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SOCIETY NOTICES. OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday Evening, at 7% o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

By order of

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SO IS THE STORY TOLD.

A fair head meekly bowed, A shy glance coming after, Voices not overloud, And a low sweet laughter So is the story told Up in the cottage old Under the smoky rafter

A fair maid flushing red With an unknown feeling, But shamed to bow her head For all her lover's kneelin So is the story told Down 'mid the white and gold Under the painted ceiling.

A KANSAS POET.

Somebody contributes to the Kansas World a po em, giving the secret of a lady who married wealth and betrayed a lover. It is so much better than newspaper poetry in general, that we copy the con-cluding five stanzas]:

'They call me the wit and the beauty The woman with nothing to crave— Bend lower, dear Belle, let me whisper — I wish I lay dead in my grave! For here, by all that is holy, By the crucifix blessed I'll swear That to lie upon that man's bosom And feel I'd a right to be there—

'To feel his dear arms thrown around me, To his broad bosom clasping me tight-To drink in the balm of the kisses I know on my lips would alight—
To hear his low murmured 'My darling,'
Breathed close in my hungring ear,
And feel his proud heart beating wildly, To my poor, wretched bosom so near

"I would give up my rank and my station, All the blessings of life I have known, And I fear if the forfeit were Heaven, I'd stake it to call him my own.

And he knows it. He knows that a loken, A whisper from him or a nod. And the vows of my wifehood were broken, Unheeded my fame or my God

He knows it. He knows that I love him With a love that o'ermastereth pride; That a sign, and I'd crouch like a spaniel, Close—close to my dear master's side.
He knows it! And yet there's no token. No whisper from him, and no sign: And my fame is still bright and untarnished. The world's fairest honors ar

Ah, Belle! he's the truest of gentlemen. In spite of the garments he wears; By right of the nobleman's spirit, The henor his proud bosom bears.

Now you've opened the sepulchre whited,
And seen the dead bones lie within;
Close it up! Seal it fast! And forever Beware of my shame and my sin.

LETTY'S PROMISES.

When Laurence Van Everen was orchard with him, which was wreathed and perfumed with fruit blossoms. "I've a request to make to you, my afraid you may think it a selfish thing to ask; indeed I know it is, but yet, with the renowned selfishness of man, I

not only ask, I beg it." "What on earth can it be?" said Letty, smiling, "Do you want me to get me to a nunnery till your return, or to you want me to give the cold shoulder to Tom Longworthy, and promise never to say so much as 'how do ye do?' to him?" For the gossips had said their say in Van Everen's ear, when he returned from his last voyage, to the effect that Longwarthy had taken advantage of his absence to be sweet on Letty, and that Letty was by no means averse to sweets, supplemented by the assurance, "However, Tom isn't a marrying man, and if Letty hadn't been promised, he would have paid her no heed; Tom always goes in for a safe thing." But this philosophy by no means satisfied Van Everen.

"No Letty, it is none of the trifles," he answered; "it is something much more important to my happiness.' "You know I will do anything to

please you.' "You will? Then promise me this thing-solemnly promise that if anything should happen to me, if I should never return, or I should die, promise that you will remain mine forever-that you will never, never marry another. Can you promise me this, darling?"

"Certainly. But you will come back you must. Why, I should die myself if you failed. There is no need of such a promise, but I give it all the same. I promise solemnly that if you die I will

never marry."
"Thanks," said Van Everen, kissing ferred a favor. "I have exactly five minutes left in which to say good-bye. There is a great deal called love in this world which is only propinquity; but one musn't call it loving, so the poet

Unless you can love as the angels may With the breadth of heaven betwixt us.

And you think you can, Letty?" "I know it. Perhaps you mean to commit suicide in order to test me.' And then followed a few minutes of tender nonsense, and Van Everen tore himself away, leaving Letty in tears. What a long, long time it was to look beat along the coast, how many suns ing he brought her a letter, which a sailor who had spoken the Flying Scud. two months out, had entrusted to him, and he looked out of the window while herself. It was some months later that a rose."

"Not at all, thank you, only ill at "Then you have some bad news." "Yes, I have some bad news." "Nothing about Laurence?" she

"I hope not." "You hope not. For heaven's sake, don't you know? What is it? Don't

"The Flying Seud-"

are only cruelly--

"Is lost?" "Has foundered. But there is no cerbe among the saved. Letty! Letty! don't look at me as if I had brought it

deed!" he cried. She left her needle where the ill-news found it, and folded away all the wedding garments. And month followed month of anxious forebodings; and one or two old seamen straggled home to mind-" their families, battered and destitute, after many hardships, but they knew nothing of Van Everen; he had not taken the same boat; some had been swept away by a wave, before the ship was abandoned; and so by sad degrees hope and Laurence Everen was given | can happen." up. But though the object that made existence precious has been rudely torn letters, receive condolence, discuss crape and bombazine, as if the world replied. had not suddenly grown empty and forlorn. And so it was with Letty. Daily life was too exacting; she could not sit down and hug her grief, and look at it heart who has refused him. One might in every light, and discuss it in all its conceive of it as an embarrassing situashe was none the less certain of the giv- Squills was sweeping off the front steps. er. If her birthdays and anniversaries leaning on her broom, for all the world were remembered, whose thoughtful- like an interrogation point. being asked if she meant to sacrifice her- like to know."

about to sail for the East Indies, he perhaps, three years and better after the Girdle—"a teacher of youth gallivant- Letty! Letty! can you forgive me? Can toward avoiding the old taste, so often asked Letty to walk half an hour in the orchard with him, which was wreathed weary of declining invitations, and of been at this hour? That's what I would a whole month of happiness forfeited dear Letty," he said, "and I'm half of friends going to take their tea in the brother. "Suppose you ask." travel to Calcutta to marry you? Or do of girls making their table of a sand worthy at Parker's. heap and spreading it with dainties from their baskets, while others gathered asked. drift-wood and lighted a picturesque gazed, a little boat, with the sunset reddening its sails, "quenched its speed

> worthy threw his anchor ashore. "Letty!" "Tom!" "I wish you had allowed me to bring know. you down.

great storms and wrecks. "Do you know," she confessed, "their driftwood fire chills me? How do I marrying her, Don Quixote." know but it is a bit of spar poor Lau-

rence clung to?" "They are having supper," said Longworthy, turning away. "Let me bring you something. We have been too "It may be fun for you, but its ghast-

"No, when I am gloomy, I am in no member Anderson's story of the poor forget that I love you, and that it is old maid who used the broken half of a hard for me to live without you." canary's drinking-vessel, when it was a find it possible."

lover had entrusted a tender farewell."

one, especially in stormy weather." "They will be lighting up presently; we will pay them a visit, if you please." folks at Carbondale? Don't know And while they climbed the light-house me, Miss Letty? Anything happened tower, and saw the fishing fleet standing | since I sailed?" out to sea, and watched the keeper against the windows, of ships he had | world." seen go to pieces in the storm, of the times he had put out in his boat to the sweatheart of yours in Californy. rescue, and his wife keeping the lamps bright alone amidst the gale, their that Letty was with the other. When would shine, mornings dawn, and even- Tom and Letty came out under the away on some distant reach of the In- sands were deserted. Tom's little craft by the look of things. dian seas, except when Tom Longworthy | was the only one in sight, and with the loitered in to help kill time. One morn- wind dead against them and the tide eren! What do you mean Captain Crane?

> some hours yet. "We may as well make ourselves com-

"How you flatter me!" "I? We never flatter those we love."

you don't love me," she laughed. "That you do!-that you do?"

Letty! don't be angry with me for lov-

think you are sparing my feelings. You love me. You don't. It's all a fancy. ren that if he died I would remain sin-You deceive yourself. I can't allow you to love me. "You might as well say that you

wouldn't allow the frost to pinch you, tainty with regard to Laurence; he may or the rain to drench you..Can't you love me a little, Letty?"

> to me. "And always shall be, Letty." "Then don't let us talk about love, nor think of it. I shall never marry."

> "But if you should change your "I can never change it." "Yet if such a thing should hap-

"But you must be sure that it never | "I have come, Miss Letty," he blun-

"Since you deny me so much, humor and good-byes at once." me in this whim of mine, Letty, and from us, yet we go forward with the drama; perforce, we must dine, read occur, you will let me know." "I can safely promise you that," she

"Thank you." bearings; she was obliged to dry her tion, but it did not prove so in the case tears and earn her bread. The railroad of Tom and Letty; they spoke or were stock in which her small fortune was in- silent, as the spirit moved. He trimmed | received it!" vested had suddenly declared against his boat with a hand as steady as if all dividends. She could not permit her- his wishes had been granted. They Letty? I should have heard of it soon self to share the crumbs that fell from counted the constellations and the har-enough. her uncle's table, and which they could | bor lights, watched the stars set, and the ill-afford to spare, even had independ- gray dawn shine upon the water, and had not told you?" ence been sweet—a quality it was never | sunrise was just beginning to glow in | "Wouldn't it have been in everyknown to posess. Thus in her routine | tender lines of color as they reached the | body's mouth? Can a dead man come of drudgery Tom Longworthy's kind- town, made the boat fast, and stepped to life and nobody speak of it? But I ness and occasional visits constituted ashore. Only a few loungers were dare say you meant kindly. Letty?" her only variety. If she found a bunch smoking on the wharf, and waiting for "For Heaven's sake, Tom, don't you fullest, freshest and most delicious fond kiss, will warm and thrill with of the earliest May flowers on her desk, a job or a sensation. The widow Girsee what I mean?" cried Letty, all of a taste, and the best keeping quality, is pure enjoyment, as some incident of the she knew who left them there; if Christ- dle was pulling up her blinds as they rose-color. mas brought her an anonymous gift, passed, while the housemaid at Dr.

ness could it be but Tom's? It was, "That don't look right," said Widow self like a Hindoo widow, joined a party "I dare say you would," said her

sunset at the beach, two hours steaming | But Mrs. Girdle did better. She askdown the river. She had understood her neighbors, who passed the question that there was to be a handful of people, on; and the result was that in the course but she found a crowd; and sitting on of a month Letty was notified that her the sand, looking at the delicate sea- resignation of her grammar school shell pink of the eastern sky above the would be accepted. Mrs. Girdle, shoptossing breakers, or watching the groups | ping in Boston one day, met Tom Long-"What is the news at Carbondale?" he

"News is as scarce as money, Mr. blaze beneath the coffee and clam pots Longworthy," said she. "I suppose was a pleasant change from the monot- von know that Letty Andrews has lost ony of her days. Presently, while she her school. But that's and old story.' "Lost her school! Why?"

"Oh, you must ask the school comin the slushy sand," and Tom Longmittee. Young ladies who have the care of children should be circumspect, and not allow fascinating young men to keep them out late on the river, you

"You don't mean to say that luckless "I wish I had." And then they fell to affair of mine was the cause? It was all speaking of the moon-led tides; about an accident, Mrs. Girdle, and entirely my fault.' "I wonder you don't make amends by

"She has all ready refused me." "Refused you! You're joking," said

"It may be fun for you, but its ghastly truth to me.' Mr. Longworthy went directly to his danger of forgetting. Don't you re- office, and wrote, "Dear Letty, don't

bottle picked up on the beach for her "Thanks," came the reply. "You will bit of the very bottle to which her lost | It was early in December when Letty went into Boston to answer an adver proved unsatisfactory, and she was on

"You don't intend to be an old maid, tisement for a companion. It had "I? The day of my destiny is over. her way to the cars, when she was her cheek with an air of having con- How ghostly the lighthouse looks! I overtaken by Captain Crane, a neighused to think I should like to live in bor, just home from a three years' cruise. "Ship ahoy!" said he. "How are the

> "You'll find plenty of change Caplight his lamps, while he told them of tain Crane. Even Carbondale doesn't

> the seabirds that beat their lives out stand still while you go around the "By-the-way, I fell foul of an old

"An old sweetheart of mine?" "Yes. Even old sweethearts get old friends were gathering up the fragments if you give them time enough. Perforward to! How many storms would and steaming homeward, each thinking haps you don't remember Van Everen! "Don't remember Van Everen!"

"Laurence. Wasn't he sweet on you, ings gather to their close, before they stars, the beach had a wild and lonely Miss Letty? I ran against him, just by met again! In the meantime here was aspect; some night bird was screaming chance, a week before I sailed; he's

> "Married money! Laurence Van Evfalling, it would be useless to start for Don't you know that he was lost at sea in the Flying Scud?" "Was he? Then the sea's given him

fortable," said Tom, bringing fresh fuel up, too; it's a mutual affair, eh? He's ground belonging to the Fair Association square ham and shoulders, small, for a time. There is probably nothing she read it, whistling "The long, long weary day," softly. Tom was really a disaster." I am to blame for this who examined the bones conclude, from 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 market rates. Parties desiring furnish market rates. Parties cyclones, calms and trade winds—all In this weird light I can half believe His wife can't hold a candle to you, Miss but the jawbone was preserved, and is stead of erect ears, less dish in the face,

> "You needn't take pains to tell me that | trouble for naught, that he had forsaken | does not date back many centuries. her? She had promised never to marry "I take pleasure in telling you that if he died; but he was not dead. And

ing you. How could I help it?"

"You must," she cried; "You musn't a solemn promise to Laurence Van Eve-

gle. But he is alive, and I hope you will pardon LETTY ANDREWS." "So the dream departs!" sighed Tom. "The lost hero returns; she is going to marry him after years of constancy. She need not apologize for loving him "Oh, don't ask me! don't! I can't; it instead of me. It ends like a novel, about. I would exchange places with is quite impossible. Forgive me for say-him gladly for your sake; I would in-ing so. You have always been a friend villain in the piece. I wonder where Laurence has been all this while. He always had a plausible tongue; but if she loves him-well, I had better go

West and change the scene." But before going West it was necessary for him to run down to Carbon-dale, settle some family fairs, and ap-ates the same as butter by standing hides it forever from her sight, then praise his grandfather of his plans. It open in the air. But it certainly does does it not seem as if her very life would pen—women have that privilege, you know—you will find me always the same."

planse his grandisther of his plans. It open in the air. But it certainly does so, and very much more rapidly than so, and very much more rapidly than butter, and especially if exposed to air been the charm which has kept many a which is warm, or which contains any schoolboy in the right path, when he

> dered, "to offer my congratulations and "Congratulations?" questioned Letty, with a perplexed frown.

> "Yes. You are looking worn and pale; I'm afraid happiness doesn't agree with you.'

> "Happiness doesn't agree with me? I don't think I ever tried the experiment." It was Tom's turn to look surprised. "I received your note-The color trembled across Letty's

face, her lip quivered, her eyes dilated.

"You received it?" she gasped. "You "Wasn't it just a little unnecessary,

"How could you have heard it if I

Van Everen.' 'But Van Everen is already married." "Married? What a dunce I am! by a blunder. Kiss me Letty.'

Heart Disease.

When an individual is reported to have died of a "Disease of the Heart," we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the "heart" as the cause; this silences all inquiry and investigation, and saves

THAT HISTORIC RIVER, THE DANUBE. The river Danube has figured largely with its tributaries, an area of 300,000 Carpathian Mountains, where it separates Roumania and Bulgaria, and that of Sulina. The Danube is navigable for steamers as far as Ulm, in Bavaria. At Nicopolis, in the fourteenth century, 100,000 Christians were driven | China hog is a cross of the Paland, Big

able skeleton was recently dug up in the well down on the legs, very broad, full meeting of friends that sleep departs ed. The Flying Scud was lost while I who examined the bones conclude, from tween the eyes, spotted or dark color- than exercise in the open air. By obabout the great foreign cities to which her lover was bound, with their sun-brown as bound, with the sun-brown as bound as her lover was bound, with their sun-burnt natives, their strange customs, their fantastic stuffs, and curious archi-tecture—till she felt as if she were there—till she felt as if she were there—there is the desert blossom like—the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the find the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are colored to men in these days. From the fantastic stuffs are something novel. They are s thing to her that Laurence was alive- unfortunately, to the destruction of the and married? Did she feel any bitter- skull, is difficult to determine. One ness that he had given her so much thing seems certain, that the specimen

> Tom loved her—and she? Yes, she was shall sign his name to prevent getting clous, even when distended, as to im—individual showing the handsomest cosgrateful to Laurence, after all; she felt mixed up with others of that ilk. Some pede his wind or speed, and the food tume for the least money. to him, "when I told you I should or thereabouts, and even then he would never marry, it was because I had given run some risk of being mistaken for out of his stomach into the large intesting the crown. "Only this and nothing

Old and Sticky Butter.

Prof. L. B. Arnold, Secretary of the taste by too much exposure of the cream before churning. The surface of cream which is exposed to the atmosphere, esticles to get up and ready for the skimmer. The longer this exposure continues the greater the change and the more is the flavor of the resulting butter affected. It is one of the striking advantages of the more modern modes of raising cream that they bring it to the surface quickly and improve the butter by shortening the exposure of the cream to atmospheric influences. The cleannow made by heating the milk to expel past awakes within us the soft tones of "Certainly you meant to break it to objectionable odors, and then, under an me gently that you were going to marry air-tight covering, lowering the temper- ed forever-the memory of that kiss ature to hasten the ascent of the cream. will continue with us till life's pilgrim-If cream must be exposed to the air while rising, it will do very much July. found in butter, to have the air in contact with the cream as cool as possible. Cold retards change, and the cooler the surface is kept the less progress toward decay. The cooler air now sought in modern creameries makes a marked improvement in their butter over those who have used cold water but warm air in their rooms for setting milk.

Preservation of Eggs.

One of the most successful modes of preserving eggs is that adopted by Mr. Hulton, of Farrington Lodge, Preston, the trouble and inconvenience of a re- who writes as follows: "With regard pulsive post-mortem. A truer report to the preservation of eggs for future would have a tendency to save many use, the great object to be obtained is lives. It is through a report of "dis- the entire seclusion of air. This has ease of the heart," that many an opium | hitherto been generally effected by storeater is let off into the grave, which ing the eggs in lime and water, or by covers at once his folly and his crime; smearing them with oil, or by packing the brandy drinker, too, quietly slides | them in bran, sand or sawdust; but all round the corner thus, and is heard of these methods impart a bad flavor to the no more; in short, this "report" of "dis- | egg. Salt is the only effectual method. ease of the heart," is the mantle of char- for if it imparts any flavor it is that natity, which the politic coroner, and the urally supplied to an egg. My first atsympathetic physician throw around the | tempt with coarse salt on a stone slab grave of "genteel people." At a late scientific Congress at Strasburgh, it was reported that, of sixty-six persons who eggs exposed to the air. I find now the had suddenly died an simmediate and best plan is to get a brick of salt, pound faithful post-mortem showed that only it fine and dry it, then place the eggs two persons had any heart affection freshly gathered, and with the pointed whatever; one sudden death only, in ends downward in the salt, and pack thirty-three from disease of the heart. them firmly in a box or jar; then keep Nine out of the sixty-six died of apo- them in a dry place. Out of some hunplexy, one out of every seven, while dreds done last year, none have been ett, in the American Journal of Educaforty-six, more than two out of three, bad; and most of them quite fit for the tion, calls the attention of teachers to died of lung affections, half of them table when kept not more than three the liability of children to be punished of "congestion of the lungs," that is, months; after that they will peach well, or corrected without their clearly knowthe lungs were so full of blood, they and are good for culinary purposes. ing why. "They may thus perhaps uncould not work, there was not room for The same salt used for several years is derstand," she adds, "what often seems air enough to get in to support life. - better than new. One great conve- to them so incomprehensible-why a nience of this plan is that on opening a child who has been rebuked for some about 60, you are not compelled to use almost immediately, giving the impresthem all quickly, for each egg is isolated sion of willful and malicious wrong in history for 2,000 years, and it again in salt and remains fresh till wanted. doing. The same mistake is frequently becomes the object to which the eyes of While writing the above I directed my made in recitations. A pupil's answer the world has turned. It furnished a cook to try three eggs from some which is pronounced wrong, and the question highway for the Turks in the sixteenth are still remaining of those put in salt passed to another, when he does not and seventeenth centuries to penetrate last Spring, and have consequently know what his error is, and often fan-Europe as far as Vienna, and in the days been kept for more than nine months. cies that it lies in quite a different diof the Crusades it became an outlet for | One of these was broken into a bowl for | rection from that in which it really lies. the religious enthusiasm of Europe to poaching, quite fresh, without odor, One of the most successful teachers we flow to the Holy Land. The Danube, and of good color. The other two were know is almost invariably in the habit, from its source in Baden to the Black boiled, and though opening well, with after having passed the question and re-Sea, is 1,820 miles long, and it drains, no enlargement of the air vessel (show- ceived a correct answer, of asking the square miles. It passes through Bava absolute), I must admit tasted rather question? A few trials of this simple ria, Austria, Hungary, forms the bound- strong, or like a 'crate egg.' This prac- interrogation will soon, we think, conary between Hungary and Servia, to the tical test, however, corroborates entirely the trath of what I have stated above, we say. The most astonishing misunand can not but be looked upon as a derstandings are thus continually passes into the Black Sea through sev- satisfactory instance in support of this brought to light, and we become coneral mouths, the principal one being very useful and convenient mode of the vinced of how double-edged a thing is preservation of eggs."

POLAND CHINA HOGS .- The Poland her trousseau to finish; and she used to overhead, the gypsy fire smouldered sit at it hour by hour, with her thoughts amidst some stranded timbers, but the sea, he tells me—taken to by the Turks into the Danube, and in the fifteenth century 40,000 Turks were driven by the Turks into the Danube, and in the fifteenth century 40,000 Turks were than 10g is a closs of the Faland, Dight in the fifteenth century 40,000 Turks were the fifteenth cent has now become as popular as the Berk- suppers. Avoid all arguments or conslain on its shores at the siege of Bel- shire. The description of a perfect Poland China, adopted by the National Swine Breeders' Association, is as fol- is troubled with sleeplessness at night. A FEMALE WHO MUST HAVE BEEN lows: "Long in the body, short legs, Avoid having too much company. Many TEN FEET IN HEIGHT .- A very remark- broad, straight back, sides flanking persons become so excited with the

horse has the smallest stomach relative- ish shade. ly to its size. Had he the complex ruminating stomach of the ox he would not at all times be ready for exertion. John Smith wants to know how he The stomach of the horse is not so capa-

A Mother's Kiss.

NO. 40.

What can be more beautiful and more American Dairymen's Association, holy than a mother's love-what more writes to the New York Tribune as fol- thrilling and more impressive than a lows: "Of the great mass of butter mother's kiss? How pure and how unwhich finds its way to the general mar- selfish is her affection, with what ecstasy ket and is reckoned as "good," the first does she clasp her first darling babe to and most obvious defect is in an old her bosom, with what pride does she taste, derived, probably, from too much | gaze on its dreaming beauty, with what or too long exposure of the cream be- passionate eagerness does she all but fore churning. Everybody understands smother her little one with her loving the fact that butter exposed to the air kisses! But when, from her fond arms, soon acquires an old and disagreeable her cherished one is torn, yet warm taste; but everybody does not seem to with her last embrace, her last kiss, and bad odors or vapors. Owing to the nitro- had got over all other home influences. genous matter mingled with cream, it is Tom Brown, en route for Rugby, made very susceptible to change. Exposed to a bargain with his father before starting warm and damp air, cream will decay that he was not to be subjected to the about as much in one day as butter indignity of a paternal kiss; not so, howwould in the same situation. It is, ever, with his mother, whose last kiss therefore, very easy, and certainly very all the racket of public school life could common, for butter to acquire an old never efface from his memory and heart. "Mother's last kiss" has proved the salvation of many a man, although its influence has slumbered an i not made pecially to a faulty atmosphere, is all itself felt until years after it had been the time changing and working toward imprinted on his lips-lips which had decay while standing for the slower par- often since then been sullied and defiled with blasphemy and obscenity. But it makes itself felt now; and, as it burns on his guilty mouth, he forms good resolutions, goes back to good habits, long ago abandoned, and becomes, by God's help, a man once more. "A mother's kiss!"-ay, though friends forsake, and shame brands thy brow, mother will cling to you, her arms are ever ready to receive you. The memory est flavored butter, that which has the of a mother's love and kindness, her last

> age is done .- Appletons' Journal for POWER OF A DEAD CHILD. - Last Tuesday afternoon Detective Pryde stepped on board the steamer Maud as she touched the levee, and approaching a brunette leading a white poodle, pontely told her that she was wanted on a tele

her dear voice, long since, perns

gram received from St. Louis. "It's my husband," said she; "I will wait, but he can never induce me to live with him again." She walked to the Worsham House with a firm tread and her little white

poodle trotted behind her. The husband arrived in due time. An interview was arranged and took place. Mr. Gardner approached madam with extended hand, but madam would have none of it. What did the deserted husband then? He knew well the path to the woman's heart. Tenderly and gently he led her back to the little cradle and its baby inmate in which mingled their blood in common; thence he brought to her mind the baby shoes, the little torn apron, the ball, the mar ble-all that remain of their idol, now in heaven. The mother's heart, through the little dead form and the sad picture of the white flowers on a short coffin, warmed again toward the father of her boy. Her face twiched with emotion, and as the bright days of the honeymoon were brought back to her thoughts, sobs shook her frame, and between tears she said, "I'll return with you." The battle was won.

PUNISHING CHILDREN-Anna C. Brackbox, or 4-th. biscuit tin, containing disorderly conduct repeats the offense ing the exclusion of air to have been pupil who failed: 'Why did I pass that vince any teacher of the truth of what this language which we use so thoughtlessly and freely."

> To Avoid Sleeplessness .- If you wish to sleep well, eat sparingly of late tested subjects near night, as these are likely to have a bad effect upon one who

ARTIFICIAL flowers called hygrometers It is said that of all creatures, the when the air is moist they turn a pink-

OLIVE LOGAN finds the greatest improvement in the dressing of Englishwomen since the Crystal Palace costume contest. A gold medal is given to the

"Yes; I do love you, Letty," stretching his arms toward her, for she having jilted her so cruelly.

"Letty!" stretching his arms toward her, for she having jilted her so cruelly.

"Dear Mr. Longworthy," she wrote the having jilted her so cruelly.

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"Dear Mr. Longworthy," she wrote the having jilted her so cruelly.

"Brut do the so that his. Some pede his wind or speed, and the load passes onward with a greater degree of having jilted her so cruelly.

"Hat you do that his. Some pede his wind or speed, and the load passes onward with a greater degree of having jilted her so cruelly.

"Brut do love you, Letty," stretching having jilted her so cruelly.

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