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

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May 6, 1875, etc.

Letter from Longmont, C. T.

EDITOR OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE: I have read with much pleasure the published statements in your paper of the resources of Clackamas county, and must say that I am much pleased with the truthful, straightforward facts therein contained. Having been a resident of your county for over three years, I know whereof I write. But it does seem to me that it would have been better to have had a full statement of facts in relation to the business of Oregon City. Its number of business houses, of all kinds, and some figures approximating the amount of trade done, etc. Something of this kind would be received and read gladly by many who are looking to Oregon for a future home, and I know of some who are anxious to get the information your otherwise admirable report fails to give; and some of these parties are talking strongly of going to Oregon City to get them a home.

Permit me to write a word or two in praise of the many good articles published in the ENTERPRISE on the resources of Oregon in general and Clackamas county in particular, that have appeared in its columns in the last two years. Every man in Clackamas county ought to support his county paper.
What Oregon needs to-day, is more people, more factories, more machine shops, more farmers and mechanics. All this cry of "hard times," comes from Oregon sending so much money out of her country for manufactured goods that ought and could be made at home. It is by good sound articles published in the press throughout the State that induces people to stop and think, and it also induces people in other localities to stop and read of the magnificent and varied resources contained in the limits of Oregon, and emigration is obtained in this way.

Please to excuse me for writing so much, as I set out only to ask you to give a little more information through the ENTERPRISE concerning Oregon City. I am always anxious and pleased to hear of Oregon's prosperity, as I have many pleasing recollections of her magnificent scenery and unparalleled resources.
L. H. D.
Longmont, Colorado, July 19, 75.

AN EXPENSIVE "BOSS."—The New York *Sun* recently devoted three columns to a comparison between the White House expenses of different Presidents during the last twenty years, and the result proves that General Grant is a pretty expensive "boss" to sustain. The following figures show the annual average of the appropriations from the time of President Taylor:
Annual average under Taylor, \$31,000
Annual average under Pierce (Dem.), 41,996
Annual average under Buchanan (Dem.), 46,571
Annual average under Lincoln (Rep.), 52,195
Annual average first term of Grant (Rep.), 104,725
Annual average second term of Grant (Rep.), 119,259
Gen. Grant's fuel appropriation alone is \$5,000, and the "green-house" attached to the Executive mansion, which Gen. Babcock has the management of and disburses the funds thereof, costs the country \$10,000 per annum. Gen. Grant is said to live very economically, and this may be a fact, as he has unquestionably saved enough to make himself richer than Beecher.

HAMMOND AT SEATTLE.—Mr. Hammond's outdoor meeting in Seattle, last Saturday evening, says the *Olympia Standard*, was largely attended, but a portion of the crowd were boisterous in conduct. This was probably occasioned by Mr. Hammond's way of attracting an audience, which was by shouting "fire! fire!" at the top of his voice. An alarm of course immediately ensued, and stores and offices were hastily closed, while the crowd rushed pell-mell to the quarter from which the noise proceeded. When it was ascertained that they had been made the victims of a ruse; and the auditors were not in the best humor for listening to a sermon nor did they entertain very Christian-like feelings toward the cause of the alarm. A razor-strap man on the opposite side of the street was doing a brisk trade, but when the disturbance ensued, he very earnestly begged the people to believe that Mr. Hammond was no "capper" for him!

FAINT AND INADEQUATE.—Ex-Speaker Blaine, the Springfield Republican states, appears as the third taxpayer in Augusta, his tax aggregating \$1,085. "This tax, however," remarks the *Portland Argus*, "gives a very faint and inadequate idea of his great wealth. Thirteen years ago he was a poor man, living in a rented house, for which he was doing yearly rent." Mr. Blaine is the candidate of the Congressional railroad speculators and lobbyists for the Presidency.

The Country Editor.

The annual convention of the New York State Editorial Association, which was held in Elmira recently, and the fraternization of the Alabama State editors therewith, affords the Buffalo *Express* the opportunity of saying something that ought to be said. The city press, and more particularly the metropolitan press, is inclined to "think small beer" of this gathering of the country editors, which feeling grows out of an over-estimation of the influence and importance of the daily press, and an under-valuation of the merit of the weekly press. Our political history for the past few years abounds with incidents to prove the fallacy of these estimates. The *Express* cites one conspicuous example—the Greeley movement, which was backed by the most powerful and brilliant daily papers in the United States, and was opposed by the country press with a less ostentation, but far more powerful influence, as the result proved.

In both political parties the so-called leading organs of the city press are deferred to as oracles, and are practically ignored. The result on the one hand was a dictatorial tone, and finally, in most of the cases, a refractory spirit in the city press; while on the other hand neglect does not have equally bad judgment, because the country press follows the lead of political principles, and is not flattered into an over-estimate of its own importance. Very few Republican weeklies in New York went off after Andrew Johnson and Charles Sumner, but the country press has always been the consistent, unflinching, faithful reliance of the Democratic party on the one hand, and of the Radical party on the other. If they have less brilliancy and consistency than the city papers, they have more stability and fidelity to principle. At the same time, it may, perhaps, be said, they have in a greater degree the confidence of the masses, and hence a greater influence on the popular verdicts. The reason is evident. They come more immediately in contact with the people, more closely reflect the popular view, and more accurately harmonize with the popular sentiment.

The country editor is to a few of its readers—a life-long companion and a trusted counselor. The country paper stands second only to the family bible; and in half the families, not even in so subsidiary a position as that. It is almost their whole library. They read it all the week; read it at the hearth; read it through as religiously and thoroughly as they do their bibles—advertisements and all. Who ever reads a *New York Times* or *Herald* by course?
Moreover, again, the constituency of the country press is more numerous, as well as more exclusive, than that of the city press. At the Elmira Convention there were nearly a hundred New York State editors registered, representing nearly the number of successful and respectable weekly journals with a bona fide circulation, greater than all the daily papers in New York; and, anyway, a far greater influence. It is only when they are summoned together from their scattered fields of labor that the work they represent can be appreciated. They must be taken in the aggregate, regarded as a class, to perceive their strength. When was there a gathering of editors representing so much of direct influence on the masses; so much of irresistible power, or, indeed, so many readers, told by the head?

And this is the most useful mission of these annual conventions. They afford an opportunity to see the army of public opinion massed. The presentation of this aggregation each year cannot fail to work a silent and effective influence upon the minds of public men. There is a body of men that the coming statesmen need to make themselves acquainted with. It is surprising that politicians are so slow to find out what is the real oracle of public opinion. The cause of most of their timidity, stultification, blunders and failures is their too great dependence to a few big papers, which mislead because they reflect only the opinion of a single man, or of an ambitious clique; and their inattention to the great number of more disinterested though less noisy organs of the popular will. The *Express* thinks that the time will come when political leaders and statesmen will recognize the relative value of these two forces, and place the weekly press upon its proper pedestal.

NOR MUCH.—The sound papers, which give their own reports and are not furnished as were the *Portland dailies* by a sensational writer of puff, employed by the "Rev." Hammond himself, are not very heavy in their praise of the old fellow. The *Olympia Standard* gives him a touch of something after the style of the *Enterprise*, and none of the papers have anything of the foolish character that was so distressing to sensible people in the *Portland dailies*. It takes but a little while for concerning people like Oregon and Washington Territory is inhabited with to find out a monte-bank and cheat.

Delano and Brother Orvil.

There is no longer any doubt that on or about the 20th of June, President Grant wrote a letter to Secretary Delano requesting his resignation. When the letter reached the city from Long Branch, it found Delano at his usual headquarters in Mt. Vernon, Ohio. It was three days after its receipt in the city before it was placed in his hands. Meanwhile, Gen. Babcock and Gen. Porter, both of whom had peculiar relations with the President, began to circulate, in a very confidential manner, to very particular friends, the action of the President. The latter told to several of his boon companions in New York City, while the former came over to Washington and circulated it to those in whom he had confidence, and who are generally his very particular friends. So confident were these two young officers that Delano would comply with the request, which almost assumed the form of a demand that they made no attempt at concealment, when directly interrogated on the subject. When Delano came here from Mount Vernon, and got well over the surprise in store for him, he consulted with Indian Commissioner Smith, and determined to resist the President's request. His move was a bold one, but he had a good reason for it, and he knew it, and he made threats. The second of Damocles which he held over the Administration's head was "brother Orvil." He coolly told the President that he should refuse to comply with his request for his resignation, and that if he made threats, he would expose anything but creditable relations Orvil Grant bore to the Interior Department. He moreover, reminded his chief that Brother Orvil was given the exclusive control of the land in the interior, and was in military posts, upon the written request of Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, and of which paper Columbus Delano was the proprietor. This exhibition of treason on the part of the Christian element of the Cabinet not only surprised but provoked Grant. He dismissed Delano from his presence with much feeling and the latter came over to Washington and resided at the hotel, and with as much nonchalance as if the relations between himself and his master had never been ruffled. Meanwhile, Delano has not resigned nor has Grant dismissed him. Which admits of the very plausible inference that the President does not care to have the peculiar transactions of his near kith and kin laid bare and subjected to criticisms of a discriminating public.

Exchange of Compliments.

There has been an impressive exchange of compliments between Kellogg, the bogus Governor of Louisiana, and Clinton, the State Auditor, both carpet-baggers and belonging to the "ring," who have carried matters with such a high hand in that State. Clinton, who has been on trial for various fraudulent proceedings in office, sent in his resignation to Kellogg, to take effect next December, saying that he had long desired to resign, but he waited until his character should be vindicated. Kellogg rejoined with an expression of confidence in the integrity of the Auditor, and the curious information that, though in the discharge of his official duty he had ordered a prosecution against him, he never for one moment believed him guilty of dishonesty. An unpleasant sequel to this vindication of Clinton is found in the fact that Attorney-General Field has just filed a new information against him, charging him, as Secretary of State, with the use of \$200,000 of the funds of the State, and the others have been compelled to give bail in the sum of \$10,000 each to answer this charge.

THE LADDER WAS STEADY ENOUGH.—A few days since two couples from Davenport were in Des Moines, and while viewing the sights inspected the new capital building. Just how they managed to reach the second story is unknown; the first thing they were seen doing was to get down when they were seen walking around at that height, thirty-five feet from the ground. Finally they completed their sight-seeing and commenced preparations for a descent to terra firma. The way down was by a long ladder, and the descent was by a party remarked to his lady: "I'll go down and steady the ladder." Then the maiden took hold of the mascaline Davenport's ear and remarked: "Young man that ladder is steady enough; you wait here till I go down first." He waited.

CANNOT.—A man's note cannot be redeemed by either faith or love.

Protecting Rogues.

The President is at his old tricks again, examines the Albany *Argus*. For years he has been the refuge of men caught in dishonest and fraudulent practices. "Boss" Shepherd found in him a strong tower of defense, and he-day Grant listens with great deference to his whisperings. The blood of the national capital, when Bristow detected the stealings of the "whisky ring," and took measures to expose and suppress the frauds by the removal or change of the revenue supervisors, Grant promptly stepped in and countermanded the movement. In this way he prevented the exposure of his friends, who were known to be in league with the whisky thieves. If new men were placed in certain districts where the operations of the "ring" were most successful, blunders might be made, and some of the friends of the administration might be hurt before an opportunity could be given to instruct raw or untrained officials. Such a plan would not work well for the interests of the Government. Grant put his foot upon it. He came promptly to the defense of the plunders and no more has been heard of the detection of whisky frauds. And since there has been another exhibition of Grant's friendship for rogues, Judge Fisher, the District Attorney of the District of Columbia has long been suspected of being the tool of the "rings" which flourish so rankly in that locality. Harrington, the safe burglar went free, and other friends of "Boss" Shepherd were said to be similarly favored. Postmaster Jewell handled over some fraudulent cases to Fisher. The grand jury was in session, and the evidence to bring about conviction was not meagre nor doubtful. But the jury was discharged, and the convictions were not found. Upon this flagrant neglect of public duty, complaint was made against Judge Fisher, and thereupon it was reported that the President had very politely sent him a note requesting his resignation. But why this tender course toward an official charged by a member of the Cabinet with neglect of an important duty? If Fisher was guilty of hindering and thwarting the ends of justice as has been charged by Radical journals, and as the conduct of the Postmaster-General would seem to show, why was he not summarily removed from the position he held in the department of justice? But that is not the President's way of dealing with characters of this sort, as has been seen from his action in other cases. "Boss" Shepherd went to Long Branch to intercede in behalf of his friend, Fisher. Grant it said, recalled the request of the resignation of Fisher, upon the promise of the latter to "thoroughly reorganize this office." Fisher was too useful a tool as District Attorney, and the end of government to be dispensed with.

Raising a Howl.

"Grant can get up even a twelve-month trip for Parson and Mrs. Newman, to be paid for by the people," says an exchange, "without a tremendous howl being raised over it." And it's a shame, too, remarks the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, "Parson Newman was Mr. Grant's pastor. He wanted to take a pleasure trip around the world, and wanted somebody else to pay for it. So Mr. Grant created for him the office of Inspector of Consulates with a salary of \$10,000 a year, and all expenses paid, making Mrs. Newman Secretary to the Inspector, with a salary of \$3,000 a year. Under this arrangement the Parson and his wife are around the world, having a high old time of it, for the inspection of consulates consisted merely of inquiring the price of putty of such consuls as they happened to stumble over. And now, although the whole thing didn't cost the people more than forty or fifty thousand dollars, and the newspapers have been raising a howl over it, such conduct makes us so ashamed that we are a newspaper that we are sometimes almost tempted to sell out and become an entirely different sort of publication.

COULD NOT ISSUE HAMMOND.—A good story is told of Hammond the Revivalist, when in Portland. It seems that a life-insurance agent waited on him for the purpose of soliciting his patronage for a policy. When Bro. Hammond had heard him through, he put on one of his sanctimonious smiles, and said: "My dear sir, a life-insurance policy possesses no attractions for me, my only thought is for the future insurance of my soul, if you can insure that, I will cheerfully patronize your company." Putting up his pamphlets, plans and scale of rates, very rapidly, the Agent looked at the holy howler a moment and then said in the coolest possible manner, "Mr. Hammond, we do not take any risks in our company." *Escent Omnes.*—*Catholic Sentinel.*

CONDENSED THEM.—One of the lady speakers at an Indiana Sunday-school institute condensed her objections to the way some speakers dilute the plain words of Scripture for children's ears into one succinct sentence: "The Bible does indeed say milk for babes, but it does not say water the milk."

A Beautiful Girl Found Hanging.

A TERRIBLE SIGHT FOR A FATHER.

Just as we were preparing to go to press last night, we learn the details of an event which fills us with sorrow and astonishment. For the present, out of respect for the suffering parents of the lady, we refrain from publishing the names of the dramatists personae in the scene described below:
For the last ten years there has lived in this city an eminently respectable family, the pride of whose household was a daughter of seventeen. She was as beautiful as the ideal of a poet, and as remarkable for her intelligence as for her surpassing loveliness. Her eyes were like stars on a summer night. Her hair, warmed by the blood of blooming womanhood, was as graceful as that of a Grecian goddess. Her hair rippled over her pearly, shapely shoulders like moulten gold, and her glowing cheeks, soft as velvet, looked like roses mingled with snow. You may be sure that one possessed of such charms of mind and feature, would awaken the grand passion in some man's bosom. For several months past a gentleman has been paying her the most devoted attentions. Her lover was both handsome and intelligent. Her female friends, when they teased her about him, observed that a flood of conceptions blushed irradiated her beautiful face whenever his name was mentioned. After a while, however, she lost all her spirits; her musical laughter, like the tinkling of crystal drops upon leaves of silver was hushed, and she seemed like a lily that had been plucked and made to fade by the burning rays of the sun. Her parents anxious about her watched her with tender solicitude. She would not reveal the cause of her melancholy. Yesterday evening she was missed about eight o'clock from home, and the fears of her parents were excited. They sought her high and low, but she was nowhere to be found. Finally her father remembered that of late she had often been seen sitting, sad and distracted, in a vine covered arbor which was just back of the house in a large flower garden. He rushed to the arbor, and as the distracted father gazed in at the door, he saw a sight that froze his blood, pale his cheek, and filled his bosom with the deepest emotion. There was his beautiful daughter, her hair huddled and graceful form arrayed in spotless white, her long golden hair streaming like a flood of light down her waist—hanging. Oh, think of it, young men and maidens, and loving parents—hanging! Her feet were hanging around her lover's neck, and her head pillowed upon his manly breast!—*Lexington Caucasian, July 2d.*

A gentleman of the legal profession at one of the great inland centers, having spent a gayly evening at a leading hotel, found the fresh air too much for him. Instead of reaching the bosom of his family, he gravitated to the lock-up, with the much needed assistance of a servant of the Queen in full uniform. The lock-up keeper didn't know him, and consequently couldn't send for his friends to bail him out, as is frequently done by these tender hearted officers of justice. So he was allowed to sleep until seven in the morning, when he was aroused and asked his name; which he promptly said was Johnson. He obtained soap, water, a clothes-brush, and was refreshed by a cup of tea. He then proposed to the lock-up keeper that the officials should walk beside him to the police court. When the time came, this was done, and by keeping the officers in earnest converse, it appeared as though the lawyer was engaged upon some business before the court, and when the name of Johnson was called, he calmly rose and said: "I appear for the prisoner, your worship." "What!" said the police magistrate, "do you deny that he was drunk?" "Oh, no," he replied, "he was very drunk, but is very sorry for it." Five shillings, or six hours' imprisonment, said the police magistrate. "I will pay my fine myself," said the ready-witted gentleman, who, in this instance, showed that the man who is his own lawyer hasn't always a fool for his client.—*Melbourne Argus.*

CALL FOR ORGANIZATION.—The latest political movement in Louisiana is the issuance of a call for the immediate organization of the Democratic party of the State, "in view of the approach of the Presidential campaign for 1876." The *Orleans Telegraph* says of the call:
The call has been circulated, not with the view of piling up signatures, but simply to obtain the names of leading men in all the parishes. In this particular the document published is without parallel in the political history of Louisiana, and we trust will have its due share of weight. The call is designed to enlist all the political elements opposed to Radicalism in one common brotherhood, and to begin the work of aligning the people of Louisiana with the national Democracy as speedily as possible.

NOT SPONTANEOUS.—One of Tennessee's friends quoted one of Tennyson's lines, in the poet's presence as the happy instance of the natural expression of a spontaneous thought, and the poet said: "I smoked a dozen cigars over that line."
The *Plattsburg Register* says, "take care of little things is the way to get rich."
All stuff—the more little things a fellow has to take care of the harder it is for him to get rich.

Aimless Lives.

According to a recent author, Chinese women present a peculiar specimen of the daughters of Eve. They spend a great part of their time in gossiping, smoking and gambling. These accomplishments do not come by nature, but require years of assiduous training for the perfection which prevails in polite circles in China. They never dream of playing except for money, and when they have no visitors of their own rank to play with, they call in the domestics and play with them. Poor women meet at some gambling den, and squander large sums of money, or run their husbands in debt, which they are unable to pay at the end of the year, and thus have an excuse for suicide. The married lady rises early, and sees that tea is provided for her husband, as well as some hot water for his morning wash. Each lady has one or two maids, besides a small slave-girl, who waits on the maids, and lights her mistress's pipe. A lady's hair-dressing takes her common attendants one or two hours. Then a white paste is applied to her face and neck, which is smoothed over and polished when dry. The cheeks and eye-lids are then touched with a blush of rose powder, the surplus rouge remaining on the lady's palm, as a rose-pink on the hand is considered a great beauty. Then they dye the nails red with the blossom of a certain flower, and finally they dress for the day. Many of them have eyebrows and false hair; but no hair-dyes are used, for raven locks are common and golden tresses are not in repute. Many ladies pass a good deal of time in embroidering shoes, purses, handkerchiefs, and before marriage nearly all their days are occupied in preparing for the dreary event of wedding a man whom she has never seen. After all, are the lives led by some of our American girls, asks a contemporary, so infinitely superior to those of the fair Chinese? Comparisons are odious, but there is room for a great deal of thinking here!

How to Count Interest.

Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days, separate the right hand figure from the product and divide by nine.
Five per cent.—Multiply number of days and divide by seventy-two.
Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by six.
Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by forty-five.
Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by four.
Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by thirty-six.
Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by three.
Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by twenty-four.
Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by two.
Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by eighteen.

BRAIN FOOD.—Much has been written, in late years, about the strengthening influence of fish, as an article of diet, upon the human brain. Instigated by the plausible theories on the subject, many persons commenced eating fish regularly, and have kept up the practice for a long time without having experienced the desired increase of intellectual capacity. And now comes the *New Orleans Republican* with this discouraging suggestion: "Unless a man has brains, it is useless for him to eat brain food. It has never been claimed for fish that it creates; it only strengthens the brain." Some of our contemporaries, after duly considering the facts set forth by the *New Orleans* paper, will probably discontinue the consumption of piscatorial nutriment and return to their first love, "corned beef and cabbage."

LITTLE OATHS.—A little five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than swearing. In fact, she said he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the papers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."
At a school examination in Connecticut the other day, a girl of sixteen stepped forward and began to read her composition. It was headed "The Beecher Trial," and she was going on to say: "Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, and the lady principal rushed forward and led the astonished pupil to a seat, thus depriving the world of what no doubt would have been a valuable addition to the scandal literature."

SHORTER.—A Nebraska woman has painted her cabin with the report of the Beecher trial, and now she makes washing-day shorter, and causes time to fly while at her knitting, by perusing the cheerful pages on the wall.
SAUSAGES.—"What kind of sausages is them?" queried an old lady of the young man of literature and pen-neuts, as he passed through the train selling bananas.
A Kansas girl says that nothing makes her so mad as to have a grasshopper crawl up and down her back, just as her lover gets to the proposing point.