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FATE.

As two proud ships upon the pathless main Meet once, and never hope to meet again— Meet once, with every signaling, and part. Each homeward bound, to swell the busy mart— So we met one golden Summer day Within the shelter of Life's dreaming bay. And rested calmly, anchored from the world, For one brief hour, with snowy plumes furled. But when the sun sank low along the West, We left our harbor, with its peaceful rest, And floated onward on Life's trackless sea, With foam kissed waves between us, wild and free, As two ships part upon the tangled main, So we two parted. Shall we meet again?

MADEN AND BUTTERFLY.

FROM THE OREGONIAN, BY MARION MITCHELL. Within the sun-drenched shadows of a forest glade, Seeking for undisturbed flowers a little maid Sang to her happy heart, as to and fro She wandered, and the sweetest grasses low; When suddenly a brilliant butterfly Flashed, like a jewel in the sunshine, by, And darting swiftly, now that way, now this, Alighted on her lips and stole a kiss.

"Forgive me, sweet!" he cried. "I swear to you I only meant to sip a drop of dew. Forsooth the fragrant challenge of these roses bright, But hovering undecided where to 'light, I saw your lily-face uplifted here, And thought your red, red lips were rosesbud, dear."

Tossing her sunny curls, she raised her head, And with a merry giggle, said, "This once I will forgive; but, pray, beware How often you mistake for blossoms rare A maiden's lips!" She watched him flutter near. "To think myself, roses, you are welcome, dear. But, with a merry glance, she said, "I wish they did not bloom for every butterfly!"

MAD FOR LOVE.

BY Z. T. HEDGECOCK. No place in Louisiana was so perfectly beautiful and weirdly interesting as Frostburn, the country seat of Mrs. Anna de Nayer, widow of General Pierre de Nayer, a French officer, who had quitted the army soon after promotion, and had accumulated a princely fortune by speculating in India securities.

The house stood almost in the shadow of a pine forest, and was surrounded on either side with acres of fertile land, luxuriant with fields of gently waving and green-leaved sugar-cane, or long stretches of cotton, just bursting from their hull, and fluttering in the soft, Autumn breeze.

Frostburn was a stately building, and seemed to stand forth against the green background with conscious pride. It was built of stone, with innumerable arched turrets and long, wide windows.

Time had mellowed the tints of the masonry and deepened the dark red of the brickwork, and embroidered the massive chimneys with lichens and mosses; but no mark of age was visible on the solid archways and abutments.

The mansion looked eastward, yet the facade was toward the west, and the archway on the southern side, which led into a sort of courtyard, where there was a quaint little door under a stone portico—a door of heavy oak, with an iron knocker, and which was generally entered by visitors familiar with the house.

There was a plot of ground, of several acres in extent, in front of the main entrance, which was arranged with exquisite taste, though it resembled an old-fashioned garden overrunning with flowers. Straight gravel walks intersected square grass-plots; magnolia trees threw cool shadows here and there, filling the sultry air with perfume; honeysuckles and red-hearted creepers showed their heads in arched arbors; roses of every hue were trained upon curiously shaped frames, while rarest flowers seemed to spring up everywhere. Here stood a marble fountain, there a stone sundial.

The effect was singularly pleasing. A massive wall, rising from the ground— a wall overgrown with ivy, which bright green leaves formed a pleasing contrast to the gray-colored stones.

Anna de Nayer was very wealthy, but she was proud and cold, and had few friends. Her only child, a young girl, she had failed to win the affection of human kind.

Zeila Burchame was just the opposite of the spoiled, jealous and suspicious heiress. This girl, a niece of General de Nayer, had lived at Frostburn ever since she could remember. Her features were irregular; complexion sunburned by an open-air life; eyes brown, soft and melting; hair dark and luxuriant.

No, the poor dependent was not beautiful; indeed, she seemed plain when compared with the dusky loveliness of her cousin; but there was something lovelier and nobler than ordinary beauty which distinguished her from other women.

She was seated now in an arbor in the garden upon a rustic seat, and beside her sat a young man, whose face, though extremely handsome, bore through deep mental anxiety.

"Zeila," he said, breaking a long silence, "this will be my last visit to Frostburn for some time—perhaps for years."

She was silent.

"You leave to-morrow?" she at length said.

"Yes."

"I am not sorry, Paul."

"Not sorry, Zeila?"

"No. The house has been in confusion, arranging for your nuptials, and when you and Agnes are married, and that interesting ceremony will have been performed ere this time to-morrow,

there will come a season of peace for all who live beneath your roof."

"To-morrow is my wedding day—to-morrow Agnes de Nayer becomes my wife—and yet I shrink from—"

He paused abruptly, looking at the young girl beside him with a searching glance. Her eyes fell, and the hand which rested upon her lap trembled.

She made an attempt to speak, and before she could do so, an aged negress came out from behind a clump of bushes adjacent, and approached them.

She was bent nearly double with age, and hobbled along with the aid of a crutch. Her eyes, dim and almost sightless, were bent upon the young girl with an expression of triumph.

Zeila rose, and said, tremblingly: "Aunt Marcal, have you indeed come to life? They told me you were dead, when I visited your cabin an hour ago, and you surely looked like a corpse as you lay on the floor motionless. What sorcery is this?"

The old negress grinned.

"No, child, de good Lor' hasn't room for dis yer darkey jes' yet. Aunt Marcal gwine to die de time come; not 'fore."

"But what was the matter, Aunt Marcal? You were to all appearance dead, and arrangements were being made for your burial?"

"Dat's so, honey; dis here darkey sick, an' no mistake. An' I tell yer an' Massa Paul jus' how it was."

Then, with many pauses and ejaculations, the old creature told the couple that she had drunk the juice of the bruised leaves of a certain plant which grew at the lower end of the garden, the seed of which had been brought from the West Indies; and that she had fallen into a trance resembling death and lasting for hours, during which she solemnly averred that her spirit left the body and roamed about in Paradise.

Paul de Payne listened to the woman's tale intently, yet with an air of incredulity, but when she left them he watched her receding form in silence for some time.

"Zeila," he said, at length, in a whisper, "can this be true?"

"Yes, Paul, there is such a shrub, and it possesses the qualities my old nurse attributes to it. I have tested it myself. Under its influence, one, to all intents, dies. The mind seems to leave the body, and roves in Elysium. It is similar in effect to opium; or any of those European drugs, but is tenfold more subtle and dangerous. I sometimes think that it will be the means of ending my life."

"Zeila, this is nonsense."

"I would it were," bitterly.

"Zeila, I am like a man in a quagmire, and this shrub may prove my salvation."

"What do you mean?"

"I refer to my approaching marriage."

"We must not discuss that."

"We will— we shall."

"No, no."

"Zeila, do you wish me to marry your cousin Agnes?"

"The girl drew herself up proudly.

"Why should I?"

"Because I love you!" he cried so passionately that she shrank back in astonishment, as she shrank back in terror.

"And you must decide whether this marriage shall ever take place."

Zeila Burchame burst into tears, while Paul knelt at her feet and entreated her to have mercy on him, telling her that he had always loved her, and that without her, life would be not worth the having.

"Zeila, I am a bad—man, wicked—man, and with such a woman for my wife as Agnes, I would surely go to perdition. But you could save me; your love, I feel sure, would exorcise the evil in my nature. I almost hate Agnes; had I married her, it would have been for the purpose of obtaining control of her fortune. Oh, Zeila, I love you! you must save me."

"I cannot—I cannot!"

"You must be my wife in spite of fate itself; and slipping an arm around her, he drew her to a seat, and rapidly unfolded a plan which had flashed suddenly upon him—a plan so weirdly horrible, that she shrank in full terror, and she alternately wept and trembled.

"You will not fail me, Zeila?" he cried, tenderly, yet imporingly, when he had explained it fully.

"No, no! I love you too well to shrink from any sacrifice for you. But, oh, Paul, abandon this; marry Agnes, do anything save what you propose. You do not realize the peril."

"I have thought of that; there is danger, if your courage fails you at the last moment, leaving me to perish. If you love me you will not do that. Come what will, I shall carry it out! But, Zeila! how you tremble! Think of the future—of the happiness this will bring us twain—and be brave!"

Paul de Payne, Mrs. de Nayer's cousin, was a child, an orphan, and very poor. When a child, Agnes de Nayer had been betrothed to him; and when General de Nayer died one of the provisions of his will was that Paul must marry Agnes on her sixteenth birthday, at which time he was to come into possession of one hundred thousand dollars; and in case the young man died before the marriage took place, the money was to go to Zeila Burchame.

The arrangements for the wedding were completed; the guests invited; the negroes enjoying a forty-eight hours' holiday. The bride-elect was gaily happy; the love of Paul de Payne was the one absorbing passion of her life; and she waited impatiently for the hour which was to bind them together with bonds which only death could break.

Paul and Zeila did not linger long in the garden, but soon returned to the house, where the girl sought her room, there to struggle with the emotions that filled her being.

As the young man passed along the corridor, a door opened, and Mrs. de Nayer came into the hall. She was a tall, stately lady, dressed in rustling silk, and the blue eyes had a cold and cruel expression.

"Ah, Paul," she said, "have you met Agnes?"

"No."

"I thought she was with you. She went out some time ago; do hunt the poor child up."

Paul frowned, and was turning to retrace his steps, when Agnes came in, which rested upon her lap trembled.

"Where have you been hiding? You look like a gypsy with your hair streaming over your shoulders! But how pale you are—your look ill!"

The girl stopped her with a savage gesture, while she darted a strange look at Paul, who walked off, whistling a lively air.

"I am not ill, mamma," said the girl, "but I want to rest in my room. Don't let me be disturbed until morning."

"But your wedding dress just came, dear, and Mrs. Smith is here to alter the blue silk. You must look to your lovely dress, child."

"Burn them—burn them!" said the heiress fiercely, and without another word, she fled to her room and locked herself in.

The wedding morning dawned clear and beautiful, and at an early hour Frostburn was thronged with guests, mostly the wives and daughters of the neighboring planters with a sprinkling of aristocratic relatives of the bride from New Orleans and elsewhere. But quickly was the good humor which shone in every face changed into a gloom of consternation when it was announced that Agnes was missing. She had evidently descended from the window opening upon the portico from her room, and gone—no one could say, or even conjecture, where. But while Mrs. de Nayer was in hysterics, and every one puzzled and alarmed, a still greater horror was proclaimed; for those who had carried the tidings of the bride's flight to Paul had found him lying upon the bed, cold and lifeless, his hands clutched together, his features rigid, his eyes staring and ghastly a sight which caused the observers to turn aside with a dreadful feeling of nausea.

In the wild scene of confusion which followed Zeila Burchame alone was calm. She quietly dismissed the guests, all of whom departed full of wonder, and many with the suspicion that Agnes had murdered the young man in a fit of jealousy, and had fled to some distant place.

Paul de Payne was laid in the family burying-vault. There was no long train of friends; no mourners; for Zeila, shuddering, refused to follow the remains to their last resting-place, and she shed no tears.

But that night she quietly left the house, and made her way to the vault where rested the ashes of a long line of illustrious ancestors of the de Nayer family. It was built of solid stone, and was entered by an iron door, which she unlocked nervously, but it required all her strength to push it open, and when it at last yielded and swung back, creaking on its hinges dimly, she entered, trembling with fear.

A dreadful silence reigned. A dead and poisonous. The girl could hear her heart beat. Lightening a lamp which she carried, she made her way hastily to the coffin which had been placed in the vault, and which contained Paul de Payne's body. She opened the lid, and looked in with desperate strength, she unloosened the lid and thrust it open.

A wild cry burst from her pallid lips as she did so.

"The coffin was empty!"

Overcome with horror she fell upon her knees, and seemed on the point of swooning, when a wild, unearthly laugh aroused her, and glancing toward the entrance she was horrified to see Agnes de Nayer standing there, gazing at her with a look that froze her blood.

"Caged at last, my pretty coz!" said the heiress, wildly, "at last I am revenged. I know all. I overheard your conversation with Paul de Payne in the garden, and I swore that you should not perish for my perjury. I took your lover from the coffin, for I had a key to the vault, and you will find him at the further corner; I feared he would die before you came. The effect of my drug he drank has passed away, and he is now reviving. You shall both perish miserably. This is your tomb, my sweet coz, as well as his. I consign you both to a living grave!"

The door of the vault closed violently. There was a rasping sound as the key turned in the rusty lock, followed by a solemn stillness.

Agnes de Nayer's revenge was complete. She was found in the vicinity of the tragedy the next day, hopelessly, and dangerously insane.

The vault was opened and the dead bodies of Zeila and Paul were discovered. The foul air in the air had caused speedy death.

Agnes did not long survive her victims; and it was not long before she was sent to Europe, while the double tragedy at Frostburn became a matter of history.

HOW SOME WOMEN MAKE A LIVING. A New York letter to the Boston Herald says: "The fern mania is spreading so that one woman in reach of New York has a fern farm, and makes a good income, sending both fresh and pressed ferns by mail. The little baskets of leaves and grasses, with a dead butterfly poised on the picture, that the ladies like to hang in their private rooms, requires both taste and some knowledge of natural history to combine the materials, and the sale is one of the ways by which some reduced in circumstances try to earn a few shillings. It is hard work making a profit, for the fashionable florist expects to buy them for 50 cents a piece of silk, and the blue eyes had a cold and cruel expression."

Exchanging Courtesies.

A STORY WITH AN APPLICATION TO ALMOST EVERY COMMUNITY.

He was the manager of the church fair and one morning he walked into the newspaper office and said: "Want an item this morning?"

"Of course," replied the editor, whereupon the visitor laid the following note on the table:

"The ladies of the—Street Church will give a festival at their vestry hall next Friday evening. Literary and musical entertainments will be provided and a supper will be served to all who desire. The ladies in charge of the affair have much experience in such matters, and are sure to provide a good time. The admission will be only 15 cents, and is certain that no one can spend that amount to a better advantage. Be sure to go and take your friends."

When the editor had read it he said: "Oh, I see, an advertisement."

"No, not an advertisement. We prefer to have it go into the local column," replied the manager. And seeing the editor look skeptical, he continued: "It will interest a great many of your readers, and help a good cause; besides we have spent so much money in getting up our entertainment that we cannot afford to advertise it without increasing the cost of the ticket. In such a matter as this we ought to be willing to help each other."

"Well," said the editor, "if it goes into the locals, I suppose you would reciprocate by reading a little notice in your church next Sunday." The visiting brother asked what notice, and the editor wrote and handed him the following:

"The Weekly Chronicle for the coming year will be the best family newspaper in Maine. Its proprietor has had much experience, and has all the helps which a large outlay of money can procure. His paper has a larger circulation than any other published in the county, and is to be furnished at only one dollar a year."

Next to the diamond comes the oriental ruby, and in former days it was more prized than the gem, which has a genius all to itself. The ancients gave immense sums for fine specimens of the ruby variety of the garnet, or rubines, as they are called in France. In Benvenuto Cellini's time a perfect ruby of a carat weight cost 800 crowns, while a diamond of like weight cost only 100. The two most important rubies ever known in Europe were brought to England in 1875. One was a dark colored stone, cushion shape, weighing 37 carats; the other a bluish drop shape of 47 1/16 carats. Mr. Streeter thinks that the London market would never have seen these truly royal rubies but for the intervention of the Burmese Government; and adds an interesting account of the estimation in which rubies are held in the distant land of the white elephant. The sale of the two rubies caused such excitement that a military guard had to escort the persons who conveyed the precious packet to the vessel. No royalty in Europe contains two such rubies. The smaller was sold abroad for £10,000; the larger he also found a purchaser, but Mr. Streeter does not tell us at what price. The great ruby of the Kings of Burmah is said to be as large as a pigeon's egg, and of wonderful quality, but is a treasure which no European eye has ever seen. The King is excessively fond of these gems, and prohibits the export of them. The Burmese have strange notions about rubies; they believe they ripen in the earth; that they are at first colorless and crude, and gradually become yellow, green, blue, and last of all, red—this being considered the highest point of beauty and ripeness.—Chamber's Journal.

Two Types of Life in Nevada.

In the Carson Tribune of last evening we find this little item:

"Judge F. Bechtel arrived on the stage this afternoon from Bodie. He is en route to the scene of his boyhood days in Pennsylvania. The Judge has resided in Bodie since 1862. His implicit faith in the mines has been finally rewarded, and he returns to his Eastern home a wealthy man."

On Friday last a man named Carleton, here in Virginia City, 50 years of age, blew his brains out. A day or two previous he remarked to a friend that he was a danger. 15 years of age to educate whom he had sent money East; that his daughter had recently married a gentleman here; that they were coming here to see him; and that he would rather die than have his daughter come here and find him poor. He was discharged a few days since from one of the mines; he had drunk heavily for two or three days, and on Friday borrowed a pistol from a friend and, bidding him good-by, turned around and blew his brains out. The cases of Bechtel and of the suicide make between them a pretty good history of this country. In the Consolidated Virginia office yesterday we saw half a million dollars' worth of silver bricks, and outside a beggar. Both were types of Nevada—the latter the more common type.—Virginia City Enterprise.

THE LIQUID VOIDINGS OF ANIMALS.

are worth more—good authorities say one-sixth more—pound for pound, than the solid excrement, and are saved with greater care by the best European farmers and gardeners. All the leaks in the stable are not in the roof, those often in the floor are quite as objectionable, and are a cause of great deal of wastage. Make the stable floor tight, with a gutter at the heels of the stock to carry off the urine to an adjacent tank, or into a heap of muck or other absorbent.

SOME one seeing two or three eminent lawyers together on the sight of the New Law Court, said that they had met to view the ground where they must shortly lie.

When the Earth was Frozen Up.

At the end of that long course of geological ages, from the Archean to the Tertiary, which built up the solid portions of the earth in their present configuration, geologists now universally recognize, in the evidence before them, the presence of a remarkable and stupendous period—a period so startling that it might justly be accepted with hesitation, were not the conception unavoidable before a series of facts as extraordinary as itself, and which, partaking of its extraordinary character, are explained upon no similar hypothesis. This era is known as the Glacial. It was an era which has left its traces in unmistakable monuments over the face of either hemisphere, and written its history in no less explicit characters upon the rocks. It was an epoch of arctic rigidity, when the temperature of the earth had become so lowered that the cold regions of either pole alternated with the temperate zone, and the previously contracted circles over the temperate latitudes, and to envelope with a universal and prodigious mantle of ice the lands which once, beneath milder suns, had been the home of an abundant and tropical vegetation. The skirts of that glacial sea which perennially spreads its icy and resplendent surface over polar lands had then, by a favorable conjunction of solar and terrestrial agencies, been expanded so widely, that to within the latitude 30 degrees north its frigid folds hid the surface of the earth, while below the equator a similar period seems to have left scarcely less visible traces amid the forests and pastures of South America. The evidence which has established the actual presence of these arctic conditions over a great portion of the earth is complete and irrefragable, and aided by the contemporaneous study of Alpine glaciers and of the Greenland iceberg, we can draw conclusions as to the nature and the succession of events which these conditions occasioned.—Popular Science Monthly for January.

Random Shot.

This duel is the quickest way to settle a dispute only takes two seconds. The tramps insist upon a Government bond that shall be within their reach.

Mr. Grove has disappeared from Grover, Minnesota, in a rather off-hand way.

WHENEVER you have ten minutes to spare go and bother some one who hasn't.

WHEN a Deadwood miner is asked to choose his weapon, he generally takes his pick.

A WISCONSIN paper complains of "the scrapping magnanimity of a penurious politician."

POKER is a school for the emotions, enabling a man to hold a flush without showing it in his face.

If a man who attends sheep is a shepherd, does it follow that a man who attends cows is a coward?

"VOLATATING through the ambient air" is an expression used by a contemporary. It means flying.

The good die early. Likewise the wicked do not live out half their days. We do not understand this.

A PARTNER has been taken out in England for an "improved implement for spreading butter on bread."

MINGIE JAY covers a multitude of sins, as the deacon's wife said when he brought home the demijohn.

The Troy butcher who hanged himself in his ice box has furnished the coldest case of suicide on record.

THE SECRET.—On the whole, we Americans are not good listeners, because we like to do our share of the talking. And yet mere talking is not conversation. In almost all home circles there is much talking done during the day, but we fear there are few who do not reserve their most brilliant conversational powers for other assemblages than the home group. Take, for instance, the band and wife; he has entertained his companions with a number of amusing stories, during the day, and has come home to rest. He takes out his paper, and is soon oblivious to everything around him.

Just how she had fared in his absence; but his only answer to her attempts at conversation is an incoherent grunt, and she holds her peace. Such a home, whether the abode of wealth or poverty, can never be a healthy and a happy one. As a parallel, draw around the evening lamp of another home circle. The father tells the anecdotes from the papers as he reads them; the mother laughs at her sweet, low laugh, and the children join in the chorus. Ah, this sweet home education! It is a heritage more valuable than land or money; and one beautiful recompense in life is, that in making others happy we bring happiness to ourselves. Parents who practice self-denial, and endeavor, by cheerful conversation and playful wit to enlighten home life, will reap a rich reward in the better thoughts and nobler actions of their children, and will hence the truest and best contentment themselves.

A GOOD HEART.—Deau Brummel, despite his frivolity, had excellent traits of character. On one occasion he saved his friend, Sheridan, from raining himself at the gaming table by playing in his stead, for "Inck." He dealt with his usual success, and in less than an hour had won fifteen hundred pounds. He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving seven hundred and fifty pounds to Sheridan, said to him, "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper and get your wits again." The effect upon those present may easily be imagined as finding themselves in the company of a known madman, who had loaded weapons about him. Fortunately, no accident occurred.

WATER FOR THE EYES.—Whatever hesitation there may be justly called for in recommending one or another of the various lotions now so popular, there need be no doubt in respect to cold water or pure water. In case of much inflammation or difficulty of opening the eyelids in the morning, experienced by many, the water should be warm, and it may be mixed with warm milk, but in nearly all other cases it should be cold. All those who have been engaged in reading or writing several hours at a stretch, and especially at night, and who do not carefully bathe the eyes with cold water before going to bed and the first thing in the morning's ablutions. All artisans, too, who work at a blazing fire, ought often to wash their eyes with cold pure water, and so should eyers and spinners, and those likewise who are employed in woolen and cotton manufactures, the fine dust which such works disperse often producing characteristic obstinate inflammations, swollen eyelids, etc.

FOR DOM PEDRO, Victor Hugo built up a drink of crushed ice, orange syrup and rum. Mr. Pedro thinks Hugo the greatest of living authors.