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THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY. FRANK S. DEMENT, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main street. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 4, I. O. O. F. & M. Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main street. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 1, I. O. O. F. Meets at Odd Fellows Hall on the First and Third Tuesdays of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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JOHNSON & McCOWN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT-LAW.

Oregon City, Oregon.

L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

H. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OREGON CITY.

JAMES B. UPTON, Attorney-at-Law, Oregon City, Nov. 5, 1875.

W. H. HIGHFIELD, Established since '49, at the old stand. Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

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TO FRUIT-GROWERS. THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING COMPANY of Oregon City will pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for Apples and Peaches.

MILLER, MARSHALL & CO., PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT, at all times, at the Oregon City Mills, And have on hand FEED AND FLOUR

SAVED FROM SUICIDE.

Midnight was passed, and the lights of the vessels lying at anchor in the stream were beginning to be extinguished when two men hurried from different directions towards the shore. The elder of the two had already reached the stand and was preparing to make a leap; but at the instant the younger seized him by the arm exclaiming: "Sit! I believed you wanted to drown yourself!" "You have guessed it. What is that to you?" "This was the answer, spoken in the most angry tone. "Nothing, I know. I would simply request you to wait a couple of minutes—when, if you like, we will make the great journey together, arm in arm—the best way of dying."

With these words the younger extended his hand to the elder, whose was not withheld. The younger continued, in a tone of seeming enthusiasm: "So be it! Arm in arm? Truly, I did not dream that a human heart would beat with mine in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are—an honest man or a villain. Come!—let us begin the journey together!"

The elder held the young man back, and fixing his dim, half-extinguished eyes searching upon the countenance of his companion, exclaimed: "Hold! You seem to me too young to end your life by suicide. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring future in his grasp!"

"Brilliant!" answered the young man, scornfully. "What have I to hope in the midst of a world full of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness?—Come!—quick!" "You are still young! You must have had very sorrowful experiences to make life already thus insupportable to you."

"I despise mankind!" "Without exception?" "Well then, you have now perhaps found a man whom you will not necessarily despise. I have, believe me, during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really? That is highly interesting—It is a pity I had not earlier made your acquaintance."

"Leave me to die alone, young man. Live on. Believe me, time heals all wounds, and there are men of honor yet to be found."

"Now, if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast from the world?"

"Oh, I am an old, sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot, will not longer see his only child, his daughter, blighting her youth, and laboring day and night to support him."

"Hush, and have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man, surprised.

"And with what endurance, with what love, does she sacrifice herself for me! She works for me, she goes hungry for me, and has only the tenderest words of love—a sweet smile for me always."

"And you want to commit suicide? Are you mad?"

"Shall I murder my daughter? The life which she is now leading is her certain doom. I would lead the old man, in a despairing voice."

"Good sir, come with me to the nearest inn that is still open. You will relate to me your history, and, if you like I will let you here me."

"So much, however, I say to you before you change on account of self-murder out of your head. I am rich, and, if things be as you say, from henceforth you and your daughter shall lead a pleasant life."

"The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later the elder began:

"My history is soon told. I was a merchant clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing by inheritance, and the young girl I married was poor, I was never able to account, and remained on to an old age in a dependent, subordinate position. Finally, I was discharged on account of my years, and then began the struggle for a subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and now my poor child is wedded to gain my support. I cannot bear to see her working herself to death for me—therefore, it is better I go. Now, come on all!"

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most fortunate I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. Nobody is easier to help than you. Tomorrow I will make my will, and you shall be—no resistance—my heir. My last wish is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter, out of pure curiosity. I would for once see how one looks who really deserves the name of woman."

"But, young man, what can it be that thus early has made you so unhappy?" inquired the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth which my father left me. I was the only son of the richest banker of this city. My father died five years ago, leaving more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by every one, without exception, with whom I had any connection. Some have pretended friendship for me—on account of my money. Others have pretended to love me—again for my money; and so it went on. I often mingled, in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day became acquainted with whom my whole heart young went out in love. I selected to her neither my name nor my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it appeared as if I were going to be happy—at last, at last!"

"The young girl and I, whom she

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Spencer introduced a bill to prevent panic and give elasticity to legal tender currency without impairing its value, by limiting its amount together with national bank notes, and gold and silver coin in circulation according to population. The bill provides that tender notes equal in value to U. S. government bonds with consent and by action of owners, and to authorize the issue of legal tender notes and the retirement of the same under certain circumstances and on certain conditions; referred to finance committee.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill fixing the rate of postage on third class matter, the pending question being on Harvey's substitute to restore the old rate. Sargent favored the substitute, declaring the old law satisfactory to the people. The postoffice ought not to be expected to be self-sustaining. It was a benefit in return for taxation. After further debate an amendment was adopted that the postage shall be so computed with thoughts of Harvey's substitute was rejected and the bill passed. Adjourned.

April 13.—Wright called up the Senate bill to amend section 5546 of the revised statutes of the United States, providing for imprisonment and transfers of U. S. prisoners; passed.

The Senate bill for the relief of settlers on public lands in the State of California was laid over at the request of McDonald, who stated that the public lands committee had reported in favor of the bill; but there were some parties who claimed they had not sufficiently been heard in it and the committee had consented to give them another hearing.

The Senate adjourned till Monday after debating the bill for pavements in Washington.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—The bill to supply the deficiency in the operating bureau of the Treasury Department, and for the issue of subsidiary silver coin in place of fractional currency, came up, and the Senate amendments were concurred in. The bill now goes to the President for his signature.

Hoar offered a resolution instructing the judiciary committee to inquire what steps have been taken for properly representing the interests of the United States in the suit instituted against the Credit Mobilier by the Government, under the provisions of the act of the 3d of March, 1873; also, whether the Union Pacific Railroad Co. has not forfeited its charter, and whether the same should not be repealed, because the company has resisted recovery in behalf of its capital stock, wrongfully withdrawn by means of fictitious construction of contracts or unlawful dividends; adopted.

The following bills were passed: To establish a land office in the southern part of Utah, to be known as Beaver, under the provisions of certain military reservations in Arizona; to create an additional land office in Colfax, W. T.; to establish a land district in Wyoming.

The House passed the deficiency bill. The bill to revise the duties on imported goods, and to amend the order for April 26th. The House then went into committee of the whole on the bill transferring the Indian bureau to the War Department. Cook spoke in support of it, after which there was a recess until evening.

At the evening session scarcely any progress was made on the legislative appropriation bill. Adjourned after some filibustering.

April 13.—Walking, from the committee on public lands, reported back the bill to authorize claims on the even-numbered sections of land within the 29-mile limit of the Northern Pacific Railroad, to make proof and payment for every claim at the minimum rate of \$1 25 per acre; passed.

Kier, from the same committee, reported a bill granting lands to Dakota, Idaho and Wyoming, for university purposes; referred to committee of the whole.

Halpern, from the same committee, reported a bill to provide for the sale of desert lands in California. On motion of Case, it was recommitted to Cranz, from the same committee, reported a bill for the restoration to market of the Quentah Indian reservation in Utah; passed. Also a bill respecting the limits of the reservations for townships on the public domain; passed.

The bill to confirm pre-emption and homestead entries of public land passed. The House then went into committee of the whole on the bill to transfer the Indian bureau to the War Department and several speeches were made; but the committee, without action took a recess till evening.

The evening session was devoted to debate on the legislative appropriation bill.

Garfield moved to strike out the paragraph in reference to mints, which allows the use of money received for refining bullion to be used for defraying the expenses thereof. He argued that while this provision would seem to lessen the amount of the appropriation, it actually increased the expenditures of the government. He much preferred the present system which required all such moneys to be paid into the treasury and then an appropriation to be made in direct. After a good deal of discussion in which the California members took an active part, Garfield's amendment was rejected.

Piper moved to increase the item for workmen at the San Francisco mint from \$225,000 to \$275,000. The amendment was adopted by himself, Sage, Luttrell and Garfield, and

French Economy.

The French butcher separates the bones from his steaks, and places them where they will do the most good. The housewife orders just enough for each person and no more, even to the coffee. If a chance visitor drops in, somebody quietly retreats and the extra cup is provided, but nothing extra by carelessness or intention. When the pot has boiled, the handful of charcoal in the little range is extinguished and waits for another time. No roaring cook stoves and red-hot covers all day long for no purpose but waste. The egg laid to-day costs a little more than the one laid last week. Values are nicely estimated, and the smallest surplus is carefully saved. A thousand little economies are practiced, and it is respectable to practice them. Cooking is an economical as well as a sanitary and gustatory science. A French cook will make a frange go as far as an American housewife will make three, and how much further than the American Bridget, nobody knows. We should probably be greatly astonished, could the computation be made, how much of the financial, recuperative of France is owing to her soups and her cheap food; better living, after all, than the heavy bread and grossy fattiness of our culinary ignorance. The French man's or woman's financial conscience will not permit waste or exceeding the income, no matter how small. The Paris workman saves something every day out of his little wages, despite all the city enticement, and by and by is apt to go back to his native village, and purchase his little plot, and live on it contented, never poor enough to be insolvent. With French economy, we should not only be richer than France, but our rapidly accumulating material resources would help to build a national prosperity and renown that France with her antecedents and encumbrances can never emulate. The want of our financial future and our national honesty is not more greenbacks, but—more economy.

The Old Time Custom of Throwing a Woman in the Sea of Cyprus. Cyprus, one of the chief seats of the ancient worship of Venus, still keeps up sundry festivals derived from that worship, though mingled with Christian and other religious ideas. One of the strongest of these occurs on the 11th of June in each year, and is called the "Catalysmo," a name that is merely the Cypriote form of "Catalysmos," meaning, of course, the flood. But the festival has nothing more than its name that can refer to the deluge. As the day approaches, gay preparations are made on shore, and the boatmen paint their boats in gay colors and adorn them with flags and streamers. When the day comes, a young girl in her teens, as remarkable for beauty as can be found, is forcibly captured and carried out on the sea in a boat, the other boats of the neighborhood accompanying in a fleet. At the proper distance from shore, with various (and probably appropriate) ceremonies, the girl is thrown into the sea. As she rises again from the water she is picked up with loud demonstrations of joy, taken into the gayest boat and carried to the shore again in triumph. She is then crowned, provided with attendants of honor, and worshipped all the day as a queen or demi-goddess. Besides the ceremonies, which are much like the English Mayday, there is an abundance of noise and revelry, which is usually kept up through the following night, rendering sleep in the neighborhood impossible. The scholar will at once recognize here a relic from the worship of Venus Anadyomene, who rose from the waves near Cyprus. The inhabitants say this ceremony has existed among them "from the time of Venus," in whom they believe as a veritable personage.

A Lawyer Outwitted.

A similar case to that of the Presbyterian clergyman commemorated in the Editor's Drawer of the January *Harper's*, occurred in a Massachusetts town a high young girl a number of years ago. The town now a city, maintained a high school, according to law. A teacher was employed, at a certain salary by the year. After a while his services were not found satisfactory to the school committee, and their chair, a smooth-spoken member of the legal profession, was disputed to perform the ungracious task of informing the master of the state of the case. After the settlement of preliminaries, the point was reached and the propriety of the master's resignation was diplomatically and politely suggested. The incumbent, if not qualified to teach such a school, was a shrewd Yankee. He expressed his willingness to leave so readily that the committee-man became uncommonly gracious at the success of his mission. "But," said the worthy pedagogue, "if my services are not satisfactory here, they may be in some other place; and as I must get my living, I presume you will give me a recommendation to some other school." "Certainly," replied the committee-man, thinking only of relieving his town of an inefficient instructor; and accordingly drew up the paper on the spot.

Origin of the Great Lakes.

The question of the origin of the great lakes is one that requires more observation and study than have yet been given to it, says J. S. Newberry in the *Michigan Geological Survey*, before we can be said to have solved all the problems it involves. There are, however, certain facts connected with the structure of the lake basins, and some deduction from these facts, which may be regarded as steps already taken toward the full understanding of the subject. These facts and deductions are, briefly, as follows:

1. Lake Superior lies in a synclinal trough, and its mode of formation, therefore, hardly admits of question, though its sides are deeply scored with ice-marks, and its form and area may have been somewhat modified by this agent.

2. Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, Lake Erie and Lake Ontario are excavated basins, wrought out of once continuous sheets of sedimentary strata by a mechanical agent, and that ice or water, or both. That they have been filled with ice, and this ice formed great moving glaciers we may consider proved. The west end of Lake Erie may be said to be carved out of the coniferous Hinesone by ice action, as its bottom, and sides, and islands—horizontal, vertical, and even overhanging surfaces—are all furrowed by glacial grooves, which are parallel with the major axis of the lake.

All our great lakes are probably very ancient, as since the close of the Devonian period, the area they occupy has never been submerged beneath the ocean, and their formation may have begun during the coal epoch.

This, at least, may be positively asserted in regard to the agency of ice in the excavation of lake basins, that their bottoms and sides, wherever exposed to observation, if composed of resistant materials, bear indisputable evidence of ice action; proving that these basins were filled with moving glaciers in the last period, if not before, and that part, at least, of the erosion by which they were formed is due to these glaciers.

A Misunderstanding of Lingerie.

A very singular incident is told of a St. Louis gentleman (we will call him "publicus") who one day last week, found himself placed in what must have been most distressing circumstances. The gentleman mentioned is actively engaged in business, and even when at home his attention is so occupied with thoughts of his affairs that he is frequently absent-minded and forgetful. The other morning, his wife did what wives should never do when they can avoid it; she bargained him with a commission when he started down town after breakfast, telling him to go to a certain ladies' furnishing store and there obtain some of a particular kind of trimming she described, adding, incidentally, that she wanted to use it upon "lingerie." The obedient husband received the commission, made a mental note and started off, resolving that he would make the purchase immediately upon getting down-town, least during the day he might forget all about it. In the street-car he met a friend and engaged in an animated debate upon Balkan's case. When finally he stepped out of the car on Washington avenue he had forgotten all of his wife's instructions, save that the word "lingerie" recurred to him. He hadn't any more idea of what "lingerie" was than his wife might have had. He selected, he thought, he thought, it would be all right. "I'll get her some lingerie, and get enough yards so she'll be satisfied, anyhow," he thought. In the store a dignified young lady advanced to wait upon him.

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"Yes, sir. What shall I show you?"

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The young lady blushed and looked indignant. "But what particular article do you wish," she demanded with some asperity.

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Then he added flatteringly and soothingly: "I like to see pretty lingerie on a young woman. That nice of yours," gazing admiringly in a general way at the young lady's dress. "You old brute!" The saleswoman's face was scarlet as she disappeared, and then the proprietor of the store came up from another department. He wanted to know what the customer had insulted the young lady for, and he sent a box for a policeman, who came in, with a big club in his hand and blood in his eye, on the instant. The explanation lasted half an hour, and even then wasn't entirely satisfactory. There is one lady in town now who can't get errands with her husband.

ACTIVITY IS NOT ALWAYS ENERGY.

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent and economical, and are not found striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say fate is always against them. But the fact is that they misapply because they have mistaken more activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would succeed in life is like a marksman, bringing at a target; if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might almost as well have been left undone. Everybody knows some one in his circle of friends who, though always active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in many ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive faculty when he should have a directive one; in other cases, he would make a capital clerk for himself when he ought to do the thinking of the business. In other cases, what is done is not done either in the right time or in the right way. Energy correctly understood is actively proportioned to the end.

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There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent and economical, and are not found striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say fate is always against them. But the fact is that they misapply because they have mistaken more activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would succeed in life is like a marksman, bringing at a target; if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might almost as well have been left undone. Everybody knows some one in his circle of friends who, though always active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in many ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive faculty when he should have a directive one; in other cases, he would make a capital clerk for himself when he ought to do the thinking of the business. In other cases, what is done is not done either in the right time or in the right way. Energy correctly understood is actively proportioned to the end.

French Economy.

The French butcher separates the bones from his steaks, and places them where they will do the most good. The housewife orders just enough for each person and no more, even to the coffee. If a chance visitor drops in, somebody quietly retreats and the extra cup is provided, but nothing extra by carelessness or intention. When the pot has boiled, the handful of charcoal in the little range is extinguished and waits for another time. No roaring cook stoves and red-hot covers all day long for no purpose but waste. The egg laid to-day costs a little more than the one laid last week. Values are nicely estimated, and the smallest surplus is carefully saved. A thousand little economies are practiced, and it is respectable to practice them. Cooking is an economical as well as a sanitary and gustatory science. A French cook will make a frange go as far as an American housewife will make three, and how much further than the American Bridget, nobody knows. We should probably be greatly astonished, could the computation be made, how much of the financial, recuperative of France is owing to her soups and her cheap food; better living, after all, than the heavy bread and grossy fattiness of our culinary ignorance. The French man's or woman's financial conscience will not permit waste or exceeding the income, no matter how small. The Paris workman saves something every day out of his little wages, despite all the city enticement, and by and by is apt to go back to his native village, and purchase his little plot, and live on it contented, never poor enough to be insolvent. With French economy, we should not only be richer than France, but our rapidly accumulating material resources would help to build a national prosperity and renown that France with her antecedents and encumbrances can never emulate. The want of our financial future and our national honesty is not more greenbacks, but—more economy.

The Old Time Custom of Throwing a Woman in the Sea of Cyprus. Cyprus, one of the chief seats of the ancient worship of Venus, still keeps up sundry festivals derived from that worship, though mingled with Christian and other religious ideas. One of the strongest of these occurs on the 11th of June in each year, and is called the "Catalysmo," a name that is merely the Cypriote form of "Catalysmos," meaning, of course, the flood. But the festival has nothing more than its name that can refer to the deluge. As the day approaches, gay preparations are made on shore, and the boatmen paint their boats in gay colors and adorn them with flags and streamers. When the day comes, a young girl in her teens, as remarkable for beauty as can be found, is forcibly captured and carried out on the sea in a boat, the other boats of the neighborhood accompanying in a fleet. At the proper distance from shore, with various (and probably appropriate) ceremonies, the girl is thrown into the sea. As she rises again from the water she is picked up with loud demonstrations of joy, taken into the gayest boat and carried to the shore again in triumph. She is then crowned, provided with attendants of honor, and worshipped all the day as a queen or demi-goddess. Besides the ceremonies, which are much like the English Mayday, there is an abundance of noise and revelry, which is usually kept up through the following night, rendering sleep in the neighborhood impossible. The scholar will at once recognize here a relic from the worship of Venus Anadyomene, who rose from the waves near Cyprus. The inhabitants say this ceremony has existed among them "from the time of Venus," in whom they believe as a veritable personage.