

# Oregon City Enterprise.

Devoted to the Interests of Oregon City and Clackamas County.

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## THE ENTERPRISE.

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**BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Rev. J. W. Taylor, pastor. Morning service 10:30; Sabbath school 10:45; evening service 7:30 o'clock. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Monthly covenant meeting Saturday before first Sunday in each month at 1 o'clock P. M. A cordial invitation extended to all.

**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CATHOLIC.**—Rev. J. A. Ryan, pastor. On Sunday morning high mass at 10:30. First Sunday of each month low mass at 8 o'clock A. M. Second Sunday of each month, a German sermon. Sunday school at 7 o'clock P. M. Vespers and Benediction at 7 o'clock P. M.

**FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**—Rev. W. A. Willson, pastor. Services at 9:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school after morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Young people's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Strangers cordially invited. Seats free.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—Rev. W. A. Willson, M. A. pastor. Morning service at 10:30; Sabbath school at 12:15; evening service at 7 o'clock. Young people's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Strangers cordially invited. Seats free.

**ST. PAUL'S P. E. CHURCH.**—Rev. Jesse C. Taylor, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock; each alternate Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock—Sunday school at 11:45 every Sunday morning. Service every Wednesday at 7 P. M. with lectures. Seats free all welcome.

## SOCIETY NOTICES.

**Oregon Lodge, I. O. O. F. No. 3.**  
Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the order are invited to attend. By order of N. G.

**Multnomah Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.**  
Holds its regular communications Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in the hall on the corner of 4th and 7th streets, on the 2nd of each month, and on the 2nd of March, and at 7:30 o'clock from the 10th of March to the 30th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. A. F. DAVIS, Secretary.

**Mexico Post No. 2, O. A. R., Department of Oregon.**  
Meets first Wednesday of every month, at 7:15 P. M., at Odd Fellows' Hall, Oregon City. COMMANDER.

**Falls City Lodge No. 59, A. O. U. W.**  
Meets every second and fourth Monday evening in Odd Fellows' building. All sojourning brethren cordially invited to attend. F. R. CHAIRMAN, M. W.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

### In Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

A freight train on the Southeastern branch of the Canadian Pacific Railroad ran into an open drawbridge over the Lacine canal, near Montreal. The engineer and his fireman were killed.

At the inquest on the recovered bodies of the victims of the Scholten steamer disaster, the Rotterdam agent of the steamer testified that there were 214 persons aboard, of whom 89 were saved.

The steamer Charles P. Chotian burned at Sunflower Landing, Miss. The colored fireman and a colored deck passenger were burned to death. The cargo of cotton is a total loss, nothing being left but her immense hull.

A construction train on the Cleveland & Pittsburg railroad ran into a pile of rocks which had fallen from a hillside near Steubenville. The engineer and fireman were killed, and several persons were badly hurt.

A freight train was wrecked on the Mexican Central, near El Paso, Texas, in which Harry Townsend, son of Charles Townsend, was instantly killed. Two others, taken from the wreck and carried to Chihuahua, are reported dead.

A New Orleans special says: The striking sugar hands at Thibodaux, La., fired on the white pickets guarding the place. The white men returned the fire, and a brick battle ensued, in which twenty-five negroes are said to have been killed and two white men.

Two thousand crofters on the Isle of Lewis have commenced a campaign to exterminate deer in the forest. They allege that 6,000 crofters are starving who ought to be living on land now given up to deer, and that in adopting their present course they are actuated by sheer necessity.

August Hataka is locked up at Chicago for killing his step-son, Max Gilman, 11 years old. The latter came home after three months' absence, and Hataka whipped him unmercifully with a strap which had a buckle on it. The boy was found dead in his bed, with his face and body covered with marks of the strap.

M. Regard entered a fencing school in the Rue de la Chaussee Dautel, Paris, revolver in hand, and shot M. Chazalot, master of the school, dead. Some of the latter's assistants, in trying to disarm the murderer, received more or less serious injuries. The murderer then shot himself in the head, inflicting a fatal wound. The cause of the killing has not transpired.

Louis E. Schilling, a naturalized American citizen, e-lled at the State Department at Washington, and complained of his treatment by the Mexican authorities. He charged that he was arrested, robbed of his watch and money, shot three times by an officer because he complained of his treatment, and dragged on the ground with a lasso because he could not run as fast as ordered when going from one prison to another. He also charges that when he was in jail two citizens of the United States, McCowan and White, residents of Ohio, were robbed of \$600 and murdered by officers of the jail, and their bodies hauled away in a car.

Fire broke out in the Union hotel, at Petre, near the Union Iron works, San Francisco, and in a few minutes the entire structure was in flames. The fire quickly communicated to the Huntington house, and the entire block was soon in flames. A heavy wind was blowing, and before any stream could be turned on the buildings, flames were rapidly working up and down the bluff toward the next street, and in half an hour three blocks of buildings were on fire. Over forty buildings were destroyed, and about the same number of families are left destitute. The loss is estimated at \$75,000.

A dispatch from Bridgeport, Conn., says the main building of Barnum & Bailey's show was destroyed by fire, an alarm was sounded, and in less than thirty minutes the building, which was 600,200 feet and two stories high, was entirely consumed. Before the first alarm had ceased sounding, the whole building was enveloped in flames, and no one dared approach it, being fearful of the crazed animals. Three elephants were burned up, and thirty-six broke from their fastenings and dashed through the sides of the burning structure, roaring and trumpeting in a terrific manner. Six elephants and a large African hippopotamus rushed about the streets, presenting a sickening appearance. Their sides were burned, and great pieces of flesh a foot square fell off. Thirty elephants and a large lion started across country towards Fairfield and Easton. Great excitement reigned many residents, and they have barred the windows and doors of their houses. In the horse room were all the ring animals, trained stallions, ponies, etc., and all were burned. In the call room were birds, monkeys, rhinoceri, hyenas, tigers, lions and all the menagerie, which also fell a prey to the flames. A great deal of valuable tents and other property also burned. The total loss is estimated at not less than \$700,000, with but \$100,000 insurance. The watchman discovered the fire while making his rounds, and started to give an alarm, when some unknown person hit him on the head with some blunt instrument. One of the three elephants burned was a "sacred white elephant." The lion which escaped at the time the fire broke out was later found in a barn, where he had killed and was devouring a cow.

## ALONE.

Still earth turns and pulses stir,  
And each day hath its deed;  
But if I be dead to her,  
What is the life I lead?  
Care the ocean for the wood,  
When the red leaves are blown  
Stays the moon near the brood,  
When they are Belgaid and frown?  
Yes, we live; the common air  
To both its bounty brings;  
Mother! Can the absent share  
The half-forgotten things?  
Harrow comfort fancy doles  
To him that truly sees;  
Sullen earth can never soila,  
Far as the Pleiades.  
Take they toys, step-mother Earth—  
Take force of limb and brain;  
A lily gifts are little worth,  
Till her I find again.  
Gears may spring and buds may stir—  
Why should mine eyes take heed?  
For if I be dead to her,  
Then am I dead indeed.  
—Lester H. Holbrook, in Atlantic Monthly.

## SYLVA'S INVESTMENT.

### How She Came to Make It, and What Came of It.

"Did Sylvia Bentley come to see you to-day?" asked young Mrs. Manning as she entered the cosy parlor in which her aunt was seated, and took off her bonnet preparatory to making a long call. "I met her near here this morning on my way to market, and thought perhaps she had been in to consult you about that hand of hers."

"No," answered Mrs. Barton, "she was not here; and I would be, probably, the last person she would ask for advice or assistance, for I was the most strenuous opposer of her marriage. I had known Ernest Bentley from his childhood, and knew he was not calculated to make Sylvia happy. He is handsome, and has no particular vices; but he was never successful in anything. He has no stability whatever, and lacks energy and purpose. I told Sylvia just what she might expect, and begged her to give him up, but, of course, it was of no use. A girl in love never will listen to reason."

"How she has gone off in her looks," said Mrs. Manning, whose husband was a prosperous hardware merchant. "She was such a pretty girl ten years ago."

"I haven't seen her for a long time," said Mrs. Barton sighed.

"Then you would hardly recognize her now. She is pale, thin and weary-looking. She passed me this morning with merely a bow—and we were once so intimate! I suppose this last one has crushed the life almost out of her. And what are they to do, Aunt Julia? They have five children, you know."

"I am sure I can't tell. It is not likely Ernest will find another friend to start him in business. Mr. Stratton has suffered so heavily that so one else will want to try them off. I pity Sylvia from the bottom of my heart."

"Perhaps Aunt Andrews has left her something in her will."

"It is not probable. Cousin Penelope opposed the marriage almost as earnestly as I did. She often remarked that one might as well put water in a sieve as money in the hands of Ernest Bentley. It is likely, however, that sister Mary has been left something. She was sent for, and is at the Andrews' house now to hear the will read. Cousin Penelope could not have left much to any one, for she was obliged to live very economically, and never had a cent to spare."

"There comes Aunt Mary now," said Mrs. Manning, as she glanced from the window by which she sat. "Now we will know all about the will."

A moment later Mrs. Jessup—who was a widow, and had made her home with her sister-in-law for many years—entered the room.

"You here, Fannie!" she exclaimed, as she kissed Mrs. Manning affectionately. "That is fortunate, for I know you want to hear about my legacy. Well, it don't amount to much. I have the home, furniture, and personal effects. The money, amounting to about six hundred dollars, was left to Sylvia Bentley."

"To Sylvia?" exclaimed Mrs. Barton. "It can't seem possible! Was she there?"

"Yes, and almost fainted with joy. It must have been a great relief to her to find Penelope had remembered her so generously, for I know she has had hard work to get along since Ernest failed. There was one condition made—she is to invest the money in something which her husband is to have nothing to do with. It is to be controlled by him."

"How humiliating to Sylvia to accept it with such a proviso," said Fannie.

"Yes, but she has sense enough to know that Cousin Penelope intended it for the best. Though she doesn't choose to talk about them, Sylvia knows perfectly well her husband's fault and failings. She took him for better or worse, and she makes the best of her bargain. If she has repented it she thinks it well to keep the fact to herself. She has never uttered a word of complaint, even to me."

"But one can tell from her face that she has suffered a great deal, Aunt Mary," said Fannie, "and I only hope she will invest her sixteen hundred dollars advantageously."

Mrs. Jessup. "I may be able to help her in some way."  
Bat Mrs. Jessup was sick with a cold the next day, and it was a week before she was able to go out again. Then, when she called to see Sylvia she found her busy packing up her household goods.

"Are you giving up the house, Sylvia?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, I am going into the country, Aunt Mary," answered Mrs. Bentley, who always called Mrs. Jessup by the title of aunt, though they were connected only by marriage. "I want to tell you all about it, so come into the parlor, and I will find you a seat."

"She looked so bright and animated that Mrs. Jessup felt sure Ernest had found lucrative employment, and breathed a sigh of relief, for she was very fond of Sylvia.

"Your face shows that you have good news to tell me," she said, as she followed Sylvia into the dismantled parlor.

"Perhaps you may not consider it good, Aunt Mary. You may think I have 'invested my money foolishly.'"

"You have invested it, then?"

"Yes, and I am going into business. That startles you, I see. But you don't know how many hours I lay awake at night wondering in what way I could invest my money so it would yield a sufficient income to support us all. I made up my mind that the first principle of money-making in business is to provide some thing people must have, at no matter what cost, and that would be on the market all the year round. The only thing I could think of was eggs. People will have puddings, cakes, custards and omelets whether eggs are fifteen or forty cents a dozen. So I have bought a little farm, and am going into the poultry business with all possible speed."

"Sylvia! what a venture!"

"No thing venture, nothing have, you know, Aunt Mary. I had to do something. It is a very small farm—only seven acres—and the house is not at all pretentious," with a faint smile, "but there is a good deal of fruit on the place, and we can raise all our own vegetables. Ernest and the children can attend to the garden while I devote myself to my poultry. It will cost us only half as much to live in the country as to live here. In fact, I am lighter of heart than for a long time. I gave one thousand dollars cash for the place, so I have enough left to take care of us until my business begins to pay. You can't dis-sourage me by a single word, Aunt Mary, for I am full of hope."

"Discourage you?" reiterated Mrs. Jessup, as she rose impulsively, and threw her arms about Sylvia's slender figure. "I think not do so for the world. I would not do so for a brave woman, my dear, and something tells me you will succeed in your undertaking."

There were many who did not share Mrs. Jessup's opinion, and who thought Sylvia's investment foolish to the last degree; but Aunt Mary proved a true prophet. Sylvia's whole heart was in her work, and she was not easily discouraged nor cast down. She did not attempt any fancy breeds of poultry, but bought common fowls, fed them well, watched over them religiously, and culled faithfully a standard work on poultry-raising. The result was that her business began to pay almost immediately. It was in the beginning of February that she bought the farm, and she started with two hundred fowls, for which she paid fifty dollars. In March and April she sold a large number of eggs. After that time she used all she collected for setting purposes, and raised nearly four hundred chickens during the summer and early fall. There were losses of course, and occasionally she made mistakes; but experience is an excellent teacher, and in a year's time she understood her business thoroughly. At the end of two years she had no more fears of the future. She was enjoying an income ample for the support of her family, and had invested in a horse and wagon, several boxes, and two cows. Her health had improved wonderfully, too. She was no longer pale and weary-looking. And she had a great source of comfort in the fact that her husband, ashamed of his many failures, and anxious to show that he possessed at least the willingness to support his family, devoted himself to the garden and orchard so zealously that they soon began to repay his care, and added much to the family income.

"In fact, Aunt Mary," said Sylvia, one day, when Mrs. Jessup drove out to see her, and they were talking over some improvements to be made to the house, "I have much to be thankful for, and am very happy. There never was an investment that turned out better for all concerned than mine."

"Because there never was a truer, better woman at the helm of any domestic ship than Sylvia Bentley," said Aunt Mary, as she kissed her. "That's the secret of your success, my dear."

—Florence H. Hallowell, in Chicago Standard.

"Countryman (to dentist)—'I wouldn't pay nothin' extra for gas. Jes yank her out if it does hurt.'  
Dentist—'You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth.' Countryman—'Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.'—N. Y. Sun.

"—In the year 1770 a colonel bought two square miles of land of an Indian chief for a quart of whiskey and a hunting knife, and for half a decade the white man wanted somebody to kick him for an idiot for not watering the whiskey.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE CHEWING-GUM FAD.

Men, Women and Children Habitual Users of Tolu and Paraffine.

Few people have any realization of the large interests involved in the manufacture of chewing-gum, or of the extent to which it is habitually used. They know that children love the sticky morsel that keeps their jaws in motion, but the extent to which their elders indulge a similar fondness is generally unsuspected. Women are not proof against the seductions of the penny package, and hosts of men, who hide the little wad when threatened with discovery, are wont to slip their small change in the hands of boyish vendors of tolu and paraffine delights.

Such is the testimony of dealers, whose assertion finds occasional proof in the observations of every one. Chewing women may be seen in stores, on street cars, and even on the promenade. They are so addicted to the habit that even in public they can not forsake its exercise. But these are exceptional devotees. Many more indulge the taste in private, secretly enjoying what they blushing confess or hide from every eye. The masculine chewer must have something in his mouth; perhaps because he is trying to escape from the thrall of tobacco, or because he finds it a soothing aid to reflection. It would be amusing to find on under sides of sinner desks the evidences of such a childish taste, but the discovery might easily be made by any curious investigator.

To meet this vast amount of gum are annually manufactured. One large firm in Elgin, with a branch in the city, averages 1,500 boxes a day, and requires the services of more than one hundred girls to wrap the little packages. They keep in stock \$20,000 worth of tin pictures to adorn their wares and catch the color-loving eyes of little customers. Another firm in New York City does a business estimated at \$500,000 yearly. Though this is the largest manufactory in the country, there are numerous others that do a good business, and that swell the sum received to millions annually.

Though there are innumerable varieties of gum, differing chiefly in flavoring and appearance, there are several kinds that are wholly distinct. Of these, the white or paraffine gums and the darker-colored tolu gums are made in larger quantities. All white varieties are made of paraffine, an article requiring no description. Tolu gums are the product of balsam tolu and the chicle tree. The latter is found in Mexico. It yields a rubber-like gum, called chicle, that can be easily chewed, and is of creamy-brown color. Tolu is yielded by the balsam tree that bears its name. It is of dark color, and serves the purpose of adding elasticity to the compound. Sugar is used to sweeten gum, and various ingredients are added to furnish different flavors.

Manufacturers report a steadily increasing demand for their wares throughout the country. This is especially noticeable in the South, where gum-chewing is supplanting the old snuff habit, to which women were almost universally addicted. Whatever may be thought of the new custom, it is certainly better than the old, if only on account of cleanliness. The chief objection to it seems to be its lack of taste if not its positive vulgarity, but so long as human nature takes delight in doing things not quite commendable, it probably could find few less harmful diversions. Beauty with a end is not a pleasing sight, however, and the social laws that forbid her to eat upon the promenade should relegate the enjoyment of her gum to hours of privacy.—Chicago Herald.

## SKULLS AND SNAKES.

Unconformable Ornaments for Gentlemen's Cases and Umbrellas.

The extent to which idiotic cane heads and umbrella handles will be carried is capable of astonishing if not horrifying the beholders. There have been plenty of the grotesque monstrosities on exhibition among silly young men ever since exhibited silver came into fashion. A favorite thing has a handle of carved wood, elaborately painted, representing an uncanny head, half human and half beast. A college graduate sat in an orchestra chair at a theater with a cane in his mouth most of the time. The device was an oxidized silver skull as big as a hen's egg, and on top of the skull there crawled an enameled lizard. The well educated young man sat and chewed this lizard in a way to madden any delicate woman in his vicinity. In a New York store window were lately shown a stand of fifty of the most villainous inventions ever put on the tops of canes or umbrellas. Inside, and from a handsome case, the polite attendant produced a cane and umbrella, to which the same knob could be attached, and in fair weather or foul the happy possessor could make himself a terror to society. The knob was a large skull of oxidized silver, with a flexible jaw that wriggled at you as you moved it, while from the eyeless sockets on the slightest agitation there protruded the heads of two snakes. It was a thing to make one shudder, but the proprietor spoke with pride of being the only importer of this infernal device.

Robert Heller used to wear an enameled skull as a scarf pin. An eyeglass made of an enamel occupied one socket, and by a connecting battery in his pocket he made the dreadful little thing chatter its teeth in a truly hair-raising fashion. But Robert was a disciple of the black art, and it was his business to surround himself with the attributes of diabolism. The usual young monkey who buys such toys hasn't the brains to become a juggler, and is only a social nuisance.

—Detroit Free Press.

## PROGRESS IN COOKERY.

Discoveries Throwing New Light on the Physiology of Food.

It is a well-recognized fact that simple food is the healthiest diet for man. Excuses in eating produce numerous disorders that are frequently attributed to other causes.

The question of diet is to-day receiving marked attention in Europe. The medical profession is giving it much thought, prescribing the kinds of food for certain diseases, thus making advancement in preventive as well as in curative remedies by regulating the diet.

The chemist has also come to the aid of the cook, and the chemistry of cookery is taught in schools. All this simply indicates that civilization is advancing. What a man eats, and how he eats it, is a fair index of his civilization. A savage may be a brave warrior, a splendid type of manhood, with flashing eyes and broad shoulders. He will probably be admired by all who come to see him until he comes to the table to eat. Then the trouble comes to the surface, and he is soon rated as a savage. Man's fall from the happy surroundings in the garden of Eden was a blight on his appetite which has much to do with the fall of many others who are better posted about its danger than were Adam and Eve.

Every Georgian is well acquainted with the virtues of pot liquor, and its merits for fattening children. Scientists, in recent researches, have discovered that "pot liquor" contains salts and potash that is abstracted from the vegetables while boiling of great value in gout, rheumatism and neuralgia, and a diet of liquor distilled from boiling certain kinds of vegetables, mixed with other kinds of food, is prepared to relieve these complaints.

Whole chapters are written on "How to boil an egg," "How to cook an egg," and it is astonishing how much good common sense is taught in the discussion of these apparently simple questions. Take, for example, "How to boil an egg." The orthodox manner all will admit it to keep it boiling for three and a half minutes, but after you study how to practically apply the laws of albumen coagulation, you will find the egg much better, far more healthy and nutritious if you will put it in water about thirty degrees below the boiling point and keep it immersed about ten or twelve minutes. Eggs cooked in the ordinary way are necessarily raw in the middle, the white is subjected to a higher temperature than the yolk, and is, to a certain extent, indigestible. In the plan of cooking described, there is uniform diffusion of heat throughout.

There can be no doubt that the discoveries and indications of the present age have thrown a new light on the physiology of food. It is a happy thought that some time in the future a man's cook will be his doctor—and he can prevent as well as cure his ailment, prolong his life by securing a good cook. The cook and the physician have both killed their thousands in the past, and if they come to be the benefactors of humanity by uniting their best efforts, and pave the way to the millennium, they will certainly atone for much of their misconduct in the past.—Atlanta Constitution.

## PLUCK OF A BRIZZLY.

How Two of Them Were Brought Down by Experienced Hunters.

We stalked two small grizzlies in the "open" one evening. They were busy turning over stones, in order to get the grubs and worms underneath, and when we managed to get, unseen, within forty yards, at first fire each received a bullet broadside behind the shoulder; but, seemingly none the worse, they both turned down hill, as bears will when wounded, nine times out of ten, and made for the ravine, whence they had evidently come.

This gave me a nice open shot as they passed, and No. 1 rolled over dead; not so No. 2. Before he got a hundred yards away I hit him three times. My rifle was a 50-caliber Ballard repeater, the one I have used for over 100 grains of powder and a soft ball. At the fourth shot he fell all of a heap, seemingly dead. To save trouble we laid hold of the first one, which lay about seventy yards above the second, and dragged him down the steep incline to where this second lay, for convenience in skinning. We got within a few feet of the bear, when up he jumped, and, one hind leg and one fore, went for Frank. The attack was tremendously unexpected and sudden. At a glance you could see that the poor, plucky brute was past hurting any one, for one arm was smashed and his lower jaw was shot almost completely away. Yet I tell the simple truth when I say that for a few strides he actually caught up to Frank, who made most admirable time; then he suddenly fell dead. We examined that bear carefully; he was a small one, not weighing more than two hundred pounds, and was shot all to pieces. Each of the five bullets I had fired had struck him; one hit and one for arm were broken, the lower jaw shot away; there was one shot in the neck and one, through and through, behind the shoulder. It is never safe to fool with a grizzly; he may run away as fast as you like, or he may not. He may drop to the first well-planted bullet, or he may stand up till blow almost to pieces.—Scribner's Magazine.

—An exchange says that a young lady never likes to "give herself away." That depends on whether or not the right fellow is her—N. Y. Ledger.

## DON'T FRET OR WORRY.

Words of Advice for Exhausted and Nervous Housekeepers.

"Every one of these doors creaks so horribly that it almost sets me wild," exclaimed a tired housekeeper, who was trying to rest a little after the labor of a wearisome day. Now this was not the first, perhaps it was the twentieth time she had made the same, or a similar remark about the creaking of the doors, when with the aid of a bottle of oil and a feather she might have made them swing noiselessly and saved herself all the annoyance she had suffered.

It is a great deal easier to make suggestions than to follow them; but it seems to me that the "golden rule" for housekeepers might be this: "If any thing goes wrong for which there is a remedy, apply it as soon as possible; if there is absolutely no remedy do not fret, but make the best of it."

I believe that often it is not the work that makes us feel so thoroughly weary at the end of the week as worrying over it. I remember of fretting a good deal over some Thanksgiving pies, complaining that I always spoiled them by putting in too much of one thing or another, when my sister quietly remarked that perhaps I put too much anxiety into them. I saw the point, and resolved henceforth to do the best I could with my cooking, and to worry less over results. Of course I had afterwards better success, and far more peace of mind.

There are days in the experience of every housekeeper when every thing seems determined to go wrong, and a perfect avalanche of little troubles and perplexities seem to overwhelm one. Then, indeed, she that ruleth her spirit "better than he that taketh a city."

But how often at the close of such a day have we looked back and seen that all came right at last in spite of our forebodings, and we have wished so much that we could have been self-controlled and sweet-tempered through it all.

It is so natural to magnify little troubles instead of remembering that they are not worth fretting about. If at breakfast the biscuits are a little too yellow, and the steak a trifle overdone, in almost every case no one will be troubled about it if you are not.

If the coffee is not just exactly right, no one will notice it unless you call attention to it by some disparaging remark. Especially should we guard against a habit of fretting because of the discomfort it causes those about us. If the housekeeper frets the children do the same, and the servants also, for nothing is more contagious, and we have any thing but a happy household. However bad things may go, nothing is gained by worrying, and if we can not be always cheerful, we can at least patiently till the storm passes over and the sunshine returns, as it surely will in due time.—Christian at Work.

## CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

An Account of the Galley Slaves of the Middle Ages and Later Times.

The galley, a long, low, narrow vessel of war, having sails, but chiefly propelled by rows of oars on each side, was used as a part of the fleet of all maritime nations from the earliest historic times down to near the close of the eighteenth century. The vessel drew but little water and was especially convenient for coast service; but the advancement in the art of navigation, and especially the improvements in gunnery, at last put an end to this class of ships, which it was said, "had dominated the maritime world for over three thousand years." In the most ancient times to row in the galleys was considered honorable; but as the work was very laborious and it was difficult to procure voluntary recruits for it, the ancient nations used to put their prisoners of war to this service. Then it became customary to condemn criminals to the work. In the middle ages the galley rowers were convicts and infidel prisoners, who were chained to the benches. The Turks retaliated, and put captured Christians to the same labor. In France, Spain and the Italian republics during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the galleys were used as the means of punishment for all criminals; even those who had committed capital crimes were thus utilized. Heretics were particularly sought out for this purpose, and in France vagrants, beggars, poachers, etc., were employed, and, as even all these did not suffice to man the benches, slaves were bought from the Turks, negroes were brought from Guinea, and Indians were kidnapped in the New World. Galley slaves were subjected to the greatest indignities and cruelties. Their heads and faces were shaved, they were always chained to their benches, and they rowed entirely naked, being only allowed to wear clothing when in port. They were seldom released, even when their time of service was accomplished. Henry IV. ordered the captains of all galleys to retain prisoners for six years, even although condemned for a shorter time, and under Louis XIV. galley slaves sentenced for only two or three years were often retained for fifteen years and more. Criminals preferred mutilation and even death to labor in the galleys. The galleys in France were abolished in 1748. They had been gradually going out of use in that and other countries for some years.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—A Treasury Department clerk has invented a lock which can be locked with any one of ten thousand keys, but can be unlocked only by the original key used to lock it.