

The Marion Enterprise.

"Truth is the Highest Thing a Man May Keep."

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Competitive Trial of Sheep Dogs.

At the international sheep show in Philadelphia, one of the most interesting features of the exhibition was a trial of the skill of sheep dogs in managing their fleecy charge. The dogs were expected to take five sheep from a pen, drive them around a course about a quarter of a mile long, and put them in another pen provided for the purpose. The first attempt was made by an English dog called "Lad," which, in Sheffield, England, is said to have carried off the first prize from twenty-eight competitors. A correspondent of the "New England Farmer" thus describes the scene:

Everything being in readiness, the bars were taken down, and at a word from his master "Lad" jumped into the pen and sent the sheep out in a hurry. They were very wild, and the large crowd present had a tendency to take them worse. They at once started around the north side of the course, followed by the dog and his master, but had not gone a third of the distance when the ram at the lead made a break, and went through the crowd on the outside of the ring, closely followed by the others, with the dog at their heels. In a short time the dog returned with four of them, but the fifth was still missing. After bringing them back, he went in search of the absent one, which he soon found and brought inside the inclosure. But instead of going toward its companions this refractory ram started in the other direction, but was not followed by the dog, who went again after the stray four. After getting these started, another broke away, but was soon brought back, when all four again started around the course, the intention of the dog being evidently to pick up the stray ram when he came up with him. When the dog went to get the ram, it showed fight, and took refuge between two stone slabs. The dog barked furiously, and in vain attempted to dislodge the stubborn animal. The dog was about giving it up, when his master instructed him to go back and fetch the ram with him. The dog started with renewed courage, and charged the infuriated ram. Instead of the ram running away, it lowered its head and repelled the attack of the canine. After being repeatedly butted, the dog caught the ram by the ear, and by dint of sheer force led the animal to the pen. This trial consumed about twenty-five minutes. A Scotch collie named "Oscar" did not have so severe a task in twenty-one minutes. Other dogs were also put on trial, and the awards were made later in the week. All of the dogs are endowed with incredible intelligence and sagacity.

Genuine Esquimaux Dogs.

Lieutenant Doane, of the United States army, who went out with the Galina, brought back with him two cute little Esquimaux puppies, which he has presented to Captain Howgate. They are interesting little creatures, and very frolicsome as kittens. They are covered with fur, as soft and fine as Saxony wool, and they are fond of petting as children. The heads are black, and the bodies a dingy white, which is, however, gradually yielding to soap and water, and promises in time to rival the snows of their Arctic birthplace in whiteness. Their eyes beam with intelligence, and their ears are pointed like those of foxes. They are extremely good-natured, and manifest a great fondness for human society, which proves that they are an important factor in the domestic circles of the Frigid Zone. They were fed meat on their arrival, and not being accustomed to diet of that kind, it nearly ended their lives. Then the weather was very warm in the middle of the day, and the poor creatures panted as vigorously as a United States member of the genus canine in the dog days. When the writer saw them they had just dined on raw oysters, which they had enjoyed immensely, and were trifling over their dessert—a twenty-pound block of ice, that they crested with all the apparent fondness one bestows on an old and familiar friend. If they survive such extremes of climate and are not so many pounds of hydrophobic to the square inch, fine sledges drawn by Esquimaux dogs will become one of the vagaries of fashionable metropolitan life in the near future.

The Music of Leaves.

The chestnuts droop low by the river,
And shady are Ankerwyke trees;
The dragon flies a fish and they quiver
To some silent humming of bees!
But here is a spot of the past time—
I'm many a mile from the Weir—
I'll rest and think over the last time
I ventured to meditate here.
Oh, chestnuts are shady, and golden are
The sheaves,
And sweet is the exquisite music of leaves.

I pause in this quaint little harbor,
Quite out of the swirl of the stream;
With leaves overhead like an arbor,
I smoke, and I ponder, and dream.
The bank, with its rough broken edges,
Exists as in days now remote;
There's still the faint avowal of sedges,
And lilies fresh crushed by the boat.
Oh, breezes are soft, and the dreamer receives
The rarest thrill from the music of leaves!
A brown-eyed and trustful young maiden
Then steered this identical skiff,
Her lap with forget-me-nots laden,
I now am forgotten; but it
No matter! I see the sweet glory
Of love in those lathous eyes;
I tell her an ottentoid story—
They sparkle with light and surprise!
Oh, rivers are rapid, and syrens were thieves,
Their music was naught to the music of
Leaves!

Ab, sweet, do you ever remember
The stream and its musical flow?
The story I told in September,
The song of the leaves long ago?
Our love was a beautiful brief song,
As sweet as your voice and your eyes,
But frail as a lyrical leaf song,
Inspired by the short summer sighs!
Oh, summer is short, and the scather still
Grieves,
His sorrow is echoed in music of leaves!
—London World.

Daisy's First Winter.

"So I have you at last, Daisy! To tell the truth, I hardly thought Uncle Richard would dare to expose you to a winter of city dissipation."

"Oh, you know you promised papa we should be very quiet, as is suitable for a minister's daughter, so he felt no fear."

Two girls were seated together in a room, which might have been designed by an artist, so perfect it was in all its luxurious details. They were cousins—one a wealthy city banker's only child, the other the daughter of a country minister. Amy was a vivacious brunette, whose every motion was so quick as to remind one forcibly of a brilliant hummingbird. Daisy was a sweet rosy-bud of a girl, with sensitive mobile lips and deep gray eyes. It was her first winter in New York, and the first time she had ever been away from home.

"Now, Daisy," continued Amy, "you have been quiet for three days, and tomorrow I'm going to take you out. Show me your party dresses."

Daisy flushed a little as she rose, for she knew the almost limitless extent of Amy's wardrobe.

Amy's politeness was severely taxed as she looked at the three prettily-fashioned costumes which were Daisy's party dresses. It amused her to think of going through a season of city gaiety with only three white dresses; but she only said:

"They are lovely, Daisy—just lovely! and when they are soiled I will supply you; we are of the same height."

Daisy's flush deepened as she rather proudly said:

"I didn't expect to go to many parties, Amy; and when they are soiled I shouldn't go to any more."

Further speech was impossible, for Amy seized her in her strong young arms, and gently shaking her, exclaimed:

"Daisy Allen, take that! I mean you shall make a winter of it. What if uncle is a minister? Make up your mind to do everything and anything, and if you thwart me, wee be to you!"

Daisy was only eighteen, and full of life and fun, and once having cast her scales aside, she entered heartily into all Amy's projects for their amusement.

But Amy could not override her cousin, when, the following evening, she found her determined to wear a white dress to a "German" they were to attend. So she had to content herself, when her offer of a ravishing "ciel-blue" silk was refused, with looping and dotting here and there the simple dress with pure white rosebuds. She herself was attired in cream silk and black lace.

Daisy had formed great anticipations of pleasure, as what young girl fresh from a quiet home would not; and they were abundantly gratified. She did not do injustice to Amy's boundless lessons in walking, and the graceful white-robed girl was the most conspicuous of the many belles who saw with envy their complexions fade beside her fresh loveliness.

Vis-a-vis to Daisy in "Lanciers" was a gentleman, whose eyes had a mesmeric influence, in that they made hers droop. She watched him in the pauses of the dance, and tried to make out the dark, stern face. Was it stern because he did not approve of the glittering scene in which he mixed, or simply indifferent? Such were Daisy's thoughts. But he was soon forgotten when Amy introduced her an Apollo in modern garb, and took an opportunity to whisper in her ear:

"Prince Charley, Daisy!"

He immediately claimed her hand for the next dance.

Mr. Le Roy, or "Prince Charley" as he was called, was the greatest catch of the season. His parents were dead, and he the inheritor of their reputed vast possessions.

Handsome scarcely described him, and as Daisy felt the spell of his brilliant conversation, as well as admired his beauty, she acknowledged Amy was right in all she had said in his praise.

The acquaintance begun that night developed very fast.

Amy's parents, pleased to gratify their daughter, soon threw open their house to a magnificent entertainment.

Daisy's pride succumbed to the strong desire to be beautiful and charming, and she yielded to Amy's coaxing and consented to wear one of her cousin's costumes. Mr. Allen would not have recognized his little daughter as she glided through the brilliantly-lighted rooms on Mr. Le Roy's arm. Her dress was of silk, the color of the palest pearl of the musk-rose, with a film of point lace falling in soft folds down to the end of the sweeping train. Her hair was powdered, and a cluster of pale pink buds, just the color of the dress, nestled in the soft, puffs just below the little ear.

Charles Le Roy, whose taste in such matters was considered faultless, pronounced her the most beautiful of all the beauties he had seen. He scarcely left her side, and many were the significant looks as one and another noticed his attentions. He had hitherto been particular to single no one lady for attention, but had been courteous to all.

"Now Prince Charley's caught at last," was the comment of his circle.

Daisy was in the conservatory, resting after a long waltz, and Mr. Le Roy had gone to bring her an ice. Somewhat wearied, she leaned back among the perfumed foliage, which entirely screened her from view, when some words she overheard made her start erect and listen with a compression of the sensitive lips. This was what she heard:

"I only know that she is Miss Amy Egbert's daughter, and I thought, when I first saw her, a man would deem himself lucky who won the love of such a woman. Among that frivolous throng she conducted herself in such a natural, unaffected manner. It made one enjoy oneself only to watch her."

A few words were said she did not catch, and the deep voice went on:

"You see now, Adele, what a change a few weeks in this kind of life makes. Look at her to-night—one of society's most worthy votaries, exerting herself to win a smile from the best par excellence."

The voice stopped, and looking around the conservatory, which "stealed" before her, Daisy saw the tall, dark, stern-looking man she had noticed before, and by his side a slight, youthful figure—probably his wife.

When "Prince Charley" returned he for some time found a rather distant partner. But he had noticed the coquettishness of her attire, and the superb diamonds in her ears and on her neck, and he had made up his mind here was a girl whose beauty satisfied him and who must be correspondingly wealthy, so he exerted himself to please, and was soon successful.

Amy was highly delighted with Daisy's success, and being herself engaged, made up her mind her cousin should be, too, before she returned to her country home. And who as eligible as Charles Le Roy. So that young man found things playing right into his hands, and he made the most of his opportunities. "Daisy was swept along in a dizzy whirl of pleasure. Her imagination was dazzled, her ambition pleased, and she thought her heart was touched."

She wrote home frequently, but her letters were cautious. She knew in her inmost heart her parents would not approve of the course she was pursuing.

One afternoon—one of those when the snow king smiles with the greatest approval, an elegant cutter, with a team of clipped bays, was drawn up in front of the Egbert mansion. Daisy, muffled in a soft seal mantle lined with blue, which Amy had wrapped around her in the doorway, away they went.

It was the first snow of the year, and all the avenues were alive with innumerable sleighs with their gay occupants. It seemed to Daisy like the carnivals she had read of, as they glided swiftly along.

"Prince Charley" was used to it all, but not evidently to the sweet beauty of the face beside him, as his ardent looks testified. And before a very great while he had read in the frank eyes that his hopes were not in vain, and under the cover of the robe had held for an instant the little trembling hand.

But suddenly Daisy's eyes dilated with horror, for right before the fiery bays, endeavoring to run across the road, was a little boy. A scream, and the bays reared high in the air, and then dashed on, held by a firm hand, and urged faster and faster by a firm voice.

Looking back, Daisy saw a little dark object in the road, and beside it, lifting it tenderly, was the gentleman whose harsh criticism upon herself she had heard.

The whole occurrence took but a few moments, and they were out of sight.

Covering down in her seat, Daisy lifted an awe-struck face to her companion.

"Oh, Mr. Le Roy—Charley—why did you not stop?"

It seemed as if all the blood in his body rushed to his face as he replied:

"Daisy, forgive me, but I dread, as I dread pain to myself, seeing it in others. I will seek out the boy, and do all that money can do, but I couldn't have stopped."

It was a terrible beginning of Daisy's love romance, but she had to be satisfied with his words. It turned out the boy was not seriously injured—so Mr. Le Roy told her the next day; and Daisy soon forgot everything else, save that she loved and was loved.

It was now time for Daisy to return home, and so she had postponed telling her parents of her engagement till she should see them; she was anxious to go.

Amy had enjoyed the éclat of introducing a new star, and of bringing about the most conspicuous match of the season; and, besides that, she dearly loved her cousin, so she was sorry to have her go.

Mr. Allen and his wife were wholly unprepared to find their daughter had grown in three short months to the dignity of a lover; but they were indulgent parents where the happiness of her they loved better than themselves was concerned, and did not check her enthusiasm as she told them about him. He was to visit them in a week, Daisy said, and they waited till then to express an opinion.

One day, a week later, a hack drove through the little village to the parsonage gate. Charles Le Roy gave a blank look around as he alighted and stepped to pay the driver. As he walked slowly up the garden path the blank look changed to a contemptuous one, and he with difficulty smoothed away both expressions as he reached the door.

The parsonage was a small, neat house—nothing elegant, indeed; but to his eyes, expecting to see an imposing structure, it seemed very plain and insignificant. He had not known Daisy's father was a minister, having never cared to ask about her family; for he had thought and truly, that only immense wealth could procure the magnificent costumes he daily saw her attired in.

Daisy was conscious of a something, she could not define what, in his manner, as he greeted her and was presented to her parents.

She watched him curiously, too, at the supper-table, wondering at his strange manner, and disappointed with the impression he was making, which she saw was not favorable. But she soon knew what was the trouble. Just before the meal was finished the servant brought in a letter to Dr. Allen, which he laid beside his plate to read at his leisure.

As Daisy and Mr. Le Roy walked from the supper room together, he turned to her and said:

"May I see you alone, a few minutes, Miss Daisy?"

Daisy looked quickly up, and started to see in his face the same expression which it had worn when he explained to her why he had not stooped his flying horses. She led him to the library, and the door had scarcely closed when he turned and hurriedly said:

"Miss Daisy, instead of coming to ask your parents' consent to our engagement, I have come to give you back your freedom."

Daisy gave a faint cry, and looked into his face with pitiless eyes. For an instant the selfish nature of the man wavered; but he went on:

"I did love you—I do!" here he drew her to him, which Daisy passively suffered him to do, "but it is only just to tell you, I have lost all my fortune—I am a poor man, and I would not doom one so bright and fair to poverty."

"Oh, Charley," with a glad little laugh, "is that all?"

He saw the situation at a glance, and changed his tactics. Withdrawing his arm he said, coldly: "All it is enough. Poverty is bad enough for one, but for two—"

The trembling, piteous-eyed maiden changed to a majestic woman, as Daisy suddenly in a lightning flash read the truth in the cowardly eyes which evaded hers. The glamour fell from her eyes as she confronted him with the gesture of a queen.

"I see it all, Mr. Le Roy. Nay—let me speak (as he tried to interrupt her). You saw me with my cousin's costly dresses and diamonds, and deemed me rich; you needed a fortune to mend your broken one, and you pretended to love me! I see—I see it all!"

She drew the gleaming solitaire from her finger, and laying it in his hand calmly awaited his next movement.

There was nothing for him to do or say, and he immediately took his departure.

If he felt a momentary shame it soon passed away, as he looked back on the little parsonage, and thought how nearly he had compromised himself.

As soon as the door closed on him, Daisy wound her way to her father's room. What was her surprise on opening the door to find him in tears, and her husband vainly trying to comfort her.

The mystery was made clear, which was handed her a letter, which was from London, and ran thus:

"Rev. Dr. ALLEN: DEAR SIR—I have learned that a person by the name of Payton, alias Le Roy, is to be at your house this week. I have just lately discovered his whereabouts, and knowing you a minister, will wish to further the ends of justice, delayed operation until some success. He is the famous forger who so successfully forged the names of five of our wealthy merchants, and disappeared with the money. I myself, with two officers, will visit you Thursday, and as you are a lover of justice, I

charge you to detain him—be his friend or foe."

The name signed was Roger Pentecost, and Dr. Allen had heard of him as a celebrated detective.

The paper dropped from Daisy's hand as she realized what she had escaped, and then and there she confessed all to her parents, taking to herself the blame of appearing what she was not.

Of course when the gentlemen came there was no prisoner to capture. Dr. Allen explaining to them that he had not known of his departure in time to prevent it. They had told him how they had learned he was to be there that week. Two detectives, disguised as farmers, with produce to sell, had wormed themselves into the favor of Mr. Egbert's servants (knowing Le Roy was intimate there), who had easily fallen into the trap, and told all they knew from hearing the family conversation. They thought that to arrest him in quiet Deaconleigh would avoid giving unnecessary pain to his many friends; and as they were acting under such instructions, had laid their plans in that way.

Daisy's first winter she did not soon forget. And when the news came of Mr. Le Roy's arrest, and the scandal it had caused in society, she shuddered anew at the awful peril she had so giddily courted. Amy Egbert came the next summer, full of remorse; but she soon became her own gay spirit as she saw the bloom on Daisy's face as bright as before.

There was an elegant place called Rockmount, a little west of the village, which had stood vacant for years, and it was rumored it had found a purchaser. Extraneous stories were told of his wealth. "Rich as Croesus" he was called, and when a check came to Dr. Allen of one thousand dollars, "for the poor of the village," it made them all the more beloved.

Four uneventful years quietly passed away. In that time Daisy changed more in mind and character than in person. When Mr. Delmar, the owner of Rockmount, called with his sister at the parsonage and met the serious eyes looking into his, he knew he had seen the face before, and he suddenly remembered where and how. Daisy, too, felt the same mesmeric influence that had once attracted her attention, stronger than ever.

It was soon evident how things were tending, and Daisy's parents were happy—not alone with their daughter's making a good match in a worldly point of view, but that every new meeting showed them something more noble and manly in Philip Delmar's character.

When he asked Daisy if she would be his wife she told him about Mr. Le Roy, not sparing herself in the recital, and then with her hands folded one in the other, and downcast eyes, waited.

"My darling" was all Philip said; but the word was drowned as it in that all the past were wiped away; and Daisy, lifting her lips for the betrothal kiss, saw the graviness all gone out of the dark face, and in its stead a vivid light, whose source she knew.

So it was that that first winter of city life, which had worked her so much sorrow, was now remembered with pleasure, for then it was she had first met the one who was making her life one long realm of sunshine.

Contagion.

Contagion consists physically of minute solid particles. The process of contagion consists in the passage of these from the bodies of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, and in the inhalation of one or more of them by those in the immediate neighborhood. If contagion were a gaseous or vaporous emanation, it would be equally diffused through the sick room, and all who entered it would, if susceptible, suffer alike and inevitably. But such is not the case; for many people are exposed for weeks and months without suffering. Of two persons situated in exactly the same circumstances, and exposed in exactly the same degree to a given contagion, one may suffer and the other escape. The explanation of this is that the little particles of contagion are irregularly scattered about in the atmosphere, so that the inhalation of one or more of them is purely a matter of chance, such chance bearing a direct relation to the number of particles which exist in a given cubic space. Suppose that a hundred germs were floating about in a room containing two thousand cubic feet of air. There is one germ for every twenty cubic feet. Naturally the germs will be most numerous in the immediate neighborhood of their source, the person of the sufferer; but, excepting this one place, they may be pretty equally distributed through the room; or they may be very unequally distributed. A draught across the bed may carry them now to one side, now to the other. The mass of them may be near the ceiling, or near the floor. In a given twenty cubic feet there may be a dozen germs, or there may be none at all. One who enters the room may inhale a germ before he has been in it ten minutes, or he may remain there for an hour without doing so. Double the number of germs and you double the danger. Diminish the size of the room by one-half and you increase the danger. Shut the windows, and you keep the germs in; open them, and they pass out with the changing air. Hence the importance of free ventilation; and hence one reason why fever should be treated, if possible, in large, airy rooms. Not only is free ventilation good for the sufferer, but it diminishes the risk to the attendants.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

Sorting Beans.

A farmer's wife was busy
Sorting beans.
The good seemed hardly any,
For the harvest time was rainy,
Bad for beans.
The poor ones were so many,
She was vexed and tired by picking
Out bad beans.
For it took her many hours,
And it tired her patient powers,
Till she wished there were no showers
To spoil beans.
Suddenly she stopped, and thinking
Of the beans.
Now finished, said with smiling:
"What a fool to let the riling
Come, the pleasant hours beguiling."
For bad beans.
"When I come to have another
Sorting beans,
I will save me half the trouble,
And my pleasure will be double,
While I burst the hideous bubble
Of bad beans.
"For instead of always looking
For bad beans,
I will gather out and treasure,
Till I fill my little measure
With good beans."

There's a lesson from this story—
Sorting beans.
Life is full of smiles and madness,
Many griefs and sometimes gladness,
Much of joy and more of sadness—
Like poor beans.
And our work in life is sorting,
As with beans.
We can go through life and end it,
Leaving the best things, that lend
Charms, and only spend it
With bad beans.
But there is a way that's better
Sorting beans.
Choose the good, and when life closes,
There will be less thorns than roses.
For the garnered good dispenses
Of poor beans.

HUMOROUS.

A growing industry—Farming.
The name of the last-discovered planet is an inch longer than the planet.

How to turn people's heads—Come to a concert late in a pair of squeaking boots.

Men are like pins. One, with a little head may be just as sharp as one with a big head.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, you got em off expanded them."

The "New Orleans Picayune" thinks that a man, like a razor, is made keen by being frequently strapped.

"Won't go flashin' no more!" growled little Johnny. "Never catch nothin' but a whalin', I don't." [Kookuk Constitution.]

"Oh, my ear-rings!" exclaimed theurchin as the side of his face came in contact with the flat of his father's hand.—[Waterloo Observer.]

"Another man overboard," as the landlady remarked when the dead boat skipped on Saturday night without paying for his week's board.

A great deal is being said in England about the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. We don't believe any wife, living or dead, ever had a sister Bill.

The worst case of favoritism on record is that of a youth whose mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer; "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would huff to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Tooton.

A beautiful girl in Motine,
Whose hair was a silvery sheen,
Bought an awful red bang
On her forehead to bang.
Pronouncing an awful scene

A New Yorker is named Stealing, and he hates the name, but he took the curse off it for his daughter by making her Christian name "Worth." [Boston Post.]

The season is coming when a man must not only guard carefully his liberty and every other right vouchsafed him by the Constitution, but he must keep one eye on his woollip and hen-roost.—[Middleton Transcript.]

It is very sad to learn late in life that the hitherto unsuspected primrose is "a corolliferous dicotyledonous exogen, with a monopetalous corolla and a central placenta." Professor Huxley is responsible for uncerthing this scandalous fact.

"I want to see the villain who wrote this article. Where's the proprietor of this paper?" "He's out." "Where's the managing editor?" "He's out." "Where's the city editor?" "He's out." "Where's the reporter?" "He's out." "Where's 'em?" [Ricketty slambang-jam! Two panes of glass broken. "You're out!" Man found on sidewalk and carried to hospital. Verdict: Struck by lightning. Still he will do it.]

The general public will no doubt be pleased to learn that section two of chapter forty-one of the penal code of the Hawaiian islands has been amended. It now reads: "Pauku 2. O ka mee hana i kekahi wai ikaika a me kekahi mea o see ona i mea kuai aku e hounuia no ia i na dala ole o alih e alima hani i na ka ole o ka ure, e hounuiahoia oia ma ka hana kole, eole o ka i na makahiki ure."