A. L. Bancroft

Oregon City Enterprise.

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

VOL. 10. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1875. NO. 1.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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 ENTERPRISE Building, one door south of Masonic Building, Main St.

Terms of Subscription:

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

Terms of Advertising:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, a square of twelve lines one week	$ 2.50
For each subsequent insertion	1.00
One Column, one year	20.00
Half " " "	60.00
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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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. I. HOVER, M. D. J. W. NORRIS, M. D.
HOVER & NORRIS,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Office Up-Stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street.
Dr. Hover's residence—Third street, at foot of cliff stairway. tf

DR. JOHN WELCH
DENTIST,
OFFICE IN
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Highest Cash Price Paid for County Orders.

HUELAT & EASTHAM,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
PORTLAND—In Opitz's new brick, 30 First street.
OREGON CITY—Charman's brick, up stairs. sept28tf

M. G. ATHEY.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Special attention given to loaning Money. Office—Front room in ENTERPRISE building. july28tf

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.

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.

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.
At the Post Office, Main stgeet, east side.

STILL IN THE FIELD!
REMOVED SECOND DOOR SOUTH OF HAAS' SALOON.
WILLIAMS & HARDING,
—AT THE—
LINCOLN BAKERY,
KEEP THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK of Family Groceries to be found in the city. All goods warranted. Goods delivered in the city free of charge. The highest cash price paid for country produce.
Oregon City, March 28, 1873.

TO FRUIT-GROWERS.
THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING Company of Oregon City will pay the
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
for PLUMS, PEARS and APPLES.
Mr. Thos. Charman is authorized to purchase for the Company.
L. D. C. LATOURETTE, President.
THOS. CHARMAN, Secretary.
Oregon City, July 28, 1875 tf

SUMMARY OF STATE NEWS.

Wanted, to know the whereabouts of John B. Holman, who emigrated from the State of Virginia in the year of 1855, and was last heard of in Vancouver, W. T., in 1868. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by S. W. Holman, Maxie, Limestone county, Texas.

Henry Hedges, of Woodburn, has succeeded in capturing James Whitney, the Butteville incendiary. Well done, Mr. Lane.

The war of races was the fight between a German and colored woman, in a Portland school house, last week.

Suit has been commenced by the Wilson heirs against the city of Salem for the possession of the parcel of land known as Marion Square.

J. W. Redington, of Salem, wants to know the whereabouts of Paul A. Sherman, who started for Southern Oregon two months ago, and das not been heard of since.

The horse Mark Twain has been sold for $2,000.

The rainy weather appears to be waking up the Portland "cracksmen."

It is said the new steamboat, City of Salem, "will be able to navigate dry land, providing there is a heavy dew on the grass."

James Logan escaped from the Albany jail last Tuesday. The Sheriff don't know what he escaped for, as he was well treated and winter is setting in.

The bazar and fair held by the Sisters of Charity on the fair grounds last week, for the benefit of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, of Salem, was very successful, proceeds being $2,092 15.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Corvallis and Yaquina Railroad Company was held in Corvallis on last Saturday. Directors were elected for the following year, as follows: J. C. Avery, Chas. P. Hogue, B. W. Wilson, J. M. Currier, J. R. Bayley, E. Hartless, Joseph Hamilton, Hiram Flickinger and M. Jacobs.

The contract for finishing up the inside work on the new capitol building, consisting of plumbing, plastering, painting and carpenter work, was awarded by the board of capitol commissioners on Tuesday to Mr. W. S. Harn, of Portland, for the sum of $24,195,—he to furnish all material, except lumber, which is to be furnished by the commissioners. The bids were sixteen in number, ranging from $24,195 to $28,400. Mr. Harn's being the lowest, was awarded the contract.

Mr. Rockwell, the horse-trainer, informs the *Mercury* that one of his men start from Salem early Monday morning for the purpose of conveying his tent and aparatus to Amity, where an exhibition was to be given and a school of instruction opened. when near Spong's ferry, he was stopped by a party of half-breeds, who drew their pistols upon him, and swore they would not allow him to proceed further. After a short parley he found it impossible to go any further without causing bloodshed, so he returned to Salem.

A dozen families of immigrants have settled in the vicinity of Ellensburg, Curry Co., this fall, and still there is room for more.

Random Shots.

The New York *Tribune* informs us that J. A. Cheek, a prominent citizen of Durham, N. C., committed suicide recently by hanging himself with a mosquito net. "Cheek!"

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: "A Pike county, Ind., boy killed himself drinking 'colored lemonade' at the county fair." Boys, bear this in mind, and let every father of an economical turn, cut this out and keep it in his pocket-book for reference.

The N. Y. *Sun* says: "Bismark is cultivating a sycamore in his garden, back of the Foreign Office, sent him by American Germans in 1872, for a birthday present. His gardner thinks him a great man, chiefly because he occasionally asks him, 'Well, Franz, how is the sycamore getting along?' The gardner ought to tell him it is *sicker more* frequently, and perhaps he'd get a Christmas present for being a smarty.

From the N. Y. *Post* we learn that in a bale of the new crop of cotton received at Providence the other day, there were found fifteen pounds and three ounces of old iron. This must have been intended for the manufacture of gun cotton.

The Orange *Gazette* says: "Not only is it a fact, according to an exchange, that no bald headed man was ever known to have the consumption, but no case of the bald headed ever becoming insane is recorded. This has just been discovered." This report was started by a newly-married Oregon citizen whose hair is rapidly disappearing.

The Atlantic *Times* says "there is a pig with the hoofs of a mule on exhibition at Butler, Ga." Whew! A pig-headed mule! Can you imagine anything more obstinate?

The papers say there are forty thousand marriageable girls in California. Boys, what's the matter with you!

From the Wilmington *Weekly* we learn that the brandy from Delaware peaches is not as good as usual this year. The charactor of the Wilmington *Weekly* for veracity was never of the best, and we are constrained to say that we cannot believe this distressing news until we have had several chances of testing for ourself.

Ames' Election Methods.

Chicago Times' Washington Letter.

Senator Alcorn of Mississippi, who has been in town several days, placing his two little girls in the convent school at Georgetown, relates no end of good stories of Mississippi plantation life. Mr. Alcorn lives upon a plantation where he employs 1,000 negroes, and he says he never had any trouble with them. In among these 1,000 men, there are no end of secret societies, and every night there are marchings and counter-marching all over his place. Still, any of these commotions have never caused him or any of his family to fear an insurrection. Illustrative of how the negroes are led about by the nose by unprincipled men, the Senator relates an amusing story: During his last canvass against Ames for the Governorship of the State, there was a very eager contest. As Alcorn employed upward of 1,000 men on his plantation, it was feared by the Ames men that they would all vote for their employer. Upon the plantation is one old patriarch by the name of "Shep," who was the property of Alcorn before the war, and who had the most of his life seen service on the Alcorn plantation. One day a small-sized, dapper-mannered carpet-bagger came up to Alcorn's plantation, and went around secretly electioneering among the negroes. He discovered that Shep was a leader among them all, and unless he gained him over it would be useless to look for votes for Ames on the plantation. He fell into conversation with Shep, and gathered from him the scanty details of his past life. He then went away without saying a word to Shep about the election.

Several weeks after that, and a short time before the election, a large letter postmarked Washington, and resplendent with red seals and official stamps, came to the Alcorn plantation, addressed to Shep. It was an event in the old man's life. A meeting of his favorite secret society was at once called, and some one of the presiding officers who could read was detailed to open and read the awe-inspiring document. It was as follows:

"*Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Headquarters of the Army and Navy and Glorious Commonwealth.*—MY DEAR SHEP: Although you live at a great distance from me, and although you are only one of my many colored children, yet I know all about you, and often have my eye upon you. You were born on a plantation near Lynchburg, in Virginia. You were owned there by a man by the name of Charles Somers. Some years before the war you were sold to Mr. Alcorn in Mississippi. I know Julius, Robert and James Henry Augustus, your boys, as well as Susan Ann, Jane and Roxanna Virginia, your daughters. You see, Shep, that although I am a very great man, I know all about my children. I have a watchful care over you all, and have a plan to make you all happy. I want you to vote for General Ames for Governor this fall, and my dear Shep, I will give you my reasons for so wishing. In the first place, General Ames is my officer in your State, and I want you to obey him. Mr. Alcorn is an old slave-holder; you must not vote for him. If General Ames is elected, I propose to cut up Mr. Alcorn's plantation and give it to the slaves, who so many years worked for him for nothing. I will give you, my dear Shep, your choice out of the lots when it is cut up. Do not forget to do all you can to get votes for Ames. Good-bye, my dear Shep. Your friend and benefactor,

U. S. GRANT,

The great General of the Army and Navy, and Commander of the Commonwealth."

The letter carried Shep completely by storm. An angel from heaven could not have convinced him that the letter was not from the President. He voted for Ames, and carried upward of 500 votes with him.

The above related incident is only one of the many ways used by unscrupulous politicians to hood-wink the simple-minded and gullible negro.

ANGORA GOATS.—Messrs. Carey & Myres have been engaged for several years in raising goats in this and the adjoining county of Calaveras. Myres' range is about four miles from Sutter Creek, and that of Carey is in Salt Springs Valley, in Calaveras, some thirty-five miles distant. Lately their goats have increased to such an extent that the range became overstocked, and they were compelled to reduce their herds. On Saturday last they drove a band through Sutter Creek consisting of 1,060 head, which they intend taking into Southern Oregon to sell. They are of the Angora kind, suitable for breeding, and among them are many fine bucks. The owners informed us that they had found the business of goat breeding a very profitable one. They find a ready market for the mohair in San Francisco at one dollar per pound. From San Francisco the mohair is shipped direct to the alpaca works at Jamestown, N. Y., and there converted into fabrics. As much as fifty thousand pounds of mohair has been shipped from this state this season.—*Sutter Creek (Cal.) Ensign.*

A medium who arrived in Dubuque a short time ago, has performed the remarkable feat of rendering himself invisible, much to the regret of his landlord and his washerwoman.

FREAK OF NATURE.—An Oregon City smarty says he had three hands the other day, his right, left, and running for the train he got a little behind hand.

TERRITORIAL NEWS ITEMS.

Judge Kelly, editor of the Idaho *Statesman*, is canvassing Boise county for subscribers. We wish him good luck.

Three hundred emigrants, Swedes, Scandinavians, Dutch, Scotch, English and Irish, arrived at Salt Lake, Thursday, in charge of a Mormon missionary.

Lieutenant Colonel Grover, inspector of the department of the Platte, has just finished an inspection of all the forts in Utah, Wyoming and Montana.

It is estimated that the yield of gold and silver from the mines of Colorado for the first six months of the present year foots up in gold, $1,052,709, and in silver, $1,104,069.

It is rumored that a company of Eastern and Western men, with a capital of $1,000,000, to operate the cattle trade between Colorado and Wyoming and Chicago, has been formed.

The report of the committee of the Northern Pacific Railroad, made to the meeting of the stockholders on the 21, shows that the patented and certified lands of the company remaining unsold amount to about 600,000 acres, all in Minnesota and Dakota. Their sale is postponed to such a day as the court may hereafter order. Bonds to the amount of $20,000,000 have been deposited with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company to carry on the plan of reorganization. The powers of attorney received by the committee make a total of about $26,000,000, or more than five sixths of the whole, and large additions are being made daily. In conclusion, the committee say that a mortgage of $30,000,000 has been substantially foreclosed, and a reorganization effected in less than six months; 550 miles of the road are now in paying operation, and the property includes a domain of nearly 10,000,000 acres of land, and 25,000 more for every mile of new road built, as a basis for future operation.

So many outrages have been committed lately on the road between Forts Laramie and Fetterman that General Crook has ordered a company of cavalry to do constant patrol duty on that route.

The newly elected legislators of New Mexico are scheming to get the territorial capitol away from Santa Fe, where it has been located for as many decades as there are fingers and thumbs on your hands.

A Montana paper says that Mr. M. Stone, living near Gaffney, cut this season 100 acres of wheat, some of which yielded 59 bushels to the acre. And yet, people trudge of to California, simply to raise wheat.

From the Idaho *World* we learn that Hooten & Elliott, the owners of the Sub Roza quartz mine, in Boise county, have realized from a crushing of thirteen days in Plowman's mill, something between eight and nine thousand dollars.

The Seattle *Dispatch* says that within the past few days eight Indians have appeared before the clerk of the United States district court, in that city, and made oath of their intention to become citizens of the United States and the severance of their tribal relations.

Mr. Steve Henderson informs the *Statesman* that he has discovered a very rich ledge of silver about five miles from Boise city, and that Mr. J. Pinkham had an assay made of the rock, which went $320 to the ton. Mr. Henderson has also found a mine of alum near town, and it is well known that there is a coal mine of excellent quality near Fort Boise.

The northern end of San Juan island, W. T., must be very near His Satanic Majesty's dominions. They have found a sulphur mine there of great extent.

A farmer from Lake Washington informs the Seattle *Tribune* of the 19th that he raised onions this season on his place at the rate of 1,450 bushels to the acre. Nine and ten hundred bushels are claimed every year for various parts of the Territory.

Two veins of coal have been discovered in and adjacent to Steilacoom.

A Panic-Maker.

General Butler cannot forego his demagogism, whether in office or out of office. If any way exists whereby mischievious doctrines can be inculcated this prophet of evil is sure to find it, and to avail of it. The most recent demonstration of this fact is the letter to the United States Legal Tender Club of New York. General Butler has no power of exciting the community at present. His influence is broken with all classes of society. And the latest missive emanating from him should destroy all faith in his ability to counsel for any good purpose whatever. His hobby to-day happens to be inflation, which he constantly holds up as the panacea for the prostration of busines. He avows his enmity to sound principles of finance, and sustains his propositions by appealing to the experience of those overtaken by financial distresses.

No schoolboy but knows that the depression in manufactures principally comes from over production. The facilities and power of manufacturing have increased out of proportion to the absorbing capacity of the community. So far as the currency affects this part of business, returning confidence, based on a sound, stable circulating medium, would doubtless tend to reduce the excess of fabrics, and distribute larger quantities of them among solvent purchasers.—*Boston Transcript.*

CROQUET.

BY L. B. CAKE.

Well, wife, we're here at home again.
Just you and I alone;
How strangely still the old house seems
With all the children gone!
Ah, me! how often I have thought,
When worried with their noise,
What joy we'd see when they grew up,
Those shouting girls and boys.

They've done as other children do,
Done just as we did, wife;
Their children will do so by them,
So runs the warp of life;
But could I change one single thread,
In life's full woof, to-day,
I'd bring the children home to wait,
Till we should go away.

I've thought so much of that new game
We helped the children play;
The one with mallets, balls and wires,
With that queer name—Croquet.
'Tisn't much like the games we played,
More like the game of life,
That you and I have learned to play,
Since you became my wife.

They choose their partners, make their stand,
All for position aim;
Strive to be first from arch to arch,
And winner in the game.
Croquet "positioned folks" away,
Drive others from the ground—
Some fall behind, some rove, some win;
Thus runs the game around.

Together through the wickets, wife,
Since partners we became,
We've run the weary score of life,
And soon we'll close the game.
The sun dips low, the friends that look
Drop one by one away;
Few will be left upon the ground,
When we shall cease to play.

The night comes creeping darkly on,
The shadows round us blend;
But I can see the arches plain,
Between us and the end;
The curfew call from Far Away,
Will soon come o'er the heather;
The arches won, I only pray
We may go out together.

Origin of the Term Brother Jonathan.

The story of the origin of the above term, as related many years ago, to the editor of the *Norwich Courier*, by a gentleman over eighty years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the Revolution, is as follows:

When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary war, came to Massachusetts to organize it and make preparations for the defense of the country, he found a great want of amunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was held, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterward arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but "Brother Jonathan" has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Ball has for England.

WATERSPOUTS.—Mr. Charles H. Allen, F. R. G. S., writes to the London *Times*: "Being in Calais, in August, 1870, I noticed while walking on the beach a very black cloud, which hung like a thick curtain over the sea, and stood out in singular contrast to the brightness of the surrounding sky. Presently a flash of lighting came from the cloud, and it was immediately followed by a funnel-shaped projection, which was continued as a thin belt to the surface of the sea. Its apparent height was about a mile. The water on the sea was boiling in fierce commotion as though vast masses of rain water were being poured upon it in a single stream. This continued for about ten minutes, during which time the long streamer waved about in the wind; the cloud gradually became less black, and at last the waving belt broke asunder. The spout moved along the sea at a rapid pace, and had it met with a large vessel, or had its course been over the land, your pages would have had some disaster to chronicle. I believe this spout had its origin in the black cloud and was not water raised in a whirlwind. I have seen dust columns carried to a great height in Australia but their motion was upward, and not downward, as in the case of this great waterspout."

Judge Miller is a very successful politician, and at one time knew every voter in his district. Time, however, has faded the Judge's memory a little, although he will not admit it. He shakes hands with, and pretends to know everybody.

He was holding court in Miller county a short time ago, and was approached by a long lubberly specimen of the Osage hills, who held out his paw and:

"How d'ye do, Judge; you don't know me, do you?"

"Oh, yes," said the Judge. "How is your father?"

Osager. "Oh, he's been dead eleven years!"

Judge. "Sure enough, but how is your mother?"

Osager. "Why she's been dead eighteen years!"

Judge. "Well, how the devil are you? You ain't dead, I know!"

This brought down the crowd, which soon adjourned to the nearest grocery, to drink to the live man's health.—*Sedalia Bazoo.*

NIGHT IN OREGON CITY.—Oh, you ought to come out here and see how dark it is!" "How could I see if it's as dark as you say?"

Cabinet Changes and their Reasons.

Since General Grant became President the following members of the Cabinet have resigned:

Elihu Washburne....Secretary of State
Adolph E. Borie.....Sec. of Navy
G. T. Boutwell.....Secretary of Treas.
Wm. Richardson....Secretary of Treas.
J. D. Cresswell.....Postmaster-Gen'rl
E. Rockwood Hoar.....Attorney Gen'rl
Amos Akerman..... " "
George H. Williams... " "
J. D. Cox.....Secretary of Interior
Columbus Delano..... " "

Gen. Rawlins, Secretary of War, died in office. There is, therefore, now no member of the Cabinet in office who went in with the President. Adding to those who have resigned and the one who died, the persons who have taken their places, we find that 21 different persons in six years have sat around the Executive Council board.

Look at the causes briefly stated for the removal of some of these men:

Office.	*Men.*	*Cause of Retirement.*
Sect. Navy	A. E. Borie	Incompetency.
Sect. Treas.	W. Richardson	Corruption.
Post.-Gen.	J. D. Cresswell	Corruption.
Att'y-Gen.	Amos Akerman	Incompetency.
Att'y-Gen.	G. H. Williams	Incompetency and Corruption.
Sect. Inte.	Columbus Delano	Corruption.

Mr. E. Rockwood Hoar left the Attorney-Generalship because he would not let rogues and robbers be made Marshals in Southern Districts. Mr. J. D. Cox left the Interior Department because he was expected to sanction the swindles which have at last tripped up Delano. The recent retirement of Williams and the present retirement of Delano are attributed in great part to the flat demand of Secretaries Fish and Bristow, Attorney-General Pierrepont, and Postmaster-General Jewell.

A RESTAURANT ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.—Mr. Joseph Heilbrun, of the firm of Tobias & Heilbrun, of Philadelphia, has closed a contract for a restaurant to be known as the American Restaurant, and which will be conducted by the firm on the Centennial grounds. The building, designed by H. T. Schwarman, the architect on the Centennial Board of Finance, will be situated in a grove of cedars on the bank of the stream running between the Horticultural and Agricultural buildings. It will cover one and a quarter acres, with a length of 273 feet and a width of 188 feet enclosing a garden 125 long by 116 feet wide, handsomely ornamented with fountains, plants and statuary. The entire space occupied by the building and garden will be three and a quarter acres.

There will be private dining and smoking rooms, a large banqueting hall with room for 500 guests, and arrangements for meals in the garden. Mr. Charles Vossler, formerly of the Grand Hotel, of Paris, and recently of New York, will be the superintendent. The total capacity of the restaurant will be to seat five thousand guests. The building will be completed by the 1st of January, and the restaurant will, it is said, be on a larger scale than any in this country, and the arrangements will be of a superior character.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

AN OLD GIRL.—Minerva Isidore Manchester was pretty nearly all the name belonging to a woman with gray hair, cracked voice and shuffling gait, who slided out at the tolling of the bell.

"This is a case of drunkenness," remarked the Court as he held up the warrant.

"Oh, well, don't be too hard on us girls," she replied, giggling like a parrot, and trying to look attractive.

How old are you?" quietly asked His Honor.

"I'll be twenty-seven next week!" she replied promptly.

"Twenty-seven—yes—um. You'll never see fifty-five again."

"Oh, now, darling!" she giggled pushing back her hair.

"Don't fool around this Court, Mrs. Manchester, but tell how you plead to this charge."

"I was a little tipsy, my love," she said, "but I am going to be steady after this. Let me go this morning, old sweetness, and you shall have a slice of the bridal cake."

"I'll bridle you for ninety days old girl," replied the Court, "and if I didn't think'd you'd die of old age in that time I'd make it six months. Go back and sit down."—*Free Press.*

GRANT'S VISIT TO HIS FARM.—President Grant's visit to his Missouri farm appears to have been unsatisfactory. Addressing the farm hands in his usual strain of fiery eloquence, he gave them to understand that he was "thunderingly disappointed in the looks of things." We have not received the full text of his speech, but the peroration reads as follows: "I appear among you as the representative of agricultural reform, and when I order a patch of ground to be planted with rye, I don't want any back-jaw in favor of winter cabbage.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

AMERICAN PEACHES ABROAD.—It is creditable to American enterprise that the second attempt to send peaches to England has been attended with complete success. The fruit being in good condition on arrival and having readily found purchasers in London, peach-growers are now assured a larger market for their fruit, which will doubtless be produced in greater quantity to meet the foreign demand. If all perishable fruit and vegetables can be sent cheaply in the same way to Europe, the success of the experiment will prove of incalculable value to this productive land.

The Homestead of Daniel Webster.

Correspondence of the Boston Globe.

The secluded country home and ocean-boardered farm of Webster at Marshfield presents to the wayfarer along the South Shore not the least attractions of the Old Colony. The beauty and quietude of the place and it's natural features are elements in its character, apart from its association with the great statesman, that may well tempt the pilgrim to turn his steps and wander through the grounds. The estate, as is generally known, under its former possession extended to the ocean and comprised about 1,500 acres of land, including the present little sea-shore hamlets of Green Harbor and Brant Rock. But it is now reduced to about its original limits of three or four hundred acres, as at the time of purchase by Mr. Webster. The house is situated about two miles from the sea, and not in sight of it.

The mansion house is a typical American homestead very extensive, with an air of comfort and convenience, and in some way impresses one as the abode of past greatness. Sufficiently ornate to satisfy good taste, it has an unpretentious grandeur that occords well with the spot. Though occupied as a private residence and not open for public inspection, still the writer and friend were most politely received and shown the principal rooms by the excellent lady of the house. The first room visited was the library, which is the finest and naturally the most interesting apartment. It is situated in one of the wings of the house, and was designed by Julia, the daughter of Webster, especially for her father's use, and in its plan and arrangements does great credit to her taste and skill. It is left as nearly as possible as it was at Mr. Webster's death—the great massive writing table, the favorite chair, the pictures and ornaments remain mementoes of other days, and vividly recall the great life with which they were so intimately associated. Most of the books have been removed from the cases for sale, but their places are supplied with articles of *vertu* and ornaments of great variety and value, the collection of a lifetime. The high vaulted walls are adorned with pictures and busts, many of the former being family portraits, the most conspicuous being one of Mr. Webster, by Healy, painted at the time of the signing of the Ashburton Treaty, and another of Major Edward Webster in the uniform of the Massachusetts Mexican volunteers. The staff and white felt hat are suspended in their accustomed place over the picture of their former possessor.

Other rooms—the music room, the dining and morning rooms, the star chamber, and Mr. Webster's room in which he died,—were shown us, and the particular features and souvenirs pointed out. They are all preserved in appearance as when the household lost its master and the nation its greatest intellect. In the dining room many pictures of favorite cattle drawn from life hang on the walls, while in others miniatures of grandchildren and sketches of Webster in rude home garb and white hat attract the eye. From the window of the morning room, looking out upon the great elm, the final farewell was taken two or three days before his death of the herd of 150 cattle, driven up for their owner's last view. Mr. Webster had a strong attachment for his cattle, and talked to them and fondled them as though they were intellectual beings. The rooms have that homelike aspect in keeping with the character of one "to the manor born," who here sought relief from the cares of state and life, and ever yearned for the peace and pleasures of a New England home in which he was reared.

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM.—A Western paper tells the following:

"A man went into Slight's confectionery store a few days ago, in an excited manner, and rushing up to the proprietor said:

"Do you make wedding cakes?"

"Yes, sir," said Slight.

"Well," said the other, "I'm goin' ter git married ter-day, an' I want a cake. I'm no slouch, an' I'm goin' ter dew things up to the handle. I don't intend ter git married but once, and you bet I'll make things howl."

Slight smiled blandly, and commenced lifting out ten and twenty-dollar wedding cakes, gorgeous in beautiful frosting and artificial flowers. Among the rest was a small plain cake.

"How much is that?" asked the excited purchaser.

"Four bits," said Slight.

"That's the one for me; here's your money, old pard; wrap her up. Thar's nothin' mean about me; I wouldn't care if it was six bits."

Slight gazed after the purchaser as he went out about five minutes, the picture of amazement, and then he sat down and fanned himself for half an hour, and then got up and consumed half an hour or more in stowing away the piles of fancy cakes and talking to himself softly, but his bland smile had passed away for the time being.

PHILOSOPHICAL RESIGNATION.—Mrs. Klipress, who lives near Canemah, shook her husband out of a sound sleep a few nights since, whispering excitedly, "What's that? John, there's a man out in the woodshed! I know there is!" Valiant John reached for his trusty rifle, and commenced to reconnoiter. "Bang!" went the gun, and John Klipress now says he "intended to kill that cow anyhow; milking was getting wearisome and the milk was fattening the children too fast."