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12 00

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A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE.

A song for the girl I love-God love her! A song for the eyes of tender shine, And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine, The shimmering tresses uncontroll'd That clasp her neck with tendril gold, The blessed mouth and the dainty chin, And the little dimples out and in The girl I love-God lovs her!

A song for the girl I loved-God love her! A song for the eyes of faded light, And the cheek whose red rose waned to white The quiet brow, with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark hair drooped in a long, deep dream;
The small hands crossed for their church-yard rest,
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast. The girl I loved-

ON A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY. SLEEPING.

BY BRET HARTE

Just now I missed from hall and stair A joyful treble that had grown As dear to me as that grave tone That tells the world my older care

And little footsteps on the floor
Were stayed, I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme, and listened—then
Stole softly to the library door. No sight! no sound !- a moment's freak

Of fancy thrilled my pulses through:
"If—no"—and yet, that fancy drew
A father's blood from heart and cheek. And then-I found him! There he lay,

Surprised by sleep, caught in the act, The rosy Vandal who had sacked His little town, and thought it play. The shattered vase; the broken jar; A match still smouldering on the floor; The inkstand's purple pool of gore; The chessmen scattered near and far.

Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed
This wicked "Baby of the Woods;"
In fact, of half the household goods
This son and heir was seized—possessed.

Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught

The hand that reached, the feet that strayed;

And fallen in that ambuscade The victor was himself o'erwrought. What though torn leaves and tattered book Still testified his deep disgrace !

I stopped and kissed the inky face, With its demure and calm outlook. Then back I stole, and half beguiled fy guilt, in trust that when my sleep should come, there might be One who'd keep An equal mercy for his child.

THE EVIL-OMENED OPAL RING.

BY ANNIE MORI ON.

- Harper's Magazine for July.

A strip of yellow sand, with tiny wavelets washing upon it; a wide expanse of anchor, with sail flapping idly; a little else in that blissful embrace. boat, crimson cushioned, in which lie a "You missed me, then; l pair of oars and a huge dog; these are the objects which have been before the after you were so cruel as to send me unseeing eyes of Ouida Lindon for away?" hours; and now, with a long, shivering sigh, she awakens from her day-dream, when a clear voice speaks her name:

"Miss Lindon!" you on your journey." "I thought so then"-he stepped into

the boat and sends it swiftly bounding over the waters-"but fate decreed

face. And, as she sits voiceless among the cushions, one perfect hand trailing through the water, the other caressing the dog at her feet, the man quietly watches her, his fierce eyes fixed on her face with a strange resemblance to some animal watching its prey. He is handsome but for those eyes, which have in them "all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming;" and even they hold a faseination for the girl opposite, who feels rather than sees them. Those eyes now gleam with desperate determination; and any one who has seen that look on Erle Rutherford's face, knows he will have his way.

He knows full well, has known all this long spring time, that Ouida Lindon loves him, and is fighting her love with a true woman's strength; for is she not in honor bound to another? And she is trying to do right; it is easy, too, when he is away, and she can live her accustomed lonely life, with only Clyde, the dog, to share it; but when Erle is near her, and wakes-as he only canwith a caressing touch of his hand, or a glance of his eye, all those passions which seem to sleep in his absence, she feels that sometimes he will conquer.

Two years before Ouida Lindon had never seen Erle Rutherford, and was the happiest girl who lived, she thought, when Tracy Wilde had asked her to share his heart and home. Her's had been a strange childhood. Her mother, widowed soon after Ouida's birth, buried with her dead husband all the love she had given him living. She knew that Onida was clothed, fed and taught; beyond the fulfillment of these duties she seemed to have no interest. The child, when her lessons were done, would roam the sands for hours with her dog Clyde, living utterly in the realm of her own dreams. Her only knowledge of the world was gained through books, and, as her library conwonder that she believed with implicit through me.' same as the men of the nineteenth cen-

tury? Then had come that bright spot in persuaded Ouida to spend some time in town, Marion Wilde carried her new fa
A step comes through the hall, and folds it. It is in Erle's handwriting.

"October 14th, 1876. vorite home, to daily companionship she turns, with a glad smile, to her huswith her idolized son.

felt in his presence was love. So they landing. were engaged; and when, in the springtime, Ouida went back to the seaside and the old pursuits, there was still

> been settled. motherless. The Wildes wanted her belief in omens crossed his mind. then; but her determination to spend "Nothing can take her from me now, this last winter in the old home could he mutters. "Even that should not! I not be shaken.

So it happened that, wandering along her!" Onida's dark face, with its great brown brother. eyes, and frame of twany hair, the grace gave him when he addressed her. He, matism, and I've got to go for mediso well used to charming others, was cine. Do come, wont you?" himself captivated at last, and made the The boy worships beautiful Mrs. that her betrothed knew the gentleman spirits. slightly. Later, when Erle had at last gone back to town, and Tracy and his delays, the carriage is a mass of ferns go home. mother had come to spend a brief time and foliage with Ouida, they carelessly mentioned "You'll have to wait a bit," says an Mr. Rutherford in her presence, but old lady, coming to the door; "but if wildly her heart throbbed at the sound | comfortable. of that name.

before a glowing fire; and Erle Ruther- table. on her full red lips, crying:

"Ouida, my darling."

been so long! His arms were around her in a moblue-green water; a tiny pier; a yacht at ment, and for a little each forgot all "You missed me, then; little one? And were you lonely all the winter days | is?"

"O, heavens!" cried Ouida, coming suddenly back from the delirious joy of | that was Lily.' rises slowly, gathers the fleecy white her vision to a terrified consciousness clet glittered. "Why, O, why did you lady. "Mr. Rutherford, you here? I imag- come back when you must leave me

searching gaze, and as suddeuly drops he told himself, between his clenched stayed. Garnet was her name.' them again, a scorching flush dying her | teeth: "She shall never be his wife!"

They met daily, and although Erle ontwardly kept his vow, he never for a moment forgot the girl's confession, and was determined that she should be his wife. Ouida strove to remain loval to Tracy, remembering his tenderness and goodness, until she could endure the torture of her struggles no longer, and sought to end them by sending Erle

sure to gain the victory. They are far out on the rippling sea before the silence is again broken. Then Erle speaks softly:

"Ouida, do not blame me. I could not go and leave you! Do not strive against fate any longer; it is a cruelty to both. 'My life, my love, I love

She lifts her great, brown, adoring eyes to his face, and he goes on: "My own little love, any one would tell you the wickedness of marrying one man, loving another; and, my darling, I cannot be mistaken, you do love me! Tell me the truth, Ouida!'

The girl leans over and lays her small hands in his. He lifts them, draws from the one that pledge which binds her to another, and then kisses the slender, ringless finger. A magnificent opal gleams on one of his own white hands; he substitutes it for the diamond. Onida shivers, and he says, ten-

"You are chilly, darling; we will go home.' She holds out her hand, on which

gleams the opal. "No, not cold; but this is an evil omen, and it frightens me!" Then quickly and passionately: "I have done wrong, but it is all for you, Erle!"

love!" not noticing the latter part of her tained only the purest of literature, what sentence. "No evil can come to you

bright October morning. She is very Erle's name is Garnet Erle Garnet Why, cause I has bin right down fine ed the forged securities, you executed a pense of the other. A pound sold is her life when the woman who had been beautiful in her black, trailing robe, beautiful in her black, trailing robe, beautiful in her black, trailing robe, she mad she wonders?

Rutherford—and a ring like hers! Is on business principles ebber since the check purporting to come from Gobback, trailing robe, she mad she wonders?

band. Erle bends over her tenderly. And Tracy Wilde was handsome and chivalrous enough to personate one of even for a day! Just think, four months really thought to make you such. The wash.

she doubted not that the pleasure she | the boat." She walks by his side to the

"Good-bye, my darling?" Erle breathes, the inscription, 'Erle to Lily,' as quietpassionately, and watches Ouida retrace ly as if her heart was not breaking. Afher steps until a dark cloud momentari- ter a moment she lays them both back about her the happy restfulness which ally hides the sunlight, and throws a in the box, and takes up the pictured had enveloped her since her future had sombre shadow upon the fair head that face once more. had shone like burnished gold, under The summer passed swiftly, and one the glory of the morning sun. Before tioningly. early autumn day the woman, who had the shadow lifts, the steamer has borne The old so long mourned her dead was carried him from sight of her, and he frowns ding some quiet tears, wonders at the to a place beside him, and Ouida was darkly as a thought of Ouida's strange great, baunting eyes fixed on her face,

love her, though I have sinned against the beach one dreary October day, she | Ouida walks slowly back to the pret-

"Mrs. Rutherford, will you come of her movements, and above all charm- with me? It is a pretty drive," says ed by the frightened look which she Jimmy Deloraime. "Thomas has rheu- but one. She must fly from Erle! She

most of his opportunities to cultivate Rutherford, but complains to his sisthe acquaintance of this girl whom a ter, "One can't speak two words to her, cruel fate had thrown in his way. She for Rutherford is always at her elbow. wrote Tracy of her new acquaintance, "Yes, I'll come, gladly," says Ouida; and in return received the information and they go off directly, with gayest face, and slips the locket containing it

they did not note the crimson flush that | you'll come inside, miss, I will bring | is cold and lowering. The sea sighs burned her dark cheek, nor guess how you a glass of fresh milk and make you and moans, and splashes threateningly

ically happy in her dreams, slumbering little album lying on a small mahogany whisper among themselves, and, like ford, entering the tiny room, in the | She pauses at the picture of a beauti- oarsmen are fighting the breakers in an a world of love in his dark eyes, bent lips, and wonders how she knows it so tosses just beyond the surf. Ouida's trimmed with white embroidery, are held to him short and let it pass over the luxurious chair and the fair well. Then comes the memory of a day, dreamer, and pressed pression at a beginning with the very popular. They are forty-five and report the operation till the dreamer, and pressed passionate kisses when looking over some photographs of women, and Clyde stands by Erle's side cents a yard, and come a yard wide. Earl's, she found the counterpart of this uttering dismal howls. And the minglorified; she put out her hands, mur- satisfactory enough. She was an ac- the rising storm, by the encroaching quaintance only, and her name matched tide, the tiny upset boat and the fair

"My love, my love at last! but it has her face-it was Lily. Ouida wondered at finding the same picture here. "Here's your milk; you'll find it refreshing.

Ouida lifts the album. "O, my deary, it is a sad story; I

"A sad story, why should so sweet a Office Hours day and night; always ready when shawl which has slipped unheeded from of the reality; and her face grew ashy creature have sorrow?" Ouida asks, her shoulders, and taking a seat in the white as she struggled to free herself, shutting the cover over Lily's face, and little boat, is about to push from shore, holding up her left hand, upon the third idly twisting her opal ring to and fro finger of which a slender diamond cir- on her finger, as she looks at the old

"Ay! why should she?" answered the ined you far away; indeed, I had it from now and for ever? You knew this! O, woman, seating herself by Onida's side. your own hips that this week would find I am so tired, so tired. I cannot bear "She was so gentle and loving. It was a year in June that she come here with She broke down, and wept such pas- her husband, or we thought him that, sionate tears as made Erle miserable. and I do believe, in spite of his wicked He promised that he would not further lies, that he was her husband. They otherwise. I shall not travel just at forget the fact of her engagement dur- wanted to board her here for the suming the brief stay he should make by mer, and she was in delicate health and The girl lifts her eyes and meets his the sea. But when he left her presence so pretty, I couldn't say no, so they

Ouida puts out her hand quickly.

"What?" she says. "What?" "Garnet, I said, dear. It's an uncom-"Yes," says Ouida. "Go on please." "Well, they were a pretty pair, he tall and dark, and she lovely and fair as a flower; and he seemed so fond of her at first, and she fairly worshiped him. She used to sit here the days he would go away, and tell me how she away; and they had parted, he promised would go away, and tell me how she her, for ever; but he had broken his had been a poor shop girl, and he had vow to return this morning, and he was married her and made her so happy. And I got to love her as if she had been my own. Well, at the end of the summer-in October, I think-he went to the seaside for a week, and the very day she expected him back that letter came. I can see her now as she came in. She'd been up the hill, to the station, to meet him; and she was all in white, and so lovely; and she'd the letter in her hand. That letter broke her heart. Her blood is on his head. She sat down just where you sit now, dear; and I sat here knitting. 'I'm sure he'll be here tomorrow, Mrs. Foster; but I can't wait, she said; kissing the seal of the letter before opening it. All was still a moment, until the crackling of paper made me turn my head. O, deary me, I can't bear to think of it. She looked like a person dying; the letter was crumpled in her hand, but she did not speak; only stood up, and took off her wedding ring and threw it on the floor; then flung both arms over her head, and cried out: 'God help me!' and dropped in convulsions. She never spoke again. All that night she lay in fits, and in the morning both she and her baby were dead. Then I got the letter and read it; there were ten fifty dollar notes with it: he was rich, I know, and he wore such a splendid ring, for all the world like yours. We used some of the money to bury her and the baby-such a pretty "You think too much of signs, my little thing it was-and then I put the rest away with the letter and her wedding ring.'

Ouida draws a long convulsive sigh. "Can I see it—the letter I mean?" on the piazza of a villa overlooking a one to be is conscious of nothing but failing on me, does you?" "Not as I skilfully imitated the signatures of severlooking a strange deathly pressure at her heart of nobody failing on me, does you?" "Not as I skilfully imitated the signatures of severlooking a strange deathly pressure at her heart of nobody failing on me, does you?" "Not as I skilfully imitated the signatures of severlooking a strange reriver Ouida Rutherford stands on a strange, deathly pressure at her heart. remember of." "In course you doan'. eral large banking-houses and negotiation of the other. A pound sold is

"Остовек 14th, 1876.

Ouida reads it through. She even takes up the wedding-ring and reads

"She is better dead?" she says, ques-

The old woman, who had been shedwaiting for the answer. "Yes, dearie; far better so than liv-

ing. She could not live and bear it."

"I thought not," Onida says, slowly. "Good-bye, Lily." She kisses the picture with a swift, impulsive motion, and | ing) met Erle Rutherford. He was struck ty villa, where she is visiting a friend of rises. "I must go now-Mr. Deat once by the wondrous beauty of Erle's, and meets her hostess's young loraime is waiting probably. I thank you that you were good to poor Lily."
It seems ages to Onida before she reaches the villa. She has no thought loves him to madly to see him again! She enters her room. Clyde is on a mat by the door; he is the poor child's only friend; she kneels by his side and caresses him; rising, she puts on a sacque and hat, ties on a thick veil, upon the chain about her neck. "Come; Clyde!" she says, "we will

The huge dog rises and follows her.

Twenty-four hours later, and the day upon the beach. Erle Rutherford paces Onida walks into a cool, scrupulously to and fro in a state of mute, mad de-And the spring came. One of its clean room, and seats herself in one of spair. The crowd gathered near, dare dreary days when the great waves moan- the great, old-fashioned arm-chairs, not speak to the stony-faced man with ed along the beach, found Ouida ecstat- and then begins to turn the leaves of a the burning, wild eyes. They only him, look out to sea, where some sturdy woman are brought ashore.

Ashore at her husband's feet, where he first saw her, dead! Her mantle still about her; her long hair tangled with seaweed and sand, the opal gleaming "Will you tell me whose picture this from her hands locked upon her breast. And when they parted the hands and tore the wet draperies from above her don't rightly know who the poor thing heart, they found her husband's picture, tion. was, but, at least one name she had, and Lily's photograph, and the following paragraph torn from a paper:

"WILDE.-Died on the 9th inst., Tracy Wilde aged twenty-four years."
"And the wild waves hiss, 'She is dead! she is dead And the mermaids sing, 'Sad fate!' And his pale lips moan, 'Come back, my love!' And the hoarse winds whisper, 'Too late!' "

Swearing in Cromwell's Time.

Laws against swearing were strictly enforced during the times of the Commonwealth, and with the largest interpretation against the accused. We are the dress. It is finished off with ribreminded of the reproof that Sir Walter Scott put into the mouth of Cromwell, "What can it avail the to practice others, and which brings no emolufine was 6s. 8d., but the charge was re- ally made of black satin and trimmed duced to 3s. 4d. each "on taking a quantity." Humfrey Trevett, for swearing ten oathes, was committed till he provement shown by fashion. A French quantity." Humfrey Trevett, for swearpaid 33s. 4d. to the poor of Hartford, John Huishe, of Cheriton, was con- withal a lover of chemistry, has inventvicted for swearing 22 oaths and two ed a wash known as "Eau Montespan," curses at one time, and four oaths and one curse at another time. Of course, the whiteness and plumpness of the the greater number of these cases were throat in a short time. disposed of at Petty Sessions without | The prettiest dress for bridesmaids being sent for trial. One Justice re- for summer weddings, says Harper's turned the names of ten persons whom Bazar, are of organdy muslin over he had convicted of swearing since the white silk, and trimmed with Mechlin previous sessions. We are not left lace, a square necked corsage, and elwithout examples of what was consid- bow sleeves. The silk being cut low, ered swearing in those days. William and the organdy with full frills of lace ing two several times in court "Upon flounces for the skirt. my life," was adjudged to be in the act God." Christopher Gill, being reproved everything is the ed by Mr. Nathaniel Durant, clerk, of the paint pot. "for having used the oath, God's Life, in discourse," went and informed against the minister himself for swear-

of the then current month. The prison- or very small curls. er, when being conducted out of the to leaving the court, and cried out, "My brushed into shape over a metal cylin- must meet the wants of consumers, and lord, my lord, I haena got justice here der, and formed in various shapes. For the day!" The judge, looking up from a very full chignon two puffs are repose of transportation we cannot do it. his occupation with a twinkle of grim quired. They can be had in any color, fun in his eye, consolingly answered, together with the cylinder, and cost \$10 pete with the English in their own mar-"Weel, weel, my man, ye'll get it on to \$15, according to shade. Invisible ket, we are, to a certain extent, injuring the 28th."

her life when the woman who had been her mother's companion in girlhood came to their home; and, finding something in the girl's marvelous eyes, which, as she said, quite bewitched her, persuaded Onida to spend some title his gillen ears.

beautiful in her black, trailing robe, with a knot of pale flowers in the bronze she mad, she wonders?

In the woman who had been her black, trailing robe, with a knot of pale flowers in the bronze she mad, she wonders?

In the woman who had been her black, trailing robe, with a knot of pale flowers in the bronze she mad, she wonders?

In the woman who had been her black, trailing robe, with a knot of pale flowers in the bronze she mad, she wonders?

In the woman who had been her black, trailing robe, with a knot of pale flowers in the bronze she mad, she wonders?

In the woman who had been her black, trailing robe, with a knot of pale flowers in the bronze she mad, she wonders?

In the partners of the check purporting to come from Gobbane she mad, she wonders?

In the partners of the check purporting to come from Gobbane she mad, she wonders?

In the partners of the proper way is to keep your eyes rolling the she were inevitably arrested. You might her shapely shoulders. Clyde is by her side, and her small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the letter from a small box. Ouida holds out her hand, and takes the partners of the partners owes a firm, an' dat firm is shaky, doan' pay de debt, but wait till dey fail. If a firm is shaky and owes you, reputable house." LILY:-I write this to undeceive you. sit on de doah-step till you get de You are not my wife, though once I money. Now go long wid your white-

Fashions and Faucies.

Linen fans, trimmed with torchon lace, are the latest.

Black silks for summer wear are trimmed with grenadine. Servian costumes are the latest importations from London.

The latest ornaments for bangles is of gold, and shaped like a chicken wish-Boas, made of white lace studded

with fine flowers, are worn around the Bouffant (puffing) was, a year ago,

the watchword; now it is collant (cling-Bonnets made of feathers, stripped

from the stems are taking the place of the flown bonnets. Natural oats strung on chenille is the new trimming for black and cream col-

ored suits. Bonnets in Paris are now mostly black straw, and trimmed with fruits the lungs cannot expand, the breath and flowers indiscriminately.

It is reported from Paris that the ladies there wear thirty-six colors in their opens a casket; kisses Erle's pictured dress and forty-eight on their bonnets. Ribbon chatelaines are more fashionable than metal ones. For full dress they are made of chains of flowers and

> The Croisette comb, shaped like a fan, and worn a trifle to one side, is used when the hair is confined in an invisible

trasting colors, mark all the outlines of ful. Turn the horse's head down hill. The latest importations in linen col- one, or if not, use a piece of rubber

English points. familiar fashion of bygone months, with ful young girl, with soft eyes and sweet effort to reach a tiny, dark object that The Glasgow percales, without gloss.

There is an exciting report that the picture, and noticing his start of sur- utes go by; and the rowers return from Prince intends to discard tall hats. It The girl's dreamy eyes opened; her prise, rather curiously questioned him their vain endeavors; and the sea beats lips smiled on him; her whole face was of the original. His answers had been along the shore more fiercely; and with heard of His Royal Highness doing yet. will be the first sensible thing we have Breakfast caps are all the rage with both married and single ladies. The

> chief, worn a la contrabande is the most ment, a woman's foot should be to her height in the proportion of seven to fifty, or one-seventh, minus a slight frac-

The newest style of collars for gentlemen are straight linen bands, in chloroform. clerical style, though an effort is being made to introduce the broad linen collar in the Cromwell style. Among the many odd fabrics used

sheeting and ticking. The sheeting is trimmed with torchon lace, and the ticking with twine fringe. The Normon is the new shoe. It is a half shoe of red satin, faille or cashmere.

bon quillings and bows. Worth has just introduced a new a profanity so horrible to the ears of mantle, that passes over the shoulders high behind, and falls to the feet in two ment to him who uses it?" Every oath straight pieces. It is called a surplice, or trot him about, nor rub his belly was counted. For a single oath the and has a very clerical look, being usu-

> with thread lace. officer, with a fine military record, and by which a woman of fifty can renew

Hearding, of Chittlehampton, for say very high. Knife pleating and lace cheese eating people, because we do not

Flowers were never more used in toiof swearing, for which he paid 6s. 8d. letts than now. They are seen every-Thomas Butland was fined for swearing where; even parasols are embroidered "On my Troth." Gilbert Northcott with them, and each flower perfumed had to pay 3s. 4d. for saying, "Upon with them, and each flower perfumed with its natural fragrance when not the for swearing in court "God is my wit-ness," and "I speak in the presence of laces and colored embroideries on natural blossoms themselves, removed everything is the rule. It is the reign The simplest coffures are now the

neck and arranged in a knob on the makes a cheese that the most of our NIL DESPERANDUM.—One of the crown. Some arrange it in Chinese people like, but it will not bear trans-Scotch judges, rather noted for his light fashion, in one flat, spatfed-out knob, portation, and in a few years he makes treatment of serious punishments, had or several loops, creped underneath to a different kind. We are not a cheeseonce sentenced a man, convicted of give them more fullness, and on the eating people, and why? Simply besheep stealing, to be hanged on the 28th | forehead fringed or arranged in frisons | cause we produce cheap meat. If Eng-The multiform is a new style of hair we do, it would make a vast difference dock, turned round to the judge, who arrangement. It conists of a puff of in her consumption of cheese. Still, to was busy arranging his papers previous hair nearly a yard in length, which is increase our home consumption, we

nets are worn with them.

"What's the use of making such a letter which his wife gave him a month And Tracy Wilde was handsome and chivalrous enough to personate one of Ouida's heroes well, and when he told the girl how he loved her and wanted her always with him; that life without her would be dreary; and pictured the home they would make themselves; the home they would make themselves; the home they are seen on the always of life was still so sealed to her.

"My petite one, I in lot.

"It is about a little wash."

It has been discovered in Paris that the little yellow marks upon certain brands of Havana cigars, which causes hem to be greatly prized by smokers, are created by the sprinkling of acids.

"It has been discovered in Paris that the little yellow marks upon certain brands of Havana cigars, which causes hem to be greatly prized by smokers, are created by the sprinkling of acids."

"My petite one, I in lot.

"As if I ever could be tired of you, but I shall never see them to be greatly prized by smokers, are created by the sprinkling of acids."

"It has been discovered in Paris that the little yellow marks upon certain brands of Havana cigars, which causes them to be greatly prized by smokers, are created by the sprinkling of acids."

ERLE GARNET."

Colic in Horses.

Dr. Cressy, the well-known Vermont veterinarian, in a recent lecture gave the following as a proper treatment for colic in horses:

The most common kind of colic in horses is known as wind colic. This arises from fermentation of the food in the stomach, instead of its healthy digestion. If a horse is brought in tired and is fed immediately, and fills his stomach, there may not be sufficient gastric juice to perform its office. The food will them ferment. Soon the horse will bloat; the breathing becomes hard, with frothing at the mouth. This may not be confounded with the hard breathing in lung fever, since, in the latter,

there is no bloating The passages of the stomach and bowels become clogged with masses of undigested food, the gas arising from the fermentation cannot pass out of the stomach, which becomes distended, and presses the diaphragm forward so that becomes short and the rapid breathing will shortly induce frothing. If the trouble reaches this stage, the horse will rarely live more than an hour. As soon as you see your horse is bloating. give something to stop fermentation. For this, a heaping tablespoonful of saleratus is the best thing. Spirits of hartshorn in a does of half an ounce, very much diluted, is also good. If now you have checked the fermentation for five minutes, the next thing is to make the gas pass off. To do this, give

Belted waists are coming in again. Warm watery injections freely, injecting Pipings, sometimes double, and of conand use a small force pump, if you have lars have a square piece turned over in tube, which should be inserted as far as the back, while the front has standing it will go with ease, and the end of the tube may then be turned up and a funnel put in, into which put warm water. away, and repeat the operation till t bowels become free, and the gas passes

off. Meantime another hand should be preparing a dose of physic, which should be from one-half to three-fourths of an ounce of aloes. This, if put into water by itself, will not dissolve, but, if put into a pint of warm water in which a Madras, a bright colored silk handkerheaping tablespoonful of saleratus has been dissolved, the aloes will dissolve, and the saleratus will be useful as an According to Albert Durer's measure- antiseptic to stop the fermentation; to this can be added some molasses to

make it more palatable. Should the animal seem to be in much pain give two ounces of laudanum or an ounce of ether, or half an ounce of

Should the physic not operate in an hour, or half an hour, if it is a very severe case, repeat the dose, keeping up the injections during the time. If there is stricture from kinking of for dresses this season, are unbleached the bowels, there will be no help. The lecturer had known a horse to die in thirty minutes, in spite of all efforts.

Aconite is sometimes given to cure colic, but it was of no avail; nor is salt or vinegar, or both, of use. Chalk and vinegar, which are sometimes given, the chalk first and then the vinegar, will alone produce cholic, and should never be given, as the effervescence may give pressure sufficient to burst the bowels. In no event take the animal out and run

with a chestnut rail The course sometimes adopted of laying the horse on his side, and getting a heavy man with thick boots to walk across him, back and forth, is also useless and cruel in the extreme. If the horse can be saved, it will be by the use of injections and physic.—Rural New

AMERICAN CHEESE. - A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator speak as follows of our domestic cheese manufacture: It is generally supposed that our American cheese is inferior to the English, especially because it does not sell as high in the English market. It is also often hinted that we are not a make an article that meets the wants of our own consumers. Now, there is some truth in both these assertions. First, as regards the quality of the cheese exported. It seems to be the great aim of our manufactures to make an article that will bear transportation, and the result is a very hard-pressed, indigestible article, that will bend to an angle of 45 degrees without breaking. Such a cheese is very unlike the crisp, highly-flavored cheese of the English. Is it any wonder that American cheese most popular. The front hair is usually is at a discount in the English market? waved and combed straight up from the An English cheese-maker in America land could produce meat as cheaply as And while we are attempting to comour home market. There are but two markets for every nation-foreign and

There is, perhaps, no more perfect picture of perplexity than the countenance of a man who finds in his pocket