THE ENTERPRISE.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FEB. 20, 1874.

How I Lost My Intended.

I am not a rich man—I never was, and very much fear I never shall be; for, notwithstanding my having courted and wooed Fortune, that fickle goddess has persistently turned her back on me. I have often asked myself the question, "What have I done to deserve such treatment?" and have always come to the conclusion that I am the innocent victim of circumstances—still, I am a victim, and find but little consolation in being an innocent one. In proof of this assertion I will relate how I lost my intended:

Some few years back it was my chance to be invited to a large croquet party. Of course I went, and being a first-rate player, soon became an object of interest to the fair players, and one of envy to the sterner sex. Among the former was a Miss Sophia Wrenton—a fine handsome girl of about eighteen. She played croquet admirably—almost as well as I d d—and was d e s e exquisitely. It was a perfect signal to see her walk across the lawn, her golden hair glittering in the sunshine, escaped in heavy masses from beneath her pretty little hat; her blue satin dress, looped up just high enough to show an exquisite ankle and tiny foot, incased in the daintiest of shoes, that drove one nearly wild, and made me envy the ball she placed it on, (we did not play loose croquet then, but did the old-fashioned way of holding one ball tight with the foot.) I played so that she might croquet me each time; therefore I need not say that I lost the game—but I was rewarded with a glance that was worth all the games ever known. I led her to a seat; I procured refreshments; I strolled with her around the garden; I made love to her. She listened, and at last informed me that she always took a walk around Hyde Park at 11 A. M. Soon after this the party broke up and we bade farewell to each other with a gentle pressure of the hand and a glance that said as plainly as could be—"We part to meet again."

Every morning at eleven o'clock, a tall handsome man, with an exceedingly long mustache and an aristocratic air, might be seen wending his way beneath the branches of the noble trees that, verdant with foliage, shed their shadows over that most celebrated equestrian way, named "Rotten Row." Gentle reader, I was that man.

At the same hour, approaching from the opposite direction, a tall, handsome girl of about eighteen Summers could be observed. Her step had that peculiar elasticity which shows anxiety to reach the beloved object of her search. A gentle flush spread over her peach-like cheeks as she drew near the gentleman before mentioned. That sweet girl was Sophia We met, and—but no; I cannot describe the rapture of our meeting!

Things went on in this way for a couple of months. I found Sophia all I could wish, and I was all that she desired. She scorned wealth; I was poor and therefore escaped her scorn. She doted on mysteries; I was a complete one, therefore she doted on me. She loved romance; I had a particular reason for romancing. What two people in the world could be more suited to each other?

During our walks I discovered that Sophia hated anything commonplace or low. Thus, she would have had no objection to my poverty forcing me to abstain from dinners for a week or a fortnight; but she would have hated me had I dared to mention that I was unromantically hungry, or expressed Mr. Pickwick's desire for "chops and tomato sauce." I also found that I had a rival, but luckily a rich one—therefore Sophia scorned him, but at the same time used him to make me jealous and our situation more romantic. I muttered his name, which, by the way, was Jenkins, in deep sepulchral tones that made Sophia tremble. I allowed my hair to grow, loosened my necktie, pulled down the ends of my mustache, and sighed like an American goat-sucker.

Sophia had, on her part, learned my address—indeed, I had made no secret of that, for it was a good one, being Bernard st., Russell Square. She thought I had the drawing-rooms; I knew I had the back-attic, but I felt that it would be unkind to deceive her.

It so happened that I had to go to Reading on a small matter of business during the week the races were held in that town. Let not the gentle reader of this sad story imagine that I am a betting man. Banish the thought. And yet if I do indulge a little in matters connected with the turf, noble lords and dukes have also done the same; therefore I need not be ashamed, and—well, no matter. Let it pass.

My journey to Reading had proved unfortunate, and I returned home to my apartments (always put the s to it, it sounds better), a sad, if not a wiser man; my heart full of care, my pockets void of money. Lighting a candle which I found placed ready for me on the umbrella stand, I went slowly upstairs to bed, hoping to forget my troubles in sleep. Placing the candle on a chest of drawers that served as a toilet table, I gazed in the glass at my haggard face. The sight was too much for me, and I turned away to find consolation in a flask of spirits that I always kept secreted in a hat-box. In doing so my eyes fell upon a pretty pink note that had been placed upon my table during my absence. I seized it instantly, and tearing it open found, that it was from Sophia, inviting me to dine at her father's. Yes, the dear girl had persuaded her father to allow her to invite me to a dinner-party. I have no doubt it cost her some little violation of the truth; but she had succeeded, and I should see her surrounded with that wealth and luxury that belonged to her, and which I devoutly hoped would soon belong to me. Overcome with happiness I blew out the candle, sprang into bed, and dreamed of white favors, carriages and horses, a balance at my bankers, and Sophia.

The next morning I arose and proceeded at once to make my toilet, after which I indulged in a light breakfast, composed of weak coffee and one of those small fish for which Yarmouth is so famous, at the same time ruminating over the state of my affairs. They stood thus: I was without money. Sophia's dinner party came on that very evening, and my necessity had compelled me to lend my dress suit to a suppositious uncle. What was I to do? It was true I had a gold watch and chain, but Sophia had admired them and I did not like to appear before her without them. I sat down and pondered over the situation, and came to the conclusion that there was but one way, and that was to take out my dress suit, leaving my repeater in its place. I would wear the chain, and no one need know I was minus a watch.

The event arrived. I had completed my toilet, and stood before the glass admiring the fit of my coat, and giving a few final touches to my cravat. Taking my latch-key, I fastened it to the end of my chain, instead of my watch, and fixed it in my waistcoat pocket. I then gathered up the few miscellaneous articles which I had removed from the pockets of my walking-suit, and distributed them about my person, taking care that no pocket should bulge out to spoil the perfect set of my clothes, and in a few moments was driving rapidly toward the home of my dear Sophia.

I cannot describe the luxury of old Wrenton's mansion—it was tremendous. The very street door had a rich appearance—having two brass-knockers on it; the hall was completely furnished; the stair carpets were so thick that I felt as though I were walking on a hat brush. The drawing-room was all glass and gold; the curtains of lace, the chairs and sofas covered with blue silk. I was nearly overpowered with the wealth displayed: but plucking up courage, I entered the room with a graceful bow and a firm eye, that already looked upon all this magnificence as partly mine. I did all in my power to ingratiate myself with Sophia's father—a short, fat, pimply, purple man, who breathed heavily through a brilliant nose—and flattered myself that I had succeeded; for when the servant announced that dinner was served, Mr. Wrenton desired me to take Sophia down stairs. I saw my rival's look of envy, for he was handed over to a fat old dowager; nevertheless the wretch managed to be seated next to Sophia, and persisted in joining in our conversation.

The party was a large one, the dinner excellent, and the wines superb. The conversation was general and turned on traveling; and I was loud in condemning the English railways, comparing them to those of the continent, of which I had a large experience, having had at different times to seek in foreign lands that protection denied me by my own countrymen.

"It may be as you say," said my rival, the horrid Jenkins, "but for my part I prefer the English lines. You get more attention and civility from the officials."

"I am sorry to say that I do not agree with you," I replied, "and I am sure you would own I am right had you been with me when I was going to Marseilles; or even more so had you been traveling with me to Baden Baden."

As I spoke I saw Sophia glance at me with pride.

"Things may have altered," said Jenkins, "but I traveled both France and Germany for ten years, when I was junior partner to Print, Calico & Co., but I never had any civility that I had not to pay heavily for."

I placed my eye-glass in my eye, and surveyed Mr. Jenkins with a look of contempt, at the same time observing that I traveled for pleasure, not business.

"I didn't," replied Jenkins; "I traveled for the firm, and very well it paid me. One thing you must own; our men are quicker and more correct."

"Not at all," said I triumphantly. "Only last week I had to go home to Reading, and on leaving the train I entered the refreshment room, and had a cup of coffee, after which I left the station, forgetting to give up my ticket, as no one asked me for it."

"You must excuse my scarcely crediting that sir," said Mr. Jenkins. "Are you sure you did not give up the ticket before entering the refreshment-room?"

"I am positive of that," I replied, "and to prove what I said is correct, I will show you the ticket, which I have with me."

As I spoke I cast a glance of scorn at Jenkins; then turning disdainfully from him, I took the ticket from my pocket, and gave it to Sophia to pass to him.

Sophia glanced at it and screamed, and that brute Jenkins at once snatched it from her hand!

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "It is not a railway ticket, but a pawnbroker's one for a gold watch, £3 10s., Ernest de Vere, 30 Bernard street, Russell Square, dated to-day!"

A titter ran around the room, and I felt like sinking through the floor! It was but too true! In mistake I had given him that horrid ticket in memory of my repeater, instead of the railway one. I tried to laugh it off, but it would not do. My disguise was seen through, and I was completely undone.

A week afterwards I read in the newspapers that Sophia had become Mrs. Jenkins.

N. B.—I still have that fatal ticket, but will willingly part with it for a trifle.

To Cure Dogs of Killing Sheep. If you have a good dog that kills or runs sheep, and you don't want to shoot him, build a pen sixteen feet square, and then run a pole across the top; then pick the oldest buck of the flock, put him in the pen, and get your dog, put a collar round his neck, with rope attached, to draw up over the middle of the pole, so that the dog will have his fore feet swinging off of the ground a few inches. Get out of the pen, and let the buck give him several good buts, and then turn him loose. This is a sure cure. I tried it on my father's dogs when I was a boy, and never knew them to even cross a field where the sheep were grazing after the trial. Try it.

According to the New York *Tribune* the Rev. Byron Sunderland, D. D., Chaplain of the Senate, in his opening prayer the other day, "invoked Divine Providence to hold in his own hand that powerful engine—the public press." This is the same clergyman who is charged with taking $350 as a fee for lobbying a bill through Congress.

CHAS. H. CAUFIELD,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

CORNER OF SEVENTH AND MAIN STREETS, OREGON CITY.

Has Just Received a New Stock of

Calicoes, Dress Goods, Brown and Bleached Sheetings,

House Lining, Shirtings, Table-Linen, Irish Bosom Linens,

Linen Towelling, Table-Cloths, Corsets, Ladies' and Gents'

Hose, Thread, Cambrics, Buttons, Ribbons, Laces and Insertions,

Embroidery, White Goods, Millinery, Fancy Goods, &c

Also, a full assortment of

LADIES' AND CHILDERN'S SHOES.

Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Coal Oil, Coal Oil Lamps, Wicks and Chimneys

Which have bee selected with special care for this market and cannot BE SURPASSED IN QUALITY OR PRICE.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

March 13, 1873:tf

TO THE CITIZENS OF CLACKAMAS COUNTY:

GREAT REDUCTION IN

DRY-GOODS,

CLOTHING,

GROCERIES, ETC.

LEVY BROTHERS,

Owing to the failing health of A. Levy, it is our purpose to offer our entire Stock of Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices, in order to close out our

IMMENSE FALL STOCK!

LEVY BROS.,

Second door north of the Postoffice, Main street, Oregon City.

COLEMAN'S EUCALYPTUS

No better evidence of the efficiency of Dr. J. S. Coleman's Compound Extract of Eucalyptus can be desired, than the following summary of cases, treated with this remedy alone, by that eminent physician, Dr. David Wooster, in the U. S. Marine Hospital, San Francisco, reported in the August No. (1872) Pacific Med. Jour.

	No Cases Treated	Cured	Improved.
Remittent Fever	5	5	...
Chills and Fever	19	19	...
Typhoid Fever	9	9	...
Inflamation of Kidneys	4	3	1
Diuretis	10	7	3
Incontinence of Urine	3	3	...
Stricture	6	4	2
Inflamation of Bladder	27	25	2
Blennorrhagia	13	10	3
Disease of the Heart	7	...	7
Dysentery	4	3	1
Chronic Diarrhœa	13	9	4
Gonorrhœa	15	15	...
Dropsy	6	3	3

Completely corroborative of the summary of Dr. Wooster, are the reports of the experiments with Eucalyptus by Dr. Lorrimer, of Berlin, Prussia, and Dr. Keeler, Chief Physician of the Austrian Railway Co., published in the American Medical Journal, July, 1872.

It will be found very efficacious in obstinate cases of Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Hacking Cough, Chronic Sore Throat, Leucorrhea, etc., and in nausea during pregnancy.

Dr. Coleman's Double Extract of Eucalyptus is a special preparation for the treatment of **Fever and Ague**, and is **Warranted to Cure** every case treated according to directions, without the injurious results of the usual quinine and arsenical remedies for that disease. Also pure Fluid Extract of Eucalyptus, in one pound bottles, for physicians' use. Beware of imitations and take none but Coleman's.

EUCALYPTUS For sale everywhere, and by Charles Langley & Co., Druggists, Agents San Francisco.

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MERCHANDISE.

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Each number contains the

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Having a large and constantly increasing Circulation in the most populous part of the State, offers superior inducements to those who wish to Advertise.

Advertisements inserted on

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The Campaign of 1874 will soon begin, and it is therefore a good time to Subscribe in order that you may be posted on current events. Send in your subscription at once.

MERCHANDISE.

NEW GOODS

GOOD NEWS!

PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

LOOK OUT FOR GOOD

BARGAINS!

S. ACKERMAN & CO.

Have just received a large stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

which they offer

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

We would say come and convince yourself before purchasing elsewhere. Our stock consists in part of

Fancy and Staple

Dry Goods, Clothing,

Hats, Boots and Shoes,

Ladies and Gents

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and a great many other articles too numerous to mention; also,

Doors, Windows,

Glass and Putty,

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All kinds of Produce taken in exchange or Goods

ALSO

Wool Wanted

For which we pay the Highest Prices.

S. ACKERMAN & CO.

Oregon City, October 31, 1873-tf.

MERCHANDISE.

JOHN MYERS,

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DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

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SHOES,

HARDWARE,

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AND

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Books and Stationery.

I will pay the highest prices for

Butter, Eggs,

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GOOD COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I will sell as low as any house in Oregon for

CASH OR ITS EQUIVALENT

in Good Merchantable Produce.

I am selling very low for

CASH IN HAND.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves.

JOHN MYERS.

Oregon City, March 21, 1873.

THE SUN.

WEEKLY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND DAILY.

THE WEEKLY SUN is too widely known to require any extended recommendation; but the reasons which have already given it fifty thousand subscribers, and which will, we hope, give it many thousand more, are briefly as follows:

It is a first-rate newspaper. All the news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment, and always presented in a clear, intelligible and interesting manner.

It is a first-rate family paper, full of interesting and instructive reading of every kind, but containing nothing that can offend the most delicate and scrupulous taste.

It is a first-rate story paper. The best tales and romances of current literature are carefully selected and legibly printed in its pages.

It is a first-rate agricultural paper. The most fresh and instructive articles on agricultural topics regularly appear in this department.

It is an independent political paper, belonging to no party and wearing no collar. It fights for principle, and for the election of the best men to office. It especially devotes its energies to the exposure of the great corruptions that now weaken and disgrace our country, and threaten to undermine republican institutions altogether. It has no fear of knaves, and asks no favors from their supporters.

It reports the fashions for the ladies and the markets for the men, especially the cattle-markets, to which it pays particular attention.

Finally it is the cheapest paper published. One dollar a year will secure it for any subscriber. It is not necessary to get up a club in order to have THE WEEKLY SUN at this rate. Any one who sends a single dollar will receive the paper for a year.

We have no travelling agents.

THE WEEKLY SUN.—Eight pages, fifty-six columns. Only $1.00 a year. No discounts from this rate.

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THE DAILY SUN.—A large four-page newspaper of twenty-eight columns. Daily circulation over 120,000. All the news for 2 cents. Subscription price 50 cents per month, or $5.00 a year. To clubs of 10 or more, a discount of 20 per cent.

Address, "THE SUN," New York City.

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with all the choicest qualities of Liquors and Cigars. Scotch, Irish and Bourbon already famous Whiskies and Punch.

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OREGON CITY, : OREGON.

We are prepared to execute all kinds of

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such as

CARDS,
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in fact all kinds of work done a in Printing Office, at

PORTLAND PRICES.

ALL KINDS OF

LEGAL BLANKS

constantly on hand, and for sale at as low a price as can be had in the State.

Work Solicited

AND

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Oregon City, March 21, 1873-tf.

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Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 40 Park Row, New York.

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SHEET MUSIC.

The following named pieces are recommended as being among our latest and best issues:

MUSIC

Julia, 'tis of thee I sing	Song.	Hays 35c
Why don't you come home	"	Hays 40c
'Neath the waves her Spirit wanders	"	Stewart 30c
No little one to meet me	"	Pratt 30c
Give my love to all at home	"	Stewart 30c
Think of me sometimes, Maggie	"	Stewart 30c
Softly shone the Stars of Heaven	"	Pratt 30c

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Dinna forget your mither, Sandie	"	Hays 40c
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Jenny, the flower of Kildare	"	Stewart 40c
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My Love sleeps under the Daisies	Song.	Persley 30c
Oh! how d'ye do, Aunt Susie?	song.	Maywood 30c
Dat makes me noddings out	song.	Perley 30c
'Neath the white and purple Blossoms	"	Stewart 30c
Nora is dreaming of you	"	Pratt 30c
The sweetest Bud is missing	"	Danks 30c

ON RECEIPT

Will he come home to-night, mother?	"	Danks 30c
God Bless our Home?	"	Stewart 40c
Get up and shut the Door	"	Hays 35c
Does he ever think of me	"	Hays 35c
Come, Holy Spirit	Hymn.	Danks 30c
My dear old Mother	Song.	Hays 40c
I have no Home	"	Hays 40c
Lost and cast away	"	Hays 35c
Poor little Tim	"	Abbey 30c

OF THE

Oysters and wine at 4 a. m.	"	Stewart 30c
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Savior, Thou art ever near	"	Danks 30c
The Toast, Brindisi for Male Voices	"	Tonel 40c
Pearl of America, Caprice, Instrumental		Kinkel 50c
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MARKED PRICE.

Autumn Leaves. Reverie. Instrumental		Kinkel 50c
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Published and sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by J. L. PETERS,

599 Broadway, New York.

decfm4

Estate of John Radford, Deceased.

Notice to creditors: all persons having claims against the above name deceased, are notified to present them with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned, the duly appointed Administrator of said estate, at the office of Huelat & Warren, in Oregon City, within six months from this date. CHARLES E. ROORK,

February 4, 1874. 5w Administrator.

NOTICE

In the County Court of Clackamas county, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the Guardianship of Adelia Elliott, an insane person:

Jones Cutting, guardian of the above-named Adelia Elliott, an insane person, having filed a petition praying for the sale of the real estate belonging to said Adelia Elliott, and it appearing to the Court from the petition, that it is necessary to sell the interest of said ward in the following described real estate, to-wit: The north half of the donation land claim of Charles Cutting and Abigail Cutting, his wife, designated on the maps and plats of the United States surveys as "Claim No. 52," in T. 5, S. R., 2 E., of the Willamette meredian, situated in Clackamas county, Oregon. It is, therefore, ordered by the Court that the next of kin of said ward and all other persons interested is said estate, appear before this Court, on Monday, the second day of March, 1874, at the Court House in Oregon City, and show cause why a license should not be granted for the sale o such estate.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the Oregon City Enterprise, the litigant organ for Clackamas county.

W. L. WHITE,
County Judge.

Attest: R. F. Caufield, Clerk.

Johnson & McCown,
Att'ys for Guardian.

January 29th, 1874. 5w

Frospectus for 1874—Seventh Year.

THE ALDINE,

An Illustrated Monthly Journal, Universally admitted to be the Handsomest Periodical in the World. A Representative and Champion of American Taste.

Not For Sale in Book or News Stores.

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary for *timely* interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of *THE ALDINE* will be most appreciated after it has been bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, *THE ALDINE* is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes *for ten times its cost; and then, there are the chromos, besides!*

PREMIUM FOR 1874.

Every subscriber to *THE ALDINE* for the year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos. The original pictures were painted in oil for the publisher of the *THE ALDINE*, by Thomas Moran, whose great Colorado picture was purchased by Congress for ten thousand dollars. The subjects were chosen to represent "The East" and "the West." One is a view in the White Mountains, New Hampshire; the other gives The Cliffs of Green River, Wyoming Territory. The difference in the nature of the scenes thus massed is a pleasing contrast, and affords a good display of the artist's scope and coloring. The chromos are each worked from thirty distinct plates, and are in size (12 x 16) and appearance exact facsimiles of the originals. The presentation of a worthy example of America's greatest landscape painter to the subscribers of *THE ALDINE* was a bold but peculiarly happy idea, and its successful realization is attested by the following testimonial, over the signature of Mr. Moran himself.

NEWARK, N. J., *Sept. 26th*, 1873

Messrs. James Sutton & Co.

Gentlemen,—I am delighted in the proofs in color of your chromos. They are wonderfully successful representations by mechanical process of the original paintings.

Very Respectfully,

(Signed,) THOS. MORAN.

These chromos are in every sense American. They are by an original American process, with material of American manufacture, from designs of American scenery by an American painter, and presented to subscribers to the first successful American Art Journal. If not better because of all this, they will certainly possess an interest no foreign production can inspire, and neither are they any the worse it by reason of peculiar facilities of production they cost the publisher only a trifle, *while equal in very respect to other chromos that are sold singly for double the subscription price of THE ALDINE.* Persons of taste will prize these pictures for themselves—not for the price they did or did not cost, and will appreciate the enterprise that renders their distribution possible.

In any subscriber should indicate a preference for a figure subject, the publisher will send "Thoughts of Home," a new and beautiful chromo, 14 x 20 inches, representing a little Italian exile whose speaking eyes betray the longings of his heart.

TERMS:

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Will give a grand exhibition, Concert and Ball, on Tuesday evening, February 24, 1874, at

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PROGRAMME---Part I.

1, Overture—Cavatina, from Lucregia Borgia.....By the Orchestra;
2, Song, quartette.....by P. T. Sing Club;
3, Soprano Solo, 'Beautiful Isle of the Sea,' .....Oregon City Amateur;
4, Exercises.....Members Turn Verions;
5, Duett, "The Minute Gun at Sea,".....O. C. Amateurs;
7, Grand Piano Solo.....Miss Abraham;
7, Indian Club Swinging.....A. C. Miller.

Part II.

1, Overture, Daughters of Columbia...Band;
2, Tenor Solo, "Loved Ones at Home," .....O. C. Amataur;
3, Exercises on Double Bar...Turn Verions;
4, Song, Quartette.....P. T. Singing Club;
5, Piano Duet.....Vaillance Folka Milletan, Miss Abraham and Master Meyer.
6, Double Trapeze....Mess. Marx & Brenkley.

Music by Mr. Chas Bray's String Band

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