Mechanics L.

Oregon City Enterprise.

VOL. 8. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1874. NO. 20.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

A. NOLTNER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS CO.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick, next door to John Myers' store, up-stairs.

Terms of Subscription:

Single Copy One Year, In Advance.....$2.50
" " Six Months " " 1.50

Terms of Advertising:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 8 square of twelve lines one week.....$ 2.50
For each subsequent insertion..... 1.00
One Column, one year..... 120.00
Half " " " 60.00
Quarter " " " 40.00
Business Card, 1 square, one year..... 12.00

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ORREGON CITY, OREGON.
Office Up-Stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street. aug14tf.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.
Surgeon.
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
OFFICE—Odd Fellow's Temple, corner First and Alder streets. Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

Drs. Welch & Thompson,
DENTISTS,
OFFICE IN
ODD FELLOW'S TEMPLE,
Corner of First and Alder Streets,
PORTLAND - - OREGON.
Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays. Nov. 3tf

S. HUELAT. CHAS. E. WARREN.
HUELAT & WARREN
Attorneys-at-Law,
OREGON CITY, - - OREGON.
OFFICE—Charman's brick, Main st. 5mar8'72tf.

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. 5apr8'72-tf.

L. T. BARIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OREGON CITY, : : OREGON.
OFFICE—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main street. 2mar73-tf.

J. T. APPERSON,
OFFICE IN POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

BROKER.
Legal Tenders, Clackamas County Orders, and Oregon City Orders
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Loans negotiated, Collections attended to, and a General Brokerage business carried on. jan6tf.

A. NOLTNER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
OREGON CITY.

W. H. HIGHFIELD.
Established since '49, at the old stand.
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An assortment of Wathes, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage.

A. C. WALLING'S
PIONEER BOOK BINDERY.
Pittock's Building Corner of Stark and Front Streets.
PORTLAND, - - - - - OREGON.
BLANK BOOKS RULED AND BOUND to any desired pattern. Music books, Magazines, Newspapers, etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

OREGON CITY BREWERY.
Henry Humbel,
HAVING PURCHASED the above Brewery wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality of
LAGER BEER,
as good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

NEW YORK HOTEL.
(Deutsches Gafthaus.)
No. 17 Front Street, Opposite the Mail Steamship Landing.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
M. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS, Proprietors.

Board & Week.....$5.00
Board & Week with Lodging.....6.00
Board & Day..... 1.00

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer has come again,
Singing her same old songs;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and rain,
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shores,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair,
Or the loved one gone before.

Borrowing Trouble.

By all means, borrow all the trouble you can! If you cannot borrow enough by day, sit up nights, and get somebody to help you!

You will have cows-feet at the corners of your eyes by the time you are twenty-five, and you will need a wig at thirty, but never mind! there is a satisfaction in knowing that trouble has done it!

Always be on the lookout for something to happen. Fall half the troubles in this life are purely imagary, and the more you worry, the livelier will your imagination become.

You know the story of the girl who was found crying bitterly before the mouth of the family oven, which was being heated for Thanksgiving sacrifices? When asked by her mother what was the matter, she replied, between her sobs:

"Oh, ma! I was thinking what if I should grow up, and get married, and have a little baby, and the hot oven lid should fall down on it—boo! hoo! oow! oow!"

Well, there are thousands of people in this world just like this little girl. They are on the lookout for oven lids.

Something terrible is continually staring at them in the future. They expect the cholera every year. They look constantly for small-pox. They shrink up and shudder at the thought of a comet! They expect to be struck by lightning ever time a cloud passes over the sun! They never go to bed without expecting to be murdered before morning! If the cat gets shut up in the pantry, they are sure burglars are in the house!

They are continually looking for fits of sickness; and believing that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, they employ the preventitives, and their houses smell of onions, camphor, hartshorn and whisky, in about equal parts.

They are ready to meet all evils half way. They do not seem to realize the fact that the most of the troubles we have are those which we never expected or dreamed of! What we are confidently expecting to come, and the heaviest blows fall upon us when we are most at our ease.—*Kate Thorn, in New York Weekly.*

Some One to Love.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs we have of the soul's independence of the body is our great need of love and of something to love.

Were we mere animals, creatures doomed to perish after a few brief years of life in this world, that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it, would be sufficient. As it is we may have all of these things, and health to enjoy them, and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love," is our heart's cry.

When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us, we rejoice; when people are harsh and unkind we suffer. We begin life wishing to love all people, and believing they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but as long as reason last, we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents sisters and brothers, that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us, these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterwards come the little children, frail helpless babies, who need our care so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us.

Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their emptyheartedness; for kindness will win love. They often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, kitten, a parrot, perhaps, on which they lavish caresses which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride, or morbid sensitiveness may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

Some one to love! is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every heart responds; the bond which will bind us all together in that world where mourners shall be comforted and love shall reign forever.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. I have got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

Keep it in View.

San Francisco Examiner.

It is very true that there is no longer much utility in discussing certain questions of the boundaries between the State and General Governments, which formed much of the staple of political argument fifteen or twenty years ago. The civil war undoubtedly disposed of many of those principles for whose establishment our forefathers fought most stoutly, and the new amendments to the Constitution, howsoever wrongly and irregularly adopted, are fixed facts, against whose existence argument is idle and contestation futile. But while we recognize, accept, observe and obey the laws that have made inroads upon the powers of the States, in accordance with the forms and means provided for changes in the Constitution, we do not yield one iota of the rights yet remaining to the States, and we have no idea of abandoning them as long as the vestal rights of liberty are burning in the land. The States of the Union are not now as they were at the beginning of this Government. They have been materially reduced in jurisdiction; their internal affairs have been seriously circumscribed; their relations with the General Government and the relations of the General Government with them, have been greatly altered by modifications made in the organic law. Yet they are still States, with their rights as States resting upon sound principles that gave them birth, and being as several, if not separate, members of the Union in which all of them were and are bound together by voluntary ties of origin, of interest, and of expectation of future wealth and strength.

The States gave up some of their prerogatives when they made up the Union, and they have yielded others in a few years past. But they have not conceded more than the Constitution with its amendments shows. And it is the duty of each and all of them to one another, to assert and exercise all the powers remaining with them, and to resist by all legitimate means in Congress, and in the Courts, every effort made, whether in open usurpation, or under the guise of a pretended national law, for the national good, to force the Federal Government into further encroachments upon their domestic authority in their own exclusive matters within themselves.

It is the height of folly for the reflecting and patriotic men of the country, who appreciate the importance of preserving our system of government as it was originated, as far as possible, to be concurring in the revolutionary policy of the reckless leaders of the party in power, and conceding that they have the right to do what they have the might to do, and that it is idle to attempt to stand up against them.

Despite the apparent popularity of Radicalism, there is conservative sentiment enough and conservative power enough in this country to give some protection to the Constitution, and to defer, if not defeat, the ultimate aims of the usurpers, until the whole nation aroused by a sense of the impending dangers shall proclaim a change of men and measures at the polls for the Presidency. It is impossible that centralization can go much farther than it has gone, without entirely overthrowing the institutions of our Government. And if the people of all sections, and the representatives of the people in the Federal councils, continue to be indifferent, as they now appear to be, to all infringements of the rights of the States, the day is not so far in the future when all the political power of the entire country will be exercised either directly or indirectly at Washington. Because all claim to the right of secession has been renounced forever, on the part of the States of the South, it by no means follows that there is an admission of an utter abrogation of every right originally asserted and enjoyed by each or any State of the Union.

The great principle and point of political difference between Democracy and Radicalism is that involving the legitimate powers of the General Government on the one hand and of the several States on the other. Let us see to it that this principle is kept prominently in view.

DREAMS.—If a man dreams that the devil is after him, it is a sign that he had better settle his subscription bill.

If he dreams of an earthquake, and a turmoil generally, it is a sign that he is going to be married.

If he (being a married man) dreams of some fearful mysterious danger, it is a sign that his mother-in-law is coming to spend a few days with her darling daughter.

If he dreams his head is in danger, and that his hair falls out, is a sign that he will have a quarrel with his wife.

If he dreams of being accosted by a strange man, who insists on talking to him, it is a sign that he had better know all the policemen.

If he dreams of speaking familiary to a ghost with horns and tail, it is a sign that he had better reduce his liquor bill.

If he dreams of making a fool of himself it is a true sign it is so.

Speak kindly at all times. It encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing, and very likely awakens the erring to earnest resolves to do better with strength.

Kind words are balm to the soul. They oil up the mochinery of life and keep it in good running order.

A little white girl was recently stopped by a negro, in the city of Savannah, who deliberately pulled her ear-rings from her ears.

Fees in the Governor's Office.

From the Salem Mercury.

The Dalles *Mountaineer* and the Salem *Statesman* are busily engaged in manufacturing false statements in relation to the Executive office. The *Mountaineer* has been examining the report of the Secretary of State on State expenses, and makes the following specification on "fees and perquisites," as he calls the items referred to:

"From this chapter we learn the astonishing fact that for the two years ending September 9, 1872, the Governor, whose salary and compensation is definitely and unequivocally fixed at fifteen hundred dollars per year, by the article of the Constitution quoted, received in perquisites for the "performance of duties connected with his office the aggregate of $603 33. These services are for inspecting the penitentiary, the sum of $383 33, and for attending to and listing State land, the sum of $210."

Let us give the editor a little information, which every person of common understanding probably knows already. The Act of our Legislature of Oct. 21st, 1864, provides that the Governor shall appoint the Superintendent of the Penitentiary, and be the general inspector of the same. Sec. 3d of said Act is as follows:

Sec. 3. "The Governor shall be allowed necessary traveling expenses, and an annual salary of two hundred dollars to be paid quarterly, and the Secretary of State shall issue warrants on the State Treasurer for the same."

This Act has been on the statue book for ten years and has never been condemned by any Legislature, newspaper or citizen before. The two Republican predecessors of the present Governor have received this allowance, with the support and approval of the two Republican journals which now denounce the same. This act was passed by a Republican Legislature. After two Republican Governors have received the benefit of it, these Republican newspapers denounce the allowance because now received by a Democratic Governor. Our readers will see the point.

These editors may not know that this law exists. But they might say that this Act is unconstitutional because the Constitution says that the Governor shall receive no fees or perquisites whatever for the performance of any duties connected with his office. We believe this Act was framed by the President of our Constitutional Convention, and of course in his opinion, as well as in the opinion of the Legislature was Constitutional. The point is this: for the performance of any official act within the constitutional duties of the Governor, no fees or perquisites can be allowed or received; but if the Legislature cast upon the Executive certain duties not enumerated or contemplated by the Constitution that he should perform, it is competent and proper that pay should be allowed.

It is not a constitutional duty of the Governor to supervise the Penitentiary; nor is this duty performed by any other Governor in the United States. If he performs this work in Oregon, in addition to all his constitutional duties, should he not be paid for it? If not, let the law be repealed; but be not guilty of the petty spite of abusing the Governor for acting according to law. Woods received not only his two hundred dollars a year for this duty, and his ordinary expenses of the service, but during the last year of his administration he had warrants for over $700 for carriage hire, on the pretence of riding to the Penitentiary! Yet after the warrants had been condemned by an investigating committee, the last Radical Legislature, of which the editor of the *Statesman* was Chief Clerk of the House, and the *Mountaineer* a supporter of its work, passed an Act covering all this steal and all others of like character of the Woods-May administration, placing the fraudulent items so detailed into the general appropriation bills, that they could not be vetoed without stopping the wheels of the State Government, and consumated the swindle upon the public, with the connivance and support of the editors who now howl against the present administration. But these editors are sick men.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
But when he got well, the devil a saint was he."

There is the item of $210, stated by the falsifying editor as being "for attending to and listing State land." The record from which he copied this item reads:—"expenses in locating and listing lands."

By act of the Legislature, of Oct. 15, 1862, the Governor was appointed "Land Commissioner for the State of Oregon," and was authorized and required to locate all the public lands enuring to the State of Oregon, under several different Acts of Congress therein named. This Act authorized the Governor to employ proper assistance in selecting the lands, and made provision that such persons should receive five dollars per day for such labor, with necessary expenses. Under this Act Govs. Gibbs and Woods employed several persons to act in this capacity, and spent nearly $2,000 in efforts which finally amounted to but little results, as far securing the public lands of the State was concerned.

The present Governor had to do most of the work of his predecessors over again, and has succeeded in vesting in the State the great body of public lands to which she is entitled. He has employed no person to assist him except his Private Secretary, who has performed all the class of work which other agents did for Gibbs and Woods. These agents received *five dollars per day and expenses*, while the present Governor's Private Secretary received *no per diem—not one dollar*—but only received back the money he actually expended in doing the work.

The $210 mentioned as being paid to the Governor, is shown by the vouchers and by the orders of the Board of School Land Commissioners, to be paid to defray the expenses of the Private Secretary in locating and listing 183,000 acres of land. This work required sixty-eight triplicate lists or two hundred and four single lists. The Governor has received nothing on account of locating all of our public land—not a dime.

This attack upon the Executive serves to bring out the great contrast between his work and that of his Republican predecessors. The one has been successful and economical—the other unsuccessful and expensive. The present administration has been one of honor and reform. Its Republican predecessors was an administration of dishonor and extravagance. The present Executive has not received a single dime for fees or perquisites of his office for the performance of any official act. Woods received fees for everything, pardoned criminals for pay, approved wagon roads for money, loaned his honor and influence for every paying job, and never did an honest day's work for the State while he was Governor; yet these editors supported him. Reformers indeed!

As we take great pleasure in explaining the workings of the present effective and responsible State administration we will next week refer to the Secretary of State's office and refute some of the slanders that have been published against that department.

Not for Him—A Scene at the Postoffice Window.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

At the window for the delivery of advertised letters special vigilance is requisite on the part of the clerks to guard against the delivery of advertised letters to unlawful and mistaken claimants. They sometimes, however, have a difficult task in persuading an applicant that the letter he inquires for is not for him, but for another individual of the same name.

One of them had such a task not long since, when a daintily dressed and perfumed gentleman presented himself at a window and asked for a letter advertised as remaining uncalled for, and addressed to Edward Jackson.

The clerk soon found the missive inquired for, but, after reading the superscription, said, in a decided tone:

"This letter is not for you, sir."

'Not for me! Isn't it for Edward Jackson?'

'Yes, sir; but it isn't for you.'

'My name is Edward Jackson.'

'I don't doubt it, sir; but nevertheless I assure you that this letter is not for you.'

'How can you know that, sir?' said the exquisite, now becoming indignant (it is astonishing, by the way, on what slight provocation Postoffice callers let their angry passions rise,) "if you don't give me that letter at once, I'll report you to Mr. James.

The clerk knowing that Mr. James, while he would not countenance impertinence "talking back," would be sure to sustain him if he were in the right, coolly answered:

'I can't give you the letter unless you answer the description on the address.'

'Isn't my name Edward Jackson, and isn't the letter addressed to him? Don't I answer the description?'

'Yes, sir, so far; but that is not enough. The letter (reading the address) is for Edward Jackson, colored cook on the schooner Dirty Jane. If you answer to that description here's your letter.'

But Mr. Jackson didn't take it, and vanished—leaving behind him the odor of 'Jockey Club' perfume, and muttering maledictions on the custom of advertising letters, and on the head of the culinary artist of the Dirty Jane.

PERFECTLY IN HARMONY.—The platform of the Connecticut Democracy shows, as political platforms are so apt to do, the mark of different writers, differing in their gift of utterance, and differing in their clearness of sight of the causes of, and the remedies for, the evils which they denounce. But they are in perfect harmony in the feeling they express, which is of vastly more consequence than the happiest style, and they are perfectly sound in their utterance of Democratic doctrine. Long distant be the day when the Democratic Convention of any State of this Union shall falter in the devotion which our Connecticut brethren declare to be among them "unfaltering"

To the Constitution of the United States;

To the Union of the States thereby established and its granted powers;

To the Free, Sovereign and Independent States and their right of self government and their reserved powers.

THE CURSE OF THE TARIFF.—The country, instead of having a revenue tariff upon a dozen articles, is cursed with a so-called protective tariff upon two thousand. It breeds smugglers; it bribes merchants to make false invoices; it creates and employs a host of spies and informers; it corrupts clerks to cheat their employers into violations of custom-house law and then betray them to custom-house special agents; it scatters the importing business of New York up and down the Atlantic coast from Portland to Charleston. It is driving honest merchants out of business by scores.

The hardest key to tune—donkey.

Secession Among Grangers.

A gentleman writing from Webster City, Iowa, to a Chicago paper. says:

"At last the differences among the Patrons of Husbandry in this county, have culminated in the withdrawal of Marion Grange No. 391, and the severing of its connection with the State and National Grange. It is unnecessary to detail all the causes that have induced this action. The members believe and declare that they have been subjected to impositions, and that the machinery of the order, as now constituted, is useless as well as expensive. It is rumored that other Granges in this neighborhood are considering the propriety of also withdrawing. It is said that one of the principal causes for dissatifaction is the effort to drag the Granges away from the original objects of their organization and into politics.

The members of Marion Grange believe that the State and National Granges are being used not to benefit all farmers as a class but for the gain of a few individuals who wish to live on salaries paid by the farmers' money; and in some instances to palm off upon them worthless patents for agricultural machinery at enormous prices. The following are the resolutions:

Resolved, That the Iowa State Grange, though pretending to be a more popular body, is characterized by the same autocratic organization and assumption of power whose features are always obnoxious and intolerably offensive to freedom and justice.

Resolved, That the experience of Marion Grange, No. 391, in the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, is a history of repeated wrongs; frauds and insults inflicted upon it by those claiming and exercising the highest authority, and of isolate assumptions and high-handed usurpations, dating from its first organization, when it was swindled by the State deputy, up to the recent attempted imposture by the Master himself.

Resolved, That the members of the Marion Grange, conclude from experience and reflection, that farmers can combine and perfect an organization for their benefit, like the Farmers' Association of Illinois, for instance, more effective than the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, which shall possess fundamental laws more in harmony with the genius which controls our republican institutions, and which can be maintained at a greatly reduced cost; in short, that farmers can get along much better without than with the present pretentious, extravagant, and vicious government of the order.

Resolved, That Marion Grange No. 391, is and ought to be free and independent of the Iowa State Grange, and the National Grange, and that its connection with said Granges is, and ought to be dissolved.

Nothing Like Straw.

Dr. Dio Lewis writes: "Of the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks in a day, it is thought that not less than five pounds leaves his body through the skin. And of these five pounds a considerable percentage escapes during the night while he is in bed. The larger part of this is water, but in addition there is much effete and poisonous matter. This being in great part gaseous in form, penetrates every part of the bed, and thus the mattrass, blankets, as well as sheets, soon become foul and need purification. The mattrass needs this quite as much as the sheets. To allow the sheets to be used without washing or changing three or six months, would be regarded as bad housekeeping. But I must insist if a thin sheet can absorb poisonous excretions of the body so as to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick mattrass which can absorb and contain a thousand times as much of these poisonous secretions certainly needs purifying as often as once in three months. A sheet can be washed. A mattrass cannot be renovated in this way. Indeed, there is no other way of cleaning a mattrass but by steaming or picking it to pieces, and thus in fragments exposing it to the direct rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable with any of the ordinary mattrasses, I am decidedly of the opinion that the good old-fashioned straw bed, to be filled every three months, and the tick washed, is the sweetest and the healthiest of beds. If in the winter season the porousness of the straw beds makes it a little uncomfortable, spread over it a comforter or two of woolen blankets, which should be washed as often as every two weeks. With this arrangement, if you wash the bed covering as often as once in two weeks, you will have a delightful, healthy bed. Now, if you leave the bed to air, with open windows through the day, and not make it for the night before evening, you will have added greatly to the sweetness of your rest in consequence, and to the tone of your health. I heartily wish this good change could be everywhere introduced. Only those who have thus attended to this important matter can judge of its influence on the general health and spirits."

A Portland lover gave up a match with a $50,000 heiress because she objected to smoking. So states an exchange. Another adds:

"The maid as by the papers doth appear,
Whom fifty thousand dollars made so dear,
To test Lothario's passion simply said,
'Forego the weed before we go to wed;
For smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's bright fanner;
To have your Anna, give up your Havana.'
But he, when thus she brought him to the scratch,
Lit his cigar, and threw away the match."

A Word to Ladies.

Aunt Fannie says she can always tell when there are children in the house. The chairs are not set back in the most perfect order; little toys are scattered about; little chairs are in the corner, and large ones are tied with reins, showing what wonderful horses they have been in some little child's imagination. In different ways, but just as surely, can we tell when there are young ladies in a house. When you are ushered into a parlor—very humble though it may be—and see pretty tidies on the chairs, mats on the tables, transparencies in the windows, wax, worsted or agricultural wreaths of flowers, neatly framed, vings arranged about the pictures, and many pretty things to gratify the eye, you may be sure there is a young lady there, and you may be sure of finding her amiable and sensible, and if you are interested enough to make further inquiries into her accomplishments, her fond mother will tell you that she can make bread and cake equal to herself and knows how to do plain sewing. All the fancy things she has done are the products of leisure moments, a few at a time, perhaps before dinner after the table was set, when school was through in the afternoon, or even an hour's early rising in the morning had really accomplished wonders. And so it does. If every young lady would occupy all her spare moments, she would find much useful work accomplished in a year; and it is a very satisfying thing to look back upon a year, or even a month, or a week, and see substantial work well done to show for the time spent.

I called at the house of a friend, not long sinces who had a blooming daughter of sixteen. The mother met me at the door looking careworn and thin. The sitting room was cold and in disorder, so I was shown into the kitchen. "Jennie," she apologized, 'gets so little time to help me these short mornings, that I do not get my work done very early. She has to be off to school as soon as breakfast is over, and evenings she goes to a dancing school, or to see the girls, and so, you see, has little time to help me.'

A fire was soon kindled and the sitting-room put in order, but it had nothing cozy or cheerful about it—no pictures, no mantel ornaments; no climbing green about the room; and from this I thought I could draw pretty accurately the character of this daughter.

Girls, you do not realize the extent of your powers and influence if you do not exert them for the benefit of the home circle. Be more at home and less in the street. Think less of the boys if you would have them to think more of you. Consider that your mother has the best claim on your time, and that it will greatly relieve her if you take more interest in the work. Rise and put the house in order before breakfast in the morning. Learn to cook on Saturday. Learn fancy work—every kind you can. Adorn your walls and mantles with pictures and pretty things. Do not let your grandmother sigh over you and say: "It wasn't so, in her day." Let her rather be proud of you, and let your parents be proud of you, and, when you are old enough, you will have a husband to be proud of you.

You Are a Brick.

A certain college Professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of the names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unkown to the professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a brick," was the startling reply.

"Sir," said the professor, half starting out of his chair at the supposed impertinence, but not quite sure that he had understood him correctly:

"Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable," said the professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you attempt to insult me."

"Insult you!" said the student, in turn astonished. "How have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the professor, with stifled indignation.

"No, sir. You asked my name, and I answered your question. My name is U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynold Anderson Brick."

"Ah indeed!" murmured the professor, sinking back in his seat in confusion: "It was a misconception on my part. You will commence your lesson, Mr. ahem, ahem—Brick.

The Government has spent large sums of money and made elaborate preparations to convict Judge Wright of fraud upon the Indians, forgery, and other felonies. Yet, when at the last the Department of Justice, after several delays, bring the case to trial, the suit is immediately thrown out of Court, and twenty-five or thirty indictments are at once quashed. The trouble was that the prosecution either did not know the law or did not know the evidence Let bygones be bygones, is a good rule, but we cannot help remembering that the Attorney General who brought about this mortifying result was Gen. Grant's first choice for Chief Justice of the United States. *N. Y. Tribune.*

A handsome thing in ladies' hose: a neat little foot.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA