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THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER
—FOR THE—
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.
FRANK S. DEMENT,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.
OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS COUNTY.
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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. I. 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 of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings of 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.

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Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a specialty.
Office hours day and night; always ready when duty calls. Aug.25,'76-tf

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An assortment of watches, 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.
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LaRocque, Savier & Co.,
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Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

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Boot and Shoe Store,
One door north of Ackerman Bros.
☞Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest.
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MILLER, CHURCH & CO.
PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR
WHEAT,
At all times, at the
OREGON CITY MILLS.
And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed must furnish sacks. nov12-tf

TO FRUIT-GROWERS.
THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING Company of Oregon City will pay the
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For PLUMS, PEARS and APPLES.
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Oregon City, July 28, 1875-tf

OREGON CITY BREWERY.
HENRY HUMBEL,
HAVING purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
LAGER BEER,
As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

Hair of Hearing.

I have an aunt, a genial dame,
Three-score years old;
Erect and stately is her frame,
Of portly mold.
Her life is flawless, all agree,
In thought and act;
But she is very deaf, and she
Denies the fact.

From her town-mansion I can ill
Myself absent,
Since I am mentioned in her will
To some extent.
And oh! the torments I go through,
Whene'er I call!
I wonder how I manage to
Endure them all!

I tell her it's a pleasant day.
With tones of joy
She murmurs in the blandest way:
"You funny boy!"
I ask about her cough, and sigh
Through all my soul
When laughingly informed that I
Am *very* droll!

I say "Dear aunt, I'm glad your eyes
Pain you no more."
She answers, "Yes, but exercise
Is such a bore!"
"What novels, auntie, have you read
And liked, of late?"
"Upon religious matters, Fred,
I can't debate."

"You ought to see the nice new play
At Booth's, you know."—
"I seldom go to funerals; they
Depress me so."
"Dear aunt, I'm real hard up again,
And felt that you....."
"A cup of tea? Just ring for Jane,
I'd like one, too."

And thus the smooth, colloquial stream
Flows swiftly by;
And if I venture one good scream,
My aunt will cry:
"Speak lower, Fred, I must exhort!
It sounds so queer
To have you talk as though you thought
I couldn't hear."

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

How His Ship Came In.

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man, who sat immediately in front of me, and who indulged, from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvers. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing to himself in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep down in his shirt-collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, there, everywhere; he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but, as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such preparations was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then, the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest to him he selected me.

Suddenly turning, as if I had asked him a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime, and slapping his legs and breathing hard: "Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station, they've got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to his right, and the one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children," he observed, and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, are you not?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think so," he replied; "I haven't slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain that this train will run off the track and break my neck before we get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man, lately. The thing can't last; it isn't natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop, then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to that philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm."

"It is curious," he returned, "but the only think which makes me think I will get through safe is because I think I won't."

"Well, that is curious," said I.

"Yes," he replied, "I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it—spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—fine little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London Bridge. Went into a shop to earn money to come home with; then I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought $30,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "$30,000; and the best of it is she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so often that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee-line for home."

"And now you will make her happy," said I.

"Happy!" he replied, "why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I have been gone, trying to support herself and her children decently. They paid her thirteen cents a piece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she'd live half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress, and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have nice clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage-way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomine, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space, as if he was "walking down Broadway," a full-rigged metropolitan belle. And so till he rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended and was standing on the lower step ready to jump on the platform. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no signs of recognition.

Suddenly he cried: "There they are!" and laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes and saw at some distance, standing back as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed towards where she was standing.

I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in a short time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary, she looked very plain, but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh; but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast.

There were enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts, standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat-sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother. When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn down over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.—*Springfield Republican.*

A BIRD AND DOG STORY.—The following incident is so improbable and yet so interestingly truthful that we prefer to verify it sufficiently to remove all cavil. Dr. Hunt, at Irvington, has an English pointer dog, who is the admiration of the neighborhood and the terror of tramps. Madame has canary birds. One of them escaped and the usual stern chase succeeded. The bird made a long detour, closely followed to her occasional resting places, until nearly an hour had been wasted, while the pursuers had grown to six in number, we might say seven, for old "Dash" had been "at heel" and was interested in the result. Suddenly the bird flushed, sailed swiftly across the street, with Dash hard after her. The bird was flying low, all the pursuers trying to call off Dash, but he kept on, made a sudden leap in the air, caught the bird in his mouth, as an Irvington boy would a ball on the fly and then dropped to "charge."

Of course the bird was eaten up and swallowed? Of course not. Mr. C. W. Harrison ran up, and there was the bird tenderly imprisoned within the capacious jaws of Dash, and the old fellow promptly surrendered "Dickey" to Mr. Harrison's hands, with hardly more than a ruffled feather. The affair was wonderful in two things, the accuracy of the catch, and the gentle shelter Dash gave the little fugitive in the only spare room he has—his capacious mouth.—*Newark Daily.*

BIRDS AND LIGHTHOUSES.—The brightness of the lamps in the light-houses of our coast frequently produce great destruction among the birds. As they fly along the beach in the gloom of evening, or seek the shelter of the land when the ocean breezes blow too strong for their comfort or pleasure, they are dazzled by the briliancy of the lights in the towers and frequently fly blindly against the building, crushing and breaking their bones, and often killing them instantly. On Wednesday evening vast numbers flew against the tower at Maryport and were killed, or so badly bruised that they crawled away to die. It is said one of the light-keepers swept off in the morning six hundred dead birds from the top of the tower, and that many others were scattered on the ground at its feet.—*Jacksonville Union.*

HAVING spent all their spare change at the Big Show, people will now begin to economize.

Shoeing Horses.

Half of the lameness among horses is caused by bad shoeing. There must be a level bearing of the hoof for the shoe, so that the horse's hoof can stand upon the ground naturally and evenly, or the horse will be in pain, and something, somewhere in the foot or leg, will finally give way, and the horse become permanently lamed. If the heels are cut down too much, as is frequently the case, the joints of the hoof are on a constant strain, and some of them will suffer and succumb sooner or later. If the heels are left too high, and the toe is cut down too much, the strain will come in a different way, and will be injurious. If one side of the hoof is lower than the other, the foot must suffer. The constant study of the shoer should be to get a natural bearing. He must have an eye and a taste for the business. The horse cannot talk or complain even; and he must study the horse's foot, read authors in regard to it, understand its anatomy, and notice how horses stand without shoes. All that is wanted of the shoe is, to protect the hoof from the ground. It don't want to be cut and burnt, and opened and slashed away at as though it was a piece of wood. It is most delicately organized, and it requires a delicate hand to adjust the shoe so that the horse shall stand easily and naturally upon it.

Not one blacksmith in twenty is fit to shoe a horse. He is rough, unlearned, has never studied the anatomy of the horse's hoof, with its complex joints; cuts away the frog, slashes out the bars, puts a red-hot shoe on the foot, and seems not to care whether it will give the horse ease or pain, so he nails on the shoe and gets rid of the job.

Any farmer, with a little observation, could put a shoe on his horse much better. He could have a portable forge, and do his own shoeing in rainy weather. There is no mystery about the job. Has he not as much brains as the smith? Has he not seen shoeing done all his life? What has he eyes for but to see how that and everything else is done? It is strange, however, how some people pass through life. Having eyes they see not. Farmers must use their eyes, and be more self-reliant and self-sustaining. With a portable forge, enough could be saved in a year to pay for it; and the boys and hired men could learn to repair scores of jobs that have to be sent off miles, perhaps, to be repaired. If anything is too complicated, take it off and see how it is repaired, and then you can attend to it next time. See how horses are shod, and you can shoe them as well as anybody.—*Rural World.*

Been to the Centennial.

A bashful appearing man stepped into the *Enquirer* editorial room the other evening, and edging up to the table of the managing editor, hat in hand, said, in a hesitating way:

"You like little items for your paper, I suppose?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Cockerill; "a newspaper, like life, is made up of little items. What have you to offer?"

"Well," said the bashful man, playing with his hat-band, "my name is Smith, John Smith, and I've just got home."

"Glad to see you back again, Mr. Smith," said Cockerill; "been gone long?"

"I have been," said Mr. Smith, with a tremor of pride in his voice, "to the Centennial, and if you want to make a little notice——"

"What!" cried Cockerill, springing to his feet, "you've been to the Centennial? And you've got back? Give us your hand, I'm delighted to see you. Spear, let me introduce you to John Smith. John has been to the Centennial!"

Spear shook hands very warmly with Mr. Smith, and then ran to the aperture communicating with the reporter's room and shouted, "Oh Shaunnessey, come in here, quick here's a man that been to the Centennial!"

Then O'Shaunnessey bounced in, followed by his assistants, all of whom embraced the bewildered Smith warmly, and expressed the gratification it afforded them to meet a man who had been to the great National Exhibition. Word got down stairs, somehow, and Joe McDowell, Bill Small and Uncle Joe Shadenger came up stairs at a tearing rate, to gaze upon the individual who had been to the Exposition. It was too much for the modest man to bear, and murmuring something about making an item on his return if they wanted to, he hurried out just in time to meet on the stairs the foreman and thirty-two compositors, all eager to get a glimpse of the man who had "been to the Centennial."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

MONEY-MAKING PRINCES.—A letter from Perugia, Italy, says: "There is a Count of Perugia, married to a Bonaparte Princess, who is a type of the rich and unpopular aristocracy. He sows and reaps and sells his grain; works his land to the best advantage; is a bourgeois in money-making, but not a bourgeois in liberality. He never builds, never gives to the poor, never contributes to public improvements; so when his carriage drives by the laborers look sullen. His brother, who led the same self-interested life, was murdered on the highway a year or so ago, as he was returning from some market town, where he had been making advantageous business sales—for this class of people do not scorn trade when it brings money, although they are high nobility. The Prince del Drago, of Rome, whose wife is aunt to the King of Spain, sells his oil and wine as any other trader, not with his own hands, to be sure, but he has his shops in Rome, and his shop-keepers; he rents apartments also, and is quite a money-making man, very close and parsimonious."

BETWEEN 17,000 and 20,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg. The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great center of business. The Florida swamps and morasses are now the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, the great depot.

A Close Shave.

On Saturday last, says the Welland *Telegraph* of Nov. 13, four men, whose names it is not necessary for us to give, were coming from Hog Island, a little out of the Chippewa river, in the mighty Niagara, but a very short distance above the rapids, when owing, report has it, to having on board too much of Gilchrist's California bug juice, they capsized their little bark, and were at once hurried on by the rushing tide to the verge of that far-famed cataract. Three of the men succeeded in grasping with a dead-like grip the hull of the boat, seizing the fourth man and vainly endeavoring to get him to hold on to some of the ropes attached to the sails, but he was too heavy by too potent doses of the California nicotine, and failed to comprehend his danger. His companions, every time he broke loose from their grasp, managed to get a fresh hold. Time was getting very short, and the mad waters running at perhaps twelve miles an hour, waited not for their prey, but rather seemed anxious to get them into the fatal rapids, which they were fast approaching. At this critical moment one of the steam tugs employed in towing mud scows in the Chippewa river, was headed by its captain, who had just observed the position of affairs, towards the drowning men, with all the head of steam on it could carry. Heading off the wreck the tug hove to in the hope of catching them in their mad flight, and ropes, buoys, etc., were hastily got hold of to throw to the poor fellows. Here comes the most wonderful part of it. Just as the yawl struck the tug and was secured, the four men vigorously struck out for the shore, swimming in good style for dear life, their cold bath evidently just commencing to awaken them to a sense of their peril. The one of the four who had been the most troublesome reached land first, and straightway repaired to the nearest hotel to complete the ducking inside that he had got outside. In this he was quickly followed by his chums and when safely ensconced by the cheerful stove, jokes passed freely round on their narrow escape. The captain of the tug succeeded in saving the boat, sails, etc., from certain destruction, and he deserves great credit for his prompt action on the scene of such apparent peril.

Pompeii.

The annals of the world supply, in the way of antiquarian research, nothing more wonderful and strikingly affecting than the discovery of this long-buried city, above which, year by year and century after century, the yellow corn has waved in the soft southern winds, and the vine put forth the purple grape. And in speaking of Pompeii the neighboring cities of Herculaneum and Stabæ must not be forgotten, though originally places of far less importance, and, from the discoveries which have been made, presenting few features of interest compared with the first mentioned. Older places than either of these have been traced out and made tolerably familiar to us by the traveler and artist, but very partially and chiefly by their architectural remains only; when, however, the superincumbent weight which had so long pressed down the cities of the Italian plain was by slow degrees lifted, there was revealed to the living the life of a world which had existed nearly 1,700 years earlier, in its public and domestic aspects—revealed, too, with a vividness sometimes as appalling in its reality as it was interesting for its historic value. A marvelous chapter, in the annals of Roman life in the first century of the Christian era, is that we read in the story of the exhumation of Pompeii, and of which so much is to be seen in the museum of Naples. The subject has filled a conspicuous place in the literature of Europe during the century or longer, as fresh discoveries have been made from time to time.

THE DOME OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL.—A curious fact concerning the dome of the Capitol building, Washington, is rarely referred to. It is in relation to the expansion and contraction of the iron produced by the heat of the sun. This causes the colossal sphere to swerve from its perpendicular and to bend to the influence of the day-god as faithfully as the lovely Clytie turned her sweet face toward Apollo; so that in the morning the inclination, although so trifling as to be imperceptible, is westwardly, and in the evening in an easterly direction. The altitude of the dome of the Capitol makes that building the highest in America, it being 287½ feet from the floor of the basement story to the crest of the statue. There are only four edifices in the world which tower higher toward the clouds: St. Peter's, at Rome, is 458 feet from the pavement to the top of the cross outside; St. Paul's, at London, 404 feet; the Cathedral of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, 366 feet; the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris, in which is the tomb of the great Napoleon, is 322 feet high. In the United States the steeple of Trinity church in New York is next in height to the Capitol, Bunker Hill Monument second, Washington Monument, in Baltimore, third.

FISHING FOR RATS.—Recently several lads were seen to enter the main sewer on the left bank of the Seine at Paris, by one of the barred outlets to the river. A policeman, curious to know what they were about to do, followed them, and found them seated by the edge of the turbid current fishing for rats with a strong line and hook, the latter baited with a morsel of bacon partially fried. When taken to the Commissary of the Police they explained that they sold the skins of the water rats at from twenty to thirty cents each, according to size, for manufacturing into "kid" gloves for ladies. One of them who was not fishing, when questioned as to his means of earning a livelihood, stated that he was "un flot" (a wave) that is to say, in the evening at one of the theatres, he passed back and forward beneath canvas painted in shades of blue to imitate the motion of waves at sea; but the official detained him for vagabondage, considering the calling in question too vague to give a living.

The Horrors of Modern Warfare.

A correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes: "Thus they came on, and presently opened so fearful a rifle fire that the bullets fell around us all like hail. As yet our infantry were quiet; not a rifle was heard, and the foe was coming nearer to the semi-circular trenches of which I have before spoken. suddenly there is a movement in the bushes, a short note from the bugle, a rattle of bayonets and steel barrels, and then a little cheer. Our men are moving, the supports are taking the empty trenches, and the rest of each battalion is in the reserve lines. All at once such a fire pours forth as envelops you in smoke, and makes that still advancing column stagger. Yet only for a minute; there is a counter-cheer and a rapid rush. Whirr! how the bullets fly past them; with what shrieks do the shells bound in! See, the Servians are standing still for a moment, fireing yet, but coming no nearer to the mountain. Their line is gradually being fed, too, and they are extending every moment. It is only the fear of the shells and bullets which make them hesitate. Perhaps not only the fear, but rather the effect, for now they are falling fast; without the aid even of a glass we can see that they are strewing the ground by hundreds or staggering away to die. Harder than ever is our fire, as theirs weakens, and the more determined, too, are our men, for they now quit the outpost trenches and are advancing upon the bewildered enemy. Volley after volley from the foe fails to stop them; they leave many a comrade on the ground, but on they go, till at length the Servians, seeing their red fezes coming nearer and nearer, turn and fly, deserting three thousand of their number, who will never see home in Russia or on the banks of the Danube any more. * * * Not one was there but might have been the hardy father of a numerous family. I did not see a boy among them. One I noticed in particular—and he was but a type of the rest—a tall, well-made, broad-shouldered warrior, who, having fought to his uttermost and received a wound in the stomach, had lain down upon the road to Derbent in hope of succor. Unhappily for him, friends were far away, and his comrades had hung in fantastic fashion, on a tree hard by, a Circassian who, having fallen into their hands, had been first tortured and put to death. I was looking at him as I rode by, wondering if he were yet alive, when, horrible to relate, there came upon the scene four Chirkessoes. They, too, had seen their dangling comrade, and they thirsted for blood. At this moment the wounded Serb raised his head and rolled his glassy eyes around in hope of descrying help, down sprang a Circassian, and with a little dagger pierced the dying man through and through, cut off his right hand and ripped him up as he lay upon the ground. Fortunately, his end was near and he expired; but even in death he was a handsome giant, this victim to the barbarous war which Russia has caused and waged."

A Manufacturers' "Ring" in Germany.

The establishment of "rings" for the purpose of dictating prices in the market, which commenced in the United States, is now becoming universal, and a remarkable attempt in this direction has, according to the *Neue Freie Presse*, been lately made in Austria by a select circle of Bessemer Steel manufacturers. Nine of the most important producers of railway metals have entered into a compact to distribute among each other a given percentage of all the contracts for railway metals which may be given out in Austria between the present time and the year 1878. The plan of operation is to be as follows: The subscribing firms are to arrange among themselves which of them are to tender for contracts offered either by the Austrian Railroad Companies or by the Government. The price is to be fixed according to close calculation of the cost of production and of transport from the works to the destination of the metals. Spurious tenders at higher prices are then to be sent in by the remaining firms, thus ensuring the acceptance of the tenders sent in by the selected firm or firms, 7,000 tons being the limit assigned by the agreement to the contracts to be received by the associate firms. This snug little arrangement is not likely to be interfered with by foreign competition, inasmuch as no order for railroad metals has since the crisis been placed out of Austria by either the Government or the Railroad Companies, the object of this restriction being the employment of the Austrian working classes and the support of the existing establishments. Unfortunately, one of the smaller Bohemian firms has, in the most unprincipled manner, lately tendered, at lower prices than those fixed by the "ring," and this frustrated their scheme for the present.—*Boston Journal.*

HOW SHE FELT.—The painful suspense of the last three or four days has not been confined to men alone. All the women have been more or less agitated, and in stores and on street cars have discussed "the situation" in a lively manner. Two females, one apparently an old maid, met in the postoffice yesterday, and the married woman remarked:

"Well, there is a great deal of excitement."

"It is terrible—terrible," was the reply.

"Why, you seem to be really nervous over it."

"So I am—dreadfully nervous. I sincerely hope and trust that no unworthy man will make me a proposal of marriage during this period of suspense, for I'm so dreadful excited that I—I—?"

"You might accept?"

"No; in my agitation I might throw the chance away!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is estimated that there are now in operation in the United States no less than 800 paper mills, which are valued at $40,000,000 of capital invested, with a total production of $70,000,000. These mills give employment nominally to 20,000 people, whose earnings are footed up at $10,000,000 annually.

Padded With Diamonds.

About a month ago, a man named Daniel Goldschmidt arrived at this port from Germany on board of the steamship *Oder*, having in his possession considerable baggage, which, in connection with some circumstances occurring on the voyage, aroused the suspicion of the Custom House authorities, and the baggage was seized and placed in the public stores, where it now remains awaiting a thorough examination. The baggage has been claimed several times since, but kept back for further developments, which have come with more than anticipated expectations.

On the 12th inst. the steamer *Abyssinia* arrived at Jersey City. While in quarantine, General Nichols, deputy surveyor, Mr. Wm. V. Leggett, one of his aids, and a number of other inspectors, made an examination of the passenger list, which revealed the fact that Mrs. Daniel Goldschmidt was one of the number. On private information received a sharp lookout was kept on the lady, and as soon as the steamer was moored to the dock, Mrs. Margaret C. Steele, one of the oldest of the custom house inspectresses, was directed to take charge of Mrs. Goldschmidt and her companion.

In making the usual declaration required to be filed to the deputy surveyor and his aids, and sworn to by the passengers, Mrs. Goldschmidt deposed that she had nothing dutiable among her effects. She was taken into the cabin, and Mrs. Steele, having her suspicions aroused by the plump appearance of the lady, at once surmised that the filling out of the bust was anything but natural. On disrobing the lady passenger, Mrs. Steele found two protuberances of a bulbous form covering her breast, which contained, in the cotton padding, the following schedule of valuables, estimated to be worth at least $20,000: Ten coral bands, one pair of gold earrings, one gold pin, one pair of enameled earrings, one pair of pearl enameled earrings, seven pairs of diamond studs, three coral studs, one pair diamond earrings, two pearl crosses, one watch ring, one diamond breastpin, one pearl breastpin, three small pieces of jewelry, twenty-five coral beads, twelve gold clasps, one gold watch, chain and pencil attached; one open-faced lady's watch, one hunting case lady's watch, one pearl amethyst pin, one cluster diamond ring, one gold chain and piece of chain, one diamond brooch, one diamond pin with solitaire pearl; one cameo, pearl and diamond pin, one pearl, diamond and stone brooch, one diamond and pearl brooch, one diamond cross, worth about $1,500, one diamond pin with pearl pendant and center, valued at $1,000.

Some more goods of similar import were also found on Miss C. Odell, a companion and nurse of Mrs. Goldschmidt's two children. The astonishment of this lady at the thorough search made of her person by Mrs. Steele may be better imagined than described, and on her report, Inspector Leggett seized also her trunks and hand-baggage. This consisted of nine pieces; which were sent at once to the public stores, and yesterday afternoon turned into the seizure-room of the Custom House Deputy Collector Dudley F. Phelps, of the seizure division, received the papers yesterday, and ordered the captured goods into the seizure-room.

The above seizures, however, is not the concluding part of the story. There is still a sequel connected therewith, which involves the apprehension of $60,000 worth more jewelry and diamonds, besides involving the parties implicated in the attempted smuggling in a civil suit as well as a criminal action at law. It appears that Mr. Goldschmidt had been engaged in business at Manheim, Duchy of Baden, Bavaria, and failed. A few days before his bankruptcy, it is alleged, he procured a large stock of valuable jewelry and diamonds as in the regular course of business, and made away with a large portion thereof coming to this country, and caused his wife to follow him with the balance in her possession as above described.

The creditors in Europe, on learning of the flight of Goldschmidt, invoked the aid of their government, and on dispatches received here, a suit for the attachment of the goods was obtained from the courts for the $20,000 worth of jewelry found on the lady's person, and three bags full, valued at $60,000, which could not be traced by the State officers, but are now in possession of the United States customs authorities.—*New York Herald.*

GUNPOWDER.—By equalizing the power of every individual man, gunpowder made an end of the oppression of the weak by the strong, as was the case during the reign of feudalism, in the middle ages. Physical strength no longer gave entire superiority to its possessor, and the powerful soon found that he had to practice justice, even to the lowest and feeblest of his neighbors and dependents. Gunpowder is truly a great civilizer. It put an end to the barbarous and demoralizing hand-to-hand fights, and has thus made wars less ferocious and less destructive, as it decides the battles with far less destruction of life than was formerly the case. Even the improved appliances of the present day, the cannon of enormous size, the *mitrailleuses*, Gatling guns, needle guns, breech-loading rifles, etc., murderous as they look, and able to kill many men in a shorter time before, have, strange to say, an effect contrary to the theory, by which they would naturally be supposed to have the result of augmenting the list of victims in battles. Statistics of all the recent battles in which all these appliances were used have indeed shown a much reduced slaughter of human beings, in proportion to the number engaged, than was the case in battles fought before these apparently very destructive and murderous inventions were adopted.

THE School Board of Boston have repealed the ordinance by which corporal punishment was allowed to be inflicted in the girls' grammar and high schools of that city.

WE find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a great deal oftener.

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