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THE ENTERPRISE.

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The Bachelor's Surprise.

A chill December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gas-lamps at the Parmer Business Man, & Family Circle. corners flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously, as one came round the corner. Not a pleasant evening to a dove. assume possession of a new home, but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale put up his night key into the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlady would have common

sense to light the fire in the grate. "Is it you, sir?" Mrs. Hinman qoth, beamingly. "There's a good fire, and it's all righ. "All right, eh?" said the bachelor,

feeling the blue tip of his frosted nose to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?" "Oh, yes, sir, and the other

things.' "What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

But Mrs. Hinman pursed her lips "I wasn't to tell, sir, please." 'Rather an accentric old lady,' thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third-story front room, which he had solemnly engaged the day before.

It had been a rather dark and dingy little den by the light of the moon, but now, softened by the coral shine of a well-filled grate, it wore quite another and brighter aspect.

" Velvet paper on the walls, guilt paneling, red carpet, and a Sleepy-Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing around. "Not so "But," said Miss Moore, "you dale, glancing around. "Not so uncomfortable, after all. When I said it was Nott Greenfield." quite home-like."

He set down his valise in the corner, deliberately opened it took out a pair of slippers, and invested his tired feet therein. Next he lay off his overcoat. "Now for a cigar," thought he.

But the brown-layered weed was vet in his hand, when there was a bustle and a flutter and a whisper and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door fiew open, as if by magic, to admit half-a-dozen blooming, laughing girls.

Mr. Barkdale dropped his eigar and retreated a step or two. "Don't be alarmed," said the tallest and prettiest of the bevy; "it's only a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I'm sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind. "There's no mistake, I hope?" said

a vellow-tressed blonde. "Your name is not Greenfield?" "No mistake at all, I assure you, sai , Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it is not Greenfield. Sit down ladies." And he pushed forward the Sleepy-Hollow chair, a camp stool, and two rheumatic chairs, which were all the accommodations presented

by his appartment. But, instead of accepting his courtesy, he girls all fluttered out again, giggling, and in a second, before he could realize this strange combina-UKLIUM. | tion of affairs, they were back again, bearing benches and a table-cloth. dishes, bouquets, a pyramid of maccaronies, piled up plates of sandwiches, of frosted cake, and a mysterious something like unto an icecream freezer. The golden-tressed girl clapped

her hands. "You need't think we are doing all this for you, sir," said she. "O," said Mr. Barkdale bashfully,

" I-I hadn't any such impression." "It's a surprise designated for Kate's consin. " Is it?" said Mr. Barkdale, more

in the dark than ever. "And how do you suppose we found it all out?" demanded the tall girl with the black eyes and scarlet feather in her hat.

" I havn't the least idea." "We found your letter to Kate, and we girls read it, and we resolved to take you and her both by surprise. She is to be here in half an hour. Barbara-that is Barbara Morris, in the blue merino aress," with a turn of her long lashes toward the golden haired girl-" pretends she has moved her, and Kate is to come and spend the evening with Barbara.

Won't it be a joke?" "Stupendous!" said our hero, gradually beginning to comprehend the mortifying fact that he was mistaken for somebody else.

"What will Kate say when she sees you here?" ejaculated another maid, merrily. "Ah! what indeed?" said Mr. Barkdale, wondering in what words

he could best explain matters. "Of course we shall all look the hugging her," said Miss Barbara,

"Very considerate of you, I am sure," observed Mr. Barkdale. "She's the sweetest girl in New York," exclaimed the tall damsel, and who has as good a right to speak acter. Save the dimes and your forenthusiastically. "I am one of her dearest friends. We work our sew ing machines side by side at Madame FRENCH and AMERICAN CANDIES. | ing machines side by side at written | Grillard's. Hasn't she ever written to you about Alice Moore?" "I-I don't just this moment re-

call that she has.'

said Mr. Barkdale, sinking into the Sleepy-Hollow chair, and passing his handkerchief vaguely across his forefate; I can't see how I am going to explain myself; and yet, perhaps I ought to explain. Ladies—"

her. Hush-sh-sh! Don't say a word, Mr. Greenfield." The golden-haired

girl's hand was clapped promptly over his mouth, Alice Moore grasped his arm spasmodically, and the other four danced a sort of bewitching little feminine war-dance about him, while a seventh girl entered-a pretty, Madonna-faced little creature like

"Come and kiss him, Kate," cried all the others. "Now don't be ridiculous, for we shan't take any notice. Here he is!" "Kiss who?" cried Kate standing

still, and staring all around her. Girls, what on earth do you mean?" "You provoking thing!" said Barbara, stamping her little foot. "Do von suppose we are all fools? Why, of course we know all about him! It's Mr. Greenfield—your cousin, Kate the young M. D."

Kate looked around in bewilder-"Where?" "Why, here!"

" Nothing of the sort," said Miss Kate demurely. Our hero stood up, feeling himself growing uncomfortably warm and

"Ladies," he said, "there's some mistake here. I said at the ontset that my name was not Greenfield." "There!" cried the girls at once.

"There!" echoed Kate defiantly. "Didn't we tell you?" cried the "Didn't I tell you?" retorted Kate, Be kind enough to let us know

what your name is, sir?" "Cephas Barkdale!" said the wretched victim of misunderstand-

"Of course I did," said the puzzled bachelor. "It isn't Greenfield, and it never will be unless I have it changed by act of Legislature.' "O-h-h!" cried the girls. "Dear, dear, to be sure! and we thought you

were Kate's lover—and his name is N-o double-t-Nott Greenfield." "Do hold your tongues, you rediculous things," said Kate, half-vexed.

half-laughing. "What must Mr Barkdale think of us all?" "I think you are very nice," said Barkdale, gallantly.

Miss Barbara in the meantime had taken a slip of paper out of her pocket. She uttered a hysterical shriek.
"It's all my fault," she exclaimed. 'It was No. 39 instead of No. 36and the tail of that horrid figure's turned the wrong end up-that's all. And the cakes and the flowers and everything."

"Stop, ladies, if you please," said Mr. Barkdale, courteously. "Because the surprise has come to the wrong place is no reason why the right person should not enjoy. Allow me to give up this room to your ase this evening. I will just step across the street, and send Mr. Nott Greenfield over."

But you must return with him,' said the girls.

And Mr. Barkdale was not allowed to depart until he had promised. Mr. Nott Greenfield—a good looking medical student, who had the sky parlor" directly oppositecame promptly on mention of the name of Kate Kellford, and did the polite thing to introducing Mr. Barkdale; and Barkdale ate at the sandwiches, and enjoyed the cake and cream, and coaxed Miss Barbara to pin a little pink rose-bud in the button-hole of his coat, and enjoyed himself prodigiously. "I'd like to be surprised like this

every night in the year," said he. "Oh, you greedy creature," said Miss Barbara.

"But there was one time I seriously meditated throwing myself out of the window," said he, "when you told me I was to kiss Kate." "Dear, dear," said Barbara, ironically, "that would have been dread-

ful, wouldn't it?" "But the awkwardness of the thing.

"I dare say von never kissed a pretty girl," pouted the blonde. "I never did," said the bachelor, growing bold; "but I will now, if "But I don't say so," said Barba-

yourself, sir."

Mr. Barkdale went home with the fair Barbara, and they grew to be very great friends, and-where's the They were married at the year's end. with all the six surprisers for bridesmaids, Kate Kellford included. Mr. Nott Greenfield proposes to follow the example as soon as he gets his

frage amendment to the Constitution. Mrs. J. A. Church, who edits one of for her sex as any of the suffrage ad- tune is made. vocates, takes the ground that the women of Michigan do not wish for any additional burdens, and that no considerable portion of them have asked for or desire the privilege of suffrage. She does not disparage "O, well, it doesn't matter," said the influence of her sex, but thinks Alice. "Just you sit down, and be that in Michigan women "carry Aren't those roses beautiful? My goodness gracious, how astonished Kate will be!"

It is not probable that Mrs.

Dunniway, or any of the champion gossips of the suffrage movement, would help the cause much in Michwood would help the cause much would help the cause would help the cause would he a good boy, while we fix the tables. things pretty much their own way

The popular fallacy that a man head. "Well, it's a mere matter of has to advertise to succeed in business is exploded by the experience of a Massachusetts man. He comThe Farmers.

Patrons of Husbandry-What is the Granger?

But who and what is the Granger, after all? He goes off to deliberate in world. She seems to think a great a room with the blinds down, has deal of me, and I sometimes almost see what he does. He must have many secrets. Most assuredly he has; and the Sun looking down impartialparting health and vigor to every-thing good, knows what the secrets er been hung for murder or sent to are. In the first place they relate State Prison for horse-stealing. I ed to gratify the general curiosity by publishing them at large. For instance, the Grangers make their bard went home and found a stranger in went down in that contest—the man eyes of er, his thresher, and his hundred "There, horse shay' and his parlor organ at one night." his secrets, and a very precious one obligations to me. I replied that I

intermediate agents and traders ab- her. profitable, and to give his wife and was so hard pushed to get along.

indulged. servile and beggarly condition from | ed into the front room. day will be two million by the next | me. spring, and when they begin to hold gin to count a new and terrible, be-

unmixed evil. The manufacturer and the wholesaler find their accounts in the certain sales and the cash payments which are a part of its economy; so that nobody but the blood suckers, the speculators in grain, the middlemen and the politicians have anything to fear .- N. Y. Paper.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—The San borrow for the benefit of the readers

of the Enterprise: Laboring men should reco'lect that a few cents saved every day and put out at interest amounts to a large sum in a few years. The price of a cigar or a drink of whisky is a founsuch insignificant sums, fabulous and luxurious." wealth has sprung. A dime looks small indeed, but then its purra, coloring and laughing. "Behave chasing power is a million fold greater than most men imagine. would, in the course of time, liquidate our present National debt. It is use trying to conceal how it all ended? | a slow process at first, we admit, but | the increase is rapid and the end a triumphant success. Haste to get rich is not wise; and riches quickly won are, as a general thing, both disrepntable and unstable. Little rains are absorbed by the earth, and serve DIVIDED IN OPINION.—The women which the mighty rivers flow, while performed from man to man; but the heavy storm runs off in haste, performed from man to man; but could do it again on a larger scale. other way while you are kissing and of Michigan are divided in opinion carrying destruction and sorrow in hunging her" said Mice Barbara concerning the pending female suf- its course. So little savings make mighty fortunes which last and bring bappiness to the heart, while basty and ill-gotton wealth brings sorrow

My Landlady.

BY M. QUAD. I board now, and I think I have one of the kindliest landladies in the

passwords, grips, and signs, and allows nobody to hear what he says or came to her. She is very particular about her boarders. Before she would take me in I was compelled to get a certificate ly upon everything mundane, and im- from three clergymen, two bankers, State Prison for horse-stealing. I lowed he was elected as a compromise entirely to his own affairs, and it is bargained for a front room looking candidate, after a long and bitter fair and lovely than them all, and for this reason alone that he has fail- out on the campus martus and it was contest. His election was a surprise that is the beloved "Mother's living by tilling the soil. When one | bed, and when I began to raise a row of them bigins life, it is a great mat Mrs. Dolby caught my arm and

"There, now, be a good, dear man other machines and implements, as and say no more. He's a preacher, well as the household furniture, his and, as he is going away to-morrow clothing and his groceries, his one I thought you wouldn't mind just stripe. The transaction is past, and land which faded long ago; but

something near half the price of the At the end of the week she beckretail merchant or the manufacturer's oned me aside, and smiling like a agent. This he does by co-operation | load of fresh hay she wanted to know with others situated like himself; but | if I would do her a favor-a favor how and where he does it is one of which would place her under eternal would die for her, and then she ask-In like manner, when at the end ed me to give up the room looking of a season of incessant toil he sees out upon the grand square and take his fields yellow with the harvest of one looking out upon a grand alley, bread and his fatted herd lowing in full of ash barrels and oyster cans. the pasture, he reflects that he and She had a new boarder coming who the consumer of all this produce are | was awful particular, and she knew

sorb a large portion of its value in I made the change, and the grate- taken in the first place. money. He resolves to put in his ful look she gave me was enough to own purse the difference between the | melt a vest button. I had only got transportation, and the price usually she wanted to see me in the parlor and things political and otherwise. paid to the farmer. He does this by after dinner. I found her in tears. means of the Grange; but the precise | She said that a very nice man and method of it is another grand secret. his very nice wife wanted to come When he has accomplished these two and board with her, but she had no capital operations he has made and room, and it grieved her to think that saved enough to make his business she must turn them away when she

childred some of the luxuries and I told her that if I had a hundred advantages in which the families of lives I would lay them all down for flourishing middlemen are commonly | her and then borrow a hundred more and add to the pile, and she seized An association which promises my hand and said that heaven would him such results, and which at the surely reward me for being good to a same time vindicates the independ- | fatherless orphan. I moved into the ence of him and his class opens to garret, the awful particular man radient hues as compared with the nice man and his very nice wife mov-

he has taken what was offered and whispered to me and wanted to know and prejudice." given what was asked. Henceforth | if I had a snake in my stomach? She he will like other classes of men, said that she had observed that I was combine with those whose interests a very hearty enter, and didn't know are identical, and to do himself the but I had a snake. I set her right. justice of which he has been so long and when I promised to take full infancy, and it will crush it comdeprived. His power in virtue of lunches down town and urge all the this wide-spread and coherent organ- other boarders to do the same, she ization may well be considered tre- put her hand on my shoulder and re- will not support them, and the ne- legs further than the blanket will mendous. A million of members to- marked that heaven had a place for groes are unable. Then will come reach or you will soon be cold. In

That night my bed was made withback crops or send them forward ac- out sheets, and when I went to raise cording to their own good pleasure, a row she took me by the hand and New York and Chicago, Wall street | said that her experience went to show and the produce exchanges, will be- that it was healthier to sleep without sheets. I was going to argue the cause unknown and unmanageable, question, when tears came to her eyes force in the business of the country. and she hoped I wouldn't say any-To the Granger the Grange is an | thing to hurt a poor, lone widow unmixed good; to the speculator an | whose life had been one long struggle with poverty. The next night the the feather bed and one of the pillows went, but I didn't say anything. Then she wanted to borrow my tooth brush for a boarder who hadn't any, and she took my stove to use in the lower hall. I didn't say a word until she wanted to know if I couldn't spare the old rag carpet off the floor, and if I wouldn't set the other boarders an example by drinking nothing Francisco Depositor and Banker has a but water, and not taking a second word of advice to its readers that we | biscuit. Then I told her that I was going to leave that house and try to tear her image from my heart.

She seized both my hands, tears rolled down her cheeks, and she have him.'

asked. "Mister Quad, will you deliberately plot to kill a lonesome widow who is working her life out to make your dation for a fortune, and from just position here comfortable, happy,

I couldn't go. I'm there yet. feelings by looking up another place. stance." Fireside Friend.

NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION .-

A new remedy for consumption has

been found, or, at least, the doctors think so at this moment, in the transto feed for months the springs from fusion of the blood of animals. In which the mighty rivers flow, while France transfusion has always been men to give up their blood for money while enjoying the eclat of an experiment in a crowded amphitheater, amid the applause of hundreds was unable to find any one ready to sell his life's blood to a young lady until he made a romantic appeal, and "I have been," said Judge Nott, in the case of an aged man it was quite impossible. But Dr. O. Hesse, vice and my experience leads me to of St. Petersburg, says that human the conclusion that women are as blood is not absolutely necessary. well fitted for the one as the other. He has performed the operation of The light breech-loading carbine de- transfusion thirty-one times. In mands activity rather than strength. sixteen of his cases defibrinated Woman, as a soldier, would have little to do besides marching, and shooting, and being shot. It is said fifteen cases the blood of sheep was that a well-bred, intelligent, honest used. There was one death; in three woman will make a better attorney other cases there was no preceptible than an ignorant, vicious, unsernpulimprovement; in the remaining elevious man. This is true; but it is en cases there was a marked imequally true that a healthy, active woman will make a better soldier than a decrepit man."

provement throughout, and, in some cases, perfect cures. Dr. Hesse hopes to prove that he can cure pul-"We're in a pickle now," said a Gedellices has tried the transfusion are likely to turn out to be such men ought to explain. Ladies—"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh!" cried the six ago with a capital of \$800; he hasn't pretty girls all in a hissing chorus; "Kate's coming; Bessis has brought of a Massachusetts han. It was described in the case of a massachusetts han. It was described in the case of a massachusetts han. It was described in the case of a massachusetts han. It was described in the case of the such men of sheep's blood in two cases. In as their fathers, we would advise you as their fathers, we would advise you said another. "Heaven preserve one there was great improvement, and in the other, a complete cure."

"Kate's coming; Bessis has brought of a Massachusetts han. It was described in the case of his nose by applying at this one there was great improvement, and in the other, a complete cure."

"We're in a pickle now," said a capital of \$800; he hasn't of sheep's blood in two cases. In one there was great improvement, and in the other, a complete cure.

"We're in a pickle now," said a capital of sheep's blood in two cases. In one there was great improvement, and in the other, and in the other, a complete cure.

"We're in a pickle now," said a capital of sheep's blood in two cases. In one there was great improvement, and in the other, and in the other are complete cure.

Merrimon's Views.

Talk with the North Carolina Sena-tor Before the Election—The Civil Rights Bill and the Public Schools— The Third Term the Last Alterna-

Raleigh, N. C., Letter to Cincinnati Com-

Merrimon was a party to that mem orable Gubernatorial contest of 1872, and was defeated. His defeat, however was the best thing that ever not strike him that way at the time. In the Senatorial struggle which folof all others who was entitled to the place. He was elected fairly and squarely shortly after the war, but him in because they preferred a carpet-bagger of their own political of the meanest things that ever happened, even in politics.

Merrimon has made a success as a Sentor and as he is about the first the dear house of rest, and at its man from the South except Gordon, threshhold lay our burdens down. who has distinguished himself in that body since the war, the fact is worthy of reflection what has become of the carpet-baggers and place hun- once beat full of love for us. Here ters who represented North Carolina | we have welcomed brothers and sisin the Senate before the people got control of their own affairs? They lisping words from baby lips, guided are played out and passed out of situated far apart, and that a host of I would do anything to accommodate | sight, relapsed into obscurity from | lessness to manhood, and here we which they should never have been I met Senator Marrimon at the

price paid by the consumer, less fairly settled when I was told that | we had a conversation about matters "What do think will be the result of the election next week?" I asked. Congressmen, make a gain in the and true, we turn to the dear old Legislature, and probably elect the

> State officers." "Have you been over the State?" "Considerably; I have just returned from the Western mountains."

"How is it up there?" "Pretty much one way. The white Republicans will never swallow the civil rights bill, nor vote for anybody that supports it. That is the main making money, but in keeping it; issue in this campaign. Race feeling little expenses, like mice in a large him a prospect full of roscate and moved into my room, and the very is high, higher than party feeling. I am very sorry the Senate passed the measure; it has tended so directwhich he is just rising. Heretofore In about another week Mrs. Dolby ly to the awakening of race passion

"What will be the effect if the bill

becomes a law?" "Bad, very bad. Our common school system in this State is in its | month. Many thieves pass down the pletely out. There will be no more free schools. Of course the whites in compass. Never stretch your strife and bloodshed in all sections clothes, choose suitable and lasting of the State. Oh, it will be a most unfortunate thing for the whole be warm is the main thing, never

South." "Do you think it will pass?" "The indications are that it will. I hope not for the peace of the country; but the Radical party seem determined to drive it through."

"How about a veto?" "The opinion is general that Grant will veto it, but the party will most likely drive him into its approval. If we can keep it off until the new Congress meets we are safe, for the November election is going to knock down the Republican majority, if not entirely annihilate it."

"You are hopeful, then, of getting under Democratic rule again?" "Very; the prospect has not been so favorable since the war.

"How about a third term?" "I believe Grant would like a third term, but I dont believe he can get it. The Republicans won't dare to take him up and the Democrats won't

"Indeed!" "No sir; they will not touch him with a ten-foot pole, in a political sense. Of course it might happen, that if the race were between Grant and some other more objectionable Radical, in which case we would take sleep on the floor, put up with cold Grant as the lesser of two evils, but bites and use the boot-jack for a we will never take him as first choice. chair when I have company. I wish I believe in a straight, square fight, Such a sum, properly handled, I wasn't so tender hearted, but I with a straight man at the head of can t think of hurting Mrs. Dolby's our ticket-like Thurman for in-

I find in the South that, in case of a straight Democratic fight, Thurman stands out most prominently in connection with the nomination. The way he and Col. Allen kicked overboard all the old platforms and blew the bugles and rallied the boys, and carried Ohio, is regarded as a mas-

A teacher, wishing to improve the occasion, said to the boys at the conclusion of a strawberry festival, "Have you enjoyed these berries to-day?" "Yes, sir," "Yes, sir," came from all sides with unmistakable heartiness. "Well, children, if you had seen these berries growing in my garden, and had slipped in through the gate, without my leave, and picked them from the vines, would they have tasted as good as now?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Why not?" "Because," said a wide awake boy, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

Reprove a wise man and he will thank you; admonish a fool and he will hate you. Relieve an honest man and he will honor you as an angel of God; relieve a rogue and he will rob you.

"What," asks the Toledo Democrat, "shall we do with our boys?" If they

Mother's House.

How many happy thoughts are called up by those two beautiful words. Is there—can there be any place so full of pleasant places, beneath the waving palms of sunny isles, or in the chilling shadows of icy mountains? Our hearts turn with unchangable love and longing to the dear old house which sheltered us in childhood. Kind friends may beckon happened to him, although it did us to newer scenes, and loving hearts may bind us fast to pleasant homes, but we are not satisfied with them alone, for there is one place more

It may be old and rickety to the eyes of a stranger. The windows may have been broken and patched. long ago, and the floor worn through and mended with pieces of tin, but the Radical majority would not let it is still mother's house, from which we looked out at life so full of hope, building wonderful castles in cloudpretty well forgotten, but it was one | thanks to the good, Father, mother's house is left us still, and, weary with the busy turmoils of life, weary of ourselves, we turn our steps toward

Here we have watched life come and go. Here we have folded still. cold hands, over hearts as still, that the tottering baby feet from helphave watched, with aching hearts, to see the dear ones turned from the home-nest out into a world which arborough house in this city, and has proved but a snare and a temptation to many wandering feet. And here we gather strength to take up our lives again, and go on patiently unto the end. But though the world "I think, sir, that we will gain two | call us, and we may find friends good home, when troubles come, for help and comfort. God grant that for us all there may long remain a "Mother's Home."

> BE ECONOMICAL.-Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cattage; and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep withstuff, and not tawdry fineries. To mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you

> WHY SHOULD A MAN SWEAR .- I can conceive of no reason why a man should swear, but many why he should not.

1. It is mean; a man of high moral standing would almost as lief steal as swear. 2. It is vulgar; altogether too low

for a decent man. 3. It is cowardly, implying a fear either of not being believed or obey-4. It is ungentlemanly; a gentle-

man, according to Webster, is well bred, refined, such a one will no more swear than go into the streets and throw mud with a clod hopper. 5. It is indecent, offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human

6. It is foolish; a want of decency is want of sense. 7. It is abuse to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue that mutters it, and to the person at

whom it is aimed. 8. It is venomous, showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine law and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His awful name

Fashionable Milliner: "You'll have the flower on the left of the bonnet, of course madam?" Fashionable lady: "Well-er-no! The fact is there's a pillar on the left side of my pew in church, so that the right side of my head is seen by the congregation. Of course I could change my pew!" Fashionable lady's husband: "Y-as. Or even the church, you know, if necessary. (Fashionable milliner considers the point.)

Remember that appearances are often deceiving. Many a pale, thin, young lady will eat more corned beef than a carpenter. Because you find her playing on the piano in the parlor it is no sign that her mother is not at the corner grocery running in debt for a peck of potatoes.

Trouble besets the editor's path even in Little Rock, Arkansas. One of them remarks: The unknown gentleman who attacked us last night