

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 2.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

No. 8.

The Weekly Enterprise.

By D. C. IRELAND,
OFFICE—South east corner of Fifth and
Main streets, in the building lately known
as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.
Terms of Subscription.
One copy, one year in advance, \$4.00
If delayed, 4.00
Terms of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square
(12 lines or less) first insertion, \$2.50
For each subsequent insertion, 1.00
Business Cards—quadrangle per annum
\$1.00
The column per annum, 2.00
The half column, 1.00
The quarter, .50
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Book and Job Printing!

THE ENTERPRISE OFFICE
Is supplied with every requisite for doing
a superior style of work, and is constantly
accumulating new and beautiful styles
of material, and is prepared for every
variety of
BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING!
AT SATISFACTORY PRICES.
The Public are invited to call and
examine both our specimens and facilities
for doing work.

OUR AGENTS.

L. P. FISHER & Co., Rooms 20 and 21 New
Merchants' Exchange, Sacramento street,
are our only authorized Agents in San
Francisco.
DAILY & STEVENS, cor. Front and Morrison
streets, (up stairs), are our authorized
Agents in Portland.
B. C. LEWIS, Esq., will continue to act for
us as General Traveling Agent.

COURTESY AND LOVE.

The author of "Under the Gaslight," thus
elegantly discourses on a subject
dear to every woman's heart: Court-
ship, says the sad girl—who has had
a woful experience—is the text from
which the whole solemn sermon of
married life takes its theme. As
lovers are disappointed and unhappy
so will they be as wives and hus-
bands. So as you would be happy
all the years of your life, listen to the
voice advising you. Let the woman
you look upon be wise or vain, be
titled or homely, rich or poor, she has
but one thing which she can really
give or refuse—her heart! Her
heart, her wit, her accomplishments
she can sell to you—but her
love is the treasure without money
and without price! She only asks in
return that when you look upon her
your eyes shall speak a mute devo-
tion, that when you address her
your voice shall be gentle, loving and
kind. That you shall not despise
her because she cannot understand
all at once your vigorous thoughts
and ambitious designs—for when
misfortune and evil have defeated
your greatest purposes, her love re-
mains to console you. You look to
the trees for strength and grandeur—
do not despise the flowers because
their fragrance is all they have to
give. Remember, Love is all a woman
has to give—but it is the only earth-
ly thing that God permits us to carry
beyond the grave.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVELY WOMAN.

The origin of fine society and fair
women, the *Home Journal*, has this
illustration of the progress of civi-
lization and woman's rights: "In the
bar-room of a first class hotel, at a
popular inland summer resort, there
was seen at 10 o'clock one sabbath
evening, a few weeks since, a merry
party of about twenty ladies and
gentlemen, about equally divided,
enjoying, with sparkling conversation
and gay laughter, the usual variety
of drinks appropriate to the season
—'punches,' 'coddlers,' 'sours' etc.
There was no apparent rivalry or
obscenity, no intoxication, no brawling
—nothing to disturb the prevail-
ing quiet and sanctity of the day,
save at times a rather boisterous
meriment and familiar sociability;
but the incident was of serious im-
portance and provocative of serious
thought, as showing the tendencies
of our modern fashionable society,
and especially the feminine portion
of it.

Bonner says he has been offered
five thousand dollars to exhibit Dex-
ter and the Auburn horse one day in
Washington; but he declines to do it,
as he is busy publishing the Ledger,
and engaged in the erection of a new
building which he will exhibit gratui-
tously. Dexter and his mate, he
says, can be seen any afternoon on
the Harlem road "by any one that
can keep up with them."

Verbal blunders are at times
hilarious enough, as when a writer
intending to speak of Cato and Brutus,
is made to speak of cats and
brutes; or another, as happened re-
cently, announces the publication of a
new work "in the form of a five shil-
ling elephant," meaning "a five shilling
pamphlet."

Jealousy is the greatest of mis-
fortunes, and excites the least pity.

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel her sweet warm breath;
For a strong chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Sincerely given ere I go—
Fell her rosy dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.
I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shroud appears,
Kneel beside me, husband dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears,
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight unto day,
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she'll be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pearl I love to wear,
If in after years beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Thou'lt hear her voice breathe water music,
And her face than mine more fair.
If a cherub call thee "Father!"
Sits another in my chair,
Thou'lt hear her voice breathe water music,
And her face than mine more fair.

Lead her sometimes, ere I'm sleeping;
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessing falls,
Then her soft, black eyes will brighten,
And shall wonder whence it came,
In her heart when years pass o'er her
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ill, but blot it
With the true forgiving tear.
If before the midnight dies
Man repent—'if unrepented,
Then the right hand angel weepeth,
Bowling low with veiled eyes.
I will be her right hand angel,
Smiling up the good for heaven;
Striving that the midnight scratches
Fixed no misdeeds unrepented.
You will not forget me husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod!
Oh, love the jewel to us given,
As I love thee—next to God.

Old Age.—An English magazine
writer observes: Old age is but a
mask; let us not call the mask the
face. Is the acron old because its
cup dries and drops from its hold?
Because its skin has grown brown
and cracks in the earth? Then only
is a man growing old when he ceases
to have sympathy with the young.
That is a sign that his heart has be-
gun to wither. And that is a dread-
ful kind of old age. The heart need
never be old. Indeed, it should al-
ways be growing younger. Some of
us feel younger, do we not, than when
we were nine or ten? It is not nec-
essary to be able to play at leap-
frog to enjoy the game. There are
young creatures whose turn it is,
and perhaps whose duty it would be,
to play at leap-frog if there was any
necessity for putting the matter in
that light; and for us, we have the
privilege, or if we will not accept the
privilege, then I say we have the
duty, of enjoying their leap-frog.
But if we must withdraw in a measure
from sociable relations with our
fellows, let it be as the wise creatures
that creep aside and pray themselves
up, and lay themselves by, that their
wings may grow and put on the
lovely hues of their coming resurrec-
tion. Such a withdrawing is the
name of youth. And while it is
pleasant—no one knows how pleas-
ant—except him who experiences it—
to sit apart and see the drama of
life going around him, while his feel-
ings are calm and free, his vision
clear, and his judgment righteous,
the old man must ever be ready,
should the sweep of action catch him
in its skirts, to get on his tottering
old legs, and go with brave heart to do
the work of a true man, none the less
true that his hands tremble, and that
he would gladly return to his chimney
corner.

At Home.—The highest style of
being at home grows out of a special
state of the affections rather than of
the intellect. Who has not met
with individuals whose faces would
be a passport to any society, and
whose manners, the unstudied and
spontaneous expressions of their inner
selves, make them visibly welcome
wherever they go, and attractive un-
bounded confidence towards them in
whatever they undertake. They are
frank, because they have nothing to
conceal; affable, because their nat-
ures, overflow with benevolence;
unfettered, because they dread nothing,
always at home, because they carry
within themselves that which can
trust to itself anywhere and every-
where—purity of soul with fullness
of health. Such are our best guar-
antees for feeling at home in all so-
ciety, with which duty takes us, and in
every occupation upon which it
obliges us to enter. They who live
least for themselves are also the
least embarrassed by uncertainties.

Why He Was Excused.

Judge Ferguson was particularly
severe on the unfortunate jurymen.
So many had been excused on trivial
pleas, that the course of the law was
seriously interfered with. The Court
does not usually get angry, but this
time down came the foot, and a decla-
ration was made that no jurymen
would get off unless there was the
best reason. Mike Hogarty, a great,
big, good natured son of the Emerald
Isle, was on his pins.
"Boys," he said, "I'll bet the
drinks for the whole crowd of you'd
that I pull the wool over the ould
Judge's eyes an' get off the jury."
"How, Mike?"
"Arrah, will you plaze lave that
to meself. Is the drinks the bet?"
"Yes, Mike; but let it be fair and
square."
"Trust me for that, boys."

Shortly afterwards, Mike made his
appearance before the court. His
face was drawn down until it looked
awfully solemn. His eyes, too, look-
ed as if there had been a recent flow
of the lachrymal fluid. In plain fact,
he appeared as if there had been the
devil to pay somewhere, and he the
sufferer. He addressed the Court in a
voice tremulous with emotion:
"If yer honor plazes, would you
be affter excusin' me from the jury?"
"Why, Mr. Hogarty, on what
ground should I excuse you?" asked
the court.
"An' may it plaze yer honor, me
mother's dead—the poor ould woman
—God rest her soul!"
"To be sure," said the court,
"Mr. H., if that is the case," and
the Judge spoke in an earnest and
sympathizing tone; "to be sure, sir,
you are excused. Mr. Hogarty, from
serving on the jury this term of
court."

"Shure, an' it's may God bless yer
honor for this," and Mike left the
court-room to join his comrades, who
were waiting outside.
"An' how about the drinks, is it,
I dunno?" said Mike. "It's whisky
for me."
"But, Mike," said one of them
"how could you tell the Judge such
a bare faced lie?"
"An' it's a lie, yees say, is it!"
said Mike. "Shure, an' devil a bit
of a lie is it, I dunno. Isn't the ould
woman dead? an' didn't she die the
matter of 20 years ago, I dunno?
Devil a bit of lie I did I tell his
honor."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A Con-
necticut exchange tells the following
story of a boy who was sent from
Croton, Connecticut, to New London
one day last summer, with a bag of
green corn. The boy was gone all
day, and returned with the bag un-
opened, which he dumped on the
floor saying:
"There is your corn; go and sell
it; I dunno!"
"Sold any?"
"No; I've been all over London
with it, and nobody said anything
concerning green corn. Two or
three fellows asked me what I had in
my bag, and I told them it was none
of their business what it was."
The boy is not unlike hundreds of
merchants, who will promptly call
him a fool for not telling what he had
to sell. They are actually doing the
same thing on much larger scale than
did that boy, by not advertising their
business.

WOULD N'T BLE.—The following
is almost equal to Vic. Trevitts Con-
nut story—which was a veritable
fact transpiring at the Dalles: A man
in Clark county having made prepara-
tions for a big dinner, selected one
of his finest turkeys to boil. Dinner
time came, and with it the turkey,
but to carve it he could not—the
turk refused to enter, and the knife
refused to cut. Fearing some fiend
in human shape had attempted to
poison the family, the turkey was
sent to a chemist to examine for the
deadly poison. In the meantime the
servants were closely questioned, when
the truth came out that a box of —
blood pills, were accidentally thrown
out, and the turkey, eating some of
them, they had taken all the "bile"
out of him.

—There lives at Larig, Scotland,
a shoemaker, who married on the
same day with the Queen and Prince
Albert. The shoemaker's son was
born on the same day with the Prince
of Wales, and he (the shoemaker)
has had a son for each son the Queen
has, and a daughter for each daugh-
ter, and all born in the same month
of the year. The *Continent Journal* calls
this "competing with royalty."

Distances and Altitudes.

We give below a table of distances
and altitudes on the proposed route
of the Oregon Central Railroad, be-
tween Portland, Oregon, and Centreville,
on the Humboldt river, the point
proposed for the junction with the
Central Pacific Railroad. The table
should be preserved for future refer-
ence:

| Name of Place. | Total Distance. | Altitude in Feet. |
|-------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Portland | 0 | 66 |
| Clackamas bridge | 10 | 110 |
| Bridge near Oregon city | 12 | 110 |
| Mollala river | 21 | 265 |
| Butte Creek | 30 | 300 |
| Santiam river | 60 | 600 |
| Galapooia creek | 80 | 446 |
| Willamette river | 103 | 512 |
| Hill's creek | 115 | 603 |
| Big Prairie | 148 | 1,168 |
| Willamette river | 173 | 2,500 |
| Summit Lake | 203 | 3,100 |
| Branch DesChutes | 211 | 4,500 |
| Divide | 228 | 4,600 |
| Marsh, north end | 248 | 4,500 |
| Sprague's river | 270 | 4,280 |
| Head of Sprague's river | 310 | 4,100 |
| Summit Prairie | 321 | 4,200 |
| Goose Lake valley | 342 | 4,500 |
| Divide east of Valley | 352 | 5,000 |
| Willow springs | 364 | 4,800 |
| Spring Meadows | 412 | 4,600 |
| Queen's river | 438 | 4,720 |
| Big Bend Queen's river | 462 | 4,524 |
| Centreville | 475 | 4,600 |

Assurances are given says the *Ore-
gonian*, by very many prominent mem-
bers of the Central Pacific Railroad
Company, that this enterprise shall
have their fullest support. The offi-
cials of Nevada are also favorable to
the scheme. There are many reasons
why the California company should
favor this route, and it is stated that
the proposition, when made, was en-
thusiastically received by them.
The people of Southern Oregon,
as might be supposed, are alarmed
at this proposition, and the *Sentinel*
of the 30th slashes into it excessively,
from which we quote:
"Should this route obtain, and a
road be built over it, Southern Ore-
gon and Northern California, may
whistle. But we can't believe that
the Central Pacific company ever in-
tend to build a branch road from the
Humboldt. We do believe that Mr.
Pendra, and not only him but all
Oregon, will be humbugged by this
movement."

The *Sentinel* argues that it is to
the interest of the Central Pacific
to have only one trans continental line
—and feels that their efforts in this
behalf are merely to retard the pro-
gress of the Northern Pacific. We
cannot endorse this view, knowing it
to be an admitted fact that were half
a dozen railroads completed across
the continent at the present time,
with the present rate of production,
they would still be unable to supply
the demands made upon them for
transportation. Oregon must have
a railway outlet, and in order to get
such as speedily as possible—and put
herself upon a footing something near
equal to California, we deem this
movement safe and entirely practica-
ble. Nor is this saying that Douglas,
Jackson and Siskiyou counties will
forever "out in the cold." The soon-
er Oregon has direct communication
with the east by railroad, the sooner
will each and every county in the State
be the better able to enjoy the same
privileges.

Our friend D. O. Quick, of Hills-
boro, takes decided grounds in oppo-
sition to this branch, and becomes in a
measure personal. He denies that it
has a single national argument in
its favor, or one real Oregon interest
to recommend it. This is strong
grounds to view the road from as a
farmer. His arguments, however,
are not without their value. He is
opposed to shipping our fruit by a
route where it would spend a day in
the icy regions of Klamath lake, and
have to take the chances for a week's
detention at the junction on the Hum-
boldt, but does not consider that the
result would be the same were con-
nection made at Colfax, Marysville or
Sacramento. Then again, the build-
ing of this, or any other branch, does
not close the gate in the least, to our
present commercial highway—the
Pacific Ocean. We shall refer to the
letter of Mr. Quick again, and possi-
bly may find space to lay it before
our readers entire, at no distant day.
The more there is said about these
railroad projects, the better will it
be for the people, we think.

On Saturday evening last there was
a Railroad meeting held in Portland,
which was addressed by Col. W. W.
Chapman, and others. The remarks
of Colonel Chapman appear to have
been endorsed by all the principal
speakers who followed him. He said,
in substance, that we have three or
four proposed railroads through the
Willamette valley. It was not his
purpose to say which of these routes
was right, or whether either was
wrong. He was informed that each
had an organized company, and that
one had recently sent on its bonds un-

Curious Facts from History.

The Chevalier D'Anbigne, who
fled to England during the French
revolution of 1798, and for a while
lived there in a very straightened
manner, accumulated a fortune of
eighty thousand francs by teaching
the English fashionables how to mix
salad. He visited his patrons in a
carriage, attended by a servant.
The custom of sitting at the table
to drink, after dinner was over, was
introduced by Margaret Atheling,
the Saxon Queen of Scotland. She
was shocked to see the Scottish
gentlemen rising from the table be-
fore grace could be said, and offered
a cup of choice wine to all who would
drink.

Fish did not become a popular ar-
ticle of diet in Greece, until a com-
paratively late period, and there was
a society against "cruelty to fish,"
by abstaining from devouring what
was alleged to make the partaker
ferocious and inhuman. With Romans
the mullet was prized above all other
fish. It was sometimes served up
six pounds in weight, and such a fish
was worth three hundred dollars.
It was cooked on the table for the
benefit and pleasure of the guests.
Turbot were next highest in estima-
tion, and occasionally offending
slaves were thrown into the pond to
feed them.

The older Romans paid special
honor to agriculture, as did the Jews.
Their coin was stamped with emblems
in connection therewith. The Greeks
refreshed the mouths of their plowing
oxen with wine. Charles IX
exempted from arrest for debt all
persons engaged in the cultivation of
the staple articles of agriculture.
Cortez went to Mexico in search
of gold, but the first discovery he
made was of chocolate. The monks
were the first to adopt it, but the
generous beverage was considered a
sort of wicked luxury for them, and
they were warned against it. The
moralists eagerly condemned it. The
Spanish, however, welcomed it with
enthusiasm.
It is recorded that Anthony once
rewarded his cook with a gift of a
city, for having prepared a repast
which elicited the encomiums of
Cleopatra.

An English Dean named Nowell,
who flourished in the turbulent reign
of Queen Mary, was the accidental
inventor of bottle ale. He was out
fishing with a bottle of the freshly
drawn beverage at his side, when in-
telligence reached him that his life
was in danger. He threw down his
fishing rod, buried his bottle of ale
in the grass and fled. Afterwards
reclaiming his bottle the cork flew
out at the touch, and the Duke was
so delighted with the creamy condi-
tion of the ale that he took good
care thereafter to be supplied with
the "same sort."

Streams and springs of water were
greatly revered by some ancient
nations. According to the popular
belief of the Greeks, every stream,
spring, and fountain, had a resident
deity. The Egyptians, grateful for
the blessings they derive from their
beloved Nile, threw into it corn,
sugar and fruit, as thank-offerings.
The Persians and Cappodocians raised
altars beside streams, and paid
adoration to the God whose existence
was evident by the crystal element.
The common people of Rome drank
to excess of water, both hot and cold.
The former they drank in winter as
a stimulant.

The breakfast of a Greek soldier,
taken at dawn of day, consists of
bread soaked in wine. Greek patri-
cians sat down daily to but one solid
meal; soldiers and plebians partook
of two. They were accounted pecu-
liar coarse people who consumed
three. The Romans in this respect
were similar to the Greeks.
In Rome, milk was used as a cos-
metic, and for baths as well as a bev-
erage. It required five hundred asses
to supply the bath and toilet vases of
the Empress Poppa. Some dozen
or two of the same animals were kept
to maintain the deersy strength of
Francis I, of France. Appropos of
milk,—Butter was not known either
in Greece or Rome until compara-
tively late periods. The Greeks re-
ceived it from Asia, and the Romans
were taught its use by the German
matrons.

Eggs filled with salt used to be
eaten by curious maidens, after a
whole day's fasting, on St. Agnes
Eve, in the belief that in the after
dreams of the maid her future hus-
band would be revealed to her.
—Over 220,000 immigrants ar-
rived at the port of New York dur-
ing the year.

—The First National Bank of Idaho,
according to the *WallaWalla Statesman*,
came near going to the dogs the other day,
because its check for 15,000 was thrown out by
the Bank of California. It is not stated
whether it was "kiting" paper thus
ignominiously turned out of doors, or
a check drawn upon funds which
had been delayed by stress of weather.
But if the First Bank of Idaho must
go up like an empty balloon for lack
of \$15,000, and can only be pulled
down by hard tugging at the guy
ropes, we can only lament the thinness
of the financial atmosphere in Idaho.
Paper ballast seems wholly inade-
quate for smooth sailing in that re-
gion—at least when pictures are
scarce, and not forthcoming at call,
says the *Bulletin*.

—A Charleston dispatch of the 29th
notes the arrival of a Bremen bark
with 150 immigrants, under the care
of the State Immigration Board.
They were warmly welcomed by
their friends and the citizens generally.

There's for all a Field of Labor.

There's for all a field of labor
In the universe to fill,
From a worm to an archangel,
From a atom to a hill,
And the world is one great workshop,
Where no idle wheels are made,
And life is a noble picture,
With a never useless shade.

Courage, brother, grow not weary
In the course of Truth and Right;
Let the hope of victory cheer thee,
Fighting keeps our armor bright,
Never yet was soldier's glory
Won on peaceful carpet fields,
And her Gods of ancient story
Left no rust upon their shields.

There's for all a field of labor;
We have noble germs unblown,
Flowers that high as stars may blossom,
And expand from zone to zone,
If the land is to be fruitful,
We must plow, and reap, and sow;
If our talents we would quicken,
We must think, and they will grow.

There's for all a field of labor;
In the future's regal morn
Earth shall wear a crown of goodness,
Like a wreath without a thorn,
Do the angel work of duty,
Heeding not the echo, fame;
Whether thou be crowned or crownless,
It will bless the world the same.

—In Florida peaches will not grow.
Where peaches end, oranges com-
mence.

—Coolies have been tried in Louisi-
ana, but they are lazy, and they lie
and steal. Nothing is equal to the
negro after all.

—In the South they are turning
their attention to rye for the reason
that it will do better than wheat. A
farm that will produce no other small
grain than rye, is at the last stage.

—The valleys of Greenland are all
filled with glaciers, of which some
have an enormous extent. They are
always in motion, gliding downward
like rivers of nearly solid matter,
which have their outlet off the sea,
only their motion is exceedingly slow,
not exceeding about one hundred feet
for the whole summer season. The
lower extremities of these glaciers;
reaching the ocean, are buoyed up by
the deep water, and then are broken
off from the rest of the mass, when
they slowly drift away to the south.
They sometimes have an extent of
several miles, and are really moun-
tains of ice—icebergs—of which
about seven-eighths is in the water,
and less than one-eighth exposed
above the surface.

FARM ITEMS.

—The Chevalier D'Anbigne, who
fled to England during the French
revolution of 1798, and for a while
lived there in a very straightened
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greatly revered by some ancient
nations. According to the popular
belief of the Greeks, every stream,
spring, and fountain, had a resident
deity. The Egyptians, grateful for
the blessings they derive from their
beloved Nile, threw into it corn,
sugar and fruit, as thank-offerings.
The Persians and Cappodocians raised
altars beside streams, and paid
adoration to the God whose existence
was evident by the crystal element.
The common people of Rome drank
to excess of water, both hot and cold.
The former they drank in winter as
a stimulant.

The breakfast of a Greek soldier,
taken at dawn of day, consists of
bread soaked in wine. Greek patri-
cians sat down daily to but one solid
meal; soldiers and plebians partook
of two. They were accounted pecu-
liar coarse people who consumed
three. The Romans in this respect
were similar to the Greeks.
In Rome, milk was used as a cos-
metic, and for baths as well as a bev-
erage. It required five hundred asses
to supply the bath and toilet vases of
the Empress Poppa. Some dozen
or two of the same animals were kept
to maintain the deersy strength of
Francis I, of France. Appropos of
milk,—Butter was not known either
in Greece or Rome until compara-
tively late periods. The Greeks re-
ceived it from Asia, and the Romans
were taught its use by the German
matrons.

Eggs filled with salt used to be
eaten by curious maidens, after a
whole day's fasting, on St. Agnes
Eve, in the belief that in the after
dreams of the maid her future hus-
band would be revealed to her.
—Over 220,000 immigrants ar-
rived at the port of New York dur-
ing the year.

—The First National Bank of Idaho,
according to the *WallaWalla Statesman*,
came near going to the dogs the other day,
because its check for 15,000 was thrown out by
the Bank of California. It is not stated
whether it was "kiting" paper thus
ignominiously turned out of doors, or
a check drawn upon funds which
had been delayed by stress of weather.
But if the First Bank of Idaho must
go up like an empty balloon for lack
of \$15,000, and can only be pulled
down by hard tugging at the guy
ropes, we can only lament the thinness
of the financial atmosphere in Idaho.
Paper ballast seems wholly inade-
quate for smooth sailing in that re-
gion—at least when pictures are
scarce, and not forthcoming at call,
says the *Bulletin*.

—A Charleston dispatch of the 29th
notes the arrival of a Bremen bark
with 150 immigrants, under the care
of the State Immigration Board.
They were warmly welcomed by
their friends and the citizens generally.

There's for all a Field of Labor.

There's for all a field of labor
In the universe to fill,
From a worm to an archangel,
From a atom to a hill,
And the world is one great workshop,
Where no idle wheels are made,
And life is a noble picture,
With a never useless shade.

Courage, brother, grow not weary
In the course of Truth and Right;
Let the hope of victory cheer thee,
Fighting keeps our armor bright,
Never yet was soldier's glory
Won on peaceful carpet fields,
And her Gods of ancient story
Left no rust upon their shields.

There's for all a field of labor;
We have noble germs unblown,
Flowers that high as stars may blossom,
And expand from zone to zone,
If the land is to be fruitful,
We must plow, and reap, and sow;
If our talents we would quicken,
We must think, and they will grow.

There's for all a field of labor;
In the future's regal morn
Earth shall wear a crown of goodness,
Like a wreath without a thorn,
Do the angel work of duty,
Heeding not the echo, fame;
Whether thou be crowned or crownless,
It will bless the world the same.

—In Florida peaches will not grow.
Where peaches end, oranges com-
mence.

—Coolies have been tried in Louisi-
ana, but they are lazy, and they lie
and steal. Nothing is equal to the
negro after all.

—In the South they are turning
their attention to rye for the reason
that it will do better than wheat. A
farm that will produce no other small
grain than rye, is at the last stage.

—The valleys of Greenland are all
filled with glaciers, of which some
have an enormous extent. They are
always in motion, gliding downward
like rivers of nearly solid matter,
which have their outlet off the sea,
only their motion is exceedingly slow,
not exceeding about one hundred feet
for the whole summer season. The
lower extremities of these glaciers;
reaching the ocean, are buoyed up by
the deep water, and then are broken
off from the rest of the mass, when
they slowly drift away to the south.
They sometimes have an extent of
several miles, and are really moun-
tains of ice—icebergs—of which
about seven-eighths is in the water,
and less than one-eighth exposed
above the surface.