantly, and they will be worth several cents less per pound than when trimmed and cured so that a Christian can eat them."

## Home Training.

(From the Kason Telegraph.)

While we are alive to the advantages of technical education as a remedial agent for the curse of Hoodlumism, we have always held that the cause and cure of that social disease are to be found in the parental influences that form the character of the child. We have frequently written upon this subject in this strain, but perhaps have said nothing more to the point than the following remarks which we extract from a lengthy article, treating of Prof. Gilman's technical school project, which we find in the Sacramento (Cal.) Record: There is something wanting in the education of the boys who gravitate toward Hoodlumism, something which the best educational scheme the world might utterly fail to supply. That something, we take it, is a moral sensibility; a kind of possession which no text-books can help us to, which no course of lectures can supply; which is sought in vain among the problems of science, the mechanism of manufactures, or the paraphernalia of experimental chemistry.

When boys are abandoned to their own courses, they speedily take on the habits and mode of thought of the laborer who are held up to them as specially deserving of imitation; and this is the case whether the object of admiration be the swaggering, high-heeled, long-coated rowdy on the street-corner, or the gin-soaked ruffian who lurks about the city front. And when the plan of education is, as with us, one which brings together all kinds and conditions of children, the result is a national reaction against contamination and corruption is the influence of parental influence of parental instruction. It is, in fact, in the home circle alone that the character can be formed for good, and the influence of the whole and wholesome and powerful influence, the result, in nine cases out of ten, will be the condition we know as Hoodlumism. And if this reasoning be just, it follows inevitably that the cure for Hoodlumism must be sought in home training, and that it will be vainly and fruitlessly sought in any other direction.

Purity of life, of thought, of speech, are inseparable from the boy who talks profanely will think profanely, and act profanely. Obscene language indicates obscene thoughts, and justifies the apprehension that obscene conduct will follow. Indifference to moral principles, once formed, is scarcely to be eradicated, and that the child who is taught at his entrance into life that his whims are supremely important, will develop into a selfish, heartless, irreverent, and unfeeling creature, whose selfishness and alarming rapidity. It may be said plainly that unless men and women can be induced to do their duty to their children all attempts at reform the rising generation will prove futile. You may teach the boys trades, but until they have been taught the virtues of submission, of humility, of self-abnegation, their knowledge of technical matters will avail but little to eliminate the class of debauched youth whose ranks are now swelling so rapidly, whose audacity and recklessness are beginning to alarm the most thoughtful, and whose future has already become the most serious problem this country has to solve.

Technical Education. On the contrary, we welcome the prospect of it with hearty satisfaction. But we insist that it should be accepted for what it is, and not mistaken for what it is not. The child should be recognized as an indirect and partial reformatory agency, and not be relied upon as a panacea calculated to remove completely the evil against which it is directed.

An Opinion Worth Having.—Thirty-five years ago Thomas H. Benton, "Old Bullion," as he was called, says the Boston Journal, delivered a speech upon finances in the United States Senate, in the course of which he made some remarks which sound very much like the utterances of to-day. One passage was as follows: "One of the highest functions of money is to measure values. That is a function which paper cannot perform. The measure values must itself possess intrinsic value, and must itself be free from sudden or material variations of value. It must have uniform and a universal value. As well might you attempt to make a measure of lengths out of that which has no length; a measure of weights out of that which has no weight; a measure of quantities out of that which has no capacity to hold any quantity; or to endeavor to make a measure out of that which has no intrinsic value. The precious metals can alone constitute a measure of values; paper money can measure nothing, not even of itself; its own value is essentially measured by its reaction—by its convertibility—into specie."

"Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man dies; but time writes no wrinkles in the brow of eternity. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untired bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

Human nature is like cow nature, I have known them both give a good mess of milk, and then kick it over. —Josh Billings.

## The Local Editor's Dream.

(From the Kason Telegraph.)

Once upon a time a local editor dreamed that he was dead, and in another world. He approached the gate of a city before him, and knocked for admittance, but no one answered his summons. The gate remained closed against him. Then he cried aloud for an entrance, but the only response was scores of heads appearing above the wall on each side of the gate. At the sight of him the owners set up a dismal howl and one of them cried: "Why did you not notice the big egg I gave you? At this horrid and most unexpected interrogation, the unhappy local turned in the direction of the voice to learn its owner, when another voice shrieked: 'Where's the piece you were going to write about my soul fountain?' And close upon this was the awful demand: 'Why did you write a piece about old Peddle's fence and never say a word about my new gate?' Whatever answer he was going to frame to this question was abruptly cut off by the astonishing query: 'What did you spell my name wrong in the programme for?' The man turned to see, when he was rooted to the spot by the terrible demand: 'Why did you put my marriage among the deaths? He was on the point of saying the foreman did it, when a shrill voice madly cried: "What made you put in my runaway, and spoil the sale of my horse?" And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically proclaiming: "This is the bawdy that botched my poetry, and made me ridiculous!" Whereupon hundreds of voices screamed: "Where's my article? 'Where is my religious notice, that I brought in at the eleventh hour? And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, perspiring at every pore, and screaming for help. The next day he resigned, and we had to hunt up another local editor. —Daily News.

Miscellaneous Paragraphs. Who has the fewest wants is most like God. Advice to surgeons—Keep your temper or you'll lose your patients. The theatre of war is about the only one where back seats are desired. La Crosse papers speak of the schools of that city as "the tanneries."

Advice to florists—Always plant pillows at the head of your flower-beds. Do not speak of your happiness to a man less fortunate than yourself.—Pittwater. Blobs insists that eating chestnuts in the dark doesn't give the worms a fair chance. No man is always wrong; a clock that does not go at all is right every twelve hours.

He that wants money, means and contentment is without three good friends.—Shakespeare. The watch-dog's honest bark is not heard in Hinsdale, N. H. No canine lives within the town limits. The man who is awfully urbane to his wife before strangers is generally also "her bark" behind her back. Every editorial writer on the Boston Globe wears a nose of the nose, and all the Louisville writers under it. A love-long young lady at Dubuque does nothing all day but sit and hold her hands. In the evening her fellow calls and holds them for her.

The \$40,000 Cow.—The short-horn cow, Eighth Duchess of Geneva, that was purchased at the late New York Mills sale, by Mr. Pavin Davis, of Gloucestershire, England, at the enormous price of \$40,000, again changed hands, and will remain in America, a part and parcel of the herd of Col. Lewis G. Morris, of Fordham, N. Y. It seems that Mr. Davies' agent being unaccustomed to our currency, in the excitement of the sale became confused as to the relative value of dollars and pounds sterling, and bid far beyond his authorized limit. On his return to England his principal wrote to Mr. Campbell, requesting him to dispose of the cow for his account on as favorable terms as possible. Upon hearing of this Col. Morris at once offered the price that Lord Skilmeard paid for his prominent purchase, \$30,000, which was accepted. In addition to this cow we learn from Col. Morris that he has purchased the Thirteenth Duchess of Thornedale, Twelfth Maid of Oxford, Third Countess of Oxford, and several other females of prominent breeding that were disposed of at the New York Mills sale; also, that he has purchased the old bull, Beau of Oxford from Mr. Ezra Cornell. These make a strong combination, and add prominence to the Searsdale herd.—Spirit of the Times.

The Fool John Far Away.—I stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel at Corinne. I juxtapositioned with a historical cuss the first thing. Says he, "So he's dead, is he?" Says I, "Who?" Says he, "Napoleon." Says I, "Dead as mackerel." Says he, "Stranger, I'm from the mines and I only just heard it." One of 'em died years ago, I believe; but what gets me is, what became of the other hundred and nine. Says I, "Hundred and nine. My dear sir, there never was a hundred and nine." Says he, "Stranger, there was a hundred and eleven of 'em. And he hauled out a book and pointed to Napoleon III., and says he, 'What's that but Napoleon one hundred and eleven?'"

A movement is now on foot in Pennsylvania to organize a mammoth convention to sing at the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia. If the project meets with favor and proper encouragement they will commence training at an early day. The chorus is to consist of five hundred voices, to be selected from the best Welsh talent in the Lackawanna and Wyoming Valleys. "Pat" said a traveler, "why did you make the trawler wall around your shanty so thick?" "Why please your honor, I hear they have extraordinary high winds in America, so I thought if I built it about as thick as it was high, if it blew over it would be just as high as it was afore your honor."

Socrates thought men were gods who had not found it out.

## What We Seek.

(From the Kason Telegraph.)

That the farmers are looking for material relief in the organization of granges, is a fact the most superficial observer will readily concede. That many will be disappointed in realizing to the full extent of their wishes and expectations, immediate business advantages, is equally evident. Some were not built in that way, nor will a day or a year enable the Patrons to inaugurate a systematic method of doing business, that shall be national in character and as effective and perfect in its workings as it should be. To perfect such a system, the best executive and business ability the organization can call to gather, will be required. A perfect well organized system of conducting business, on a cash basis is the need of the hour. Such a system will give power and assistance to the order. What we seek and what we hope to secure is, an interchange of the products of industry in all parts of our country and the world, at the cheapest possible rates, but we desire to lessen the number of middlemen and sell to the consumer direct, and to purchase, so far as possible, from first hands, whatever we desire to buy. We seek to get out of debt, and when once out, to so manage as to keep out. We seek to lessen the taxes that are now weighing so heavily upon us. We desire to encourage immigration, and we expect to do this by offering to the world, the present winter that will exert a marked influence in increasing it. But we do not seek material prosperity unaccompanied by social elevation; we seek the elevation of the working classes and the elevation of universal labor; we seek to throw off the chains of narrow-minded partisanship, and to work together cheerfully for the good not only of the order, but of the whole world, and for the interests of our common humanity. —Rural World.

Which is Which?—"Ah, Pat," said a school mistress to a chuckle-headed rustic for whom she was teaching the alphabet, "I am afraid you will never learn anything. Now what is that letter, eh?" "Sure, don't you know ma'am?" replied Patrick. "I thought you would have recollect-ed that much, because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Oh, ma'am, I mind it well; but sure, 'O' or 'O' belongs to no one but me, 'Well, now, remember, Pat it's L.' "You, ma'am?" "No, no, not U, but L." "Not I, but U, ma'am. How's that?" "Not U, but I blockhead." "Oh! yes; faith, now I have it, ma'am. You mean to say that you, not I am a blockhead." "Fool! fool!" exclaimed the pedagogue, almost bursting with rage. "Just as ye please," replied Pat. "For 'O' or 'O' belongs to no one but me, which is as long as ye are so long as ye are free to own it."

COUNTY PAPERS.—The Washington Republicans thus truthfully speaks of the value of a home paper: "The newspaper which announces the state of the markets and gives information of droughts and floods so that the farmer may be enabled to secure the full advantage of the time, is essential. A family paper, which is the herald of both joy and sorrow, and which, by instructing the youth, keeps them out of bad society, is paying its way a thousandfold. We venture to assert that no family can either become or remain prosperous that is deprived of its newspaper. Real estate and all other property would depreciate if an organized county should permit its local papers to languish or die. In fact, we know of no man of means who does not so fully as the conductor of the five thousand local weekly journals in the United States.

The Erie Observer gets off the following: "In the early days of Pithole, the pioneer men thought it necessary to have a Sabbath school. One of the leading young men was chosen for Superintendent. The position was new to him, but he determined not to shirk his responsibility. Thinking that it would be proper for him to make a little opening speech, he cleared his throat and started as follows: "Children, you are very fortunate in being born in a Christian land. There are thousands of the world not so fortunate. It is peculiarly gratifying to know that you live in that portion of the earth where the rock pours forth rivers of oil. Now my dear children, there's the Mormons, they worship old Mahom; there's the Heathens they worship old Heath; there's the Hindoos, they worship old Hind; and there's the Pagans, they worship old Pat; while we worship whom we please."

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