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2 L.O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tues-

day evenings each month, at 7% o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

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Oregon City. ry the tiniest parcel. Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

Kate Armour.

pleasant country place opened softly ciation, he told her that "anyway, and a girl crept out and looked anx- her teeth were like pearls." iously about her. She was a pretty young creature, with a soft foolish sort of face, and she had an air about long time. her that told of good living and freeher hand she carried a Russia-leather spend it.'

Closing the door softly behind her, said Tom Scotcher. "Trunk full of she hurried down the garden path, money! Her money is in the bank, I and at the gate found her hand clasp- suppose, like other folks." Kate ed by the strong hand of a man-a laughed. handsome, big fellow, though even was not a refined person.

was bound to elope.

To say why she had been so fool- worried over it at home.' daughter of a wealthy woman, with pale face. a good position in society, to fall in Then he ate his bread and cheese love with a fellow who had nothing and arose. but a certain amount of coarse good to succeed where all the wise men here-you and the kid.' Who has ever yet been able to give the boy's cheek.

to make a woman an idiot. manners. Go she did, however, and | whine. the two were married in the nearest town. Tom Scotcher having no doubt whatever that Mrs. Armour would relent when she heard that

rest of his days. however. The mother replied to her | was sinking, and she was still alone. daughter's first letter by forbidding her even to write again. And when

However, he was in love in his coarse fashion just then, and, after his wife and said: "Well, you're as handsome as a

picture anyway; and hang the wo-Then he took her by both arms holding her so tightly that he left

the marks of his fingers upon them and kissed her on the neck-a fierce, hot kiss, from which she shrank with a little scream crying:

"Tom, you bit me!" So he had. At least, it was a sort of bite. She did not know what to make of it. Afterward she learnt.

It was the first lesson he had dared to give her in the difference between the love of a brute and the love of a gentleman. And it was not long before she learnt that a passion utterly without sentiment falls like a curse upon any woman's life. Tom had no sentiment. Yet, for awhile, her fresh beauty charmed him, and it was better with them then than afterward; for while it lasted he be-

haved decently.

He found work suited for him, and did it. He spared her what he could as he said, "for finery," and she, though she began to understand the difference between being Miss Armour and Mrs. Tom Scotcher, clung to him as long as he yet told her she was "the prettiest girl anywhere." For a year she was often uncomfortable and very remorseful when she thought of her mother, but she was

Then a little babe lay on her bosom, and she was very delicate, and began to fade a little, and then Tom came home tipsy once or twice, and she now hope gave her strength. She shall repair. could not tell which were worse, his liquor-flavored kisses or curses.

Then disenchantment having begun on both sides-a red-cheeked made her jealous-jealous of Tom Scotcher. And reproaching him with it when he had a glass, and foolishly twitting him with the fact

well, he struck her. So her love ended, and the depth of misery was reached. She

in his true colors. And now often he told her that she had lost all her good looks, and was nothing but a drag on a young fellow, who could marry "the prettiest girl going if he were single.'

"Oh, mother, mother, if you only knew," the girl often sobbed in se-Tom Scotcher's baby in her arms.

A little, soft, silly thing she was still, and ever would be.

Tom Scotcher, with his habits, with a hatchet." lost one place after another, and they moved on and on, living here and living there, sometimes with plenty to eat, sometimes with half

er having found work in a neighthe wife carrying the baby across in

road where a grateful shade fell from She was dead.

down to eat and drink. Tom was in One night, at the stroke of twelve, the best humor, for some reason, and when there was no moon, the door of made a jok at which his wife laugha large and handsome house in a ed. On that, flattered by her appre-

> Praise is sweet to a woman, and she had heraed no compliment for a

"I'd grow good looking again if dom from all care as to ways and we had better times," said she. means. Her dress was a handsome "And there's mother with her great one, suitable for traveling, and in trunk full of money, and no one to

"Why, what do you mean? girl'

"Mother never will put money in in that light one could see that he banks," she said. "She's sure they'll fail she has thousands sometimes in Indeed the man was her own moth- an old red box under her bed. She er's hired servant, with whom she throws rags on top, and says that is the best way to hide it. I've often

ish as to take a fancy to him, to ex- "Yes," said Tom. "It's foolish plain the feelings that induced her- but woman is mostly idiots," and young, beautiful and educated, the he sneered sardonically at his wife's

"I'll go back to the tavern and get

looks to recommend him, would be a drink of beer," he said. "You sit in the world have failed thus far. Then he stooped down and pinched

the reason for a woman's infatuation | Not for months had her Orson for her lover! Indeed, she has been so charming. Kate was really none, so that often in the years that comforted. She sat in the grateful blot her folly out she asked herself, shade for a long while, not wonder-REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. "Why did I love that fellow!" and ing that he was long in coming back can find no answer. A man can gen- when he had reached so desirable erally say, "She was pretty," in a goal as a tavern; and after a while the same case. It does not need even she fell aslep. It was a long, sweet sleep, and in it she saw her mother And so I cannot tell you why Kate and the old house where she was Armour left her happy home, her born, in a strangely vivid dream. mother who loved her, her friends, Her mother sat and looked at her in and all her luxuries, for the kisses the old, loving way; and on her own and praises of that boor of a groom, | lap lay a little dog that had been a who had not honest worth to com- great pet of hers in that sweet long pensate for his lack of education and ago. The tiny creature began to

> "Lie still," she said. "Lie still; what ails you. Pinky!"

But Pinky whined louder. "What can trouble him?" she said. her girl was really married, and that again; and then she was broad awake; he should lie down in clover for the and it was not her little dog that wailed in her arms, but her child-

Tom was, doubtless, lying very drunk indeed on the tavern step, by the answer came the groom was very | this time, she thought. But it was not his habit yet to neglect business, and he had said it was needful to reach their place of destination by sulking an hour or two, he turned to dark, that he might present himself

to his employer in the morning. Impatiently she waited; but the moon had arisen, and still he did not come. All that she could do was to

a sort her protector.

had abandoned her.

mother.

about her mother's house.

What had happened!

man who stood near. cret; but she could not go home with man, shivering as she spoke. "You're great republic. No higher honor can der of three women, whom he slew Indeed, she had not the resolution know old Mrs. Armour. She was the second century of our national qualities if his phrenological chart necessary to enable her to run away. killed last night for her money. existence as nobly as they opened is accurate. The phrenologist says

> "Oh, Heaven screamed Kate, Who did it!"

her arms, and a bundle on her back. all they could for the stranger with made, and a score who have excellent Kate Armour had disdained to car- the lady's face and the beggar's manners, but of gentlemen, how clothes whom no one recognized; many? Let us take a little scrap of

some large elms, and here they sat Carl Schurz on the Situation.

From his Address to the St. Louis Germans. In alluding to the present, I do nial memories which have gathered us here are not the property and pride of one party, and a reproach to the other; they are equally dear to all, and uniting us all in common veneration. So I speak to that patriotic spirit which must be common to all who are true Americans, whatever most commonly in use:

party name they may have chosen. With anxious hearts we have been watching from year to year the growth of demoralization and corruption in our public concerns, threatening to poison the very life of those free institutions to which the American people owe so much of their prosperity, strength and greatness, and not a few have there been despondingly predicting that this centennial anniversary of the nation's birth would be darkened by the moral decay of the republic, the prelude of its disintegration and downfall. Surely the evil is great, and the efforts to remedy it have met with many a reverse. But is the cause of heart. reform and regeneration as hopeless as the cause of independence seemed when the centennial Congress had to fly from the very hall where independence was declared, and when Washington's brave heart, amidst the distress of Valley Forge, had to summon its last reserve of fortitude, not to bitions. sink in despair? Is it less promising than was the struggle against slavery. when the conscience of the American people seemed smothered by their new-grown wealth of cotton, or, after a new outbreak, lulled to sleep again by compromises all but universally acquiesced in? Will not the same patient fortitude of patriotic purpose. which, undismayed by temporary failure, achieved results so great in the days of the past-will it not again be strong enough to rescue the re-

public from its present dangers? Indeed, I say it with joy, I see the dawn of hope and good promise on the horizon. But yesterday, as it were, that partisan power which, under either party name, recognized in spoils and plunders the cohesive bond of organization, threatened to wield over all of you, on either side, He reckoned without his host, Tom Scotcher's baby-and the sun a scarcely disputed sway. But has not a patriotic spirit arisen in the land which has already, in both organizations, staggered that power in its strongholds? May we not indeed hope, by that persevering effort of love another as I have you. which, to-day, we commemorate so glorious an example, to make ours once more that pure and high-toned government which the fathers of the republic made it and designed it to

Here and there we still hear voices | hair and blue eyes. among us asking with a sneer: "What turn back and seek him in the tavern. is all this worth? What will it avail, She had no money-no food. this effort to restore the ancient mor-Such as he was, her husband and in al greatness of this government? Our man dressed as she described him to go the way of all great republics lace"to her waiting woman. Swift adhad drunk there about noon, but before it-first rotting in corruption, dressed a "young lady" in his pecul-

farm on the road to Grapemere; and shall correct, and the failures we guipures. He was never burried, by would not lag until she met her It is the growth of that spirit rested for debt; so that he remains, She washed her own face and that as a sign of new promise. May it be earth and sky. The Duke of Alvaof her child in a little pond. She strong enough to govern the whole not the great duke, but one who died girl, chambermaid at a low tavern shook some of the dust from her people in that momentous act by in Paris in 1739-was, by his own clothes, and walked on more slowly, which, in this year of great memories, direction, interred in a shirt of the coming at length into the trim street, they have to choose for themselves a finest Holland, trimmed with a new with its houses half hidden in their new government. May a sincere so- point lace; a new coat embroidered fine gardens in which stood her licitude for the common good and in silver; a new wig; his cane on the all of which are warranted to be as that she had left her wealth and lux- mother's dwelling-place. Yes, she the honor of the republic weigh right, his sword on the left side of ury for him, and might have married must be forgiven-she must-she down the aspirations of greedy sel- his coffin. The beautiful Konigscrowd filled it. People ran to and reckless vituperation be banished Malins and guipure; and the celesaw the man she belonged to for life fro, some shouting, some crying. from our debates, and the clash of brated Mrs. Oldfield "was laid in her And the densest of the crowd was opinions give evidence only of an coffin in a very fine Brussels lace honest endeavor to evolve the truth. head, a Holland shirt with a tucker With her heart beating wildly, the century—all Americans show kid gloves." Kate clutched the arm of a poor wo- themselves worthy heirs of the heroic, devoted and wise men who gave to "What is the matter!" she asked. America independence, and to the Character.-Adin, who was hanged "Why, it's murder!" said the wo- world the inspiring example of a in Ohio the other day for the mura stranger, ain't you! You don't we do their names than by opening in a fit of wrath, had some 'excellent Seems she kept a lot under her bed the first, and prouder than ever shall to him. "You are one of the most in a chest. She's beat all to pieces | we be able to say, We, too, are Amer- | independent of men, especially in

ican citizens. look! You'll drop your baby. Here, look the world honestly in the face, boring town, or so he declared, they help! help! There's a woman in a fit traveled together across the country, or something!" And help came; kindly hands did know a hundred whose coats are well Thackeray.

Language of Flowers.

For years the language of flowers has been in use. It is certainly apnot speak as a partisan. The centen- propriate that those forms of expression, constantly employed in the communication of the thoughts and seelings which emanate from love, the most beautiful object in nature. For the special benefit of those who may have occasion for them, we give some of the definitions

Blue bell-I wish to lead a single

Boxwood-Tell me that you love me truly. Columbine-You are most too

foolish. Clover blossoms, red-I have a secret to tell you. Clover blossoms, white-I love

another better than you. Dandelion-You are a smiling little flirt. Daisy-I will share your delightful sentiments.

Dahila-Your charms I cannot re-Fuchia-I am true to you. Flags-Cold and dreary is my

Flowery locust-I love you, but I love another. Geranium-I am lonely without

Grass-Useful, but not orna-Hollyhock-You are most too am-Honeysuckle-I will make you happy.

Hyacinth-Have you good faith Ice plant-You look cold. Ivy-I can only be your friend and nothing more. Lily-I am patient. Lilac-You are my first and only

true love. Lady slipper—You are fickle. Locust blossoms—I have loved von long and well. Marigold-Be very cautious. Mignonette---I love you more for

not being more handsome. Myrtle---I love you truly. Morning glory --- Love, love me. Magnolia---I love none on earth

better than you. Mock orange---Can you keep a secret. Narcissus---Your love for yourself

is better than for me. Orange flowers---Charity--- a virtue all should have. Oleander---Be careful, my dear.

Peach blossoms---I shall never Peppermint---Warmth of feeling. Peony, red---Why do you keep me waiting so long?

Pink---I am happy in your pres-Rose---Geranium---I prefer light

About Lace. In the sixteenth century lace was a people are so swallowed up by a favorite lover's bribe to an Abigail. She arose, took up the bundle and greedy materialism as to be lost to Silvio, in the bill of costs he sent to the baby, and trudged back to the all ideal impulse. They have ceased the widow of Zelinda, at the terminato care for their free institutions, tion of his unsuccessful suit, makes Tom Scotcher was not there. A and this republic is manifestly bound a charge for a "piece of Flanders had gone the other way; and now and then drifting into some form of iar strain: "And when you are among Kate began to understand that he despotic rule." O, how contemptible, yourselves, how naturally, after the in the face of the history that is be- first compliments, do you entertain At first, going by herself to a spot | hind us and the duties before us, is | yourself with the price and choice of where no one could see her, she cri- that dreary pessimism, that imbecile lace, and apply your hands to each ed over it, and felt very unhappy. despondency of impotent characters, other's lappets and ruffles, as if the Then hope filled her heart. Now who are ever ready to give up all as whole business of life and the public her mother would relent and take lost because they are too indolent for concern depended on the cut of your a vigorous effort to save what is not | petticoats." Not satisfied with lace She turned to the tavern, and ask- lost, only threatened! No, with such when alive, both men and women ed the way to Grapemere. It was elements of vitality and moral strength | craved for it as a decoration for their nearer than she thought-only fifteen as the American people possess, there grave clothes. In Malta, Greece, miles away. Toward it she set her is nothing lost that is worth preserv- and the Ionian Islands, the practice ing or restoring. Let all good citi- of burying people in lace acquired Slowly and painfully she toiled on, zens listen to their consciences as to an unsavory reputation on account begging her bread as she went. She what is right and just and best for of the custom of rifling the tombs slept in barns at times; once in a the welfare of all, and then, with and selling the lace-often in a filthy poor mans garret, with his little calm judgment, superior to party condition-in the market. At Palerchildren; once in an old lime-kiln. prejudice, choose what appear the mo the mummies in the catacombs At last the white spire of the church | safest among the means offered to | of the Capuchin Convent are adorned where she had been baptized arose attain the end, and we need not fear with lace, and in Northern and Midfrom the distance of tree-encircled for the future of the republic. Er- dle Europe this fashion prevailed for still blind enough to be happy at Grapemere. Then she saw an old rors we shall commit, and failures a long period. In the Church of red barn with which she was famil- we shall endure, but governed by Revel lies the Duc de Croy, a General iar, and its farm-house, and a group such a spirit of sincere devotion and of Charles the Twelfth, in full cosof hay-making people. The last patient perseverance, the errors we tume, with a rich flowing tie of fine the way, his corpse having been arwhich I greet on this centennial day | Mohammed-like, suspended between

May-in this great memorial year of of double ruffles and a pair of new A MURDERER'S PHRENOLOGICAL ing from boyhood; are as independ-THE LIST OF GENTLEMEN .- A gen- ent as a man can be; are quite ambi-"Well," said the woman, "they say a man who used to work for her, us think for. Which of us can point have made, will make, your word enough, until the child was a year and ran off with her daughter, was out many such in his circle-men your bond; are trusted implicitly by Then, one morning, Tom Scotchthat's all talk. Why, how ill you is constant and elevated; who can than you are worth, because you always pay; are just as honest and honorable as any man can be, and are as firm as the everlasting hills, especial- a contemporary, are all born deformly in matters involving right and ed on the inside. They do not limp,

tion there is intolerable.

How the Service Feels About Custer.

[Remarks of a General] The truth about Custer is, that he was a pet soldier, who had risen not above his merit, but higher than men of equal merit. He fought with Phil Sheridan and through the patronage of Sheridan he rose, but while Sheridan liked his valor and his dash he never trusted his judgment. He was to Sheridan what Murat was to Napoleon. While Sheridan is always cool, Custer was always aflame. He was like a thermometer. He had a touch of roed like one of Byron's pirates in the locks, and a broad, flapping sombrero. Rising to high command early in life, he lost the repose necessary I remember when we were chasing Lee, and had him up against Appomattox, Custer rushed into the rebel lines and wanted Longstreet to sursee Custer imagined that if he could Grant, but Longstreet, who had wonderful sense, quietly told the farious young man that he did not command for Sheridan's influence with Grant. was allowed to bask in the sunshine of his friends. But Grant's admin-

stration began to go down, and it

spirit which sent Custer swinging with a measuring rod, and properly around the circle revive d in him. He came East and took a prominent part in reforming the army. Well, that is all right in theory; but, you see, when a soldier goes out of soldiering he is sure to blunder. It is like trying to run a horse-car on cobble-stone pavement. Soldiers said that the war department might be in her business a young niece who foul enough, but it was not their proved to be extremely pretty and place to clean it out. They were no less intelligent. Soon after her soldiers, not scavengers. This made arrival she took it into her head to feeling, and drew upon Custer the study Turkish, representing to her anger of the inside forces of the administration. Then he must write his war memoirs. Sherman did it, and Frederick and Napoleon, and why should not Custer? So people they could be understood without began to cry "Dime novel!" at him. Well, in these memoirs, he began to write recklessly about the army. He | tious and industrious, she soon suctook to praising McClellan as the great man of the war. Probably he was; but it was no business of Custer, and, coming as it did when the Democrats began to look lively, it annoved the administration. Grant Prince Murad to take home some grew so much annoyed that even articles ordered by his principal wife. Sheridan could do no good, and Custer was disgraced. Instead of commanding the Yellowstone expedition, as he expected to do as he always had done under similar circumstances, he was made a subordinate. Technically it was not a disgrace, for Custer was only a lieutenantcolonel, and of course any colonel could rank him. All that Grant did was to put Terry, a general, over Custer, a lieutenant-colonel, who The other evening he called upon had his regiment all the same, but her with the air of a man who had things considered, it was a disgrace. hit upon a happy idea. "Do you Custer felt it, and went out to the know, Jennie," said he, "that in a field to do some tremendous thing, dream I had last night, you allowed astonish the country and overwhelm | me to kiss your pretty cheek." the administration. So, when he "Well, your dream must come true, saw some Sioux camps, instead of I suppose," and she presented her waiting for Gibbon or for Terry, who would have shared or usurped Willie, I too had a furny dream last his honors, he rushed in without night." "What was it, dear?" "I

knowing or caring. It reminds me dreamed that you brought me a diavery much of the charge of the light | mond bracelet." "Oh, thunder,' brigade at Balaklava. That was all because of a row between Lord Cardigan, who commanded the brigade,

and Lord Lucan, who commanded the division. Rich Without Money.

Thousands of men with nothing in who play there. He will shake hands would. But what was this? Usual- fishness and silence the artful cries marck lies buried at Quedlinburg their pockets, and thousands with- with no adult, for fear it might take ly the street was so quiet; now a of the demagogue. May the rage of amida mass of the richest Angleterre, out even a pocket, are rich. A man strength out of him; and he says he born with a good, sound constitution, is developing a will-power that will a good stomach, a good heart, and in time enable him to kill anybody good limbs, and a pretty good head- by a mere exertion of his mind. piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry home, good people! Don't shut up energy to every function, are better vour house lest the sun should fade than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good some of the musty old cobwebs there! breeds and bad breeds exist among If you want to ruin your sons, let men as really as among herds and them think that all mirth and social horses. Education may do much to enjoyment must be left on the threshcheck evil tendencies, or to develop old without when they come home at good ones; but it is a great thing to night. If enjoyment is not found at inherit the right proportion of facul- home, it will be sought elsewhere. thought; have done your own think- ties to begin with. The man is rich who has a good disposition-who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit plant trees to mark the north side of and fun in his composition.

The hardest thing to get on with place it in its natural position. A in this life is a man's own self. A large proportion will then live, as, cross, selfish fellow—a desponding by ignoring this, transplanted trees and complaining fellow-a timid and care-burdened man-these, remarks but their thoughts do.

ing 18 ounces each.

Sleep Walkers.

Somnambulists frequently perform feats in their sleep which they shrink from during waking hours. In a part of France where men are much accustomed to walk on stilts, over swampy ground, a somnambulist one night walked across a swollen torrent on stilts; on awaking, he found himself too much afraid to recross the same torrent by daylight. Another man was in the habit of rising in the night; he dressed while asleep, went down to the cellar, drew wine from a cask, walked back, undressed, went back to bed again, and knew nothing mance about him, and when the war about it in the morning. Once when broke out he used to go about dress- he did this, he woke in the cellar, and found more difficulty in retrac-Archipelago, with waving, shining ing his steps in the dark than be had when asleep. Simply walking in sleep is a common phenomenon; but working, acting, or doing, as well as to success in high command. Why, walking, is more rare. A man dreamed that he saw a child fall into the river; he got up, threw himself again on the bed, as if in the act of swimming, seized hold of a bundle of render the whole army to him. You clothes at the end of the bed, treated it as if it were the drowning child, frighten Longstreet into a surrender held it with one hand, while seeming all he would have to do would be to to swim with the other, and put it turn over the whole rebel gang to down as if safely landed on the river side; he began shivering and teethchattering, and said out audibly: "It is freezing cold! let me have a little the army to surrender it, and that brandy; and finally returned to bed Lee was off to see Grant on the same again. A young military officer in business. Then Custer must rush the citadel of Brenstein was seen by into politics, and went swinging his brother officers to rise from bed around the circle with Johnson. He in his sleep, go to a window, open it, wanted to be a statesman, and, but clamber to a roof by the aid of a window cord, seize hold of a magpie's the Republicans would have thrown nest with its young, descend to the him; but you see we all liked Custer, room, wrap the young birds in a and did not mind his little freaks in cloak, and go to bed again. An Italthat way any more than we would ian apothecary frequently arose in have minded temper in a woman. his sleep and compounded medicines. Sheridan, to keep Custer in his A very remarkable case is that of an place, kept him out on the plains at | English stone mason who was told work. He gave him afine command, by his employer, one evening, to go one of the best cavalry regiments in the next morning to a neighboring the service. The colonel, Sturges, churchyard and measure the quantity of work done to a wall. Waking in in a large city, while Custer was the the night, he was astonished to find real commander. In this service did himself dressed, in the open air, and well, and vindicated the partiality of | in the dark. The church clock struck Sheridan as well as the kind feelings | two, and then he knew he was in the churchyard. When a gleam of summer daylight came, he found that he looked like a new deal. The old had measured the wall accurately entered the items in a book. This is

one of the few cases where a somnambulist "caught himself in the act." MURAL'S FOURTH WIFE. - A few years ago an English woman named Tompkins, who kept a shop at Pera, summoned from England to aid her aunt that such knowledge would be of great advantage to their trade, as the Turkish ladies would naturally prefer to make their purchases where the aid of an interpreter. As the young girl was at once clever, ambiceeded in acquiring the language, and numbers of the female members of the noblest Turkish families came to the English shop. One day the pretty niece went to the harem of She never returned, and when her aunt went in search of her she received a cool message of farewell from the young lady herself, who had become the fourth wife of the heir to the throne, who is the pres-

ent Sultan. Too STRONG A DREAM .- A friend of ours, a bank clerk is dead in love with a pretty girl on Pine street. snowy face to his lips. "And now, exclaimed the frightened clerk, "you dream too strong for me.

George Francis Train, so asserts Jennie June in the Baltimore American, "is now generally considered a lunatic." She says that he sits ten hours every day on a shaded bench Many a man is rich without money. in Madison Park, petting children

Don't be afraid of a little fun at your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down

TRANSPLANTING TREES .- The Builder recommends people who transeach tree before it is taken up, and generally perish.

A young Scotch farmer, having set his affections upon a young lady, recently proposed marriage without the usual preliminaries. The lady, They had come to a spot in the but Heaven had been merciful. but Heaven had been merciful. The Russian Ambassador in Lon-don desires to be recalled as his posi-average, 248 loaves of bread weigh-lamie, I'll take ye, but ye mann gie me my dues o' courting for a' that.