Oregon City Enterprise.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

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

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F.,

Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

CLIFF ENCAMPMENT NO. 2, C. R. C. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, in Oregon City, Oregon, on Monday evening, at 7½ o'clock. Members of the order are invited to attend. M. C. ATHEY, C.
J. M. BACON, R. S. ma27ly

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
☞Office Up-Stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street. aug1'tf.

W. W. MORELAND,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW;
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
OFFICE—Main Street, opposite the Court House.

S. HUELAT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW:
OREGON CITY, - - OREGON.
☞OFFICE—Charman's brick, Main st. 5mar1872-tf.

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. 5apr1872-tf.

L. T. BARIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OREGON CITY, : : OREGON.
OFFICE—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main street. 21mar73-tf.

Dr. S. PARKER,
LATE OF PORTLAND, OFFERS HIS services as Physician and Surgeon to the people of Clackamas county, who may at any time be in need of a physician. He has opened an office at Ward & Harding's Drug Store where he can be found at all times of the day when not engaged in professional calls. Residence, Main Street, next door but one above R. Caufield's store. October 23, 1874. tf

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.
☞At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackeman, Main st.

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.

OYSTER SALOON
—AND—
RESTAURANT!
LOUIS SAAL, Proprietor.
Main Street, - - - - Oregon City.
OYSTERS WILL BE SERVED FROM and after this date during the Winter season. The best qualities of
FRENCH and AMERICAN CANDIES.
Ice for sale in quantities to suit.

JOHN SCHRAM,
Main St., Oregon City.
MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF
Saddles, Harness, Saddlery-Hardware, etc., etc.
WHICH HE OFFERS AS CHEAP AS can be had in the State, at
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
☞I warrant my goods as represented.

1,000 DEER SKINS WANTED,
—AND ALSO,—
ALL OTHER KINDS OF HIDES, FOR which I will pay the highes market price in CASH. Bring on your hides and get your coin for them.
JOHN SCHRAM.
Saddle and Harness Maker.
Oregon City, Oregon, July 11, 1874-tf.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE
MANUFACTORY!
THE UNDERSIGNED, having increased the dimensions of his premises, at the old stand on the
Corner of Main and Third Sts.
Oregon City, Oregon.
Takes this method of informing his old patrons, and as many new ones as may be pleased to call, that he is now prepared with ample room, good materials, and the very best of mechanics, to build anew, reconstruct, make, paint, iron and finish in all complete, any sort of a vehicle from a common Cart to a Concord Coach, to order.
Blacksmithing, Horse or Ox Shoeing, and General Jobbing neatly, quickly, and cheaply done. DAVID SMITH.

AT
E. D. KELLY'S.
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY,
JUST ARRIVED, DIRECT FROM SAN Francisco, all the
LATEST STYLES
of Fall and Winter
Hats & Bonnets,
Trimmed and Untrimmed, for Fall and Winter wear, which we offer to the ladies of Oregon City and vicinity at exceedingly Low Prices.
MILLINERY GOODS.
MILLINERY GOODS.
HATS AND BONNETS.
HATS AND BONNETS.
FEATHERS AND FLOWERS,
FEATHERS AND FLOWERS.
RIBBONS AND ORNAMENTS.
RIBBONS AND ORNAMENTS.
CALL AND EXAMINE.
CALL AND EXAMINE.
No trouble to show goods, and no one urged to purchase. Our desire is to please our numerous customers.
Oregon City, Oct. 23, 1874. tf

DRY GOODS CIGARS HATS CAPS
CLOTHING.
BOOTS AND SHOES TOBACCOS
I now offer this stock of Goods at Prices far below any other house in the State.
Times are hard and money scarce and I will give every one the worth of their money.
I also keep a full assortment of
OREGON CITY MADE
Men and Boys' Clothing, Underwear, Flannels, Blankets, And Yarns.
.....ALSO.....
Groceries, Cutlery, Jewelry, Notions, Musical Instruments, Toys, Etc.,
.....AT THE.....
Lowest Prices
For CASH.
.....AT.....
A. LEVY'S.
oct16tf

J. P. WARD. GEORGE A. HARDING.
WARD & HARDING,
DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES,
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A general assortment of
Drugs and Chemicals.
Perfumery, Soaps, Combs and Brushes, Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces Fancy and Toilet Articles.
.....ALSO.....
Kerosene Oil, Lamp Chimneys, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Dye Stuffs.
PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.
PATENT MEDICINES, ETC.
☞Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, and all orders correctly answered.
☞Open at all hours of the night.
☞All accounts must be paid monthly.
nov6tf WARD & HARDING.

COME AND SEE US!
ALL PARTIES HAVING ACCOUNTS with Williams & Harding can see how the same stands at the end of the month. We want some money. oct30tf

The South After Election.

VIEWS OF THE PEOPLE AND THEIR LEADERS—GRATITUDE TO THE DEMOCRATS AND LIBERAL REPUBLICANS—FEELING TOWARD THE NEGROES.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

The days of the November elections found me in New Orleans. Remaining in Louisiana for several days thereafter, and having since traveled through the States of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, I have had a fair opportunity for ascertaining the drift of Southern sentiment in view of the anti-administration victories throughout the Union. The result of my inquiries has been gratifying in every instance. It is not exaggeration to say that the South wears a new and brighter face, and that the people seem to have become suddenly possessed of a hopeful spirit which is itself an augury of an area of real peace and prosperity such as they have not known, except by tradition, since secession brought them war. The South was too thoroughly conquered to make a new rebellion probable, or even possible; the supremacy of the Federal Government was established beyond question, its flag was respected, and its laws observed; but from 1865 to 1874 the spirit of the great majority of the Southern people was one of mere impatient submission to fate, and those who told them to look upon the whole country as the common inheritance of the North and the South, and the flag of the Union as the pride and glory of both, spoke words that seemed but little more than mockery to men who saw Federal laws enforced only to abridge their right of representation, and loyalty made a cloak for theiving and all manner of rascality. The overthrow of a party that had become proscriptive is naturally a source of joy to the proscribed, and the popular rebuke of a sectional and selfish Administration seems to the victims of that Administration the signal for their readmission into the Union and complete rehabilitation as American citizens. Instead of causing a display of old Confederate uniforms and the battle flags of the extinct Confederacy the success of the Democracy has given the Federal blue an attractive air, notwithstanding its disgrace by such men as Merrill and Hodgson, and the Old Flag is now borne aloft in processions by men who have had it hidden in their garrets for nearly fifteen years.

One of the best illustrations of the improved tone of Southern sentiment was afforded by the public rejoicing in New Orleans on the Saturday following the election. I was standing on the gallery of the St. Charles Hotel with Rear Admiral Mullaney while the jubilee was in progress. Nothing pleased the one-armed veteran with whom I stood so much as the appearance of section after section of the White League, each carrying the stars and stripes, and each guarding colored Democrats from the threatened violence of colored Republicans, while patriotic sentiment shone forth from the transparancies, and national airs long unheard on the streets of New Orleans, were discoursed by the bands of the enthusiastic auditors. We all agreed with an impulsive by-stander, who said; "This looks as if the last battle of the war of secession had been fought at last. I begin to think that the war is over." Talking with Gov. McEnery, Mr. R. H. Marr, Maj. E. A. Burke, General R. L. Gibson and other influential Louisiana Canservatives, I found all animated with the same patriotic and hopeful spirit. "The people of the North were a long time realizing our situation," said they, "but now that they have come to our rescue, they shall find us not only loyal in the best sense of the word, but grateful as well. We are indebted to the Democratic party, under whose banner the fight was won, but as much, if not more, to the immense number of Republicans who have sacrificed party and prejudice to meet the claims of justice, and above all to the Independent press for its enterprise and courage in ascertaining and telling the truth about the South. We have always entertained the kindest feelings toward the negro. But now we shall more than ever feel called upon to protect him in the exercise of all his rights. If, four years hence, the blacks are not more intelligent, better educated, and in all respects better citizens than they are after a pupilage of nearly ten years under the carpet-baggers, it will be our fault, as well as theirs, and we will be ready to give some other party a chance to experiment in their behalf." Among the people generally there is no dissent from the opinions thus expressed by the men who lead in the politics of Louisiana. The same ideas are heard in counting rooms, offices, editorial rooms, coffee houses and the clubs; new interest in the General Government; gratitude to the people and the newspapers who supported opposition candidates in the late elections; a desire for honest government; good will toward the negro, and good intentions toward everybody.

Say what we please about Ben Butler, we cannot help admiring his pluck and keenness at repartee. The following is not *bad*, although rather impious: A paper called the *Christian Register* said that the defeat of Butler "attests a greater revival of righteousness than would ordinarily be secured by a thousand campmeetings." Quick and sharp and fatal as the flash of a rapier comes Butler's reply—"If Christ had known his plan of salvation would have produced such a paper as the *Christian Register* he would never have died upon the cross."

Edwin M. Stanton.

DID THE GREAT WAR MINISTER COMMIT SUICIDE?

Upon the circumstances attending the death of Edwin M. Stanton, the great American War Minister, and bearing upon the question as to whether he died by his own hands, the Boston *Herald* recently published the following:

Once or twice in his contributions to periodical literature, within late years, Jeremiah Black has hinted mysteriously that the death of Edwin M. Stanton, the War Secretary, was not wholly attributed to the natural course of diseaes. This idea, however, was put forward in a dim, uncertain kind of manner, which made it seem more like a suggestion than assertion. Black never declared boldly that Stanton came to an unnatural end by suicide, but he wove into his writings here and there a black thread which was suggestive of remorse, disappointment and a bitter end. What Black intimated so darkly others whispered, but in no definite way. There are men about the National Capital who, in conversation among themselves, talk frankly of Stanton's death and the horrible circumstances attending it. These men say that upon the very eve of the merry Christmas Day of 1869, by the stroke of a razor, Stanton made the term of his existence only a question of hours. At this time the circumstances were known to very few, and the number of those privy to the secret has not much increased since. Outside of the Congressional Librarian, and a few well-trained, trusty servants of the Capitol, who guard secrets as they would their lives, and outside of two or three members of the Stanton family, the story of the suicide given below, is probably not known to a dozen people in the country.

Stanton resided in a large house convenient to the Departments. It was one of his customs to shave at home, and the duty was performed by a colored barber, who came regularly for that purpose. In Mr. Stanton's private apartment stood an improvised shaving chair, and to this the trusty valet would go at the appointed time to perform his duty. Mr. Stanton had been apparently failing gradually in health for a week, and had become so despondent as to almost excite fear of an aberration of the mind.

Some idea of counteracting this seems to have been in the minds of the President and Congress, when the appointment was so suddenly made and so promptly confirmed by an almost unanimous vote. The remedy failed, however, of the desired effect.

On the evening of the 23d of December, the colored valet called to shave Stanton. They were left alone in the private apartment, and Stanton took his seat in the chair. The barber had partially finished his task and laying down the razor on a little table beside Stanton, stepped across the room for some water. A movement startled him, and he turned just in time to see the glittering steel flash by the bared throat, leaving a streak in its wake. Rushing to the side of Stanton the barber caught the razor before another stroke could be made. He called for help, and in a few moments there were at the bed side the Surgeon General, a few trusty attaches of the Government, and one or two members of the family. The work had been done, however, and the life current reached. At 3 o'clock next morning he was dead. How well the secret of his death has been kept those who read this may know. Very quietly and expeditiously the arrangements for his funeral were made. There was no lying in state, and few looked upon the face of the deceased. The next day after the decease all that was mortal of Edwin M. Stanton was put to rest, and with the clay was buried his own and the secrets of war.

To the above the Washington *Capital*, edited by Gen. Don Piatt, replies as follows:

The infamous falsehood which says the late Edwin M. Stanton, committed suicide is again on its travels through our exchanges. The Boston *Herald* this time revives the story, and gives it authenticity by asserting that "once or twice in his contributions to periodical literature within late years, the Hon. Jerimiah S. Black has hinted mysteriously that the death of the Secretary of War was not wholly attributable to the natural cause of disease." There is not a word of truth in this. Judge Black not only never hinted at anything of the sort, but has assured the writer of this, on more than one occasion, that Mr. Stanton died from exhaustion after leaving the overwork of his department, and that the story of his suicide was without foundation. Mrs. Harrison, an estimable lady, the common friend of Mr. Stanton and Black, was at the house of the Secretary when he died, and assisted the family in preparing the body for its last repose. Her testimony is evidence that cannot be impeached. The cruel report originated in the over-sensitiveness of the late Mrs. Stanton. Having been once terribly shocked on entering the death chamber of a dear child to see the rough handling of the beloved body by the undertaker, she vowed never again to permit one near to her to be approached by strangers after death. And so the family, assisted by Surgeon General Barnes, the clergyman, and Mrs. Harrison, alone came near the body of the great War Secretary previous to its interment.

The inhuman murder of Mrs. Surratt upon the scaffold, for which Andrew Johnson alone is responsible, so shocked Washington city that this story of the suicide had readily point and circulation with those who will believe Mr. Stanton was responsible. The fact is, Andrew Johnson ordered and organized the Court that tried Mrs. Surratt, and then, disregarding the petition sent by some of the officers of the court, he directed the hanging to be done within twenty-four hours, while the shrieks of the agonized daughter were ringing in his ears. To say that he was controlled by Messrs. Stanton and King is to pronounce the man imbecile: We had the honor of Mr. Stanton's friendship, and saw him frequently after he retired from office, and he was so ill, so evidently dying, that at any time his death might have been announced as it was at last, without exciting other feeling in us than one of sorrow. Lying upon a sofa or in bed he breathed with difficulty and spoke in whispers. Tenderly attached to his friends and family, he clung to life with that tenacity of will and high courage for which he was so famous.

Woman's Rights.

The following are the opening sentences of an address on this subject by Mrs. Skinner:

Miss President, feller wimmen and male trash generally—I am here today for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more equal than the men.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if man had never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause.)

I not only maintain these principles; but I maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. Well s'pose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures?

If I was a betting man I would bet $2 50 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.]

And then they throw in our faces about taking an apple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out?

True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and said: "'Twan't me; 'Twas her," and woman has had to father everything and mother it, too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]

Doctor Le Bur.

An Oregon Convict Held Eight Years in the California State Prison Without a Commitment.

The San Francisco *Examiner* refers to the habeas corpus case of Dr. Wm. Le Bur, who at that date was being tried before Chief Justice Wallace. The writ was sued out by Annie Le Bur, wife of the prisoner, who states that her husband is unlawfully retained of his liberty. The *Examiner* gives the following particulars, which will be interesting here:

The prisoner was formerly a resident of Oregon. Nearly eight years ago he became somewhat mixed up with a gang of lawless men, and with several others was convicted of robbing the United States mail and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years. He remained in Multnomah county jail for a short time, when he was transferred to the California Penitentiary. There is a United States law which provides that when there is no convenient place for holding a prisoner, the Secretary of the Treasury may designate the place of imprisonment. At the time of the conviction of Le Bur, there was a State Prison in Oregon, and why he was sent to California does not appear. The authority upon which he was transferred from the Oregon jail was a brief telegraph dispatch signed O. C. Browning, Secretary. On this simple telegraph message, Le Bur has been held in the California State Prison for eight years. He should have been brought into a United States Court, and duly committed to the California Prison on a Court order. No such action was had, and it is claimed that he is illegally held.

An undergraduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper this: "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head; much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has on parts and no magnitude. A pin cannot stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore a pin cannot stand on its point. 3. It will, if you stick it in."

Detroit *Free Press*:—If our name was Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales asked us to pay his $3,000,000 indebtedness for gambling, betting and drinking, my! how we would look at him from the corner of our eye!

Why is it that sailors will persist in calling all that part of the ship below the rail the "hull,' of her, when it isn't much more than half?

The incoming of the Grange, by the law of reason, has warded off the effects of what agrarianism teaches in its lessons of madness.

The Ballot-Box Outraged.

As we intimated in a late issue of the *Statesman*, S. S. Fenn, the fairly elected delegate from Idaho, has been *counted out*, and the certificate awarded to Bennett, the man who was repudiated at the polls. A correct canvass of the vote of the Territory stands as follows:

S. S. Fenn	2,521
T. W. Bennett	2,384
Fenn's majority	137

Notwithstanding this clear majority in favor of Fenn, the canvassing board by throwing out votes defeats the will of the people, and the certificate of election to the defeated candidate. The Idaho *World* is justly indignant at this outrage, and goes for the perpetrators of the fraud in the following style:

"The canvass so-called, is the most impudent and brazen piece of villainy ever attempted in the Territory. The transparently false certificate of canvass made out of the usurping board does not pretend that there was any doubt in the mind of either Pinkham or Curtis as to whom the votes of the disfranchised counties were intended for, and in the absense of fraud every citizen of the United States knows that it being possible to make out with reasonable certainty for whom a vote was intended it must be counted; mere clerical errors are not to disfranchise one nor many men—not even for the purpose of electing Bennet to Conpress. But Bennett's board of canvassers presume to throw votes out because they were cast for Hon. S. S. Fenn instead of plain S. S. Fenn, and do away with others which happens to have the name of the candidate misspelled, as "Fenne" for "Fenn." Is it possible these villians to imagine a thing of this kind will be tolerated in Idaho Territory? That the same and similar frauds have served their robber purposes well in the Southern States is well known; but that Bennett or any other carpet-bagger, after having been repudiated by the honest vote of the people, will be permitted to steal into office under such guise, we do not believe. The attempt to do such is a direct insult to every decent man in the Territory."

In a reform Congress an outrage of this character will never be sustained, and should Bennett claim a seat on the strength of this bogus certificate, he is quite sure to be indignantly booted out of the Halls of Congress. The day for outrages of this character are passed.

Grant Hears the News.

When the returns from Ohio and Indiana reached the President, together with the fact that some lunatic had put "For Rent" on the White House, Grant asked Babcock what it all meant. "Notice to quit," responded briefly the High Custodian of the Public Grounds.

"I won't do it!" exclaimed his Excellency, "that house is the only one large enough to hold my family and the picture of them. Where in the devil am I expected to put the picture, I'd like to know?"

"Your friends could build you as big a house in St. Louis," humbly suggested Bab.

"St. Louis!" roared the savior of his country, "that's a pretty idea. Follow Sherman to St. Louis and have him cavorted round as General of the army and me, nothing."

"It is proposed, your Excellency, to make Sherman your successor, and restore you to the generalship of the army."

"Babcock!" exclaimed His Excellency, turning blue, "telegraph Belknap to arm the marine band with navy revolvers, and Childs and Murphy to meet me in Washington, and order Robeson to concentrate himself in Washington—I'll see who vacates."—*Exchange.*

Strayed or Stolen!

From the government pastures, in Jackson, Mississippi, on or about the 4th day of November, a medium sized, Yankee-raised mule, named Adelbert, about six feet high, spare made, clean shaved, and in tolerable good order. It is presumed he is trying to make his way back to Massachusetts, though he has been tracked in a southerly direction. He formerly belonged to an old fellow named Grant, who traded him to the colored people of Mississippi. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his owners or a reward of fifteen cents will be paid for his delivery to the State Ranger.

SHAMPOO DAVIS,
Agent for Owners.

The above advertisement taken from the Brantón, (Miss.) *Republican* refers to one Adelberth, the carpet-bag Governor of Mississippi.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shippings, steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, and all its millions of grouping men, and all the science and progress of ages—will soon be given over to boys of the present age—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad on your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Presidents, Kings, Governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future—all, are boys now.

Nine million horses in the United States, value $660,000,000. France has 3,663,000; Austria, 3,000,000; England 2,666,200; Germany, 2,500,000; Prussia, 1,800,000; Turkey, 1,100,000.

Golden Words.

Those were golden words with which Mr. Tilden, Governor-elect of New York, closed his address to the young Democrats the other evening. They are worth reading again and again, and we reprint them here:

I beg that you will remember that you may acquire fortune on terms of honor and selfrespect if you will only have courage to insist upon those terms and submit to none other. I had occasion, a few years ago, to say to a class of young men about to take their position in the profession of law, that I believed, and I do believe, that it was equally certain that talent, ability, honor, would achieve everything that the human heart ought to desire, if only it is insisted that they should be achieved without any concessions of one's convictions of right, or one's sense of duty; that it was equally—perhaps not quite equally—easy, perhaps not quite so speedy, but far more certain—and when the object was attained it would not turn to ashes in your grasp. I have never known a man so eager for objects of ambition or of fortune, that he sought to attain them by indirection, who didn't find that when they were attained they failed to satisfy. Even a man who has stolen largely of public money begins to desire public esteem and to turn round and contrive how to get it, and if he can't get the reality he seeks to get samples of the sham article. The human heart is incapable of being satisfied with anything but real victories in the race of life; and, therefore, young men, and this is the last observation I have to make to you, ever feel that the right will be successful, and the right only.

The difference between Mr. Tilden and many other successful politicians of our day is that he is a man of convictions and principles, who earnestly believes what he says, and acts upon well settled rules of conduct in public as well as private affairs. It is a great blessing to a commonwealth to have at the head of its affairs a man who is anchored upon such ideas and purposes.

Facts Worth Remembering.

It is worth while for all farmers, eveywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive war against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in summer than purchased in winter.

That more stock perish from famine than founder.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning when any one approaches him, is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scrimping the feed of fattening hogs is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children properly is money lent at 100 per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten in lounging about country taverns.

That cows should be milked regularly and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to take some good, reliable, entertaining paper, and—pay for it promptly, of course.

Plain Language.

The Washingtan *Capital* makes the following allegiations respecting President Grant:

The President assisted in a private box at Toole's performance last Thursday night, and the opinion prevailed among the disinterested of the orchestra chairs that, judging from appearances, he would not be troubled with the third term. His Excellency, we are pained to write, is not in the best of health; and, although possessing an iron constitution, if not more careful of himself he will not be about much longer to trouble the politicians. Of late we learn that he has been extremely careless of his health.

This means in plain language that the President was conspicuously drunk at the theater, and has of late been frequently seen in that condition, and we dare say it is true. But the idea that his health is undermined by such practices is mistaken. He is a man of extraordinary strength and endurance, and although he is in danger of becoming a confirmed drunkard again, as he was when he was obliged to resign from the army in California in 1854, there is no probability that his life will be seriously abbreviated by that cause. Such is the quality of his nervous system that he can get drunk pretty often and come fresher out of it than any other man; and so it will probably be to the end.

FOUND OUT.—An erring husband who had exhausted all explanations for late hours, and had no opology ready, recently slipped into the house about one o'clock very softly, denuded himself very gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manœuvre, said, "Come to bed, you old fool, you! the baby ain't there."

At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, England, the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite," when after a short pause, one little boy said: "I know, sir, when I'm eatin' I'm 'appy, and when I'm done, I'm tight."

Men who travel bare-footed around a newly carpeted bed room, often find themselves on the wrong tack.

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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.