ADVERTISING AGENCY
SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

Oregon City Enterprise.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.

VOL. III. OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1878. NO. 19.

THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE **Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle**

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

FRANK S. DEMENT, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

Official Paper for Clackamas County.

Office: In Enterprise Building, One door South of Masonic Building, Main Street.

Terms of Subscription:

Single Copy, one year, in advance... $2 50
Single Copy, six months, in advance... 1 50

Terms of Advertising:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per square of twelve lines, one week... $2 50
For each subsequent insertion... 1 00
One Column, one year... 120 00
Half Column, one year... 60 00
Quarter Column, one year... 40 00
Business Card, one square, one year... 12 00

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday Evening, at 7½ o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday Evenings of each month, at 7½ o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, I. O. O. F., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WARREN N. DAVIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. OFFICE AT CLIFF HOUSE.

CHARLES KNIGHT, CANBY, OREGON, **Physician and Druggist.** Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. ja7-tf

DR. JOHN WELCH, DENTIST. OFFICE IN OREGON CITY....OREGON. Highest cash price paid for County Orders.

E. L. EASTHAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OREGON CITY, OREGON. Special attention given to business in the U. S. Land Office. Office in Myer's Brick.

JOHNSON & McCOWN, ATTORNEYS and COUNSELORS AT LAW OREGON CITY, OREGON. Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the United States Land Office at Oregon City. 5apr72-tf

J. P. WARD. GEORGE A. HARDING.
WARD & HARDING, Druggists and Apothecaries. KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A GENERAL assortment of **Drugs and Chemicals,** Perfumery, Soaps, Combs and Brushes, Trusses, Supports, Shoulder Braces, Fancy and Toilet Articles. —ALSO— Kerosene Oil, Lamp Chimneys, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Dye Stuffs. PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES. PATENT MEDICINES, ETC., ETC. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, and all orders correctly answered. Open at all hours of the day and night. nov1,1874tf WARD & HARDING.

W. H. HIGHFIELD, Established since '49. One door North of Pope's Hall, MAIN ST., OREGON CITY, OREGON. An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented. Repairing done on short notice; and thankful for past patronage. **Cash Paid for County Orders.**

JOHN M. BACON, DEALER IN **BOOKS, STATIONERY,** PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS. FRAMES MADE TO ORDER. OREGON CITY, OREGON. At the Post Office, Main Street, west side. nov1,'75-tf

A. C. WALLING'S Pioneer Book Bindery. Pittock's Building, cor. of Stark and Front Sts., PORTLAND, OREGON. BLANK BOOKS RULED AND BOUND TO ANY desired pattern. Music Books, Magazines, Newspapers, etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

OREGON CITY BREWERY. HUMBEL & MADDER, Having purchased the above Brewery, wish to inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality **OF LAGER BEER.** As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR Sale at this office. Justices of the Peace can get any thing in their line.

FLY, HAPPY SAILS.

BY TENNYSON.

Fly, happy sails, and bear the press,
Fly, happy with the mission of the cross,
Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices clear of toll,
Enrich the harvest of the Golden Year.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the Golden Year?

MY SHIP AT SEA.

I stood beside the sea girt shore,
And I watched the white sails fade away;
I wondered if the hopes they bore
Would to my heart return some day.

The months flew on with winged feet,
And oft I watched, but watched in vain;
The wild winds to my heart repeat
"Thy ships will ne'er return again."

'Tis ever thus with human hopes,
The flowers we prize are first to die;
And now we fall 'neath fortune's strokes—
"The ships will ne'er come back," we cry.

"CICELY"—ALKALI STATION.

BY BRET HARTE.

Cicely says you're a poet—maybe; I ain't much on ryme;
I reckoned you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.
Poetry! That's the way some chaps put up an idee,
But I takes mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry! Just look round you—alkali, rock and sage;
Sage-bush, rock and alkali—ain't it a pretty page!
Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night,
And the shadow of this yer station the on'y thing moves in sight.

Poetry! Well, now— Polly! Polly, run to your mam;
Run right away, my pooty! By by! Ain't she a lamb?
Poetry! That reminds me o' suthing right in that suit;
Jest shet that door thar, will yer?—for Cicely's ears is cute.

Ye noticed Polly—the baby? A month before she was born,
Cicely—my old woman—was moody-like and forlorn;
Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees;
Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman be's.

Nervous she was, and restless—said that she "couldn't stay."
Stay—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.
But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be on hand,
And I kinder stuck by the shanty and fenced in that bit o' land.

One night—the tenth of October—I awoke with a chill and a fright,
For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn't in sight,
But a note was pinned on the blanket, which said that she "couldn't stay,"
But had gone to visit her neighbor—seventeen miles away.

When and how she stampeded I didn't wait for to see,
For out in the road next minit, I started as wild as she;
Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the scent,
For there warn't no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot—
Lost on the plains in '50, drowned almost, and shot;
But out on this alkali desert, hunting a crazy wife,
Was ra'ly as onsatisfactory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called and I held my breath,
And "Cicely!" came from the canyon and all was still as death.
And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,
And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from the peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious; but I jest looked up to the sky,
And—this yer's to what I'm coming, and may be ye think I lie;
But up away to the east'ard, yaller and big and far,
I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me;
Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see;
Big and yaller and dancing, I never saw such a star,
And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders I stumbled and pushed ahead;
Keeping the star afore me I went wherever it led.
It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and peart and nigh,
Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now
Than the day I packed her and her mother—I'm derned if I jest know how.
But the doctor kem the next minit, and the joke o' the whole thing is,
That Cis never knew what happened from that very night to this!

But Cicely says you're a poet; and maybe you might some day,
Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a curious way,
And see what she says; and old fellow, when you speak of the star, don't tell
As how 'twas the doctor's lantern—for maybe 'twon't sound so well.

MIKE.

Mike lived in Flynn's Court. There are plenty of just such courts in every large city, running away from wider streets, as if afraid, narrow by nature first, and rendered more so by heaps of unexpected deposit afterward. Mike lived in a house with ninety-seven other souls, all packed uncomfortably close together, and of many nationalities and scolding tongues. He was nine years old, and not a very good boy for his age. In summer he wore a pair of trousers that were always too long—though by pulling them up to his armpits he did his best for them—and a jacket that made up for their excess by a corresponding deficiency. He wore no hat most of the time when he sat in the court hurling his whole vocabulary of slang and impertinence at boys up in the windows opposite, but for a few months when he submitted to the conventionality of a straw ruin, whose brim he had nibbled into a sort of fringe. He was not a handsome boy at all, with the sole exception of his thick, curling hair, which had never been short within the memory of any one. There were six years that he had been well known in his neighborhood. His nose turned up, and was sprinkled over with freckles on a foundation of tan; his mouth seemed loosely formed, as if not yet decided on its shape for life; and his eyes, light blue and wide apart, winked, glanced, blinked, leered and stared in ever and surprising rapidity. He used to stand and dance a clog by himself, the brim of his hat flopping with each leap, his bare, dirty feet moving quickly to the whistling of the undecided mouth, hands in pocket, eyes winking, trousers fluttering about his ankles, all alone with the rubbish heaps and the court mud, the sun, the dingy house, one pet cat, and his own idle, ill-regulated thoughts.

Mike had a father who worked with a pickaxe on city jobs during the day, and went to meetings of Fenian Brotherhoods, Wolf Tone Circles, and the like, at night. He was interested in the freedom of Ireland, theoretically speaking, and his family saw little of him. Perhaps, illiterate man though he was, he differed not greatly from those who go to clubs of a better sort, with projects more refined, who would never recognize anything in themselves akin to Mr. O'Toole following, blindly, impractically that Irish chimera, that will-o'-the-wisp of her uneducated sons. Mike's mother took in washing when she could get it, and went out by day when she could not. Coarse of skin, luxuriant and unkempt of hair, untidy of dress, she worked hard when she did work, but it hardly sufficed for her many children and her occasional allowance of liquor, her only recreation. Do not call her "as bad as a thief and a criminal;" we have finer tastes than hers, thanks to education, and can not easily put ourselves in her place.

Mike's older brothers and sisters idled, or worked by the day in different employments, generally coming home at night, and Mike, like them at his age, ran wild. He went to school, but his teacher sent him home every day to have his clothes mended and his hair brushed; but as he never could find the comb, he did not go back that day. Finally he went back no more; and at twelves in the multiplication table, while still vague about the map of South America, and wandering in the mazes of articles and pronouns, Mike's education stopped.

He was not particularly popular, but his social instincts were so strong that he would rather be with a cat or dog or a very small boy than be alone. He sometimes played for one morning with some little boy with a broad collar and bright buttons and clean hands; but Mike noticed that he never could get the same one twice; he had orders not to cross the street next time.

Once a little girl with curls and long ribbons on her hat asked him to come and play under her steps. Mike was not diffident, and went readily.

"What makes you have your hair so short in front?" asked Mike, after sitting down comfortably.

"Oh, because," she replied, pleasantly.

"Comb it yourself?" was the next question.

"No," replied the little girl.

"Is your comb always round?"

"Mamma combs my hair," she answered; "dont yours?"

"Dont your mamma brush yours when people dine with you?"

"W'ct's *dine?*"

"Why, cat, of course."

"No, you don't," exclaimed Mike; "that don't go down. Don't try that on me."

Just here a strong hand lifted Mike by the jacket collar, and hurled him off the steps like a kitten. "Get out of here, you dirty little wretch, you!" from the servant's disgusted lungs, came after him. Then Mike turned and screamed out his whole list of imprecations, slang and abuse at the door slammed in his undesirable face.

Once he taught a nice boy his entire stock of street slang, with his newest additions, and he never saw that boy again but once, and then the nice little boy ran as if Mike were the small-pox. Constant receptions of this kind made him lose some of his native independence, and mix with nice children. He grew to dread servants, to expect snubs, to accept coolness as his due, to be left alone, to be passed with no "hallo" of recognition to his own signal.

So he used to hang on the outskirts of a small society of little ladies and gentlemen who drew aside their dress as they passed him with the cool stare of experience. He chased cats in the court sometimes; but jumping on passing buggies till whipped off, climbed upon ice teams, took an interest in hacks standing for weddings or funerals, threw rotten fruit at the guardians of the peace and dodged, snow-balled every body, and smoked the ends of cigars. He never had any skates in winter nor ball in summer. He fished off the wharf sometimes, but seldom caught any thing. He grew accomplished in whistling tunes of the "Mulligan Guards" type.

Some one put him into a mission Sunday school once, but he had to sit still and think, and he was not used to either occupation. He was always ragged, and often hungry, and he mostly ate his bread and molasses in the street, when it was not too cold; for the sake of company. He did not what we call *chara.ter;* he did not have indefatigable perseverence, or any thing of the kind; but then he was only nine years old.

He used to look into the windows of the periodical stores, and read the titles of the dime novels with delight; he reveled in the wood-prints of "One Eye, the Scourge," and then gazed before the fascinating pictures descriptive of "Snarleyow, the Dog Fiend." And so looking and dreaming in his own way, he decided that a trapper's life was the life for him. He had small conceptions of distance, and thought some hunting grounds might be found near the terminus of the horse railway; so he made preparations for the work. One five-cent loaf, a jack-knife with two blades, one piece of clothes-line five feet long, for capturing deer, buffalo or any thing of that sort, and six cents comprised his outfit. He knew trappers had a tent usually, and a slouched hat and black mustache; but he was obliged to manage either, reluctantly left them out. One chilly, gray day, late in November, he equipped himself with his possessions, confided his secret to the latest nice boy he had, who recoiled with horror, and then, his father and mother being out, and his elder brothers and sisters scattered or quarreling, Mike set out on his travels. He took a car, and, by dextrous jumping off and on, managed to save his fare, and when the horses were unloosed at the end of the route, he ran. There were too many houses about there, but he saw trees in the distance, and went toward them. The street was long, but at last, by climbing up high on the rocks above the road, he found the trees. A rough country it was, Mike thought, and it was growing cold, but he walked on. It was lonesome too, and Mike wished that he had brought his next younger brother, but it was too late now. It began to snow, and soon snowed hard. Mike looked round him, a little frightened. He fell, too, once or twice, for the rocks were steep and slippery. "I wonder where the deer are?" thought he. He had heard that a whistle would call them, so he tried "Captain Jinks" and the "Mulligan Guards," but both failed of their object, and it was growing rapidly dark. Just then a canary, bewildered and evidently hurt, hopped close to him, then flew a little. Mike gave chase. Loaf under his arm, rope in hand, he ran farther and farther. The bird, though evidently weak, went faster than he. It was dark. He lost sight of it, ran forward and fell.

They did not find him for several days. The snow had fallen very thick for that time of the year, and it was bitterly cold. On the fourth day, a party of gentlemen, walking out after dinner from the great house on whose grounds Mike had gone hunting, with cigars and light talk, came suddenly upon something half buried in the snow, amid bushes and stones, with high bare shrubs above it—something lying so still that, though they hushed their tones, the loudest laugh would not wake it. The gentlemen lifted the childish figure in the ragged jacket and long trousers extended at the foot of the steep rock, and the dead canary near him. Such an unfinished little life to end so soon! Such an ignorant child to have gone so far on the long journey!

His parents mourned and buried him after their fashion; and that was all, except that one of the gentlemen, who was an artist, being struck with something picturesque in the circumstances, painted the picture as he saw it, and people praised it, as an expression of a phase of human life, very much. Finally a lady bought it, and it is seen by those who know mostly of lives like this through art, and they feel its pathos; often their voices tremble as they turn away.

The picture shows them a high rough rock and leafless shrubs, and at their base, half hidden under a large stone which has fallen upon him, a little boy with long heavy hair lies stretched, the rope and bread close beside him, and near by a dead canary. The artist calls his picture "Death."

There may be shown in Mike some grand meaning in his little worthless life here when he has grown to be a man, and looks back upon it from the great far country.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.—We very often meet with young men who, at the age of twenty-one, are no more fitted to fight the battle of life than most boys are at sixteen. This is often, to an extent at least, the fault of friends who, through mistaken kindness, have taken upon themselves the thinking and reasoning that should have been done by those they so urgently desire to assist. In other cases it arises from a lack of force of character in the young men that induces them to rely on their friends for advice and counsel rather than exert themselves to the extent necessary to form an opinion on which to found a judgment. One of the first lessons a man should be taught is that of self-reliance. Let him seek the advice of older and wiser people if he will; good counsel harms no one; but should carefully consider all they say, and then decide for himself; sometimes, perhaps often, he will decide wrongly—but every wrong decision is, or should be, a valuable lesson. Friends may properly be used as counsellors and guides, but not as leaning posts or staffs. Learn another's stroke if you think it better than yours, then paddle your own canoe. Floats and life preservers are often very serviceable but they are not always at hand in time of danger, and he is wise who learns to swim without their assistance. Until a boy can learn to rely upon his own judgment, he will never be a man, in reality, no matter what his age may be.

TOYS FOR CHILDREN.—We cordially approve of the custom of giving toys to children. True, for some reasons it seems as though money were wasted when expended on a wagon, the wheels of which are not round; or on a Noah's Ark with animals which refuse to stand firmly on uneven legs; and the intending purchaser almost turns from the poor, cheap toys with the intention of buying for the little friends whose happiness he has at heart something useful, beautiful and permanent; but remembering the time when a new knife, or a top, or a paper of candy, or a regiment of tin soldiers was of more value in his eyes than much fine gold, he purchases what seems to him trash and proves to others genuine treasures. If such a change has taken place between the tastes, pleasures and opinions of boyhood and those of manhood, is there any reason to think that we shall never grow weary of the possessions and pleasures of middle life which now seem so satisfying to us? Will rare and curious books, statues, vases and paintings ever appear as worthless in our eyes as toys? Shall we not, in our serene old age, look back upon the things which pleased us in middle life, and regard them as mere toys? Let us, then, consider the children, and make them happy while they still retain the capacity for being amused by simple things.

The Parisian Salon.

Every movement, artistic, literary, and social, of the last century emanated from the numerous and brilliant salons of Paris. Thence issued the "Encyclopedie" of Diderot and d'Alembert, the satires of Voltaire, the "de l'Esprit" of Helvetius, the "Systeme de la Nature" of Holbach, and all that flood of atheistical and subversive literature which deluged France and Europe with infidelity, and culminated in the great revolution. French society may be said to have been born in the salon. Yet the salon was not a French creation; that honor belongs to an Italian lady, Catharine, Marquise de Rambouillet, who, being brought to France by her husband, found the manners of the court of Henri le Grand so coarse to her refined Roman taste that she resolved to create a circle of her own, to which only those distinguished for refinement of manners and intellectual proclivities should be admitted. It was just at this period that France, having recovered from the devastating wars of the League, and now enjoying a hitherto unknown prosperity, thanks to the wise government of the king and his minister Sully, began to awaken to intellectual life; consequently the marquise found numbers eager and willing to enter into her project. The Parisians of those days were as rude and coase in all matters of taste as were their neighbors, the English and Germans; their furniture was clumsy, their decorations were heavy, and the prevailing colors were red and tan. Imagine then, the contrast presented by apartments hung with delicate blue velvet trimmed with gold, adorned with beautiful paintings by the great Italian masters, a thousand elegancies and a profusion of flowers, that make the apartments a brilliant garden. In the course of time the marquise's assemblies became the supreme tribunal of taste and authority in all matters relating to language and literature. Here every poet of renown read his verses, every dramatist his plays, and received judgment before giving them to the vulgar world. Here the French language was fixed, and every word put upon its trial, to be banished forever as vulgar or adjudged fit for polite lips. Here was suggested to Richelieu the idea which afterward took the practical form of the Academie Francaise. Here were developed those polished and elegant manners which until the Revolution rendered the French noble the gentleman par excellence of Europe, and the French language the most correct, piquant, and perfect medium of conversation of all modern tongues. Here modern society was created; and it was here that woman first began to exercise a marked influence upon the national life, which, while it softened and refined the manners, proved so disastrous to France in the persons of Maintenons and Du Barrys. Here, also, arose that school of exaggerated gallantry and sentiment which afforded Moliere and his contemporaries such splendid objects of satire. Under the marquise and her yet more celebrated daughter Julie, the Hotel de Rambouillet rose to its highest fame about 1630, and kept its position until the troubles of the Fronde rebellion closed it in 1645. During all these years it cannot but be supposed but that imitations of these assemblies had sprung up. Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos, the Lais and Aspasia of the period, opened their houses to all that was witty, gay, and licentious. Then there were the coteries of the female Frondeurs, the brilliant Madame de Chevreuse, the beautiful Madame de Longueville. Nor must we forget the poet Scarron, over whose gatherings the future Madame de Maintenon presided. But the true successor of Catharine de Rambouillet was Madame de Scudery, the once famous novelist, the author of "Le Grand Cyrus," "Clelie," "Ibrahim," romances in ten volumes! It was in her salons that Moliere found his "Precieuses Ridicules" and his "Femmes Savantes." Here love and gallantry were reduced to a code of rules, any infringement of which was punished by expulsion from the society.

PLAIN TALK TO A GIRL.—Your everyday toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz: a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" in the afternoon. Your dress may or may not be anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

ORNAMENTAL.—Owners of country houses can ornament their grounds at very little expense, if they choose to sacrifice some time and exercise some taste. Small out-houses, grape-vine arbors and frequented walks may not only be made beautiful ornaments to the garden, but shady resting places, where those who so desire, in the heat of the summer day, or even during warm, sunshiny winter weather, may find a pleasant retreat. There are scores of hardy vines that, with a trifle of care may be made to cover such arbors, rendering them most attractive in themselves, and objects which, together, serve to form the out-door attractions of home. It is a matter of surprise when we think of these things, that the grounds about so many country dwellings are, as from choice, utterly neglected.

January came, thaw and conquered.
—*Rochester Democrat.*

Horrors of the Siberian Mines.

PRISONERS WHO NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY—A PRISON PEN WHERE NO CONVICT RETURNS ALIVE.

The exiles who live in the mines are convicts of the worst type and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver or quicksilver under the eyes of task-masters who have orders not to spare them. Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close to the lodes, or streets, at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within recesses hewn out of the rock—very kennels—into which they must creep on all fours. Prince Joseph Lumbomirski, who was authorized to visit one of the mines of the Oural at a time when it was not suspected he would ever publish an account of his exploration in French, has given an appalling account of what he saw. Convicts raked with the joint-pains which quicksilver produces; men whose hair and eyebrows had dropped off, and who were gaunt as skeletons, were kept to hard labor under the lash. They have only two holidays a year, Christmas and Easter; and all other days, Sundays included, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of the use of their limbs, when they are hauled out to die in the infirmary.

Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years. No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home; the most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the road gangs, and it is the promise of this favor as a reward for industry which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline.

Women are employed in the mines as sifters, and get no better treatment than the men. Polish ladies by the dozen have been sent down to rot and die, while St. Petersburg journals were declaring that they were living as free colonists; and, more recently, ladies connected with Nihilist conspiracies have been consigned to the mines in pursuance of a sentence of hard labor. It must always be understood that a sentence of Siberian hard labor means death. The Russian Government well knows that to live for years in the atrocious tortues of the mines is humanly impossible, and, consequently, the use of a euphemism to replace the term capital punishment is merely of a piece with the hypocrisy of all official statements in Russia. Once a week a pope, himself an exile, goes down into the mines to bear the consolations of religion, under the form of a sermon, enjoining patience. By the same occasion he drives a lively trade in vodki.

The miners who live habitually on tschi and black bread, are allowed a kopeck for a good day's work, and this sum invariably goes for drink. Perhaps the raw, rancid spirit serves to keep up their strength; anyhow, the intoxication it brings on affords the unfortunates the only drug of comfort they can expect on earth. One shudders to think of the state of the better educated men who refuse the consolation of occasionally drowning their sorrows in liquor. What must be the plight of professors, journalists, land-owners, who have been condemed to die by inches for the crime of emitting liberal opinions, which in England bring a man to a great honor and comfort on every side?

MARRIED OFF HAND.—A wedding as abrupt, if not as fantastic, as Mr. Wemmick's took place on New Year's night, at Marlboro, on the Hudson. During the afternoon a well known resident of the village called on the Rev. Dr. Osbon and invited him to dinner at six o'clock. "Bring a marriage certificate with you," said the host, "we may have a wedding here to night." The doctor is a discreet man and did as he was told. At his friend's house he met a large company, and after dinner was announced took his seat at the well-appointed table. The host undertook to carve the turkey, but made such bungling of his duties that one of the guests was constrained to remark to him, "You should get married; then your wife would teach you the proper way to do these things." The host did not deny the soft impeachment, but told what manner of woman he should like for a wife, ending by saying: "Now, before we proceed further, s'pose we take a vote as to whom I shall marry." The company entered into the the canvass with great hilarity, and after the vote was taken it was declared that the host was in duty bound to marry his housekeeper, a young and well-educated lady who had presided over the establishment for more than one year. The young lady had stepped into the kitchen to give some final directions to the cook, and when she returned she was informed of the views of the company. She was completely taken aback, but after the ladies had coaxed her to give her consent, she placed herself in the hands of her friends. "Halloo! let's get married now," exclaimed the host, with the imperturable Wemmick's self-possession. The dinner was suspended—indeed, it had scarcely begun; the bride took off her white apron; the bridegroom dropped his napkin; the two were made one; the marriage certificate was signed; and the company kissed the bride and then sat down to dinner with a first rate appetite. The next day a spinistor in the neighborhood, hearing what had happened, raised her hands toward heaven and exclaimed, in a spirit of true devoutness, "Lord, how sudden! there's no tellin' whose turn'll come next!"

A LITTLE boy will never willingly relinquish any of his cakes except his spank-aches.

What it is we Drink.

The following recipes, which were found in an establishment that was seized by Sheriff's officers in New York City recently, will be interesting, as showing that there is a vast difference between pure and adulterated liquors:

OLD BOURBON WHISKY.

40 gallons pure spirits,
5 gallons good Bourbon whisky,
2 ounces spirits of nitre,
2 ounces fusil oil (from corn) cut in alchol.
Stand four days and use it.

DARK COGNAC BRANDY.

59½ gallons pure spirit (first proof),
1 pint brandy coloring,
1 pound essence of cognac, mixed with
1 quart alcohol, 95 per cent.

CHERRY BRANDY.

4¾ gallons pure spirit (first proof),
2 pounds best sugar,
1 drachm oil of bitter almond.
Color it very dark.

HOLLAND GIN.

6¾ gallons pure spirit (first proof),
¼ ounce oil of juniper, dissolved in
1 pint alcohol, 95 per cent.,
2 pounds sugar.

PORT WINE.

27 gallons new cider,
6 gallons cherry brandy,
5 gallons pure spirit,
2 gallons sugar spirit,
4 pounds alcanet root,
½ pound tartaric acid,
2 ounces alum.

CHAMPAGNE.

40 gallons cider,
3 pounds loaf sugar,
2 ounces crystalized tartaric acid,
¼ quart yeast,
3 gallons water,
4 gallons pure spirit, 15 per cent. under proof.

Let it stand ten days, fine and bottle it if sparkling; if not sparkling, again fine it and add more acid, and this process should be repeated until it is suitable for bottling. When bottled, put in each bottle a piece of sugar, the size of a pea, then cork and wire the bottle, covering it with tinfoil, after the manner of champagne.

AN HEROIC RESCUE FROM THE FLAMES—A fire which occurred in St. Andrew's parish, London, a few weeks ago, presented unusual features of peril to human life and of gallantry in rescue. An old stone mansion house which could be reached only from the front was discovered to be on fire, and the flames were well under way in the interior before the alarm was given and men came to the rescue. The exeavation of the street in front of the house for sewerage purposes made it impossible to approach the burning building from the front with fire-escape apparatus or with extinguishers. Through the smoke, the forms of two people could be seen at the upper window and, with the stairway below in flames and no possibility of reaching the window with ladders from the street, it became a problem how to rescue them. The adjacent buildings were accessible, and it was only a moment's work after the arrival of a rope for two men of the Fire Brigade to carry it over the roof of the burning building and by means of it reach the half suffocated persons at the windows. They lacked strength to save themselves by clinging to the rope and making their way to the adjacent roofs, but they were successfully carried out and saved, by an ingenious expedient, from what otherwise was a certainty of death by fire.

THAT ELECTRIC CURRENT.—The man who doesn't believe that there is an electric current passing between the minds of human beings should have been at the Central depot last evening when a train went out just forty seconds ahead of a man who had planned to be in Chicago this morning. He ran down the depot, yelling and gesticulating, but he could neither stop the train nor overtake it. When he stopped he was close beside a boot-black, who had witnessed the whole performance, and with a grin clear around to his ears, the boy observed:

"No, it can't, for Beecher says there's no such place!"

The stranger looked at him for about a minute and then handed him a quarter and turned away. Now, if there is not a mental electric current, how did that boy know wha: that man was thinking of?

THE LARGEST WAR VESSEL.—The new ironclad, Italia, which the Italian Government are having constructed at Castellamare, will, it is said, be the largest vessel of war in the world. Its greatest length will be 120 metres; breadth 22 metres; draught of water 8.50 metres; displacement 13,000 tons; and weight of the hull alone 5,000 tons. Its armament will consist of guns, the exact weight of which is not yet known, but it is at all events to exceed 100 tons, and the iron plates with which the hull is to be protected will be 55 centimetres thick. It is estimated that the construction and armament of this gigantic vessel will cost at least twenty million francs, about £800,000.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.—In winter, it is pleasant for young folk to give and attend social parties, if they are not made too expensive for people of moderate means. The custom of preparing an extravagant supper, particularly when there are no servants to perform the drudgery, is a foolish one. Now if we will have parties; if we are to enjoy this life and derive pleasure from society while we may, let us adopt a simpler method of entertainment, and, during the evening our friends spend with us, pass around fruit and cake in an informal way. That will cost comparatively little, but will prove that we are hospitably inclined, and is a sufficient evidence of welcome.

"Is it a good taste for girls to giggle at funerals!" is the query in Western Alabama. A girl who can't cry at a funeral would not be a good hand to do up a sore toe.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA